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The Week

A SURVEY of the political situation throughout the world today and as it was three months ago reveals the instability of popular moods. At the end of the summer Great Britain and France were ruled by radical labor governments. In the United States the balance of power in Congress was held by Progressives. Germany was moving toward the extreme Left and Right. Italy and Spain were in the firm grip of reactionary military dictatorships. Today conservative land-slides have buried the Labor government of England, and destroyed the power of the Progressives in the American Senate and House. Recent elections in Germany, preliminary to the general vote in December, reveal a drift away from the communists and extreme nationalists, toward the centre. The Herriot government in France is generally agreed to be on the verge of downfall; Mussolini is weaker than at any moment since he assumed power, and the drastic censorship on Spanish news is unable to conceal the fact that a desperate struggle is on foot to overthrow Rivera.

IT would be absurd to seek any general principle underlying these conflicting developments. In each case local conditions are responsible. In the United States the natural timidity of a wealthy nation in a poverty-stricken world was accentuated by a whipped-up panic over the supposed danger to the Supreme Court and the Constitution. In Great Britain, Mr. MacDonald's political ineptitude accentuated the dissatisfaction produced by the terms of the Russian treaty. M. Herriot's troubles centre about his inability to balance the budget without resorting to the selfsame drastic measures the threat of which caused the downfall of Poincaré. In Italy, the brutal assassination of Matteotti by a Fascist group which included men close to Mussolini himself, raised a storm of which the Opposition has taken skillful advantage, by withdrawing in a body from the Chamber of Deputies. In Germany the acceptance of the Dawes plan and the installation of the American Director General has for the first time since the war given the people real reason to hope that they may gain more from a policy of moderation than from the counsels of despair which are all that communists and monarchists have to offer. In Spain, the failure of Rivera in the Moroccan war is the chief cause of disaffection, though his lieutenant, the Marquis de Magaz, in an interview with the correspondent of the New York Herald-Tribune, attributes the revolt to Mohammedan and Soviet propaganda, financed in part by contributions from Catholic-haters in the United States.

THE Chamber of Commerce of the United States represents about as well as any other body the point of view of the Coolidge conservative; and a good idea of what that type of person now wants from the government may be gained by a glance at the bill of particulars which the Chamber presented at the White House the other day. It of course demands the abolition of income tax publicity. It opposes the Howell-Barkley Bill designed to do away with the Railroad Labor board. It wants all the government-owned ships to be sold to private purchasers for whatever they will bring, regardless of original cost; and it advocates a subsidy to keep them going. The Chamber approves the flexible provision of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Law, and proposes a similar ruling in regard to immigra-

tion. Quotas would be raised in good times when labor is scarce, and diminished in hard times when it is plentiful: a neat device to let the country cause itself as much trouble as possible, keep down wages in good times, and make sure that periods of prosperity would be brief. On the whole, this program is about what was to be expected of the Chamber of Commerce, and is considerably better than the one the National Association of Manufacturers, or Mr. William M. Butler's Massachusetts friends would ask. From the latter, of course, no such public statements may be expected. Their requests will be made on the inside, and, so far as possible, granted there.

FRANCE, Germany and Belgium are all preparing to raise their scales of tariff duties, with a view to having excesses to bargain off in the approaching negotiations for new commercial treaties. For a time the trade between the three countries will be seriously hampered by these artificial customs barriers, and it is very doubtful that the negotiated reductions will go far enough to permit a healthy flow of commerce. There is too much nonsense afloat in Europe on the dangers of foreign competition. At the present juncture it would be worth while for an international body of leading merchants to make a survey of the commercial possibilities of the next five years and of the barriers that hinder the realization of those possibilities. An organization of merchants, working in close coöperation with the international financiers, might exert a considerable influence on the European tariff situation. If every European country could be induced to cut its duties by fifty percent, the whole of Europe and every part of it would enjoy a revival of trade which would encourage production everywhere. No single country can afford to make a move in this direction, at a time of embittered national jealousies. The impetus to commercial sanity must come from outside of the governments, just as the impetus to a revision of the impossible reparations policy of the Allies had to come from outside of the governments.

WHAT is the explanation of the sharp rise in prices on the stock market and the huge volume of trading which in ten days after the election broke all records for the past twenty-three years? Probably several factors entered into it. Many persons had stayed out of the market during the month or six weeks before the election, not wishing to buy or sell until they knew the result; and these accumulated orders gave an abnormal impetus to business. Some persons bought who had been waiting to see whether the election would be thrown into the House; and probably some purchasers had really believed the propaganda of the Republican orators which said the election of La Follette would mean an economic catastrophe. Particularly important, of course, was the professional influence of traders who bought be-

cause they were convinced a bull market was coming—and thereby helped to make one. The psychological influence of the election and of the hopes built upon the prospect of class legislation favorable to wealth, may last another month or two; but thereafter, normal business causes will again come into effect. In 1920, a Republican landslide even greater than that of this year was not thirty days old when the country was plunged into one of the worst business depressions in a generation, a depression which would have been even more serious without the steadying influence of the Federal Reserve Bank machinery. Probably the incident will not be repeated in 1924; but if it is not, our escape will be due to luck, and not to politicians' intelligence.

IF anyone supposed that a sense of delicacy would restrain the Republican machine from paying off William M. Butler with a seat in the United States Senate, or would prevent his accepting it if offered, disillusionment was prompt. The death of Senator Lodge provided a fortuitous opportunity which was immediately seized. Mr. Coolidge discharges a debt to one of the most successful campaign managers in our history; Mr. Butler gets a dignified post to which he has long aspired, one which he had only a slim chance of securing through the suffrage of his fellow citizens in Massachusetts. There is no need for anyone to grow unduly doleful over the prospect. The Senate minus Lodge and plus Butler is not conspicuously worsened; and it may even be argued that it is better to have this 1924 version of Mark Hanna on plain view in the Senate where his votes will be a matter of public record than working from a back room at the White House.

THE best of all commentaries on the late election, and on every election, was written some years before Mr. Coolidge had ever been heard of in national politics. It is by Mark Twain, and appears (as part of the essay, *The Character of Man*) in his autobiography just published.

We are discreet sheep [he says]; we wait to see how the drove is going, and then go with the drove. We have two opinions; one private, which we are afraid to express; and another one—the one we use—which we force ourselves to wear to please Mrs. Grundy, until habit makes us comfortable in it, and the custom of defending it presently makes us love it, adore it, and forget how pitifully we came by it. Look at it in politics. Look at the candidates whom we loathe, one year, and are afraid to vote against, the next; whom we cover with unimaginable filth, one year, and fall down on the public platform and worship, the next—and keep on doing it until the habitual shutting of our eyes to last year's evidences brings us presently to a sincere and stupid belief in this year's. Look at the tyranny of party—at what is called party allegiance, party loyalty—a snare invented by designing men for selfish purposes—and which turns voters into chat-

tels, slaves, rabbits, and all the while their masters, and they themselves, are shouting rubbish about liberty, independence, freedom of opinion, freedom of speech, honestly unconscious of the fantastic contradiction; and forgetting or ignoring that their fathers and the churches shouted the same blasphemies earlier when they were closing their doors against the hunted slave, beating his handful of humane defenders with Bible texts and billies, and pocketing the insults and licking the shoes of his Southern master.

If we would learn what the human race really is at bottom, we need only observe it in election times.

THE acquittal of Representative Hill, charged with making for home use beverages with an alcohol content in excess of one-half of one percent, has given a new impetus to the "light wines and beer" movement. Constitutional prohibition does not distinguish between home brew and alcoholic beverages produced for sale. It prohibits all intoxicating liquors, under whatever system they may be produced. What percentage of alcohol makes a beverage intoxicating is not determined by the Constitution. In enacting the Volstead law Congress fixed upon one-half of one percent as the limit of toleration. Suppose it had fixed on five percent or ten: would it have been guilty of repudiating its obligations under the Constitution? Not unless such a percentage could be established as intoxicating in fact. One court at least has decided that beverages with much more than one-half percent of alcohol are not intoxicating in fact. It has taken its definition of intoxication from the every day use of language, not from refined physiological usage. The case will not be appealed to the higher courts. If it were, and the higher courts followed the same line of reasoning, the light wines and beer advocates would find the way clear to remove the ban on such beverages if they could get the support of a majority in Congress. For common sense refuses to regard as intoxicating in fact beverages which produce only a mildly exhilarating effect when consumed up to the normal limits of appetite.

THE ranks of liberal journalism have been seriously thinned by death of late. To the list which includes Frank Cobb, editor of the New York World, and H. W. Massingham, former editor of the London Nation must now be added the name of E. D. Morel, whose most recent post had been that of editor of Foreign Affairs (London). No more gallant figure graces the pages of contemporary journalistic history than his. While he was best known for his early work in exposing conditions in the Congo, his greatest service was that on which he was engaged up to the time of his death a week ago: combatting the myth that the Central Empires were alone responsible for the Great War. Prob-

ably few persons could be found who agreed with Mr. Morel in all his opinions; but no one who followed his activities could fail to be impressed by the single-minded devotion with which he sought and followed the truth as he saw it, at whatever cost to his "career" in the conventional sense in which the word is understood.

IF an American election ever bore directly upon a concrete issue the recent election has a decided bearing on income taxation. President Coolidge supported the Mellon plan more vigorously than any other measure, and his triumph may properly be regarded as a popular approval of the fiscal ideas embodied in that plan. It is no wonder that the taxpayers who would have benefitted by the reductions in the supertax are clamoring for an immediate reopening of the question. They seem to have the people on their side. But under the sacrosanct Constitution the Congress which defeated the Mellon plan remains in power until March 4, and the new Congress will not meet until December, 1925, unless assembled earlier in special session. There can be no certain relief for the super-tax payer before that time. Some hundreds of millions will be paid into the Treasury because of the lag between the expression of the people's will and its time of taking effect. On the merits of the question, we are glad to see this money collected by the Treasury and applied to the reduction of the public debt. The taxpayers are suffering no dire hardship. Nevertheless, we think that in a democracy what the people want they ought to get, and they ought to get it without absurd and useless delays. We invite the super-tax payers to join us in demanding an amendment to the Constitution which will put a Congress in power before the mandate on which it is elected has grown cold. There is no solid reason why the recently elected Congress should not be empowered to get to work by January 1.

Can There Be a New Party?

IF one begins by assuming that the attempt to found a new Progressive party is a mistake a plausible case for that position can be—and has been—based on the facts of the recent election. The opposite assumption can also be supported by various brands of reassurance drawn from the record. But at this moment Progressives need primarily neither discouragement nor encouragement based on partisanship. They need rather a candid analysis which may reveal what kind of effort, if any, will help to complete the work to which they have set their hands, and whether the chances of success are sufficient to justify that effort in the near future.

Let us first examine the margin by which reasonable hopes were disappointed on November 5. If

La Follette had carried from six to a dozen states and had accumulated an electoral vote of fifty or more, or, failing this, if he had rolled up a popular vote outside the solid South larger than that received by Davis, there would have been little question in the mind of any informed supporter of the new movement that satisfactory progress had been made. As it was, La Follette received about 4,500,000 votes, against about 16,000,000 for Coolidge and 8,500,000 for Davis. Another million and a half votes taken from his opponents would have turned the trick. If most of them had been won in the West, and largely from the Republicans, the necessary states would have been carried. If they had been won in the East, and largely from the Democrats, the Davis popular vote would have sunk below La Follette's north of the Mason and Dixon line.

Why were these votes not won? This is the problem that demands immediate consideration, rather than the bulk of the popular majority for Coolidge. No new party with a program sufficiently challenging to justify its existence could hope at its first attempt to capture the closely herded flocks of established machines, the traditional party members who could be dislodged only by a political earthquake, the ardent beneficiaries and defenders of the existing régime, the camp followers of success whether business or political, the stupid, the unthinking, or even the slow and careful average. Habits of decades are not easily changed. But there must have been at least a million and a half other voters who were open to conversion. They might have been enlisted from the ranks of organized wage-earners alone. They might have come from the less prosperous of the farmers west of the Mississippi. Granting that many members of these classes are prey to the same political inhibitions that restrained the population in general, there probably was still a floating vote which might have been drawn from them, sufficient to accomplish the immediate Progressive purpose.

It is of course impossible to say precisely what kept these voters from La Follette. But a fairly inclusive category of causes may be drawn up. They were restrained by a desire for jobs, wages, profits, which they feared might possibly be endangered by the election of Progressives or the throwing of the choice into Congress. They were held back by an unanalyzed adherence to a political tradition which the Republican campaigners symbolized with the word Constitution. Some did not believe in the serious possibility of a new party and chose the lesser of evils. Many were attuned to the low emotional vibrations of Coolidge and the Republican idea of administration. They distrusted political government and wanted it removed as far as possible from their lives and their attention. They liked the idea of an executive who is colorless, silent, cautious, inactive, penurious. They desired such action as might be taken by the government to

be in the direction of self-effacement. They were not interested in enthusiasm or large purpose in public office, no matter how salutary in object or expert in execution. In order to assess this state of mind it is only necessary to contrast the low emotional temperature of the Coolidge support—in circles apart from the Red-baiters—with that which in other eras was accorded to Roosevelt or Wilson. Many people no longer look to the government to accomplish any positive purpose. To those in such a state of mind, the scandals of the recent administration were a reason, not for voting in support of a higher governmental morality, but for voting against the extension of government. It is a state of mind characterized not by ardor or cogency or objectivity, but by vague rationalization, habitual behavior, fear and withdrawal. It falls an easy prey to alarmist rumors and meaningless platitudes.

The impact of a whirlwind Progressive campaign descending suddenly from the heavens with brilliant flashes of moral indignation was powerless to turn this cold and ebbing tide. It stirred the surface of the waters, but did not prevail against the drift. The tactics adopted by the Progressives, though in most respects the only ones within their means, were better calculated to drive forward an already swelling advance than to stem a retreat. Obviously, at some future time a turn of the tide may make such tactics effective. But obviously, also, the present need is for a force which will work in the body of the waters rather than merely on the surface.

Education, conducted between campaigns as well as during them, would furnish the habit of mind to overcome such cynicism about government and its responsibilities, and to penetrate the mental fog screens emitted in clouds during campaigns. The Progressives may exhibit the positive as well as the negative side of their purpose. They may give these purposes a more substantial content by sustained research and publicity. They may make their position on current issues known, not by bird-shot propaganda, but by continuously functioning organizations in the local political districts. They may call for more study of issues on the part of leaders, more personal persuasion on the part of local workers. There are two excellent reasons for such a course. It would, in the first place, furnish the only kind of support which in the long run can carry out a positive political program. In the second place, it would furnish the machinery which is absolutely essential to hold together a constituency and render it effective at the polls. Politics in the United States is a well established business, and a new competitor cannot hope for success unless he practises the trade.

What may be done by these slower but more sure methods has been exemplified by the British Labor party, whose leaders now say that in most cases they can carry new districts as fast as they can afford the necessary resources to organize them. It was

exemplified, moreover, by the Progressives themselves in the recent election. If all the local districts had done as well for them as the best, there would now be no question of the successful establishment of the new party. And the best districts were so scattered, geographically and occupationally, that it is hard to account for them consistently on any other basis than the existence of an organization which had taken root. Wisconsin was ripe for the Progressive movement because La Follette and his aids by years of work had made it so. Though Magnus Johnson lost in Minnesota, his organization got out a larger vote for him than when he was elected two years ago. Cleveland, Ohio, was carried by concentrated organization and education. Districts which did extraordinarily well were to be found not only where they might be expected, but where they were most surprising—as in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, in certain wards of Philadelphia, in the home precinct of Sam Koenig, the New York Republican boss. In each case the local workers say that organization did it. And the great lack of the campaign was admitted on all sides to be lack of trained workers and of the funds to supply them with munitions. In the latter respect the unions back of the party were woefully deficient.

If the election drives home to the unions and others who supported the movement that they must build on solid foundations, and causes them to give first consideration to a sufficient budget, it will have proved a taskmaster as salutary as it was hard. Those who are deliberating whether to continue the party should weigh well, in the light of the ascertained cost in money and effort, whether the game is worth the candle. If they have a strong purpose which fits the need of the age they may hope with the right strategy to make steady gains. They can have the beginnings of a party, provided they are willing determinedly to undertake the task necessary to create it. Without such determination and intelligence, they cannot have a party—and they would not deserve it.

The International Bankers

A NEW myth is taking form in America, the myth of the International Bankers, and their mysterious and malign control of mundane affairs. The type is one with which we have been long familiar. Exactly such myths have gathered around the Interests, the Trusts, the Railroads, the Catholic Church, the Reds, Wall Street, the Jews. In all these myths there is a kernel of reality, often a very large kernel. Each one of these institutions has exerted influence upon our economic, social or political life. Such influence has often been exerted under cover. Malign or not, it has worked mysteriously in the eyes of those who are permitted to see only the effects, without the warning of causes in visible operation. Inevitably analogous effects

of obscure origin are imputed to the same cause; finally all manner of heterogeneous effects that common sense would impute to other causes. Thus we have Henry Ford firmly believing that the Jews set Bolshevism loose upon the world, in spite of the fact that of all ethnic groups the Jews have the most reason to support the institutions of capitalism. Henry Ford also believes that La Follette's opposition to the project of presenting Muscle Shoals and a hundred years' control of electric power for the whole industrial South to a single fallible mortal originated in the machinations of Wall Street. This shows what a myth does to American sanity when it runs to seed.

The international bankers are a myth in the early stages of growth. This myth has not driven many level headed people crazy, as yet. Sooner or later it will do exactly this, unless both the institution and its ways of operating are subjected to naturalistic interpretation. Unless we try to form an exact idea as to what the international bankers actually do in a given situation where they must be operating, we shall presently be imputing to them half the catastrophes that are really due to quite other causes, causes that might be within our control if we were not baying down a wrong scent. We are all pretty certain that the international bankers had a lot to do with shaping the character of the Dawes report, and with forcing the adoption of the Dawes plan by the Allied powers and Germany. What were the motives of the international bankers? What leverage did they exert?

The international bankers are human, like the rest of us, and would no doubt do humanity a good turn when they can afford it. No doubt they prefer peace to war, order to chaos, prosperity to famine. But we may leave all disinterested motives out of the reckoning because the international bankers had plenty of interested motives to impel them to intervene in the European tangle of the last spring and summer. It was already plain a year ago that Europe was moving rapidly toward a crash. The mark had collapsed, and the franc was threatening to follow it into the abyss. The lira would not have held up long, still less would the currencies of Poland and the Balkan states. The pound sterling would not have escaped the influence of such a general calamity; its depreciation would have been limited, but sufficient to produce great business uncertainty. The dollar would have held its own, but American trade and business would nevertheless have felt the repercussion of the crisis. We might easily have entered upon a period of prolonged depression, extending throughout the world. Every security value no matter how sound would have depreciated. Such an economic crisis might readily have been followed by widespread political disturbances which in turn would have deepened and prolonged the depression. The international bankers could not have remained indifferent to such a prospect. It menaced them in their property and

it menaced them in their profits as well.

They had sufficient motive to act. What leverage was in their hands? First of all, the precarious financial position of France. A spendthrift policy, arising out of insensate imperial ambitions, had brought France to the verge of monetary collapse. Poincaré could count on the French people to support him in his measures of violence against Germany. Most of his support was certain, however, to evaporate if the franc dropped toward zero, and this it was bound to do unless the international bankers came to his aid. They were in a position to make terms—discreetly and within limits. This we may be pretty sure they did. When the House of Morgan came to the rescue of the franc, Poincaré, we surmise, had agreed to accept the essential principles of the Dawes report, as well as a revision of French fiscal policy in the direction of economy. We surmise, too, that the leaders of every group who might be raised to power in the elections were also committed. Also the Germans, who were at the point of a terrible economic crisis, were probably committed pretty thoroughly before the Dawes report was even made public. The negotiations between the statesmen at London, while no doubt modifying unessential details, must have been little more than an official validation of the informal agreements between the governments and the international bankers. MacDonald and Herriot received full credit for the achievement of a settlement. The bankers claimed no credit. They needed none, having exhibited no faces and therefore having none to save.

Their strategy was simple. A part of the settlement involved a loan, since then successfully floated. Let us say the statesmen appeared to have agreed on some point of policy, such as sanctions. All the bankers had to do was to say that in their opinion the loan would not float unless this point of policy was mended. And thereupon it was mended. The strength of the bankers' position lay in the fact that they attached all their suggestions to the forces of the money market, forces superior to the control of either the negotiating governments or themselves. In the present state of Europe the mechanical control exerted by the money market is obviously more humane, more intelligent and more vigorous than any control that could be patched together by weak, suspicious and hate-cherishing statesmen. The intervention of the international bankers in this instance was all to the good. The principal criticism that may be leveled against it is that it did not go far enough. The international bankers must have known that the Dawes settlement, as it stands, does not adequately insure the peace of Europe. Its demands on Germany are excessive. It offers her no hope of ever working herself free. The opinion still prevails among all classes of Germans that the more assiduously they labor the heavier their fetters will grow. And so long as this opinion is unshaken German invest-

ments will remain a poor risk. So also will French and Belgian investments; nor will the British financial structure stand as firm as the international bankers must desire. Manifestly they were too timid to make the most of their power of control. A bolder financial statecraft would have let the franc have another jolt or two, in the interest of the superior stability that would have followed upon more substantial concessions from the statesmen.

If the European economic system is to be rehabilitated without a long and painful process of recuperation, something will have to be done to supply the industrial nations, especially Germany, with working capital. For this work the services of the international bankers will naturally be enlisted. Again they will be in a position to make terms. These will have to do with the domestic policies of the countries needing international financial assistance. Here the points of chief interest will be taxation and labor policy. The German industrialists, like industrialists the world over, are seeking to roll upon the shoulders of labor whatever fiscal burdens the government imposes on them. This can not well be effected by cutting wages, since wages are already too low for full efficiency. But the working day can be lengthened. And if in the struggle with labor the employers are able to enlist the sympathies of international finance labor may easily be reduced to subjection, for the time.

The international bankers may become a dangerous instrument for the exploitation of the workers. If they are sufficiently farsighted, to be sure, they will not permit themselves to be used in this way. The social movement in Europe is too powerful to be held down indefinitely. The international financial interest will not be well served in the long run by a policy which increases profits for a time but tends to bring on an explosion. International finance ought to curb the zeal of the German employer to extract from the worker more than the worker can bear, just as it worked to curb the zeal of the victors to extract from the vanquished more than could be borne. But are the international financiers sufficiently broad minded to realize the importance of acting for moderation in the industrial struggle? We confess to grave misgivings on this point.

There can be no doubt that the activities of the international bankers will be greatly extended in the next decade. Whether for good or evil remains to be seen. Of this we may be certain: Unless the power of the international bankers is used with neutrality and circumspection, a colossal demagogic myth will gather around them. The slave-driving employer will load his sins upon the international banker; the politician who seeks to tax the poor and relieve the rich will justify himself on the ground of force majeure, exerted by international finance. And the time will come when international finance will have to reckon with mighty forces gathering for its destruction.

The Geographical Eclipse

The entire episode is perhaps chiefly significant as showing how—under a form of government not peculiar to Clark—the policy of an institution may be abruptly revolutionized by a very few men not of the teaching profession, the faculty, as well as the alumni, being treated as a body having no concern in the matter.

From the conclusion of the Committee of Inquiry.

PRESIDENT ATWOOD of Clark University is chiefly notorious for his conduct upon the evening of March 14, 1922. The Liberal Club, a local organization of students, had arranged for a lecture by Scott Nearing on *The Control of Public Opinion*. The president had given his consent. Later he arranged a geography lecture for the same evening. When the fateful moment arrived Nearing commenced his talk to an audience of three hundred or more. He had been speaking more than an hour when Dr. Atwood, returning from the sparsely attended geography lecture, entered the hall and took a seat. A few minutes' listening to the familiar tirade about the vested interests and the higher learning completely destroyed the geographical administrator's equanimity. He peremptorily ordered the student chairman to interrupt the speaker; he himself arose in his place and in thunderous tones announced that the lecture was at an end; and when the dismayed audience failed to step lively he had the janitor turn out the lights.

This incident has reverberated round the world; but in the conduct of President Atwood it is nevertheless essentially trivial. The enterprise in which he has been engaged is one of much more considerable proportions. It involves nothing less than the eclipse of Clark University. Naturally enough, the American Association of University Professors has taken an interest in the case. But so extensive have been the operations of the new president that the investigation could not possibly be limited to problems of tenure and academic freedom, as all previous inquiries have been, but had perforce to survey all the acts of a university administration. The present committee represents not "Committee A" (on academic freedom and academic tenure) but the Executive Committee of the Association. Through it the A. A. U. P. has undertaken, for the first time in its existence, a complete overhauling. The result * is the most astounding revelation of academic thuggery which has ever been made.

When Dr. Atwood entered upon the scene, at the beginning of the academic year 1920-21, the uni-

versity was in financial straits (what institution was not?) but otherwise in excellent condition. For the thirty years of its existence it had been conducted by G. Stanley Hall. His policy had been to maintain upon a limited endowment the very highest quality of work in a few departments, in particular his own department of psychology, and of his preëminent success in this ambition no question has been raised. He retired quite peacefully because he was an old man who needed rest, leaving the trustees to select a fitting successor.

Justice requires that the trustees be credited with making at least a half-hearted attempt to secure a distinguished psychologist for the post. The report shows that they bungled the job; but they did make some sort of attempt. That failing, they were adrift. Now the president of the board, Dr. H. C. Thurber, was an editorial member of the house of Ginn and Company. He was naturally acquainted with Dr. W. W. Atwood, then a professor at Harvard, author of the *Frye-Atwood school geographies* of which Ginn and Company have sold a very large number of copies. The idea was therefore conceived of bringing Atwood to Clark to develop a school of geography which might be unique in the country and, conceivably, as distinguished as G. Stanley Hall's department of psychology. The committee of inquiry cast no aspersions on this ideal, in abstracto. But they have found the manner of its adoption worthy of very special attention.

The peculiarity of Clark is that it has been a fragment of a university functioning separately and enjoying remarkable health, all things considered. Instead of campaigning for funds and promoting growth President Hall built a few excellent departments on an original bequest and left expansion to other institutions. This anomalous situation put the departments involved in a peculiar and delicate position. In a great university no department head need worry about the continuation of his work. At Clark, however, there were plenty of interstices into which a department might be tumbled by a slight shift of the centre of gravity. Early in the development of the university, therefore, an agreement was reached and recorded in a by-law that this should never happen. But here is the very centre of President Atwood's policy: he has done "nothing else but!"

Into this partial university, "committed more explicitly than most institutions to the general principle of continuity of development" the geographical program was accordingly introduced. The change "was not, in reality, much less revolutionary than would be a plan for converting a medical school of thirty years' standing into a school of chemistry. It involved the sacrifice of the greater part of the assets already gained in the form of distinctive reputation, alumni loyalty and support, and specialized library and laboratory equipment. It was contrary to one of the most fundamental, char-

* Published in the October Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors, obtainable for thirty-five cents from the secretary, Professor H. W. Tyler, 222 Charles River Road, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

acteristic, and frequently announced principles of the University's previous policy."

But even so the change might have been made successfully. President Atwood chose to make it by dictatorial pronouncement. Upon the understanding which apparently existed between him and the trustees, the faculty, the men whose work was thus manipulated out of existence, were never consulted. Gradually they became aware of the significance of the new policy. President Atwood has attempted to defend himself before the committee by showing that the large appropriations for geography were saved out of administrative economies—a sheer equivocation, as the committee shows with unanswerable figures. Obviously existing departments were marked down for annihilation. Six out of eight, including psychology, have actually been discontinued as graduate departments. This, and not the Nearing episode, is the reason one meets distinguished émigrés from Clark in various other universities today. This is the real cause of the manifestos of the alumni. As the report puts it, "Anything more effective than this combination for destroying the morale of any body of men it would be difficult to find."

The whole story is much too complicated for recapitulation, which is a pity, as every detail has its own choice flavor. For instance, having antagonized the students by the Nearing episode, President Atwood proceeded to corrupt them after the good old Roman-American fashion with the gladiatorial combats of inter-collegiate athletics. But a summary must suffice. By the time of the famous episode the faculty, already badly shaken, was preparing a memorandum demanding of the president a clear and detailed statement of his intentions. Simultaneously the student body exploded. Thereafter it is difficult to regard President Atwood as wholly sane. He followed up his mad outburst in the lecture hall with still madder mumblings about Bolshevism in the colleges. He pursued resigning professors with public attacks such as the one headed "Boring and Pratt Not Wanted, Says Atwood. Neither Would Have Received Reappointment." Of a prospective appointee to a deanship he demanded full written approval of his conduct toward Nearing and not getting it, dropped the appointment. And for all his fury even geography fails to thrive. At the close of the last academic year "the general situation with respect to graduate student attendance is considerably worse than that of 1920, which Dr. Sanford (Hall's second in command) characterized as desperate." Of this attendance geography accounts for eight percent.

The conclusion is obvious. It is stated at the head of this editorial in the words of Professor Lovejoy's committee. There is no reason for supposing that the work of Clark University may not be re-established at some future date. But for the present it is on the casualty list, its wounds a precise gauge of the educational wisdom of nine lay trustees

and the executive skill of Dr. W. W. Atwood. The report has also another moral. The completeness, the crushing effectiveness, of this first general investigation of an entire administrative policy is a greater credit to the University Professors than any possible defense of the sanctity of professors' rights. Here, if ever, the Association has got to the bottom of the difficulty.

Laughing It Off

IN the days when the Japanese David laid the Russian Goliath low the whole western world found an absorbing subject for study and discussion in Japanese traits. The intelligence of the Japanese, their adaptability, their capacity for farsighted planning and patient execution, their patriotism and heroism were enthusiastically celebrated. But the trait that inspired most admiration—and fear—was their disposition to turn a smiling face to disaster. In the attack on Port Arthur a contingent of soldiers found themselves suddenly stripped of the artillery fire that had kept the Russian gunners from sweeping them off the naked slope they were ascending. Something had gone wrong and they were doomed to death. As it turned out, one man survived, an English soldier of fortune, who reported that when the Japanese saw death bearing down upon them, they all smiled. Hospital attachés reported that the Japanese wounded, when told that serious amputations would be necessary, smiled. A Japanese gambler smiles when he loses his stakes; a Japanese merchant smiles when his business house goes to smash. It is said that after the recent destruction of Yokohama and Tokio by earthquake and fire the packed masses of refugees were all smiles.

Thus do the Japanese, as outsiders see them, meet their losses. If we Americans could look at ourselves with outsiders' eyes, we should discover a similar trait. A large proportion of us meet our losses with laughter. In the West, where ups and downs of fortune survive the levelling tendencies of capital and vested interests, the man who has made three fortunes and lost them is still to be found. If a loss is recent, he is pretty certain to interrupt his account of it with frequent bursts of laughter. What holds true of bigger issues holds of smaller ones. The poker player who stakes all his available cash on a card and loses, seasons his curses with laughing. The man who runs for sheriff and is snowed under in the elections laughs.

Anyone who passed the evening of the late election in the company of ardent Progressives will bear testimony to the "good humor" with which they received radio announcements like this: "Complete returns from New Stotzenburg: Coolidge, 239; Davis, 17; La Follette, 1." They laughed, and each new item of disaster made them laugh harder. Because they expected later returns to put a better face on affairs? No: there was no mistaking the

trend of events. Because they considered the outcome of the election as of no especial importance, since they could not have expected to elect La Follette? No: they regarded the difference between four million Progressive votes and eight million as a difference in kind, not in degree. Eight million would have assured the launching of a progressive party; four million, so it seemed on election night, would be likely to evaporate. It was the perceived magnitude of the disaster that made the typically American Progressive laugh.

It is a national trait, not yet universalized, like the Japanese smile, but on its way toward becoming universal. Sometimes it is set down to hysteria, but this appears to be a misinterpretation. The laughter of hysteria is at the borderline of tears. If it is not followed by tears, nevertheless it leaves behind it a miserable sense of depression, of nervelessness. The man who laughs at his loss is dry-eyed. And after his mirth is over he feels chastened, but invigorated. There is nothing abnormal in such laughter. It is like any other in its effects, and presumably in its psychological basis.

The question why men laugh at all has been voluminously discussed by philosophers and psychologists, without the establishment of results transcending common sense. We laugh at whatever is strikingly incongruous. And one of the funniest incongruities is the disparity between what a man forecasts, in his pride, and what reveals itself as fated. Here is a young beau, ringing his flame's doorbell, a vast bouquet in his hand, his heart swelling with a sense of his irresistible manliness. He rings in vain, for the fact is, the girl for whom he is preening himself is at this moment seated in thrilling contentment on his rival's knee. A low subject for laughter, to be sure; but most of us would laugh, if we could perceive, in the same instant, the fatuous expectation and the incongruent reality.

One sets out on a course of speculation. The shares in the Six Rivers Trading Corporation are low; one buys a few outright. They rise; one buys more; the shares go higher, one buys on a safe margin; still higher, one narrows his margin and lengthens the leverage for gains. Paper profits accumulate; already one finds himself comfortably rich and in his intervals of excitement over the ticker he dreams out glorious ways of laying out his wealth. And then some morning he wakes up to find that the market has broken. It was fated that the bubble would burst. Between the fond dream and the flat reality there is an incongruity that would excite laughter among neutral outsiders. It usually makes the victim laugh hardest of all, though somewhat wryly.

We Progressives expected more from the last election. We had counted too many chickens before they hatched; immense settings of labor union eggs, for example, that we now realize were sterile or spoiled. We marched fatuously up to the house

of Fate and rang the bell. What jumped out at us was too much for our composure. We laughed.

The disparity between anticipation and the executed fact has always attended the life of man. It has not always excited laughter. In a religious age it was not felt as an incongruity, but as a judgment of the higher powers. "Man proposes: God disposes." For those who believed in the arbitrary intervention of the higher powers no undertaking was doomed in advance of the critical moment. Providence could intervene on one side or the other. The mood appropriate to defeat was despair or resignation. "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Today no one believes in the direct intervention of Providence in the affairs of daily life. No one believed that at the last moment Providence might intervene to beat Coolidge. In the place of Providence we have put a conception very like Fate. When the polls opened, and even weeks before, the outcome of the election had already been decided. Before you committed yourself for a rise in stocks, or bet on a horse race it was already determined that after a rise the market was to break and that after a show of strength your horse was to be nosed out at the goal. The winner was really betting on a sure thing; the loser never had a real chance at all, but only a chance created by his own ignorance.

Americans of the W. J. Bryan type will deplore this new fashion of laughing at losses. They will deem it irreligious. They are right, in an old fashioned sense. Such laughter implies fatalistic assumptions that are not compatible with the belief in an arbitrary and benevolent Providence. Exactly the same assumptions are implied in the Japanese smile. On these assumptions Americans and Japanese alike meet fate more gallantly. They conduct their undertakings with more shrewdness and resolution, because of the chastening of laughter. But the virtuous emotion of resignation does not thrive under the new dispensation. We Progressives are not resigned. Fate struck us hard; we have taken our loss, and are morally prepared for the next encounter.

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The Sense of Humor in Women

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, in one of the little lost towns that skirt the great Sierra fault, there lived a man to whose genius for impossible anecdote one had only to refer in the company of nice men, such as one's own husband, to draw deep brackets of reminiscent delight in blushing jowls, and throaty quavers into voices that carefully shifted the conversation to matter less perilous. There was a particular gem of his collection known as the story of Tompkins's goat, which to be privileged to hear was, for a new comer in the community, equivalent to the Keys of the City. On such occasions gusts of Homeric laughter issued at intervals from behind the thin boards of Tompkins's shack, and respectable family men as they sneaked shamefacedly to their beds at inexcusable hours, could be heard by indulgent spouses chuckling at intervals all the way to oblivion.

Up to the time of which I write no woman had been permitted to hear the story of Tompkins's goat, but by the superior claim of a professional interest in story telling, and by the connivance of sundry wives of the most persuadable husbands, and a subsequent comparison of results, a reliable version of the priceless anecdote was finally elucidated. And as it turned out, the funniest thing about it was that *it was not in the least funny!* Cleverly invented, to be sure, and by a swift, unexpected application of blistering indecency, eliciting the start of surprise which is one of the recognized concomitants of humor; but to women never funny at all. Oh, well, *men!* we said, with a proper feminine contempt for the masculine limitation, and there it rested.

Late that summer, however, we had all gone into mountain camp at Flowery Meadows, and several husbands coming up for the week end, brought Tompkins with them for a bout of story telling. After supper they made a separate fire between great shafts of silver fir, leading the eye upward into illimitable dark, while behind them the lake, reflecting glassily the hollow sphere of cloud and stars, held them as upon the verge of space. Presently as Tompkins rose to the demand, roar upon roar of warm, loosening laughter reached the women in their tents. . . . "Oh, those *men!* . . . did you ever in your life *hear* anything. . . .!"

But what I had heard suddenly, was the gorgeous pagan quality of that delight . . . and the way in which, in the utter absence of the underthought of life criticism which is always to be caught in civilized humor, the laughter toned with the noise of the stream falling into the lake and the wind haunting the peaks above the timber line . . . laughter detached from any consequence . . . the laughter of the elder gods. Intuition flashed in its wake like the flash of one of those magic swords of which you only real-

ized that it had passed through you when you shook yourself. It was not Tompkins's goat they laughed at, our good husbands. That or any other version of the greatest joke in the world would have served as well, for the perennial wellspring of all such laughter is the joke the gods played upon man when they secretly tied the string of responsibility to the joyous play of procreation. How they baited the trap for him! how made to seem the most personal expression of himself what was the surest expression of their will for him; the crowning act of his volition become the seal of his subjection to the race, to society, to the future! And at the last moment the gods decided to let man in on the joke, knowing that otherwise he wouldn't have been able to bear it. He laughed, and so put himself on the side of the angels.

Perhaps I shouldn't have been able to write that last sentence, if I hadn't been recently to see What Price Glory, perhaps never have undertaken to record what is so difficult to convey in any case, a moment of pure intuition. But it was there again, along about the middle of the second act of what is probably the most universally experienceable play since the Medea of Euripides, touching with faint limnings of tenderness the dark outlines of blood and dust and horror. Like backward glancing reflections of the Grail, lost, how long ago out of our own religion, it broadened into a perception which, to be so perfectly produced, must have been shared equally by the authors and the actors, of beauty, oh, of the most surpassing quality, pure Hellenic beauty of man not separable from the divinity within himself. By the middle of the third act, it had reached back, as I suppose it is part of the charm of war for men that it does so reach, to a pure pagan interval in which the god within man came forth as Dionysius.

This was in the drinking scene, in which Boyd and Wolheim touch so high a mark that it is probably immaterial to their fame as players whether they ever do anything else; which may or may not be material to the sense the scene affords of man—the male of the human species—as a sport, thrown off from the main stem of creation, and more or less obliged to find his way back to divinity by stripping himself of his masks of manners and social form. From the very opening movement of the play, the essentially decent young corporals may be seen throwing away their niceties, under this characteristically male necessity of meeting God standing, in swear-words and conventional obscenities, under precisely the same impulse by which Captain Flagg, in the bombarded cellar, throws away his prerogative of being addressed as Sir. And the point of these assembled incidents is that they mark the point of departure for the modern distinction in the scope

and quality of the appreciation of humor in men and in women.

So far as my acquaintance with primitives, which, on the scale of European civilization, measures back to the age called neolithic, throws any light on the original distinctions of humor in men and in women, it lies in the slower response of woman to the humor of surprise, the swift drop of expectation to artfully contrasted levels of fulfillment. This is possibly biological, originating in the need of women to keep still and hold steady; while for man, the hunter, exists the need of preparation to meet the unexpected at every turn. The masculine predilection for this type of humor and man's superior skill at it, might easily arise out of the instinct to rehearse himself against all possible swift turns of his adversary or the quarry, as children to this day rehearse themselves in the once indispensable impulse of fear by pretending to a bogey man in the coal hole. At any rate I find this distinction already established in the age of grass thatched huts, long before it has been conceded that the joke of the experience that makes man feel most the master of the situation when he is in fact most at the service of the Ancient Will, is a matter to be laughed at by men, but not in the presence of women. Very early there begins to be a distinction between laughing at the dilemma of sex as a general human predicament and not laughing at it as the personal experience of a woman. For within that experience, for women, lurk the shadows of pain and death, and the symbol of life compelling power; and with the first, faint showing forth of shadow and symbol, begins the still unforgivable offense of man in being jocular about that particular experience in its personal implications.

There are other reasons why the bawdy joke became, and must always remain, taboo in the presence of the better sort of women; social reasons, such as the need in a progressing acculturation, of keeping the young unawakened, and so deferring mating; psychological reasons which have to do with the re-patterning of the neuroses of the woman by the double experience of mating and maternity, making it important to the success of monogamous marriage that the patterning should occur under the best auspices. Reasons such as these were empirically arrived at much earlier by some tribes than is popularly supposed, along with social inventions accumulating to the complete inhibition of the disposition of women to laugh at all at the procreative joke. But that the point of departure which makes the story of Tompkins's goat a mere gratuitous indecency to the wives of men who find it food for laughter, is not any failure in woman's original capacity for humorous appreciation of human experience, any one may discover who will spend a few hours in a New Mexico pueblo at the end of the day of one of their sacred dance-dramas. Then the Koshare, the Delight Makers, relax from their function as impersonators of the spirits of the ancestors, to correct

with whips of laughter, the foibles of the village. You will not know what they say, and only faintly guess from their antics the prevailing themes, but you will know when the ancientest joke is uncovered by the throaty turn of the laughter and the way the women slap their thighs as they escape for the moment from the shadow of that adventure in which the adventurer prides himself most as he looses most completely.

And this brings us back to the war play, and a reason too often overlooked, why women left off laughing at certain sorts of jokes, left off making them. It was because of their early discovery that the joke is, after all, on man; and it is part of the sporting code of life that a man may not be laughed at by his women. And this was the joke of the last act of *What Price Glory*—What price the pride of man?—that when Quirt and Flagg had dared death and the Army Regulations in the struggle to possess a particular woman, the huzzy bided her time and bestowed herself on the man with the larger pay, the "best provider." It really makes very little difference in what terms of spread plumes or tossing antlers the game is staged, the dice are clogged by the high utilitarianism of the woman's obligation. And it is not cricket to laugh at the fore-ordained loser. There was not a woman in the audience who did not know where the joke lay in the third act; but notice that none of them laughed.

It is the mistake men have always made about the sense of humor in women, that they undertake to predicate it by the things women laugh at. But the taboos are too old and too many; the only safe rule is to try and discover what they laugh, and make others to laugh, about.

The element of corrective criticism informing humorous observation upon life, is, no doubt, responsible for the chief inhibition against exhibitions of it in women. The inhibition has grown with the growing competition of civil life, and man's mounting need to find in the mother-wife, the relief of uncritical response. That the capacity for comparative ridicule has suffered little by long suppression, is evident from the swift rise of comedy among women writers, as the inhibition is lifted by the broadening of man's capacity to take himself humorously. One sees the spirit of funmaking peeping demurely out from the work of Jane Austen, in whose day it was customary to present young ladies with books on the art of polite conversation, in which it was advised that though the lady was privileged to introduce topics of genteel consideration, she should never presume to deliver judgment, since—I quote from one at hand—"the gentleman will tell the lady what to think." One wonders, indeed, if certain masculine foibles do not owe their continuance chiefly to the social inhibition against their being made fun of by the opposite sex. Certainly, middle aged romanticism, which, as exhibited by women, has been fair game for men humorists, would never have won the sanction it has obtained

among men, as exhibited by themselves, had it been subject to such open hunting as Mr. Wells the other day allowed to the lady in Tono Bungay, whose strictures against her husband's extra-marital dallies were based upon the figure he cut, "makin' love, and him wearing abdominal belts!" Or to Miss Sinclair's sly chuckles over the magenta streaked pajamas of Mr. Waddington of Wyck. Not Harry Leon Wilson could have made better work than Corra Harris did of the town drunkard, who, being plucked from the gutter by a passing friend and put to bed in the "bridal suite" of the local hotel, is caught the next morning crawling out of the window to escape the "bride" projected by a highly alchologized imagination, into the situation in which he finds himself. That women's comedies will rank with men's in range as well as in the element of social correction, the moment women have leave and acceptance in that field, there is no reason to doubt. Only women whose work on its way to the public has to pass through the hands of men, realize to what extent the ancient taboo against women laughing at men, is still in force. It can get by in fiction and in drama, in which a hypothetical, specially provided individual man is the butt of the joke, but in the form of a critically humorous treatment of politics, or of political figures, not at all. If a really powerful cartoonist should arise among women, it is quite certain that she would have to sell her work over a man's name. And that is perhaps why no distinguished woman humorist has yet adopted the cartoon as her medium, since there seems no lack of the distinguished quality of observation, as, for instance, in *A Cure of Souls*, penetrating, ruthless and aloof, as a cartoon should be.

Wit and gaiety of mind have always been conceded to women, within the conventional scope. There is no way of dealing with these things statistically, but from observation I should be inclined to name woman as the wittier sex, the aptest in repartee; if only women would gather up their wit and preserve it in print instead of sowing it broadcast among their families and friends, or stepping it down to the delight of little children. Imitation and farcical suggestion of folly have, on the stage, been judged women's proper forte. Marie Dressler is a notable caricaturist of her sex, in the round; Mrs. Fiske an acute and witty critic of it. Yvette Guilbert is a critic de la race; hers the subtle art of constituting her humorous versions of women a twinkling exposition of the foibles of men. In her distinction between a young woman who is drunk and an old woman who is a drunkard, there was almost the Homeric quality of the drinking scene in *What Price Glory*—where it fell short was not in art, but in the fact that the god Dionysius remains, at the last, a complete male evocation. Madam Guilbert knew how to be amusingly vulgar and remain profoundly feminine; but no woman yet has succeeded in seeming both vulgar and divine. Not, at least, to other women.

Here we touch a fundamental limitation; for does not woman's significance as woman depend on her intrinsic intimacy with the creative powers of the universe? At the end of an exceedingly short, and firmly grasped tether she may be witty and gay and daring or drastically absurd; an instant beyond the tether she becomes abominable, lost. But man, the male, by the adventitious character of his appearance in the evolutionary sequence, finds a measure of detachment to be his native state—born lost, and forever casting off his successive dramatizations of his condition in the process of finding himself. This, if true, would explain why man and not woman has touched the highest mark of whimsey in humor. For in this field no inhibition has operated, and in the special province of the child mind, toward which woman has always prided herself on a superior understanding, she should have found a superior quality of release. But it remains an outstanding fact that no woman has ever created anything worth mention in the immortal company of Don Quixote, Alice in Wonderland, Peter Pan and Krazy Kat; little brothers and sisters of the great god Dionysius. They come down to us, these immortal wanderers of the realm of phantasy, from the youth of the world. For what is Krazy Kat but Bre'r Rabbit, who is the ancient, aboriginal Grandfather Coyote, who while the creator of Krazy Kat slept under the shadow of the Enchanted Mesa, crept into the corner of his mind as later he was to creep into the corner of the comic strip, and thence to the middle of the drawing, and yet somehow never into the woman mind.

Woman is perhaps too much at home in the universe to be humorous about it in precisely the fashion of that congenital hobo, the man-soul. She adores Peter Pan when she finds him, but her very next impulse is to set at once about bringing him up properly to "make some woman happy" as a "good provider." It is a rare woman indeed who has man's intuitive sense that he himself, in respect to the universe, never will grow up, and to be able to see that as something to be exquisitely amusing about. The most we can hope for is that some day she will arrive at being humorous enough in respect to her own business of regularizing that universe, to be willing to laugh, without any undercurrent of a determination to teach him better, with and about this bemused but glorious, undefeatable tilter at windmills.

That with intelligent release from the relentless function of child-bearing women will take a more reasonable attitude, one less charged with resentment, toward man's incurable jocularity about sex, is probable. It is hardly in the cards that she will ever share it, for as maternity becomes wholly voluntary it gathers to itself associations of solemnity wholly unprecedented, and as the shadow passes from the act of procreation, the symbol more and more emerges. It is much more likely that man's need of taking sex humorously in order not to feel

himself defeated by it, will abate as the risks of such defeat grow less, and the story of Tompkins's goat will go the way of the sly cannibalistic thrust which is still discoverable in the older European folk-tales. We have to remember in this connection that making jokes about being eaten was one of the ways man braved himself against and so miti-

gated the danger of that particular risk. What it all simmers down to, this distinction of humor in men and women, is that women are more likely to be humorous about what they love, since it is all they can afford, and men about what they fear, as being the one thing they cannot afford not to laugh at.

MARY AUSTIN.

Election Results in the Northwest

HOW did the Coolidge landslide affect the Northwest organized Farmer-Labor movement? Did it give this movement a serious setback? Is its existence threatened?

These questions will undoubtedly occur to thousands of Progressives throughout the country.

The Northwest Farmer-Labor movement is unique in that it repeats the results of years of organized effort among the farmers, trade unions and progressive intellectuals to break away a substantial number of citizens from the Republican and Democratic parties by a process of political and economic education.

Up until the time of the Coolidge landslide this process leading toward a new political alignment over economic rather than purely political issues had broken the old political party bonds of approximately one-half of the active voters of Minnesota and North Dakota, about thirty percent in South Dakota, Montana and Washington and a substantial proportion of the citizenry in Nebraska, Oklahoma, Colorado and Idaho.

It seemed on the high road to the goal of its founders—a nation-wide third party of sufficient strength to force all opposition to it into one camp thus bringing again the two-party system, but along the natural lines of a division between real progressives and real conservatives—between those who want an economic readjustment and those who do not want it.

The Coolidge landslide is the first real test of the merits of the plan to create a new political party and a new political alignment by organized educational effort. It hit this structure of new political consciousness at a time when it seemed at last primed and set for a series of state victories. By the utmost stretch of imagination the Northwest progressive could not have foreseen the thing that occurred.

Has organized political education of the masses through the means of extensive publications, and intensive organization and propaganda, such as the Farmers' and Labor's Nonpartisan League started and the Farmer-Labor party continued in the Northwest failed?

This question can be answered only by an analysis of the actual results as recorded on November 4.

In North Dakota, the birthplace of the North-

west political movement, where the political pendulum has been wavering for several years on the line of even balance between the forces of progress and reaction, the new movement held its own in the face of the most tremendous assault of the opposition in its history. La Follette received 88,000 votes to 93,000 for Coolidge. Sorlie, Progressive candidate for governor, won. The Farmer-Labor majority in the lower house of the legislature was increased from one to eleven. The adverse majority against the Farmer-Labor forces in the state senate was barely overcome. Some of the Progressive state candidates and one congressman were elected.

In South Dakota, Montana and Washington the La Follette vote was distinctly larger than the highest previous Progressive or Farmer-Labor vote in these states. It represents from one-third to two-fifths of the total vote in these states. It is far larger proportionately and represents something very different from the La Follette industrial labor vote in the great states of the East and Middle West born suddenly out of the recent campaign.

To ascertain just what happened in the Northwest one should analyze the result in Minnesota. Minnesota affords the most perfect example of the creation of a new party by organized educational methods. It affords a more perfect example of political coöperation by the two principal divisions of the primary producers than the other states. It represents a further push in the direction of the third party and the new political alignment. It represents a movement that had won to its standard forty-seven percent of the citizens who are in the habit of voting. Its greater maturity coupled with its sharp reverse at the very moment of almost assured victory brings into distinct relief the facts in the present situation.

Two years ago the vote for the Farmer-Labor candidate for governor, Magnus Johnson, was 295,479; for Preus, the Republican candidate for governor, 309,758; for Indrehus, the Democratic candidate for governor, 79,903. The combined vote for governor was 685,140. The average vote cast for all candidates was about 670,000.

In the recent election the vote for governor was Christianson, Republican, about 400,000; Olson, Farmer-Labor, about 365,000. Magnus Johnson, this time running for the U. S. Senate, received

about 375,000 votes. Schall, his opponent, received nearly 385,000. The vote for the Democratic candidates is about 50,000. The total vote cast was better than 800,000.

In every case there has been a notable gain in the votes for the Farmer-Labor state candidates, but there has been a much greater gain in the vote for the Republican candidate. The Farmer-Labor gain will average at least 75,000. But the Republican gain will average at least 100,000.

This is what happened: approximately the same men and women who voted Farmer-Labor in 1922 voted it in 1924. From 130,000 to 140,000 citizens who did not vote in 1922 voted in 1924. From 30,000 to 40,000 Democrats deserted their party. This vote was divided unevenly between the Republicans and Farmer-Laborites, the Republicans getting the lion's share.

How the Republicans managed to get the greater share of these votes contributed by the stay-at-homes and Democrats is known only too well by the active leaders in the Farmer-Labor campaign. In a year notorious for general apathy of all political elements the Republicans, almost entirely by mechanical and artificial means, put over a coup in the shape of the biggest vote in the history of Minnesota. The largest previous vote, incidental to the Harding landslide of 1920, was 797,000. The vote in Minnesota this year was in excess of 820,000.

Minneapolis, the stronghold of reaction in Minnesota, furnishes the classical example of how this was done. It was achieved by the most thorough organization of ward and precinct workers and the most thorough use of women's clubs for the purpose of getting the voter registered and voted in the history of this state.

The vote in Minneapolis increased from 117,000 in 1922 to about 150,000 in 1924. The Democratic vote declined from approximately 13,000 to about 7,000. Of these 39,000 votes, thus accounted for, the Republicans absorbed 33,000 and the Farmer-Labor party about 6,000. This 6,000 Farmer-Labor gain was distributed throughout the seven labor wards and six conservative wards of the city. In no ward was there an actual decline in Farmer-Labor votes. The heaviest progressive gains were in the conservative wards indicating an increasing interest in the Progressive cause among professionals and intellectuals.

The much larger conservative gain was distributed throughout all the wards, but was particularly heavy in the conservative wards. The eighth and thirteenth wards of Minneapolis constitute the veritable citadel of reaction in Minnesota. The conservative vote jumped in these wards from 25,000 in 1922 to more than 36,000 in 1924. Without this gain in these two city wards Magnus Johnson would have been returned to the United States Senate. Without the Republican gain artificially created by a mechanical process in Minneapolis and the

county in which it is located, Floyd Olson would now be governor-elect of Minnesota.

The same thing happened in Minnesota that happened in the recent British election. The inactive citizen who does not habitually vote, and who, because he does not habitually vote, is not interested in politics and is not a progressive, was goaded to the polls by organization and stampede methods. The Republicans alone with their powerful and well paid organization reached him and told him that he must vote to save his job and the Constitution.

It is interesting to note that this process was most successful where it was applied most intensively, as is shown by the fact that the Farmer-Labor gain was only about 6,000 in Minneapolis and was approximately 70,000 in the rest of the state.

There is another side to this situation, however, not so flattering to the Farmer-Labor or Progressive cause of the Northwest.

Why did not the Farmer-Labor movement with its better moral and intellectual resources and its greater springs of enthusiasm meet this new attack more effectively?

The answer is that the Farmer-Labor movement of the Northwest has suffered a moral and intellectual relapse as a result of its sudden growth and its approach too suddenly to the flesh pots of political spoils and power. With the milk and honey of the Promised Land already ascending to its nostrils it has attracted to a dangerous extent the same parasitic riff-raff that have corrupted the older political parties. It is either sleeping, soon to awaken again, or it has lost much of the social vision and crusading spirit it had in the days when cavalcades of auto-driven farmers twelve and twenty miles long marched cross-country like invading hosts to monster picnics, and the workers of Minneapolis were so aflame that they dared to elect a Socialist mayor.

The thing that impresses itself upon thinking Progressives here in Minnesota is that the Progressives failed to win only because of weaknesses, confusions and disunities they have permitted to develop within their own ranks. The fact that there was a substantial absolute gain in the Progressive vote in spite of this and the unparelled attack of the enemy reveals enormous potential strength and possibilities. The plan to create a new political situation in America by the organized political and economic education of the masses has been vindicated. The fault is that this education, this evangelization, has been allowed to lapse, and has been neglected altogether too much of late. It must be resumed if the only highway toward a better day in America is to be opened. This is the kind of wholesome talk one now hears in Minnesota. And in this viewpoint arising out of defeat lies the hope of the Progressive movement of the Northwest and the nation.

MURRAY E. KING.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Legalism and Clericalism

THE recent outbreak of a new conflict between the French government and the Catholic hierarchy calls our attention to a phase of European political life that Americans seldom understand. Most of us are inclined to dismiss the whole matter with the comment: "Thank God, since we have adopted the policy of a free church in a free state, we have got rid of that trouble. Why can't the Europeans do likewise?" In passing some such judgment as this, we lightly ignore all sorts of historical and social conditions which make the complete separation of church and state impossible even in a country as liberal as England. It will help us to understand at least one phase of this difficulty, to wit, the psychology of clericalism, if we realize how much its motives are like those which in this country make for legalism. By considering how frantically the leaders of our legal profession oppose all efforts to take public issues out of the legal forum (i. e. courts) into the political forum (Congress or the electorate), we can better understand the tenacity with which the clerical profession in Europe resists the secularization of education and similar measures. As both the legal and the clerical professions serve vital functions, they inevitably fall into the attitude that salvation even in political issues can come solely through them.

Human purposes can generally be achieved only by painstaking devotion to well-organized means. But the habitual attention to these means tends to make us so extol their importance that the ends themselves become remote, shadowy and of relatively little moment. The typical illustration of this is the faithful civil servant to whom the welfare of the public is completely subordinated to the smooth functioning of his office routine. Some instances of this have become proverbial: the librarian who guards his books so faithfully that the readers have insuperable difficulty in getting at them, or the old Austrian general who complained that war spoiled the discipline of his soldiers. A remarkable instance of this on a large scale is the way in which teaching and scholarship in this country have been so subordinated to educational administration, that we regard it as perfectly natural that all the high honors and rewards of the teaching profession should be bestowed on those who desert it to become administrators or bureaucrats.

It is only by realizing the extent of this human tendency to extol our instruments, even to the neglect of the ends they should serve, that we can avoid attributing the narrowness of legalism and clericalism to purely economic class-interests. Why should the clergy as a body have opposed the Copernican astronomy or Darwinian biology? Surely the training and the career of a priest do not

make him an authority on physics and biology; and what harm to religion if we recognize that the Hebrews, like all other peoples, had cosmologic myths? We shall better understand the reason for this if we compare it with the outcry of the American legal profession when certain new points were made as to United States history and political theory. Thus when Professor Beard called attention to the financial interests of those who framed our federal Constitution, the New York State Bar Association rushed to condemn him very much as the church condemned the Copernican astronomy. Let us assume, for argument's sake, that some of Professor Beard's contentions are highly questionable. Why should lawyers rush in to meddle in historical questions which, as the report they adopted shows, are marvelously beyond their competence? When Theodore Roosevelt, in the days before the war destroyed his progressivism, pointed out the inadequacies in the legal philosophy with which our courts were choking much-needed social legislation, he was attacked by almost all the leaders of the bar. The argument to which they all resorted, namely that courts merely declare what the law is and have nothing to do with shaping its policy, was known to legal scholars since Austin as a childish fiction. It is surely a most childish fiction to pretend that our judges have had nothing to do with making our constitutional law what it is today. The leaders of the bar themselves do not make any such silly pretension when they praise John Marshall as the one who effectively moulded our federal constitutional law in the first third of the nineteenth century. What led distinguished lawyers to adopt such an absurd position, in which their hysterical vehemence could not hide the extreme senility of their learning? Economic interests alone will not explain this similarity of attitude of lawyers and clergy. Pure natural pride in the prestige of a high profession must be taken into account, just as it must be to explain why physicists and biologists nowadays rush to deliver the ex-cathedra opinions of science on social issues on which they are most generously ignorant. The clergy had been not only the educational directors but also the intellectual leaders of the community, and the discovery of new truths by outsiders was a blow at their prestige. Just so the spread of new insight as to American history and political theory was a blow to the lawyers who regarded themselves as the leaders of a learned profession though they were merely business-men or client-care-takers. Of course, both the clericalist and the legalist are motivated by a deep fear of the genuine dangers which the new doctrines undoubtedly contain. But "if hopes are dupes, fears may be liars." The dangers of the Copernican astronomy were real only in

the state of transition. They have no terrors for those who have grown up under it. So the dangers of limiting the powers of our courts in constitutional decisions are real only if we ignore the fact that the rights of life and property are just as safe (if not safer) in countries like England and France where the courts have no such power as they have with us.

The case for the contention that only courts can protect our fundamental rights, is in fact a house of cards which a healthy intellectual breath can scatter to the four corners of the globe. Its defenders are constantly arguing as if it were self-evident that the legislature (with the concurrence of the executive) is always bent on destroying our liberties, and that our courts are always defending them. This is a pious dogma, hallowed by repetition, but it is never supported with sufficient historical instances to make it worthy of really serious intellectual consideration. What great attack on the rights of the people has Congress made in the last thirty years from which only the courts have saved us? On the other hand, any one can name a whole host of decisions in which the rights of labor, of women, and children, to some protection from grinding exploitation have been defeated by the courts. It is a remarkable indication of the power of dogmas over facts to note how intelligent lawyers who will condemn decision after decision for being based on inadequate knowledge, will still oppose any "tampering" with the powers of the courts. Their logic is like that of the old optimists who were willing to admit everything evil and yet maintained this to be the best of all possible worlds. An empirical study of judicial decisions certainly shows that judges like other mortals are not free from the unconscious bias of class interests, and that in interpreting legislation like the Sherman

anti-trust law, the United States Supreme Court has fallen down and shown itself simply incompetent as a national organ. But though this could hardly have been denied if we were dealing with the question as historians or scientists, a pious tradition makes the sober truth sound blasphemous. This sanctification of the traditional instrument, the fear of using aught but the "Past's blood-rusted key" to open the portals of the future, is the common source of legalism and clericalism.

The clericalist and the legalist have an undue advantage in identifying their causes with those of religion and law, causes for which humanity is always willing to make extreme sacrifices. But that the identity is not complete is seen clearly in the career of Jesus of Nazareth. In the days of Jesus both clericalism and legalism were represented by the Pharisees who carried the legalistic idea into religion and wished to control all of life by minute regulations similar to those which governed the life of the high-priest. To make the life of every individual as holy as that of the high priest was indeed a noble ideal. Yet it was also deadening through the mass of casuistry to which it gave rise. Jesus's protest that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath, cuts the foundations of all legalism and clericalism. It makes us see the profound foolishness of those who, like Cato, would adhere to the law even though the republic be thereby destroyed. Without a legal order and some ministry of religious insight, the path to the abyss of irreligion and anarchy is indeed dangerously shortened. But without a realization of the essential limitations of legalism and clericalism there is no way of defending the free human or spiritual life from fanaticism and superstition.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

David's Contribution to Modern Art

QUI nous délivrera des Grecs et des Romains?" Incidentally the Greeks and Romans were German; but the Romantics, when they cried aloud against the crushing tyranny of the school, did not realize that, nor, if they had, would it greatly have strengthened their case—to give a dog that particular bad name not being in those days to hang him. The neo-classical business was begun by Wincklemann in the middle of the eighteenth century. Wincklemann's notion of Greek art was derived mainly from late Roman copies, also it was colored by the taste of a German archaeologist. Nevertheless, it was to Wincklemann's notion that David was converted. It was Wincklemann's "beau idéal" which by David, through the Convention and Napoleon, was imposed on the greater part of Europe. And to understand the history of modern painting one has got to understand what that ideal was; partly

because in a weak solution it has persisted to this day as the academic conception of classical art, still more because the overbearing brutality with which it was imposed helped to provoke that pugnacious individualism which has been the most conspicuous characteristic of the nineteenth century.

David, like Wincklemann, was a forceful pedant; he was also a very good, though not quite a great, painter. He started as a capable student in the school of Vien; went in 1775 to Rome and was there converted to neo-classicism; and, at the age of forty-one, endowed as he was with a fair share of envy and malice, threw himself into the revolutionary movement as a red-hot iconoclast. The Bastille, that fortress of political prejudice, had fallen. Was not the Academy the fortress of artistic prejudice? No journalist will be disposed to challenge so helpful an analogy; and by 1793 France was given over to journalists. Jacques—Louis David, deputy for

Paris, demanded the suppression of the Academy, and became, his moral gesture having realized itself—as gestures had a way of doing in those days—the pope of painting.

That the laws promulgated by David were not very well suited to that art appears no matter for surprise when we consider that they were based on sculpture and politics. Subject should when possible be drawn from classical history or mythology, but whencesoever drawn it should be treated as though it were a piece of Graeco-Roman sculpture—copying the antique, or plaster casts of the antique, being the highest exercise of creative power: the human form is the only proper study of artists, it should be nude or, at worst, draped heroically, and bounded by a sharp, insensitive line, so as to look, as far as possible, as though it had been cut out of some hard material: the habit of using colors is to be regretted, they should be applied in a flat, metallic, inconspicuous fashion, so as to give a picture, so far as possible, the air of a group of statuary or of a bas-relief at least: but, as classical sculpture is at its noblest in single figures, the figures in pictures should be kept severely apart (no matter for composition), and design in depth should be reduced to a minimum: lastly, the whole must be calculated to express and promote those moral ideas which are the peculiar joy of free citizens in an enlightened republic.

David was far too much of a painter to practise invariably what he preached. In his portraits especially, which consistency obliged him to treat as mere parerga he continued throughout life to give proof of admirable painter-like qualities: by his portraits he is most gloriously remembered. It was left to the little Davidians—Abel de Pujol, Blondel, Gautherot,* etc., etc.—to apply his doctrines unflinchingly and so exacerbate the war which ended in nineteenth century liberty. For, of his eminent contemporaries, though all came under his sway—how should they have done otherwise when there was but one Emperor and David was his painter?—it is to be remembered that Prud'hon—who for all his originality was of the school—was by temperament too sensitive and too sentimental to be thoroughly Roman and Gros too coarse and soldierly to be at all Greek; while Ingres, the greatest of them all, was never a true Davidian. Ingres, who died more than forty years after the founder, though reckoned from about 1830 his successor as chief of the school, was a painter of quite another order. By the exquisite delicacy and expressiveness of his line he joins hands with Raphael rather than imperial Rome; by taste and intelligence he is of a different world from that in which the citizen David looked big. Only in his doctrine—his narrow and indefatigable insistence on line—his choice of subjects,

and his contemptuous maltreatment of color does he resemble the sea-green incorruptible of painting. In fact Ingres is not even supposed to have accepted the Davidian dispensation till 1812 at earliest—till after the master's death, in 1825, say some. Previously, in Italy, he had studied attentively fifteenth century painting, and had been called "gothic" for his pains. In Italy it must have been that he perfected that supreme gift of his—the art of expressing the content of a form, not by little distracting details within the form, but by a single bounding line. Herein he is the direct descendant of the Florentines and of Raphael; herein lies his immense superiority to David. Both Ingres and David have come into fashion during the last twenty-five years with the movement towards abstract art. Both are abstract, to be sure, but in very different ways. Ingres, like Picasso, empties objects of almost all significance save the purely æsthetic and constructs works of art out of the intrinsic beauty of forms: David, also, reduces natural objects to abstractions, but with these abstractions he attempts to express ideas—moral ideas. Ingres is plastic, David declamatory; and clearly David never felt sure that Ingres was orthodox. In 1816, when the old regicide was banished, it was for Gros, not Ingres (who was still in Italy by the way) that he sent. It was Gros he adjured to abandon military subjects (his forte) and keep alive the pure flame by painting exclusively in the high Roman fashion. The faithful baron heard and trembled, tried, failed, and threw himself into the river.

With decency it can hardly be said that the neo-classical school died before the death of Ingres in 1867; by extreme courtesy it may be presumed to exist still as the basis of the French academic school, in so far as that school can be said to have any basis whatever or can be said to exist even. Its heyday, however, closed with the Empire, as was to be expected. There was always something political about Davidism. David had expressed, or had seemed to express, by accident perhaps, the reforming and mildly puritanical fancies which were afloat before '89 and made possible the revolution. Under the republic he set himself deliberately to glorify the democracy, letting it be understood that outside his rule there was no artistic safety—nor much personal for that matter. To the jury of 1793 he added five politicians of unimpeachable sentiments, besides a gardener, a peasant and a cobbler. He designed a complete democratic outfit—"approprié mœurs républicaines et au caractère de la Revolution"—to be substituted by decree for the coat and breeches of slavery. He organized the fête of the Supreme Being and the fête of Regeneration, in which, he says:

... on verra le maire avec son écharpe à côté du bûcheron ... les intéressants élèves de l'institution des Aveugles, traînés sur un plateau roulant, offriront le spectacle touchant du *malheur honoré*. Vous y serez aussi, tendres nourrissons de la maison des

* Gautherot must have taken the master's injunctions deeply to heart to have exhibited in 1827 *Venus Vaccinated* by Esculapius.

Enfants-Trouvés, portés dans de blanches berceuses; vous commencerez à jouir de vos droits civils trop justement recouvrés . . . des milliers d'oiseaux, rendus à la liberté, portant à leur col de légères banderoles, prendront leur vol rapide dans les airs et porteront au ciel le témoignage de la liberté rendue à la terre.

But David was not a politician for nothing; and he found it wonderfully easy to transfer his enthusiasm from the Supreme Being and the democracy to the Emperor and the rites of the Church. After all, the Romans were not only republicans but warriors too. The dictatorship of the proletariat and the personal rule of General Bonaparte came to much the same thing, after all. The pedant, who, noticing that in classical sculpture horses are ridden without bridle or bit, and ignoring the fact that in classical sculpture bridles and bits were made of metal which has perished, proclaimed that henceforth no true artist would condescend to paint such unclassical frippery as the reins of a general's charger, found it quite possible in 1805 to paint in minutest detail the costumes and accoutrements of Le Sacre. David became the imperial painter. Incidentally, it was he who gave us the Empire style of furniture. That style comes straight out of his Brutus, for which picture—such were the scruples of “un homme vertueux”—he did not feel justified in inventing the necessary details. He ordered, therefore, Jacob, the cabinetmaker, to execute, after his design, pieces which he supposed to be genuinely antique. These he used as models; and they are, I

believe, the origin of “Empire.” Wherefore let us be grateful to David; “Empire,” cold, silly and pedantic though it is, being the last original style of furniture and decoration that we in Europe have known.

The period of the Revolution and Empire is about the most barren in the history of French art. Not one of David's lieutenants or rivals, not Prud'hon nor Gros, nor Girodet, nor Gérard, nor Regnault can by any stretch of flattery be reckoned a painter of the first class, while Ingres's greatest pictures—most of them at any rate—were in 1815 still to be painted. There is nothing to surprise us in this when we remember the proscriptions, the emigrations and the wars; also, both Republic and Empire aimed at a tyranny over the mind and energies of the nation, which were to be directed along state-determined grooves to patriotic ends. Davidism was a state religion, and David an executive officer. His personal influence and prestige alone were generally sufficient to crush any manifestation of individualism; and behind him was a highly organized government, most willing, as such governments usually are, to interfere in matters with which governments are least competent to deal. Whence was liberation to come? From an unlikely quarter. Waterloo, which made possible the liberation of Europe, made possible the emancipation of the French genius. Constable, Scott and Byron were to turn victory to purposes which would have surprised considerably the Duke of Wellington.

CLIVE BELL.

The Balance of Political Power in Great Britain

THE statistics of the British election in round numbers, compared with a year ago, can be put in a nutshell thus:

(a) The number of those entitled to vote was 800,000 more than last year.

(b) The number of those who did vote was 2,000,000 more than last year.

(c) The Conservatives polled 2,000,000 more, Labor 1,000,000 more, and Liberals 1,000,000 less (after allowing for the constituencies where, this time, no Liberal was standing).

(d) Thus of the 3,000,000 new voters and Liberal deserters, the Conservatives captured two-thirds and Labor one-third.

As usual on our present electoral system, the turn-over in power has been altogether out of proportion to the turn-over in votes. Two million vot-

ers out of 20,000,000 decide the government of the country. As a broad generalization, 70 percent of the electors are steady party men who can be expected to give the same straight party vote every time. The distribution of this 70 percent between the parties changes very slowly; at the present time perhaps 28 percent is Conservative, 14 percent Liberal, and 28 percent Labor. Of the remaining 30 percent, nearly 20 percent abstain from voting, leaving us with the 10 percent of wobblers who settle matters. Even the best political tacticians sometimes forget this. They pay too much attention to the party bondsmen and too little to the free men—the unprejudiced, independent wobblers, who hold the head high and govern us by slightly inclining it to the left or to the right.

Now, owing to the geographical concentration of the strength of Labor in certain parts of the country, particularly in comparison with the Liberals,

who are distributed more evenly, Labor's minimum representation is unlikely to fall at any time much below its present figure of about one quarter of the House of Commons. But, on the other hand, it is for the same reason very much more difficult for Labor to obtain an absolute majority of the whole House. For example, if every single voter throughout the country who voted Liberal last week, had voted Labor, the Conservative party would still have had a comfortable working majority of more than fifty seats.

Thus, in order to get an independent majority, the Labor party would need to capture, not only the whole of the Liberal party, but all the wobblers too. Actually, if the Liberal party broke up, a considerable portion would join the Conservatives and thus render the latter almost impregnable in many parts of the country.

What practical conclusions can we draw from this analysis? First, that whilst the Liberal party cannot expect in future to obtain an independent majority in the House of Commons, it still commands a balancing power which will probably be decisive in one election out of every two.

Second, that it would need exceptional circumstances to give the Labor party an independent majority—such circumstances as the combination of several years of Tory misgovernment with a falling standard of life for the mass of the workers. Some sections of the Labor party would like to stay in the wilderness waiting for the exceptional circumstances. Some day or other distressful economic conditions might yield them a brief opportunity to try extremist experiments. But on the other hand, large elements in the Labor party are capable of seeing that social improvements can only come as the result of clear thinking and cool action, and that the tumultuous exploitation of acute distress would give reforms a poor chance to succeed. New social experiments will not get a fair opportunity to prove their worth, unless they can be introduced in times of normal prosperity.

My third conclusion, therefore, is this. We are not likely to see, for many years to come, a progressive government of the Left capable of efficient legislation, unless Radicals and Labor men stop cutting one another's throats and come to an agreement for joint action from time to time to carry through practical measures about which they agree. Probably not less than ten percent of the British electorate are natural radicals. Their mentality and their feelings, and sometimes their class sympathies, are distinct from those of the typical Labor enthusiast. Their proper place is outside the Labor party. They form a nucleus around which from time to time a substantial body of voters will collect. No important reforms will ever be carried in Great Britain without their intellectual, moral, and numerical support.

J. M. KEYNES.

History plus Hokum

The Iron Horse, a motion picture. Lyric Theatre. New York.

THREE years ago when I approached the chief producers seeking to get a motion picture version made of H. G. Wells's *Outline of History*, the giants of the industry, spitting on their Persian carpets, one and all assured me there was "nuttin' in dat costume stuff." They know better now. Mr. James Cruze's *The Covered Wagon* taught them that "costume stuff," sufficiently well done, is the very thing the public most wants.

Until recently, the movies' usual notion of an historical film was a trivial romantic story which by changing costumes and properties might as well have been set in 1924 or 2024. They are just beginning to learn (what some of us interested in the cinema as a medium for expression have been reiterating for years) that it has superb potentialities for telling the epic story of history's slow-surfing tide: perhaps the march of the pioneers across the western plains, as in *The Covered Wagon*; perhaps the struggle of the colonists for freedom, as in D. W. Griffith's *America*, or—an earlier example which should have taught the celluloid kings something, but didn't—the seething pot of hatred after the Civil War revealed by the same director in *The Birth of a Nation*. Largely because of the success of Mr. Cruze's work, and of a few films like the Pola Negri life of *Madame du Barry*, today historical pictures threaten to become epidemic; a fact at which I, for one, heartily rejoice.

A fine example of the type, in its strength and weakness, is *The Iron Horse*, wherein Mr. William Fox has paid for and Mr. John Ford has produced, a competent narrative of the building of the first transcontinental railway. The broad outline of the story is accurately given from the time Lincoln signed the Railroad Act in 1862 until the lines of the Central and Union Pacific met and were united, at Promontory Point, Utah, in 1869. The hardships to which the workers were subjected are portrayed without more exaggeration than is inevitable. We see the problems of route-finding, the suffering from desert heat and winter cold, the fights with the Indians, the quelling of dissatisfied workmen, the saloons and dancehalls which were moved forward from town to town as the centre of population of the main body of workers moved west. For most Americans such a story holds something of the same thrill found in *The Covered Wagon*, the thrill of seeing as a whole a story of the harnessing of the continent which has long been familiar in fragmentary form—a story in which, perhaps, members of one's own family many have taken part.

A whole volume of comment on the spiritual state of the movies might be deduced from the things Messrs. Fox and Ford have felt themselves compelled to put into this picture. They have plastered it with comic relief, in the persons of three Irish ex-soldiers, track-layers, friends of the hero and always, by a series of happy miracles, on the spot when interesting things are going on. Since the antics of this trio spring more or less legitimately from the business of railroad building, the humor is not obtrusive and is welcome until it becomes too insistent. But the producers have felt it necessary to drag in a highly sentimental romantic melodrama—the usual rivals for the girl, one of them as pure as Crisco, the other black as

Pittsburgh; the secret pass through the hills found by the father of the hero just before being murdered by a two-fingered renegade who later bobs up, of course, as the unknown enemy of the son, now grown to a very manly manhood, with a flannel shirt, open at the throat, riding breeches and everything; the misunderstanding between the lovers; the reconciliation; the conventional tear and smile, turned on at standard intervals. The story is no worse and no better than dozens and dozens of others manufactured by the linear mile every year; but against the fine reality of railroad building it stands out, painfully trivial and insincere.

One can't exactly blame the producers for this; conditions being what they are in motion pictures, the addition of this hokum very likely is the thing which turns the scale between sure financial failure and fat baskets of shekels. Probably no public exists which is large enough to be worth considering, which would be delighted to get the epic without the mush; and probably if it did, theatre owners would refuse to give it a chance. Yet in artistic terms, history minus hokum is what we are moving toward. The movies which once did not dare tell a true story on the screen are today telling a true one and a false one side by side. Some day they must go on to tell a true one alone, and do it as well as they know how. Such a film may not be a theatrical success; it may, like the *Yale Chronicles*, need to be shown to special audiences, or be financed otherwise than by the usual celluloid entrepreneurs. In the meantime, for those interested in the history of this country, the true parts of such a film as *The Iron Horse* are well worth sitting through the melodrama to see.

B. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Equal Rights Amendment

SIR: Miss Crystal Eastman challenges the gallantry of men by offering as a poser, in connection with the "equal rights" amendment of the Woman's party, the question: "How would you feel about it if you were a woman?" Her question assumes a power of imagination which, alas! has been denied to mere man just because he can only think within his own skin. Therefore I can't tell her how I would feel about it as a woman. It may be more relevant for me to tell her how I feel about it as one who cares, I suspect, as deeply as a man can care for the elimination of unjustifiable differentiations in law between men and women, but one who also happens to be a lawyer and perhaps familiar with what law can do and what law cannot do, in the significant details that matter.

The legal position of woman cannot be stated in a single simple formula, especially under our constitutional system, because her life cannot be expressed in a single simple relation. Woman's legal status necessarily involves complicated formulation, because a woman occupies many relations. The law must have regard for woman in her manifold relations as an individual, as a wage-earner, as a wife, as a mother, as a citizen. Only those who are ignorant of the nature of law and of its enforcement and regardless of the intricacies of American constitutional law, or indifferent to the exacting aspects of woman's industrial life, will have the naiveté or the recklessness to sum up woman's whole position in a meaningless and mischievous phrase about "equal rights." (I am aware that Crystal Eastman once upon a time knew something about law; but that was long ago and far away. Now she disregards her former learning and writes as a "feminist.") Nature made man and woman different: the Woman's party cannot make them the same. Law must accommodate itself to the immutable differences of Nature. For some purposes men and women are persons and for these purposes the law should treat them as persons, subjecting them to the same duties and conferring upon them the same rights. But for other and vital purposes men and women are men and women—and the

law must treat them as men and women, and, therefore, subject them to different and not the same rules of legal conduct.

The unjustifiable legal differentiations as to women still existing in different states vary greatly from state to state. Now that women have the vote, these discriminations will readily yield to correction by appropriate state action, provided the attempts at reform are preceded by an effective analysis of the legal situation in each state, an understanding formulation of remedies and an adequate educational exposition of the evils and remedies as a preliminary to legislation. But in a blinding effort to remove remaining differences in the law, in the treatment of women as compared with men, which do not rest on necessary policy based on inherent differences of sex, the Woman's party would do away with all differences which arise from the stern fact that male and female created He them. The Woman's party cannot amend Nature. But it can add considerably to the burdens already weighing too heavily upon the backs of women, the industrial workers, who are least able to bear them.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

Cambridge, Mass.

Whom Shall the Government Serve?

SIR: Mr. Lippmann's recent article aroused some questions in my mind which your editorial of November 5 did not answer. Mr. Lippmann deprecates the granting of governmental favors to any class or section, and describes the tendency towards centralization as "reactionary." He fears government because of the harm it may do and is sceptical about the services it may perform. He would, therefore, confine the national government to the simple duties of assuring justice, keeping order and managing foreign affairs.

I do not believe that this theory of passive government will again be generally prevalent. The main question of the future is whether the national government is to serve a small group or a large one. It is undoubtedly within the province of a national government to benefit either the mass, or only a small part, of the people. Control of the machinery of government in our country falls into the hands of people, either numerous or powerful, who are deeply interested in politics only when government oppresses or benefits them. If the government does not affect the individual one way or the other, he takes but little interest in the way it is run. His apathy makes it easy for principal groups to manage it in their own behalf. These groups, finding that the government may be used profitably for and by themselves, maintain a steady interest in and watch over it. Their superior resources, coupled with the apathy of the voter at large, are the means of their controlling its major operations.

So it appears that under conditions nowadays, the government must serve the people, or else it will fail to sustain their interest in it, and thereby open the way for privileged minorities to use it for reinforcing their own position.

CURTIS NETTELS.

Madison, Wis.

Brains and Athletic Prowess

SIR: You do not, I am sure, wish to misinform or otherwise mislead your readers, and yet you have done so when, discussing the conditions of athletic prowess, you say of Weismuller, "His achievement is the perfection of a new crawl beat. That was accomplished by brains, his own and his coach's . . ."

By his coach's testimony Weismuller swims the same stroke as those whom he defeats in competition, the six-beat crawl, in which six leg-thrashes are combined with two arm-pulls. The explanation of his achievement must lie in differences and perfection in detail, and these are not the accomplishment of brains. Bachrach describes one difference that has theorizing behind it, the propellor-like circular movement of the legs, but the actual effect of this has not been determined. On the other hand, such details as rhythm and planing are not consciously acquired but stumbled on; like the dexterity of a virtuoso pianist they are best explained by natural adaptations of physique to the particular purpose. Most significant of all is Bachrach's admission that Weismuller had his stroke when he came under his supervision. This would indicate that, governed by his feeling for the water, the boy fell into an efficient stroke, and he has made it more efficient in the course of repetition.

B. H. HAGGIN.

New York, N. Y.

My Stick, Please

IT is easy to be a gentleman at home. A man's home is his castle not merely by virtue of the moat and the portcullis. They are but negative aspects. The inner shrine is the dining room: the hereditary dinner service laid in the approving presence of the ancestral portraits. Here, under the pious ministrations of a high priest in clerical black, the votaries consecrate themselves by elaborate ritual conscientiously intoned as true knights of the Holy Grail of etiquette. A barrier without, a ritual within: these are the constituents of true gentility. One can deal only with accustomed things and be a gentleman: familiar situations that can be met with habitual expressions, old acquaintances who know their place and accept the classifying word. There is no greater error than supposing that good breeding is only a matter of skill which all may attain if they will. On the contrary, good breeding requires a stage for its manifestation, properties, atmosphere, even a sympathetic audience. One can easily imagine settings in which it is quite impossible to be well bred. Who ever exhibited these qualities on a baseball bleacher, or in the subway at half past five? No, the place of a woman is in the home—that is, of a lady. Ladies at large are ladies no more.

A lady by the gutter's brim
A homely woman was to him,
And she was nothing more.

Fortunately for men there are canes. A gentleman can always carry a stick, a handy movable property so obviously theatrical that it provides the requisite atmosphere almost anywhere. Like a fairy wand, the wave of the magic cane transforms the surliest phiz into an ass's head. Even taxi drivers bow and scrape when they are signalled by a cane. Whereas waitresses! One almost expects to be implored for a photograph endorsed à la Valentino to an unknown admirer.

The potency of the appurtenances of refinement were first brought home to me by the silk hat. Now the silk hat is of secondary importance in the economy of the gentleman; a man in a silk hat may be a "mortician," just as a man in evening dress is almost certainly a waiter. Nevertheless, silk hats were then considered an indispensable part of the costumery of the college glee club. Of their social effectiveness there could be no doubt. After the concert one took up one's position in the outer hall, the "vestibule" if it happened to be a church, scanning the emerging crowd with an elaborately casual gaze for such maidens of promise as had been spied out during the performance. At the critical moment the hat was opened with a loud snap. Apparently it is physically impossible for a young woman to avoid looking around at the snap of an opera hat. And as she looks, the hat, now gloriously unfurled, settles jauntily upon the collegiate brow. Under these circumstances a smile and bow are a social necessity; the rest follows in the course of nature.

On the occasion of my illuminating experience I was following, a tremulous novitiate, in the train of consequences of the mechanical properties of the folding opera hat. We had boarded a street car (anything else would have been immoral) and got into something of a jam. Some gallant but, it must be said, misguided soul made a place for the young lady when a sudden lurch of the

car acting upon his own unsteadiness landed a man—a small man, heavily built though, with an ominously broken nose, but certainly well piped—squarely in the vacant place. Something had to be done. Counting on King Alcohol as an ally I caught the chap by the collar and assisted by a counter-lurch yanked him out into the aisle, sweeping the young miss into the seat by the same motion, as it were. What would happen? Decorum forbade that I should look around; I must take the consequences back-to. They were not long coming, but they broke no bones. "Y'see-that-feller-there? He . . . threw-me-outa-my-seat! Yeh! Oughta . . . clean'm up! But's-got-a . . . silk'at-on. Can't-hit-a-feller . . . 'na-silk'at!" This refrain, continued as long as we remained on the car, proved the beginning of my social education. A silk hat, then, is not merely a mechanical toy of interest to proper-but-accessible maidens; it is a garment of invulnerability, a protection against the ugly atrocities of an uncouth world.

So it is with the cane. The protection which it offers is not the might of sword or mace; it plays a more passive part as a token of disability. One who carries a cane is either an invalid or a gentleman, in either case exempt from rough treatment. In certain walks of life, accordingly, a cane is spiritually indispensable as a sort of Dutch (malacca) courage. A strolling philosopher, for instance, can hardly do without one. I have noticed that poets, too, and artists, invariably wear canes. Incidentally they have little else to wear. That, precisely, is the rub. So long as a man remains at home, though his castle be a Greenwich Village garret devoid of menials, yet shall his Spiritual Superiority shine forth from the adoring eyes of the most perfect lady, also immured, his one and only wife. But if a dingy philosopher wander forth in the middle of the day, treading the streets with an unrotarian shamle which shouts to every passer-by that he toils not neither does he spin, yet boarding the common omnibus along with stenographers and office boys, he is a strange anomaly without a stick. He is thinking high thoughts and he has a hole in his stocking. To be sure, Jesus carried no cane, as the evangelist would say. But Jesus did not live in New York; and even so He was crucified as a vagabond. The choice is commerce, crucifixion, or a cane.

Incidentally, canes are surer than commerce and cheaper than socks. One can get an excellent stick for five or ten dollars, and a stick accumulates no laundry bills and can never be torn asunder at the collar. A friend of mine has shod his stick with the tin lid off a beer bottle. On this system a cane will last forever. This assumes, of course, that it is never left behind. But that is the first rule in carrying a stick. After all, it is not the physical properties of the thing that count, but the skill with which it is negligently but inseparably dangled. By itself the cane might be a relic of a departed grandfather. Only when the insistent habit of its owner asserts itself—"But really, you know, what should I do with my hands if I left my stick behind?"—does it become a social function. And one can never know when the worst will happen. Only when I hold a stick in my hand, tapping the pavement in apparent unconsciousness or swinging it carelessly from a crooked forearm, am I able wholly to forget the awful possibilities of stocking heels.

By the way, I never carry a cane.

C. E. A.

Carrying On

The White Monkey, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50

Arnold Waterlow, by May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

Unity, by J. D. Beresford. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill Company. \$2.50.

The Heavenly Ladder, by Compton Mackenzie. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.50.

THESE four novels represent characteristic enterprises on the part of four practitioners who established their points of view, their technique and their vogue from ten to twenty years ago. They have now only to fulfil the expectations which their readers have formed of them. They do this. It might have been prophesied beforehand that if they should write more novels these are the novels they would write.

Mr. Galsworthy continues to profit from the longevity of the Forsyte family. Diminished as they are in numbers they are still enough to populate a novel. There is Soames, well preserved and perhaps indestructible, to assist as the undertaker of the family fortunes at his cousin George's death; there are Winifred and the Val Darties and June. Above all there is Fleur with the new connections which she has gathered, her husband Michael Mont and his father Sir Lawrence, Ninth Baronet, who revives memories of the patricians whom Mr. Galsworthy, as the Sir Joshua of his day, has so often painted. There are Bicket and his wife to recall the unhappy plebs in *The Silver Box* and *Justice*. There is Ting-aling, the Chinese toy dog, as exotic and more pervading than Miranda in *Fraternity*.

Mr. Galsworthy's theme is degeneration. First, the crumbling of the solid edifice of business through the decline of responsibility of the directorate, the corruption of the management and the emergence of democracy in capitalism. Soames Forsyte, as he faces the wreck of the P. P. R. S. recalls bitterly how Old Jolyon would have handled his shareholders. Property itself has changed its character, and the man of property finds his occupation gone.

Passing the Bank of England, he had a feeling of walking away from his own life. His acumen, his judgment, his manner of dealing with affairs—aspered! They didn't like it; well, he would leave it. . . . He would resign his trusts, private and all. . . . But a sudden wave of remembrance almost washed his heart into his boots. What a tale of trust deeds executed, leases renewed, houses sold, investments decided on—in that room up there; what a mind of quiet satisfaction in estates well managed! Ah! Well! He would continue to manage his own.

This collapse takes place in a world of modern society, love, talk, art, literature of which Mr. Galsworthy has caught the appearance and accent with his practiced if somewhat weary skill. It is a world of youth as disillusioned as Soames in his old age, but less reconciled: "Youth feels . . . main stream of life . . . not getting what it wants. Past and future getting haloes. . . . Quite! Contemporary life no earthly just now. . . . Don't see Life itself, only reports, reproductions of it; all seems

shoddy, lurid, commercial. 'Youth says 'Away with it; let's have the past or the future.' " And it is to the future that Fleur looks at the end with the eleventh baronet Mont in her arms.

In *Arnold Waterlow*, Miss Sinclair has returned to the outline of *Mary Olivier*. Arnold's quest, like Mary's, is spiritual freedom, which he pursues from the cradle onward. Like her he must achieve it in the midst of the English family which Miss Sinclair has so often depicted, and against the persistent maternal pull. If Aeneas had borne Hecuba on his shoulders from burning Troy, we should have a more precisely descriptive name for this Anglo-Saxon state of mind than Oedipus has given it. It will scarcely do to call it the Anchises complex.

Arnold Waterlow's inner life is the masculine counterpart of *Mary Olivier's*. He has none of her exquisite moments of intuition in which the external world is resolved into pure sensation. His idealism is an intellectual achievement. He thinks and wills his way to oneness with the infinite.

Once in the darkness Reality had found him and possessed him utterly, at any moment it might break through and find him again. Unless there was something in him that came between. . . . He gave himself up now. He willed his deliverance. He stripped himself of everything save the bare will to know Reality. His will waited in the darkness, effortless and still. Quietly, before he was aware of Its coming, It had come. Something stirred in the darkness; he was conscious, again, of a queer, still throbbing, subtle and strange, as if his whole being were set to a finer pitch of vibration; then stillness again; then an incredible happiness and peace, and the sense of irrefutable certainty.

In the course of this mystical adventure Arnold is involved with several women besides his mother in relations in which the theme of renunciation is sounded in various keys. Of these ladies *Mary Unwin* in particular makes one regret that Miss Sinclair has suppressed the sense of humor which made the world brighter with Mr. Waddington of *Wyck* and *A Cure of Souls*.

In *Unity*, Mr. Beresford's heroine, like Miss Sinclair's hero, is absorbed in a quest, the quest which gives her her name and the title of the story. Men determine the pattern of her life, as women do *Arnold Waterlow's*. Again there is renunciation—the admirable husband gives way by an *Ethan Fome* catastrophe to another, the sharer in the mystic bond through which *Unity* is to achieve unity. Mr. Beresford's mysticism is not without the delicacy which in the part he touched has the intimations which lie behind the world of sense, but his story is commonplace.

And finally comes Mr. Mackenzie with the third stage of *Mark Lidderdale's* ecclesiastical experience—another story of quest, in which the inner life is largely taken for granted and the narrative moves in a medium of institutional rites and ceremonies. Mr. Mackenzie writes of these with the same gusto with which he wrote of the theatre in *Sylvia Scarlett*. Mark has accepted the little Cornish cure which his grandfather had held, and attempts to direct the services and the life of the parish on the Anglo-Catholic model. There follows his struggle with bishop, church wardens, communicants and dissenters. Bit by bit the ground which he had gained is

torn away. The one hopeful feature in his campaign, his work with the children, is turned to his disadvantage, and at last, broken and beaten, he accepts the solution which was inevitable in *The Altar Steps*. At Monte Cassino, the ancient home of the Benedictine rule, he enters the church of Saint Benedict to renew his youth.

These four novels all arise in spiritual unrest, all are stories of seeking. In Mr. Galsworthy's the winds are lightest and most baffling; in Mr. Mackenzie's they blow with steadiest and strongest purpose. Each of the four authors shows a characteristic disposition not only in the management of his vessel, but in the port which he seeks. Mr. Galsworthy, it might be said, leaves us in an open roadstead, on a lee shore; but Miss Sinclair's and Mr. Mackenzie's harbors are admirably defended. And all four direct their various courses by the Victorian compass of which the needle points to the true north of renunciation.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Ancient America

The Land of Journeys' Ending, by Mary Austin. New York: The Century Company. \$4.00.

IT is not true, what we are always saying, that America is a young country. We say so because we are Europeans and antiquity for us lies across the two oceans. For four centuries we have been watering roots pulled out of the these antiquities and waiting for them to grow into a national culture; but the seedlings of Greece and Rome and mediaeval Europe have steadfastly refused to become an American forest. Mrs. Austin says:

We can no more produce in any section of the United States, a quick and characteristic culture with the worn currency of classicism and Christianity, than we can do business with the currency of ancient Rome.

While we swing from the apron strings of the Old World, the antiquity of America lies under our very noses. While we reach across oceans and centuries for the past of race the past of the country lies ignored at our hand. Our poets sigh for Florence and English villages and the enchantment of Aegean names; yet half across their own country lies a land mellowed by unplumbed antiquity, rich with the spiritual wealth of an original civilization. This is the theme of Mrs. Austin's book, a hope so vivid that she mistakes it for prophecy, that the ancient America which went down before two invaders, will conquer its conquerors yet.

There are reasons, beside the fact that it was written by Mrs. Austin, that make this badly named and badly bound book worth the reading. It misses being a great document in the history of American culture (if such a thing could be) by an absence of plausibility, but that does not impair its value as a book. It explains again, and very nicely, what has ever been hazy to the general—the New Mexico Movement (shall we call it that?) among painters and writers from the East, which has always seemed an affectation to people for whom the Southwest is the sole province of Tom Mix and Zane Grey. They understood from the railroad posters that there was an extravagance of color there, but it seemed too unsubtle and crude for the neurasthenics of New

York. And the Indian fetish was hard to understand, for the American is either sentimental or patronizing about the aborigine; he cannot take seriously the indigenous achievements of his own land. The brotherhood of New Mexicans takes them seriously, and Mrs. Austin, who takes them very seriously, goes a long way toward explaining why. She biographies the land and its achievements together, and under her painstaking pen the imagined crudities of the Southwest are split a thousand ways and deepened with a thousand meanings not apparent in railroad posters. She dips a little into geology and archaeology, much into history in a Little Jack Horner way, and scatters every page lavishly with pure description.

Go far enough on any of its trails, and you begin to see how the world is made. In such a manner mountains are thrust up; there stands the cone from which this river of black rock was cast out; around this moon-colored playa, rises the rim of its ancient lake; by this earthquake rent the torrent was led that drained it. What man in some measure understands, he is no longer afraid of; the next step is mastery.

To say that the Southwest has a significant past and will have a magnificent future, because it is a superb wealth breeder, is to miss the fact that several generations of men wasted themselves upon it happily, without taking any measure of its vast material resources. The nineteenth century assault which found California a lady of comparatively easy virtue, quailed before the austere virginity of Arizona; but the better men among them . . . married the land because they loved it, and afterward made it bear . . . Men felt here the nameless content of the creative spirit in the presence of its proper instrument.

Whatever Mrs. Austin writes about in her chapter-essays—the cultures that excavators have found, the cactuses under the Mogollon rim, the Spanish missions, sonorously named—to everything she brings the flash of an exhilarating idea, the pure color of a poetic conception. At the end the Southwest that has seemed so simply sagebrush is refined into a subtle ancient land, beautiful in delicate ways, with a wealth of symbolism belonging to its own proper past, and to the Spanish civilization that has mellowed over it.

At the end, again, one feels it has been worth the trip, but hardly worth sojourn at the destination. There is good writing in the book—fresh pellucid description, sometimes nearly passionate. But on the whole it is journalism. It is full of the segments of ideas, crystalline but fragmentary, unintellectual ideas born of intuition or emotion or some uncircular working of the mind. The thread upon which the book hangs is the most unintellectual idea of all, for it is only tenuously true, far too frail to bear the weight of meaning hung upon it. Mrs. Austin does not fail to convince us that there is beauty in the antiquity of our own country. She awakens that "steady purr in the midriff of our being" which is the pride of nationality. But she does not convince us, by citing the Thunderbird tourist agency and the dances of the young men of Prescott that the country will ever ground itself on these aboriginal foundations, or that the expression of our nationality will ever flow through the symbols of the cultures we destroyed.

ELIZABETH VINCENT.

Apologia for Capitalism

The Ethics of Capitalism, by Judson G. Rosebush. New York: Association Press. \$1.50.

MR. ROSEBUSH is a representative capitalist. He accepts the existing capitalistic social order in toto, for day by day in every way it offers him increasing opportunities to exercise his growing powers and to realize his expanding ambitions—that is, ever since the day he had the sagacity and good fortune to marry the only daughter (and millions) of an aged manufacturer and banker. In order to impress his readers duly with the fact that he is a man of parts and that he speaks with authority, he begins the volume with a catalogue of the positions he holds, which reads like a typical page from *The Goose-Step*. He is president of several large concerns, vice-president of several others, the owner of a large cattle ranch, superintendent of a Methodist Sunday school, trustee of two colleges, and a member of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

The book is an unsuccessful attempt to justify ruthless business methods and to discredit every movement for social reform. It is a heroic effort in defense of "this fine pretty world" which he believes to be in imminent danger of destruction, not because of any inherent defects in structure, but because of the dastardly attacks of disgruntled labor agitators and social reformers. He might have spared himself the trouble and used the time and energy increasing his bank account, for the book is insufferably dull and merely an inferior imitation of Hartley Withers's *The Case for Capitalism*.

In solving the problems of the day, the author has recourse to orthodox economic theory. All suggested reforms in behalf of wage-earners are opposed to the interests of the public because the public pays the bill. The captains of industry and finance are the real friends of the people, in spite of the fact that since the war the bankers have the country by the throat. Industrial democracy consists in the open shop. Trade unionism, the Plumb plan, Sovietism, and the social creed of the churches, which calls for a living wage as a minimum and for the highest wage an industry can afford—these are the spawn of the same brand of pernicious socialistic agitation; pernicious because it would wrest the control and direction of society from the hands of "the more intelligent members of the community, who by virtue of their superior mentality have become property owners." Benevolent paternalism will solve our troublesome labor problems. All profit-sharing schemes are condemned as economically unsound. We need a new system of taxation in which spending is penalized and saving rewarded, notwithstanding the fact that America has fifty percent more capital goods than can be used. An example of the author's ethics, and incidentally of good business, is given us in a statement that he has transferred large sums of money from a state that protects its people from exploitation by stringent corporation laws to one that has lax ones.

Our disappointment in the book is the more poignant because the author has had the benefit of studying under such stimulating minds as Seager, McMaster, Fetter, Ely, La Follette, and others; because he was for years a professor of economics; and because he poses as an enlightened capitalist and Christian business man. The book would be harmless enough had it been published by anyone

else but the Y. M. C. A. Press. As it is it will do much harm because the industrial secretaries and most of the other secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. will accept it as pure gospel with the result that the organization will become more reactionary in its industrial program than ever. The book was written for these men. Indeed, it is the result of a series of lectures first delivered to industrial secretaries at a summer school. Rosebush specifically warns religious bodies to beware of the vicious so-called social gospel, and admonishes them to follow the example of their leader Jesus Christ, who preached the true gospel and kept silent on economic issues. As a member of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Rosebush helps shape the industrial policy of that organization, and we cannot hope for any effective work from it until men of his type are replaced by business men truly progressive and enlightened.

GUSTAV T. SCHWENNING.

A Poet of Lasting Things

Wild Cherry, by Lizette Woodworth Reese. Baltimore: The Norman, Remington Company. \$1.50.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE has been known to a number of lovers of poetry for a long time, but to the outside world whose interest in literature is not very great, she has been known only as the writer of the superb sonnet *Tears*, and perhaps because of Mr. Mencken's enthusiastic praise of her work. When all is said and done a writer has as good a chance with posterity for a little work superbly done as for a great deal even superbly done; quantity does not count where the passports to immortality are handed out, and Andrew Marvel with his half dozen poems, and Emily Brontë with her one small novel, are as safe inside the courts of the gods—perhaps a little safer—than those men of enormous abundance like Walter Scott and William Morris. Lizette Woodworth Reese is perhaps the least advertized of American poets; her output has not been great, yet I am inclined to believe that out of her couple of slender volumes there can be drawn enough of that sort of poetry which persists through all changes of time and fashion to make her name lasting in American literature. This poetry of hers will persist, not because the author was cleverer or more original than other writers, but because, in some way, her nerves were more subtle in response to the kinds of life and experience that came her way. Some very poor critic at one time christened those poets who get in among the immortals for one or two poems "minor poets"—one of the most nonsensical expressions that ever came into the literature of criticism. No poet is a minor poet if he or she achieves immortality were it but with one short poem. Miss Reese's great successes are in the sonnet form, and probably two or three of them belong to the great sonnets of our time.

Her sonnets have that combination of spontaneous lyric emotion and philosophic thought which is characteristic of the great sonneteers. It would be hard, among living poets, to find anything to surpass the sonnet called *Portrait* which has these lines:

In the pale rain
The tall house shook, and ever after kept
The look of tears. A dream indeed may pass,
And love be bitter-brief. From dreams cut free—

Poverty at the Bottom of Social Maladjustment

Poverty of mind on the part of some; lack of money on the part of others. Many people live in a rut. It is a comfortable rut. They are well-to-do and have inherited ideas. They don't understand any other standard of living.

* * *

They think of poverty only vaguely. They have never come in contact with it. They do not realize that these United States hold some ten millions of people whose incomes will not afford them a bare subsistence.

* * *

They do not realize that many and diverse elements enter into American life, and that the latter term itself is broad and elastic, covering a multitude of lives. (P. S. They do not read Scribner's Magazine.)

* * *

But, to some, life is a continual adventure. These people observe life and are interested in people. They inquire into the why and how. They are the active minds. They are the people whose writing stimulates and interests you in Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

Scribner's Magazine for December contains two such stories of change in attitude toward life, of stepping out of the rut. The author of one had money. The other was pastor of a church. One studied politics. The other theology.

* * *

Judge Robert Winston was successful in business. He had achieved a name for himself in politics. But when he stopped to consider, he found that he wasn't getting what he wanted out of life. And what he did was to offer a solution to the problem of retiring with pleasure and satisfaction instead of boredom.

* * *

"A Freshman Again at Sixty" is a feature of the Christmas Scribner's Magazine which is just published.

* * *

Gaylord White stepped out of his pastorate and went to live with the poor. Although his church was considered modern in its social work

and institutional activities, the pastor found his point of view restricted.

* * *

He confesses: "It came to me with something of a shock when I discovered that I had been looking at life as a Protestant parson and not as a simple-hearted human being."

* * *

He found poverty to be the root of social evil. Those who believe that rich and poor can be judged by one moral law, should read at once Gaylord White's "Reflections of a Settlement Worker" in the Christmas Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

Those who maintain a liberal outlook on life will find here an interesting mind which perceives many things clearly.

* * *

And, appropriately enough, McCready Huston contributes "Immune" to this number. It is an answer to the question of whether the laboring classes are free from the finer emotions.

* * *

George S. Brooks has an amusing story about the war, "Pete Retires" in the same issue.

* * *

F. F. Van de Water is the author of "Three Minutes of Silent Prayer" and Eva Moore Adams of "Shady."

* * *

The first of Mrs. Wharton's essays on "The Writing of Fiction" appears in the Christmas number, and the concluding chapters of John Galsworthy's first novel since 1921.

* * *

W. J. Henderson discusses "The Emancipation of Music" and Royal Cortissoz deals with a neglected side of religious painting in "The Field of Art."

* * *

Readers of Scribner's are not poverty-stricken in the mind. Neither are those who write for it. And Scribner's Magazine aids in understanding life and in interpreting it. (Hint. It would be a fine gift for a friend at Christmas.)

That love is fleet as flower white or blue
 Unpetaled down a yard of village grass,
 You knew. I know, and break the heart in me.
 Count me the years till I shall smile like you!

or the opening lines of the first sonnet in the book, Wild Cherry:

Why make your lodging here in this spent lane,
 Where but an old man, with his sheep each day,
 Twice through the forgotten grass, goes by your way,
 Half sees you there, and not once looks again?
 For you are of the very ribs of spring,
 And should have many lovers who have none.

Many of her lyrics show traces of Wordsworth and A. E. Housman, but even in that most Wordsworthian lyric, Imogen George, with this last stanza:

With Herrick of the daffodils,
 With them of old renown,
 She wanders in a happier place
 Than Devon, or this town

she is in possession of a complete world of her own, so that she rarely gives the impression of being a derivative poet.

There is a rare distinction of thought and style about this volume, and that high merit which belongs to a poet who knows English literature and the English language thoroughly. She plays no self-conscious tricks with the language, but like every good poet and prose writer, she contributes something personal, so that the very words she uses take on a shade of new meaning. In a great many ways Miss Reese is unique in contemporary literature; she writes as if, like Mary Russell Mitford, she lived in an old village and knew only staple and long-lasting things, as if she knew the same people and lived in the same house all her life; she can write of common things, like love and death, and spring and autumn, without a touch of the common-place, and with an emotion that has that intensity and lastingness that seems rare and strange in a country where life is hurried and the tradition of moving and changing a legacy from the founders of the country. Of all living American poets she can write of lost youth and lost dreams as if they were really lost, and not as if they were things that by to-morrow could be replaced by something just as good.

MARY M. COLUM.

Social Politics

Social Politics in the United States, by Fred E. Haynes.
 Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

M. R. HAYNES is a professor in the State University of Iowa. Concerning the intent of this book he declares in his preface: "Studies begun in the nineties . . . convinced the writer that social and economic factors had played a much more important part in our politics than was realized. These factors explained the origin of minor parties and gradually were bringing about a socialization of our politics. A comprehensive survey of the principal parties, organizations, and movements involved . . . has been the underlying motive."

From this statement the reader may infer what Professor Haynes means by the phrase "social politics." It is the conception of politics as influenced by "social and economic factors." That this conception should be re-

garded as a discovery even so long ago as the nineties has its implications for the state of political science in American academies. That it should be presented as the sole organizing hypothesis of a book on politics published in 1924 helps to explain much in the national mind that would be otherwise unintelligible. However, even belated mercies—particularly intellectual mercies—are mercies still, and one turns hopefully to a text which promises to use so conservative, so fertile and so illuminating a governing concept. One is led to expect an exposition of the continuous play of "social and economic factors" upon the behavior of parties, politicians, and government in the United States, and a tracing of the changes in attitude, habit and sentiment which the play effected and effects. One is completely disappointed. Professor Haynes repeats to his readers in a chapter devoted to this preface the well known doctrines that the Constitution was the outcome, prevailing, of considerations of property, that the frontier and the development of labor organizations and social workers' activities influenced the course of parties, legislation and government; but he does not, however, show these "factors" in operation. Instead he sets down superficial and unrelated narratives of these movements and activities which he calls "Utopian Socialism," "Marxian Socialism," "The Labor Movement," "The Single Tax," "Nationalism," (economic, based on Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*), "Third Parties," "The Progressive Movement," "The Socialist Party," "The Nonpartizan League," and so on to the last contemporary organizations of farmers and of workers and the agricultural bloc in Congress; and he declares each of them to be the effects of "social and economic factors." But he does not demonstrate that they are, nor how they are. You have either to take this professor's word for it, as his classes must, or go elsewhere for this essential enlightenment, which alone can justify his book. "Parties, organizations and movements" are surveyed, all too comprehensively. The "process of socialization," whatever that may be, in which they are said to be "involved" is named, but is otherwise conspicuous by its absence.

H. M. K.

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The Week

GREAT BRITAIN'S present attitude toward Egypt represents a return to a brutal and barbaric policy which the world had some reason to believe had been outgrown. Certainly, the murder of Major-General Sir Lee Stack was an outrage which cannot be too deeply regretted; and there is unfortunately all too much precedent for the demanded apology and the fine of £500,000. But the Baldwin government was not content to stop with these customary impositions. In a manner which suggests that it regards Sir Lee's assassination as a lucky stroke of fortune for its own political purposes, it dishonors the memory of its gallant servant by making his murder the pretext to tighten its hold on the Sudan. If the London government had foreseen the murder and laid its plans in advance it could not have been more prompt in demanding as payment all the things which it has been trying to secure by peaceful or quasi-peaceful means from the Egyptians ever since the protectorate was abandoned.

GREAT BRITAIN will win, of course, in her contest. The Egyptians have no military force with which to oppose her and there is no outside quarter from which to expect aid. They have voted to appeal to the League of Nations; but little help can be expected from that quarter, especially as Egypt is not a member. Great Britain has already declared that she will accept no outside interference in Egyptian affairs and would regard action by any third power under Article XI of the League Covenant as an unfriendly act. In view of our own attitude as expressed in the Monroe Doctrine, no American has the right to exhibit moral indignation over this policy; but we have the right to deplore the cynicism with which the British government thrusts aside such minor matters as justice and respect for the opinion of mankind in order to confirm her title to some important territory and to strengthen her control of the Suez Canal. The realists of the Paris boulevards are already saying that this marks the end of the Wilsonian dream of autonomy for suppressed nationalities. Under this view, the truculence of the British note is intended to serve notice on Egypt, India, and the whole Mohammedan world that no relief may be expected from "The White Man's Burden"—i. e., the burden the white man lays upon those of other colors.

THE Navy Department now calmly and casually informs the country that an American fleet is to go on a junket to the Antipodes next summer—a junket which will be extremely costly, in more ways than one. Twelve dreadnaughts, four light cruisers, thirty-six destroyers are to participate; extensive manœuvres will be held at Hawaii, and others will take place in Australian and New Zealand waters. The Navy may have been quite innocent in planning the cruise; but its effect can hardly be other than wholly bad. Japanese opinion is still inflamed because of the affront contained in our immigration law; and by them the cruise is certain to be interpreted, privately if not publicly, as a rattling of the sabre, a parade of our strength for the effect on possible antagonists. This will be doubly true of a cruise which includes a visit to Australia, with the natural accompaniment of toasts to "white suprem-

acy in the Pacific" and reiterations that "Anglo-Saxons must stand together." Under all the circumstances, the cruise is in the worst possible taste. It can serve no useful naval purpose, and the taxpayers' money could be expended otherwise to infinitely greater advantage.

THE new British government has rejected the treaties which MacDonald signed with Russia. They will not even be submitted to Parliament for ratification. The government insists that the Zinovieff letter was genuine, and that the Third Internationale, with the full knowledge of the Soviet government, is persisting in communist agitation in the British Isles. The rupture of relations is drastic, but of course not unexpected. Having based their campaign largely on the undesirability of the treaties and the genuineness of the Zinovieff letter, the Conservatives could hardly do less. A similar development may be expected in France if the Herriot government should succeed in negotiating treaties before its downfall. The Russians have neither the ability nor the inclination to make such arrangements regarding payment to French and British bondholders and owners of expropriated factories as will satisfy a conservative government in either country. The communist believes, with more than religious fervor, that payment of such debts to Western "capitalists" is immoral. He will go only so far in promises to pay as he is obliged to; and all the known laws of human nature indicate that he will also give no more than lip service to the promise to abstain from propaganda in those countries. The problem of establishing amicable relations between Communist Russia and the conservative Western powers, including America, is one which grows more difficult the more it is studied.

THE report on political action of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor is an excellent example of double-barreled diplomacy. By a carefully phrased endorsement of the traditional non-partisan policy and a failure to recommend a Labor party, it saves the faces of those few but important leaders who revolted when the Federation endorsed La Follette. By an assumption that the endorsement of La Follette was a legitimate expression of the non-partisan policy—as technically it was—and by an expression of qualified satisfaction with the results of the campaign, it placates the Progressives and protects the Administration's record. If the more hot-headed on both sides can be restrained from precipitating the issue on the floor, the general desire to avoid a clash which would leave its mark on the trade union movement will be fulfilled. The leaders of the progressive political actionists are wisely supporting the resolution, since a battle for the Labor party idea in the convention would be poor strategy at this time. If lost it would do much to defeat their hopes; if won it would merely put the union label definitely on a

party which they know must be much broader in scope and more inclusive in origin to be successful. Furthermore, what they need most is not the endorsement of the Federation—which can be obtained again during a campaign if conditions are favorable—but the support of constituent national and international unions, which alone have the funds to make Labor's political efforts count. In this case as in most others the Federation follows rather than leads the policy of the several unions, leaving a decisive issue to be achieved outside its official cognizance.

THE New York League of Women Voters met last week to congratulate itself on having rooted out sixty percent of the voters of the state in the recent election. The League labored hugely in 104 or 105 organized districts in the state during the campaign as did all the state leagues that net the country in one of the most earnest and most reasonable organizations of our over-organized life. It is a standard cynicism to point out that the holy ardor engendered by the suffrage fight did not sweep politics pure at the first national election in which women had the vote. Instead of repudiating existing parties the women swallowed them—they created, that is, a league which derives its vitality from the healthy clash of party strife. By fostering keen partisan discussion among its members it trains them in political thinking, and subjects party issues to the test of sharp friendly scrutiny. By uniting its members on broad questions of general welfare or national policy it carries the unexceptionable weight of a non-partisan body. As a political organization it is a paradox; yet it is the most intelligent political organization in the country, and the direct result, all cynics note, of the nineteenth amendment.

THE women who formed the League were moved at the beginning by the responsibilities of victory. They made it a women's organization for the education and advancement of women. But in the broad range of its activities in the last five years the emphasis has changed from woman to voter. The League still holds itself responsible, of course, for the interests of women in legislation, but it has come to class the social and legal disabilities still suffered by women among other grievances to be removed as soon as possible, no doubt, but not to be over-emphasized in the face of graver general reforms. Its membership has ceased to be so much a sex as a convenient classification of citizens with a special class of interests in common. The tendency to forget themselves, or at any rate to forget their sex, was strongly evident among the delegates to last week's New York convention. It was a sound, alert membership, apparently neither more nor less intelligent than any picked gathering, though necessarily more disinterested, intent upon the business of a remarkably well-run organization. The resolutions concerning women's interests were taken up with

the same business-like, reasonable spirit that marked the other proceedings. There was no edge of resentment or apology or challenge. The old sensitivity of suffrage days has passed, and now, five years after the great upheaval, appears its true fruit, acceptance. The spectacle of a woman politician goes unnoticed, even by herself.

Then as far as the guardianship of a state is concerned there is no difference between the natures of the man and of the woman, but only different degrees of weakness and strength.

Plato would be surprised, no doubt, to find us not merely agreeing with him, but practising the theory without thinking twice about it.

OWEN YOUNG'S statement on the working of the Dawes plan offers the assurance that for one year at least Germany need not be adjudged in default under the accepted scheme of payments. The billion marks to be paid into the Reichsbank by next August on reparations account will be available. A considerable part of this sum, to be sure, comes out of the proceeds of the recent international loan. No valid inference can be drawn as to Germany's ability to pay the billion and a quarter due in 1926, nor the two billion and a half due annually thereafter. Such payments can be made only if the economic revival of Germany proceeds at a pace more rapid than it is safe at the present time to predict. Mr. Young is confident that the process of economic revival is well under way and there are many facts bearing an optimistic interpretation. Employment is better than last year, and statistics of consumption give signs of some improvement in the standard of living. Recent reductions in rates of taxation that were too high for maximum fiscal yield will help toward economic revival. If pending negotiations for the commercial treaties give Germany a fair chance in international trade it is possible that considerable reparations payments may be made under the Dawes plan, however far they may fall short of Allied expectations.

TO be honored in death and buried with the pomp and circumstance of princes—be a bootlegger. We quote from the New York Times the account of the funeral in Chicago of one Dion O'Banion, thirty-two year old ruler of the Chicago underworld, king of hijackers and, according to the Chief of Police of Chicago, director of at least twenty-five murders:

Twenty-six truck loads of flowers, one thousand persons were at the cemetery . . . It was recognized by gangmen, gunmen, all factions of the liquor traffic and all groups which have trouble with the police as an occasion for . . . doing honor to the greatest representative of their general class . . . Louis Altieri, O'Banion's pal and lieutenant . . . in a purple collar and frock coat, a sheaf of lilies of the valley on the lapel, touched his eyes with a handkerchief of dashing pattern and rearranged the flowers in order to give a better effect to the floral tribute of the widow—a pil-

lar seven feet high, made of two thousand red roses. "Now play," he whispered behind a gloved hand, when the pallbearers and other principal mourners had deposited their revolvers with friends and filled the room . . . From twenty-six trucks an acre was covered with floral pieces with pious and sentimental inscriptions in violets and forget-me-nots. The biggest of them was a seven foot wall of carnations bearing in gigantic letters the words: "To our pal—from the gang." Amid sobs from hundreds the splendid coffin was slowly lowered into the grave.

Thus goeth the gentle criminal to his reward. When prohibitory duty's to be done, to be done, the policeman's lot is not a happy one, happy one.

THE civil war in China has ended inconclusively as usual. Chang Tso-lin's armies have been victorious, Wu Pei-fu's have been defeated and what is styled a peace conference has been called, but this is far from meaning that there will be at last peace in China. Instead there is every reason to expect a renewal of fighting after the usual winter and spring interval of inactivity. Before there can be anything approaching settlement in China the country must be cleared of the military groups spread all over the country. They must be eliminated either by the force of a public opinion weary with ceaseless civil war or by the supremacy of one group. In practical fact it must be the latter, as there is no organized public opinion of any potency in the country now. There have been numerous patched-up peace agreements in the last few years and all have amounted only to temporary truces. Whichever side was worsted only had its strength temporarily impaired. When it had time to recover, the war started all over again. Such has been China's internal history since 1911 and nothing has now occurred from which any change is to be expected. Even the removal of the boy Emperor from the Forbidden City will have little direct influence, because such monarchist sentiment as exists will not be diminished by that act.

THIS year's war was the most severe of any since the overthrow of the monarchy, but there was no decision in the sense that one of the two contenders was eliminated. Wu Pei-fu was put out of action not in battle but by the treachery of one of his subordinate commanders, Feng Yu-hsiang, the so-called Christian general who has long been the little darling of the American missionaries and who now has given his heathen compatriots a dubious demonstration of Christian ethics by deserting his commander in the midst of battle and going over to the enemy. Wu Pei-fu's main army was cut off and broken up and Wu himself forced to flee, but a number of military governors have already announced they do not recognize the new régime in Peking but adhere to their loyalty to Wu Pei-fu. The customary political and military intrigue will continue, new combinations be formed and a new

test of strength made when the time is propitious, even if some sort of agreement be signed at the forthcoming conference in Tientsin. If Chang Tso-lin had carried on the campaign until the other semi-independent armies were crushed or frightened into submission there might have been unification. A dictated peace is the only kind possible for China now or until there is a civil government strong enough to subdue all the military chieftains.

THE railway strike which suspended communications in Austria and compelled Chancellor Seipel to resign is symptomatic of something more serious than labor difficulties. The burden of paying for the "reconstruction" for which the League of Nations and the great banking groups of Europe and America take credit is becoming impossible to bear and the labor unions, being the best organized, are making the most vigorous protests. The League is still concerned first with balancing budgets and protecting its loan, the Austrian people with clothing themselves warmly enough to keep warm and buying enough food to keep their children fed. In Austria's economic situation the two are mutually exclusive unless Austria is given time. But the League cries insistently for economy, economy means higher taxes and the dismissal of more state employes to be added to the 100,000 unemployed in a country of 6,000,000, prices mount steadily and incomes remain stable or are disproportionately increased. The financial panic which hit all Central Europe after the franc speculations has been especially disastrous in Austria. The League at its last meeting imposed severer restrictions on the Austrian government. The combination of circumstances has made living conditions in Vienna worse than at any time since the collapse after the Armistice.

Can the British Government Scrap the Protocol?

ACCORDING to the cables from London the British government has held up the process of international negotiation which the Assembly of the League of Nations at its September meeting started for the benefit of general pacification and disarmament. The next step was to have been the summoning of a conference on disarmament to assemble in Geneva in June, and the ratification of the Protocol was to be dependent on the success of this congress. But the British government is opposed to a disarmament conference at the present time, and apparently it is doubtful about some aspects of the Protocol which it seems disinclined to accept without reservations. It is fully aware, however, that the proposed disarmament conference and the Protocol are parts of a plan of European pacifica-

tion which it cannot abandon or indefinitely delay without providing a substitute. What action it will take to keep the work of pacification on the march without falling back eventually upon an acceptance with or without modifications of the Geneva plan remains to be seen.

Americans should take some trouble to understand the nature of the plan which the League is now promoting for the organization of peace and the future security of a comparatively disarmed society of nations. It differs radically from the Covenant in that it begins by declaring aggressive war to be an international crime which every signatory of the Protocol is pledged to abandon. It expresses for the first time in the form of an international verdict the moral abhorrence of war which the experiences of the last decade have precipitated in the spirits of all understanding men and women. But it does more than that. It proposes an elaborate plan for giving legal and political effect to the outlawry of aggressive war. It defines the aggressor as a nation which refuses to submit a dispute or an alleged grievance to arbitration, and it tries to provide in that case for the effective co-operative condemnation of the aggressor by the whole civilized world. The question of the penalties which the outlaw would incur is not and could not be completely answered by the Protocol. Its provisions for the enforcement are the most doubtful and ambiguous in the new document. Misgivings about them have no doubt determined the action of the British government in delaying its consideration. But whether they stand or fall, some such sanctions seem necessary to the peace of mind of many nations on the continent of Europe who have most to fear from a possible aggressive war and who have been most reluctant in the past to trust their security to anything but adequate military preparations for defense.

The scruples of the British government clearly arise from its indisposition to pledge itself to enforce penalties for aggressive war against a non-European friendly nation such as the United States. There is, of course, small chance that the United States will for many years ratify the Protocol. In the meantime they engage in a dispute with a government which had pledged itself to give up unarbitrated war and to treat it as a crime and if they refused to recognize the definition of aggressive war adopted by the League, the carrying out of the plan might demand the condemnation of the United States as an outlaw and the enforcement of appropriate penalties. The task of enforcing such penalties would under the circumstances fall to the share of Great Britain as the chief European naval power, and British statesmen are naturally reluctant to assume any obligation which would bind their government in such circumstances to execute a judgment of the League against their English speaking brethren. They will in all probability never ratify the Protocol unless their own liabilities under it as a

naval power are carefully limited and clearly defined. This is a counsel of prudence on their part which they are fully entitled to respect; and in so far as they do release themselves from any such obligation they will weaken the force of one of the most dangerous arguments which is used by the opponents of the Protocol in this country—the argument, viz., that the Protocol places the United States in the position of being obliged either to recognize the authority of the League and submit to its jurisdiction or in certain possible contingencies of being punished as a criminal outlaw by Europe, the British Empire and Japan.

But while British statesmen are justified in seeking to limit the liability of their government for the execution of penalties against a non-European aggressor under the Protocol, it is very much to be hoped that they will not reject its salutary underlying idea—the idea of explicitly and effectively condemning aggressive war as an international crime. Manifestly there can be no assurance of peace in Europe unless the nations continue their efforts to provide through improved international organization for greater security than they now enjoy or think they enjoy by virtue of the Covenant of the League. In spite of the Covenant the European powers with the exception of Germany are as thoroughly armed as they were before the war and act and talk as if they felt as insecure. The French in particular, in spite of their present military supremacy, have for many years insisted upon their need of special guarantees of future security—guarantees which were essentially military and implied the grant to France of a privileged position. But last September in Geneva, under the leadership of M. Herriot, a French government consented for the first time to supplement the Covenant, not by a defensive alliance with its former Allies, but by an international repudiation of war which, in so far as it worked, would bring the same security to all nations that it brought to France. This willingness in France to associate her own security with the security of others is the most encouraging development in the direction of organized peace which has occurred since the signing of the Armistice; and if the present British government fails to understand its importance and neglects to encourage the French to continue their well-doing, the one possible alternative will be a revival and an elaboration of the old system of ostensibly protective but really aggressive military alliances. British statesmen recognize on the part of their people an obligation to contribute to French security. They can accomplish this result only by one of two methods. They must either invoke some general machinery for international security such as that provided by the Protocol or they will have to organize a military bloc, which will provide security for none but victors in the war, and which will make this partial security dependent upon the continuation of an overwhelming military and naval preponderance.

We shall not believe, until we are forced to do so, that the British government will refuse to take advantage of the willingness of the existing French government to share the security which France insists upon as her own right with the other European peoples. If the Baldwin cabinet should finally refuse to proceed along the lines proposed at Geneva in September, it would, we believe, commit at the beginning of its career the kind of mistake which would result in the loss of the confidence of the British people. The longing for some organization of peace which will diminish and perhaps do away with the intolerable anxieties and sufferings of the past ten years is gradually obtaining the scope and intensity of a great popular agitation. For the first time the effort to organize peace has plucked up courage to attack the roots of militarism and to treat the nation which goes to war without submitting its grievance to independent adjudication as a criminal. It is only by radicalism of this kind that the civilized peoples can get rid of the insecurity, the fears, the fanaticism and the barbarism which are inseparable from war. Those governments which attempt to block the great reformation will be pushed aside.

Yet we cannot blame the present British government for hesitating. The Protocol goes far beyond the Covenant in seeking to substitute law for war in the arbitrament of international disputes, but for that very reason the nations which agree to the Protocol and propose to put it into practice have implicitly assumed a much graver responsibility for managing that the new international tribunals shall dispense justice as well as law than did the nations which signed the Covenant. The only law which these tribunals will at least in the beginning have to expound is the law contained in existing precedents and treaties; and it is notorious that those treaties are in part the result of wars, whose participants considered it perfectly justifiable to apply one rule to the victor and another to the vanquished. This practice has had the paradoxical result of building into the very structure of European international order strains which are bound gradually to wreck it. The treaties which brought the Great War to an end are crowded with provisions which themselves have no sanction but that of superior force; and if the new international tribunals are obliged to sustain these proofs of the necessary unrighteousness of vanquished as the final verdicts of organized international justice, the effort to substitute law for war will suffer in the end from an egregious and ignoble failure. There is one obvious and adequate test of whether the governments which favor the Protocol are seeking to substitute law for war or are merely trying to consolidate their legal title to the fruits of victory. It hangs upon their willingness to make those concessions which are necessary if Hungary, Germany and Russia are to become loyal supporters of the proposed organization of peace. The new society and law of nations would

be a sham from the start unless Russia, Hungary and Germany are admitted under conditions which afford to Russians, Hungarians and Germans the same interest in keeping it alive and in contributing to its development as have the Czechs, Frenchmen or Englishmen.

Whose Prosperity?

SIXTEEN million people voted for prosperity, and now they have it. Sixteen million crosses under the eagle instead of the star or the bell, and the wealth of the nation is increased within a month by some billions of dollars. At least, so they say who look with awe on the soaring values of the stock exchange. It is a simple faith, comforting many; why should scoffers disturb it? This way of getting rich is so much quicker than growing crops, building houses, seeing that children get enough milk. If stock prices only go high enough, we are promised that all the rest will follow.

It is not gracious to play the skeleton at the feast, or to look a gift horse in the mouth. But impish curiosity does prompt a few irrepressible questions. Just who are getting rich? How long are they likely to remain so? What will be the effect of their affluence upon others?

If a man buys a share of stock at 75 and sells it at 100 he apparently makes \$25. That is, he now has \$100 in place of the \$75 with which he started. But having it, what is he going to do with it? He may buy more shares. This way of getting rich is satisfactory so long as the market rises, but the moment stock prices fall below the level at which he began operations, his gain is cancelled. We therefore face as the first possibility that the market will go down again and that the only real gainers will be those who know when to sell as well as when to buy. Such gains are made at the expense of others and the nation is not one cent richer for them.

Suppose, moreover, that the gainer who does know when to sell puts his money in relatively stable securities or in the bank, and uses the proceeds from time to time for larger current purchases. Here another danger threatens him. The prices of articles as well as of shares may rise in response to the access of purchasing power. In that case there may come a time when his \$100 will buy no more than his \$75 bought before. Wage-earners and others of fixed incomes will be even worse off than he. When an upward race of prices occurs, the gains go only to those who are in such a fortunate position that the prices of what they sell rise faster than the prices of what they buy. Experience has shown that these usually are manufacturers and employers. Their gains in such a case are made at the expense of others, and they comprise but a small part of the population. Their gains disappear if prices fall again, and the increment to the nation is nil.

There remains the possibility that stock prices will in the long average remain above the level at which they started. That possibility can be fulfilled only if profits and dividends rise permanently above the level which determined the former value of the shares. Such a result could follow from one or both of two developments: Either the owners of industry might take a larger part of the national income than before, or the production of the nation per capita of the population might increase enough to yield the larger profits. If the owners take a larger part though there is no increase in productivity, their gains will be at the expense of the majority, and the nation as a whole will be no better off.

We therefore come to the proposition that prosperity can be real and permanent only if the physical productivity of the nation increases. Mere growth in the money value of capital, mere rising prices, though they may benefit favored individuals for a time, do not benefit the whole population unless they are accompanied by a general increase in real wealth—a production of correspondingly larger amounts of goods and services. Without such an accompaniment, market booms and price inflation are sure to be temporary and injurious.

To guess whether the majority of the sixteen million are going to be cheated of their prosperity it is therefore necessary to look at the physical measures of production and trade. What kind of situation did we have before the boom? Almost every industry was producing at considerably less than its capacity. The stocks of commodities on hand and waiting for sale were larger than a year ago. According to most informed estimates, there was not enough purchasing power among the general population to keep the factories which we have steadily busy. On this account persons with access to surplus funds, who might have devoted them to new capital investments, were not very active in building factories and starting new enterprises. Their failure to do so was not traceable to any lack of surplus available for the purpose, since profits were large, capital could be borrowed at lower rates than for many years, and the enormous reserve of gold in the banks made possible low rates for short-time loans. Industry languished rather because there was insufficient demand for consumable products on the part of the general public, and insufficient demand for plants and machinery on the part of the enterprisers.

Those who have studied the curve of consumers' demand know that it fluctuates by a narrow margin and slowly. To increase it materially in a short time would require marked prosperity on the farms, great increases in employment and wages in the factories. The farmers in some regions have this year an enlarged purchasing power, though the improvement has been much exaggerated. That part which finds its way into retail markets is restricted by the necessity of paying old debts. The wage-earners

are no better off than a year ago. No such growth of general purchasing power has yet appeared in this country as would warrant the expectation of a sudden and permanent boost for trade. A moderate recovery was due, and gradual gains are to be expected in the long run, but not a frenzied expansion. If, therefore, production and employment rapidly increase, if new capital investments are made in unprecedented volume, we shall simply be piling up surplus goods and factories to break the market sometime in the future, unless the ultimate consumers evince a miraculous capacity to buy.

Of course, they may do so. It is just possible that the foreign crop failures of 1924 will be repeated in 1925, that the price of grain will continue to rise, and that the American farmers will become really prosperous. Wages in the United States may possibly rise not merely as rapidly as food prices, but in addition as rapidly as the capacity of the average wage-earner to produce. The ten percent of our production which is normally exported may increase prodigiously on account of a recovery of Europe under the Dawes plan—a recovery made in spite of crop failures and the resulting high food prices. If these things happen, real prosperity may arrive.

But somehow the cynical observer does not see in the present situation quite so much assurance. It does not look as if the stock market were intelligently discounting such factors as these. It looks more as if cheap money had at last, in spite of the restraints of bankers and the warnings of economists, led to speculative inflation. It looks as if the common or garden Republican, having been fed with exaggerated hopes of his own party and exaggerated fears of other parties, were rushing to the stock-market to cash in on prosperity. And it looks as if the insiders, seeing a chance of lending large sums abroad at high interest rates, were cashing in on the common or garden Republican. If the boom breaks early on the stock exchange, without inducing inflation of commodity prices and overproduction in industry, the majority of citizens will be lucky. But if trade and industry catch the madness, they are sure to run amok. That would mean soaring prices and hopes for perhaps a year or two. After that it would be in order to ask the sixteen million how they like their prosperity.

Child Labor, the Home and Liberty

IN the current propaganda against the Child Labor Amendment, the economics of the issue is strangely subordinated. We are gravely assured by the various resolutions committees of manufacturers, merchants and even the National Grange, once a progressive organization, that what is at stake is our sacred liberty, the sanctity of our

homes. The defeat of the Amendment, according to Professor J. Gresham Machen of Princeton University (letter to the New York Times, Nov. 18), would mean that "it is actually possible, despite recent indications, that American liberty and the sacredness of the American home have not yet altogether been destroyed."

The argument is simple. The Child Labor Amendment grants to Congress the power "to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age." There is nothing in the Amendment to indicate that it applies only to commercial employments. If Congress chose, it might penalize the man who sets his seventeen year old son at mowing the lawn, or the woman who has her seventeen year old daughter help with the dishes. It is no answer, say the opponents of the Amendment, to urge that Congress would never do anything so idiotic as that. They are concerned with a principle. The immemorial right of the parent to train his child in useful tasks according to his own discretion is destroyed. The obligation of the child to contribute in proportion to his abilities is destroyed. Parents may still set their children at work; children may still make themselves useful, but it will no longer be by right and obligation, but by default of legislation and administrative machinery.

This is the argument that is now being repeated, with a hundred variations, throughout the United States. Its validity admits of a simple test. Does any parent in the United States now enjoy discretion beyond the possibility of legislative invasion, in disposing of his children's time and labor that it is assumed the Child Labor Amendment would destroy? No. The states can now do everything that it is proposed to empower the federal government to do. If liberty and the home are destroyed when a government is in a position to step in between parent and child, they were destroyed upon the adoption of the Constitution, which did not establish the patria potestas in a bill of rights.

The Child Labor Amendment does not deprive the citizen of any liberties he now enjoys. It does not involve any new attack on the home. Not in principle. But the federal government might in practice regulate child labor more thoroughly than the state governments do. This is at bottom the reason both for the support of the Child Labor Amendment and for the opposition to it.

Is it to be presumed that the legislators in Washington will have the interests of children nearer to their hearts than the legislators at the several state capitols? We see no ground for such a presumption. But there are two reasons for presuming that the federal government would move more rapidly toward effective regulation than the average of the states.

The first reason is that the federal government would not need to consider the effect of a child labor law upon interstate competition. If it fixed

the minimum age of factory employment at sixteen all factories throughout the country would have to conform. No habitual employer of child labor could escape the law by migrating to another state. He might indeed migrate to Ceylon or Japan, where he would find as many child slaves as he could use. But then he would encounter the customs barrier if he tried to compete in the American market. When on the other hand a state government fixes a high age limit for child labor, the exploiter of children has only to move across the nearest state boundary. He is free to ship the products of child slavery back into the state, to compete with the products of free labor. The regulating state loses business and taxable property, without any equivalent humanitarian gain. If half the states had prohibited child labor, about as many children in the United States might still be found in factories, concentrated to be sure in the states of slack laws.

The other reason why the federal government would be more likely to act than the states is that the dilution of the citizenry with physical and mental defectives which always attends the exploitation of children is more manifestly a federal than a state concern. We are an excessively migratory people. Probably a majority of those who are now minors will spend the better part of their lives outside of the states in which they were born. Child labor notoriously involves an immediate profit at the cost of the efficiency of the adult worker. Under existing conditions the profit is too often enjoyed by one state while the cost is borne by another. The federal government would enter the profit and the cost in a single account.

Federal child labor regulation would presumably be more effective than state regulation. This is all that can be said for it, or against it, so far as liberty and the home are concerned. If the Child Labor Amendment fails, the employment of children in factories, workshops, mines and quarries, oyster beds and beet fields will be more general and persist longer than it would if the Amendment is adopted. This we think will generally be admitted on both sides.

Thus the matter simmers down to simple issues of fact.

Does early employment in factories, mines and workshops actually make for the full development, physical, mental and moral, essential to a condition of real liberty?

When wages are adjusted to the fact of child labor, is the parent "free" to put his children into a factory or keep them out, as he chooses?

Is the "home" from which children are hurried every morning to the factory and to which they return at night broken with weariness the "sacred institution" fat business men and windy professors are prating about?

We think that everyone who knows anything about actual industry will agree that it is child labor; not any law restricting it, that is destructive of lib-

erty: destructive of the liberty of the child, and of that of the child's parents, who are thrust into a position where they have to choose between starvation and the enslavement of their children. Ultimately it is destructive of the liberty of the community that tolerates it. We think it will also be generally agreed that wherever child labor is common the home tends to disintegrate.

On the one side are real issues. If the Child Labor Amendment is adopted, the federal government will be in a position to cope with the actual evils of child labor. It will have the power to eliminate conditions destructive of the home and liberty, and it is likely to use that power. On the other side are imaginary issues. The federal government will have the power to liberate the boy from chores and the girl from tending the baby. It would certainly never use any such power.

Why then is not the Amendment restricted to the field in which the government would naturally use the powers granted? Why is it not restricted to industry, mining and commerce? Because there are equally serious abuses in agriculture and gardening conducted under the padrone system. Why is it not restricted to child labor for wages? Because such a restriction would open the door wide to all sorts of subterfuges. Why is not an exception made of child labor directly under a parent's supervision? Because of the border line cases sure to emerge.

The Child Labor Amendment is what every properly drawn constitutional amendment ought to be, a grant of powers that the legislature may exercise at its discretion. If it had been, like the Prohibition Amendment, direct legislation incorporated in the Constitution, it would have been reasonable to cavil at any apparent excess of scope. An amendment prohibiting all child labor under eighteen, or sixteen or even ten or eight, might decently be opposed as impairing the liberty of parents and undermining the home. But the charge that the Child Labor Amendment as it actually stands attacks liberty and the home is absurd. And where it is used by interested parties to preserve their privilege of exploiting child labor, it approaches the utmost limit of propagandist effrontery.

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Science and Politics

FROM time to time I am asked whether I have ever thought of taking to politics. I suppose that question is asked of every man who can speak consecutively for twenty minutes. Sometimes I fear I have answered that politics is no occupation for an honest man. If I made that answer I was wrong, for it is my duty, and everyone's duty, to try to alter that state of affairs if it exists. But the true answer was that I thought I could be of more use where I was. "But why," my questioner might have asked, "if you can find a method of reducing the amount of potassium in your own blood or altering the distribution of sugar between the different tissues of your body, should you not apply your mind to reducing the amount of unemployment in the country or helping to bring about a juster distribution of its wealth?" I could not answer that these questions do not interest me. I have not to take many paces outside my laboratory to see the need for political and social reform. As a skilled manual worker and a trade unionist I have a strong idea where I should find my political affinities.

I might claim that my work had done something to save life and health in the fight against disease. But if it resulted in halving the death rate from heart disease (which is highly unlikely) it would not save half as many lives as if I could be instrumental in bringing the sanitary conditions of the unskilled urban laborer up to those of the skilled worker. And these conditions depend mainly on housing and wages.

My only valid excuse seems to be along quite different lines. I believe that social problems can only be solved in the long run by the application of scientific method such as has made possible modern industry and modern medicine. I am at once answered by two sets of people. The first tells me that if I think on scientific lines about politics I shall inevitably be led to its own favorite scheme, a scientific tariff perhaps, or a scientific organization of the means of production by the state. The others say that my scientific method may be adequate for dealing with machines or animals; but that as man is a great deal more than a machine or an animal, it cannot be applied to politics. With these last I have considerable sympathy. If I thought that science in its present embryonic state could be applied to politics I should become a politician. But it certainly cannot. Man is no more a mere animal than he is a mere economic unit. It is quite true that biological laws apply to him as mechanical laws do. Good intentions alone are as useless against smallpox as against an earthquake, though they are needed for dealing with both these calamities. But to predict the behavior of men in the mass we require knowledge of a special kind of

psychology. And at the present moment the expert politician knows ten times as much of it as the best psychologist. But there is this big difference between the two. What little knowledge the psychologist possesses, though it is so abstract and meagre as to be of very little practical value, can be put in a form accessible to other psychologists. The same cannot be said of the politicians. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Lord Younger disagree on most political topics, but they would probably agree to a large extent in estimating the ability and integrity of a given statesman, or the probability of gaining votes by a given speech or measure. Yet they could not put into words the processes by which they arrive at these estimates, although their judgment is worth more when they agree than when they differ. The psychologists are just beginning to give an account of these processes. In another two or three centuries they will be beating the politicians at their own game and usurping their power, provided that the politicians have left a civilization in which psychology can exist.

I say two or three centuries for the following reason. Two hundred years ago the physicists and chemists were beginning to study the properties of metals by exact methods involving measurement, and the biologists were looking through the first microscopes. But the real knowledge of metals lay in the hands of skilled workmen who handed down their rule of thumb methods and manual dexterity to their children. Today metallurgy is a branch of applied science, while biologists are just beginning to be of some use to the practical animal breeder, though they cannot yet beat him at his own game. Psychology is about as much more complex than biology as biology than physics. Hence my estimate of the time it will take to develop. Let us hope it is too large.

Why then am I not a psychologist? Because, with all respect to psychologists, I do not think psychology is yet a science. Mechanics became a science when physicists had decided what they meant by such words as weight, velocity, and force, but not till then. The psychologists are still trying to arrive at a satisfactory terminology for the simplest phenomena they have to deal with. Until they are clearer as to the exact meaning of the words they use they can hardly begin to record events on scientific lines. Moreover I do not believe that psychology will go very far without a satisfactory physiology of the nervous system, any more than physiology could advance until physics and chemistry had developed to a certain point. This is not to say that physiology is a mere branch of physics or chemistry, or the mind a mere by-product of the brain. But it is a fact that we can only know about life by observing the movements of matter. You

may be the most spiritually minded man on earth, but I can only learn that fact by seeing, hearing, or feeling your bodily movements. As the latter depend on events in your brain I may as well get some information about those events. To study psychology before we understand the physiology of the brain is like trying to study physics without a knowledge of mathematics. Physics is more than mathematics, as matter is more than space, but you cannot have the one without the other. Now at the moment the physiology of the nervous system is being worked out with great speed, and by contributing to its progress I suspect I am doing more for psychology than if I became a psychologist.

It is worth while taking an example of what I mean by the application of psychology to politics. The success or failure of Socialism will depend on whether it can furnish as good an incentive to individual effort as our present economic system, more than on any other single fact. This is a very favorite topic with debating societies. Similarly the question whether the first bird came out of the first egg or the other way round was debated until a study of fossils showed that birds were descended from reptiles which laid eggs, and therefore the egg had the priority. But a better analogy is the case of human diet. During the war the basis of the people's food had to be changed, and an adequate but not excessive ration assigned. If this had been left to politicians it is fairly certain that while there would have been waste in some directions, yet essential ingredients in the diet would have been left out, and we should have had outbreaks of scurvy, rickets, and dropsy such as occurred on the continent even where there was not actual starvation. But the politicians took the advice of some very competent biochemists, and rationing was a success. A hundred years ago one of Napoleon's armies was put on a cheap and portable diet drawn up by the best physiologists of that day. Some essential ingredients were left out with disastrous results. I fear that the results would be no better if we asked the psychologists of today to draw up a scheme of non-economic incentives to effort for a socialized industry. We should do much better to rely on men with practical experience of the fighting services, municipal enterprises, labor battalions in the war, and so on. But even a hundred years hence I think the psychologists might be quite as valuable as the "practical men."

For the moment then I believe that the man with a gift for thought on scientific lines is of more use to his fellows in the laboratory than out of it. He can work on clearly defined problems to which his really accurate if rather narrow type of thought can be applied. I know that this is little comfort to the unemployed workman or the war widow who watches the approach of the conflict that will claim her only son. But we have not yet got the general principles to apply to their problems, though we

may applaud and support efforts to remedy individual evils. To take a problem which is much nearer solution, that of cancer, we can tell the sufferer to go to the surgeon, who will give him a sporting chance of recovery if the disease is not too far advanced. (The surgeon can cure about fifty percent of cases of cancer of the breast *if they come in time*.) But the surgeon's methods are rough and often ineffective, though we have every reason to think that in fifty years we shall be able to deal with this disease as we have with typhoid and smallpox. Yet few men who are dying of inoperable cancer will be cheered by the news that cancerous tissues have been shown to be capable of oxidizing sugars which ordinary tissues cannot, though this may be the clue to the ultimate prevention or cure of cancer.

To say that the scientific mind is still best employed outside politics is not of course an assertion that politics is only suited for fools. If I may conclude with some remarks on a subject of which I know no more than it is my duty as a voter to know, I would suggest that with the extension of the state's activities the organizing type of mind is becoming more necessary in politics than the emotional and sympathetic type which has led great causes in the past. When Great Britain makes its first experiments in Socialism we shall need in control of the nationalized industries the type of mind that has from time to time successfully reorganized the fighting services in the past. It will be the duty of the government to intrust them to such a person though he or she were as tongue-tied as Sir Eric Geddes and as adulterous as Samuel Pepys. Fortunately such a man or woman is quite as likely to rise to power by organizing a great trade union as by the paths which lead to success in the older parties. But as long as the principles of politics are unsystematized and incommunicable I for one shall continue to regard any political projects as interesting experiments which may promote human happiness but will certainly furnish important data for future use. Nothing can be more instructive than to read the forecasts which the more intelligent economists of the eighteenth century, Adam Smith in particular, made as to the effects of the economic system which was substantially adopted in the nineteenth. Smith foresaw the great increase of wealth and education. He did not predict the amazingly unequal distribution of incomes, the periodic waves of unemployment, the gigantic industrial conflicts. And until politics is a branch of science we shall do well to regard political and social reforms as experiments rather than short cuts to the millennium. The time scale of evolution so far has been the geological time scale in which we expect no substantial change in less than a hundred thousand years. We may be thankful if we have speeded up this process a thousand fold, and at the end of a long life can leave the world better than we found it.

J. B. S. HALDANE.

On Love

(Freely Adapted from the Tibetan)

YOU must learn to distinguish among at least three kinds of love (though there are seven in all): instinctive love, emotional love and conscious love. There is not much fear that you cannot learn the first two, but the third is rare and depends upon effort as well as intelligence. Instinctive love has chemistry as its base. All biology is chemistry, or perhaps we should say alchemy; and the affinities of instinctive love, manifesting in the attractions, repulsions, mechanical and chemical combinations we call love, courtship, marriage, children and family, are only the human equivalents of a chemist's laboratory. But who is the chemist here? We call it Nature. But who is Nature? As little do we suspect as the camphor which is married to the banyan suspects a gardener. Yet there is a gardener. Instinctive love, being chemical, is as strong and lasts as long as the substances and qualities of which it is the manifestation. . . . These can be known and measured only by one who understands the alchemical progression we call heredity. Many have remarked that happy or unhappy marriages are hereditary. So too are the number of children, their sex, longevity, etc. The so-called science of astrology is only the science (when it is) of heredity over long periods.

Emotional love is not rooted in biology. It is, in fact, as often anti-biological in its character and direction. Instinctive love obeys the laws of biology, that is to say, chemistry, and proceeds by affinities. But emotional love is often the mutual attraction of dis-affinities and biological incongruities. Emotional love, when not accompanied by instinctive love, (as it seldom is) rarely results in offspring; and when it does, biology is not served. Strange creatures arise from the embraces of emotional love, mer-men and mermaids, Bluebeards and des belles dames sans merci. Emotional love is not only short-lived, but it evokes its slayer. Such love creates hate in its object, if hatred is not already there. The emotional lover soon becomes an object of indifference and quickly thereafter of hatred. These are the tragedies of love emotional.

Conscious love rarely obtains between humans; but it can be illustrated in the relations of man to his favorites in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The development of the horse and the dog from their original state of nature; the cultivation of flowers and fruit—these are examples of a *primitive* form of conscious love, primitive because the motive is still egoistic and utilitarian. In short, Man has a personal use for the domesticated horse and the cultivated fruit; and his labor upon them cannot be said to be for love alone. The conscious love motive, in its developed state, is the wish that

the object should arrive at its own native perfections, regardless of the consequences to the lover. "So she become perfectly herself, what matter I?" say the conscious lover, "I will go to hell if only she may go to heaven." And the paradox of the attitude is that such love always evokes a similar attitude in its object. Conscious love begets conscious love. It is rare among humans because, in the first place, the vast majority are children who look to be loved but not to love; secondly, because perfection is seldom conceived as the proper end of human love—though it alone distinguishes adult human from infantile and animal love; thirdly, because humans do not know, even if they wish, what is good for those they love; and fourthly, because it never occurs by chance, but must be the subject of resolve, effort, self-conscious choice. As little as Bushido or the Order of Chivalry grew up accidentally does conscious love arise by nature. As these were works of art so must conscious love be a work of art. Such a lover enrolls himself, goes through his apprenticeship, and perhaps one day attains to mastery. He perfects himself in order that he may purely wish and aid the perfection of his beloved.

Would one enroll in this service of conscious love? Let him forswear personal desire and pre-conception. He contemplates his beloved. What manner of woman (or man) is she (or he)? A mystery is here: a scent of perfection the nascent air of which is adorable. How may this perfection be actualized—to the glory of the beloved and of God her Creator? Let him think, is he fit? He can only conclude that he is not. Who cannot cultivate flowers, or properly treat dogs and horses, how shall he learn to reveal the perfection still seedling in the beloved? Humility is necessary, and then deliberate tolerance. If I am not sure what is proper to her perfection, let her at least have free way to follow her own bent. Meanwhile to study—what she is, and may become; what she needs, what her soul craves and cannot find a name, still less, a thing for. To anticipate today her needs of tomorrow. And without a thought all the while of what her needs may mean to me. You will see, sons and daughters, what self-discipline and self-education are demanded here. Enter these enchanted woods, ye who dare. The gods love each other consciously. Conscious lovers become gods.

Without shame people will boast that they have loved, do love or hope to love. As if love were enough, or could cover any multitude of sins. But love, as we have seen, when it is not conscious love—that is to say, love that aims to be both wise and able in the service of its object—is either an affinity or a dis-affinity, and in both cases equally

unconscious, that is, uncontrolled. To be in such a state of love is to be dangerous either to oneself or to the other or to both. We are then polarized to a natural force (which has its own objects to serve regardless of ours) and charged with its force; and events are fortunate if we do not damage somebody in consequence of carrying dynamite carelessly. Love without knowledge and power is demoniac. Without knowledge it may destroy the beloved. Who has not seen many a beloved made wretched and ill by her or his "lover?" Without power the lover must become wretched, since he cannot do for his beloved what he wishes and knows to be for her delight. Men should pray to be spared the experience of love without wisdom and strength. Or, finding themselves in love, they should pray for knowledge and power to guide their love. Love is *not* enough.

"I love you," said the man. "Strange that I feel none the better for it," said the woman.

The truth about love is shown in the order in which religion has been introduced into the world. First came the religion of Power, then came the religion of Knowledge, and last came the religion of Love. Why this order? Because Love without the former qualities is dangerous. But this is not to say that the succession has been anything more than discretion: since Power alone, like Knowledge alone, is only less dangerous than Love alone. Perfection demands simultaneity in place of succession. The order is only evidence that since succession was imperative (man being subject to Time which is succession), it was better to begin with the less dangerous dictators and leave Love to the last. A certain prudent man, when he felt himself to be in love, hung a little bell round his neck to caution women that he was dangerous. Unfortunately for themselves they took too much notice of it; and he suffered accordingly.

Until you have wisdom and power equal to your love, be ashamed, my sons and daughters, to avow that you are in love. Or, since you cannot conceal it, love humbly and study to be wise and strong. Aim to be worthy to be in love.

All true lovers are invulnerable to everybody but their beloved. This comes about not by wish or effort but by the fact of true, i.e., whole, love alone. Temptation has not to be overcome; it is not experienced. The invulnerability is magical. Moreover, it occurs more often than is usually supposed. Because "unfaithfulness" is manifested, the conclusion is drawn that invulnerability does not exist. But "infidelity" is not necessarily due to temptation, but possibly and often to indifference; and there is no Fall where there is no Temptation. Men should learn to discriminate in themselves and in women real and assumed invulnerability. The latter, however eloquent, is due to fear. Only the former is the fruit of love. A certain prudent man, desiring, as all men and women do in their hearts, invulner-

ability in himself and in the woman he loved, set about it in the following way. He tasted of many women and urged his beloved to taste of many men. After a few years he was satisfied that nothing now could tempt him. She, on the other hand, had had no doubt of herself from the beginning. She had been born invulnerable; he had attained it.

The state of being in love is not always defined in relation to one object. One person has the talisman of raising another to the plane of love (that is, of polarizing him or her with the natural energy of love); but he or she may not be then either the sole beloved or, indeed, the beloved at all. There are, among people as among chemical substances, agents of catalysis which make possible interchanges and combinations into which the catalysts themselves do not enter. Frequently they are unrecognized by the parties affected, and usually by themselves as well. In the village of Bor-na, not far from Lhassa, there once lived a man who was such a catalyst. People who spoke with him instantly fell in love, but not with him or, indeed, immediately with anybody in particular. All that they were aware of was that they had, after conversation with him, an active spirit of love which was ready to pour itself out in loving service. The European troubadours were perhaps such people.

There is no necessary relation between love and children; but there is a necessary relation between love and creation. Love is for creation; and if creation is not possible, then for procreation; and if even that is not possible, then for creations of which, perhaps fortunately, we are unconscious. Take it, however, as the fundamental truth about Love: that it always creates. Love created the world; and not all its works are beautiful! The procreation of children is the particular function of instinctive love: that is its plane. But above and below this plane, other kinds of love have other functions. Emotional love is usually instinctive love out of place; and its procreations are in consequence misfits in the world. The higher forms of love, on the other hand, either exclude procreation not artificially but naturally or include it only as a by-product. Neither the purpose nor the function of conscious love is children; unless we take the word in the mystic sense of becoming as little children. For briefly, the aim of conscious love is to bring about re-birth, or spiritual childhood. Everybody with perceptions beyond those of male and female must be aware of the change that comes over the man or woman, however old in years, who loves. It is usually instinctive; yet it symbolizes the still more marvelous change occurring when a man or woman loves consciously or is aware of being consciously loved. The youth in such cases has all the air of eternity: and it is, indeed, the divine youth. The creation of such a spiritual child in each of the two lovers is the peculiar function of conscious love; and it depends neither upon marriage nor upon

children. There are other creations proper to still higher degrees of love; but they must remain untold until we have become as little children.

We are not one but three in one; and the fact is represented in our physiological make-up. The three main systems, cerebral, nervous and instinctive, exist side by side, sometimes appearing to co-operate, but more often failing, and usually at cross-purposes. In relation to the external world it depends upon the system in charge of the organism at the moment what the response to any given stimulus will be. If the cerebral system is on duty—that is, temporarily in charge of the organism—the response will be one. If the nervous or instinctive system is alone awake, the replies will be different. Three quite different people, each with his own ideas of how his organism should act, exist in us at once: and usually they refuse to co-operate with each other, and, in fact, get in each other's way. Now imagine such an organism, tenanted by three squabbling persons, to "fall in love." *What* has fallen in love; or, rather, which of the three? It seldom happens that all three are in love at the same time or with the same object. One is in love, the others are not; and either they resist or when the lover is off guard make his organism unfaithful (driving the poor lover to lies and deceit or self-reproach); or they are forced into submission, battered into acquiescence. In such circumstances, which every candid reader will recognize, what is a lover?

You imagine that you are continent because you have refrained from sex-relations; but continence is of the senses as well as of the organs, and of the eyes chiefly. From each of the senses there streams energy—energy as various as the man himself. It is not only possible but it is certain that we can expend ourselves intellectually, emotionally or sexually through any one of the senses. To look with lust is much more than simply to look: it is to expend one of the finer substances of which complete sex-energy is composed; something passes in the act of vision which is irrecoverable; and for the want of it the subsequent sex-life is incomplete. It is the same with the other senses, though less easily realized. In short, it is possible to become completely impotent by means of the senses alone—yes, by the eyes alone—while remaining continent in the ordinary meaning of the word.

The chastity of the senses is natural in a few people; but by the many it must be acquired if it is to become common. Under the greatest civilization human history has yet known, the capital of which was the city whose poor remains are Bagdad, the chastity of the senses was taught from early childhood. Each sense was carefully trained; and exercises were devised to enable pupils to discriminate the different emanations arriving from sense perceptions intellectually, emotionally, instinctively or erotically motivated. From this education people ac-

quired the power of directing their senses, with the result that chastity was at least possible, since it was under control. Eroticism thereby became an art, in the highest form the world has seen. Its faint echoes are to be found in Persian and Sufi literature today.

Bluebeard and La Belle Dame are the male and female types respectively of the same psychology—inspirers of hopeless because unrequitable passion. The decapitated ladies who hung round Bluebeard's chamber were really about his neck; and they had only to let go to be free. Similarly the pale warriors and princes in the cave of La Belle Dame were there by choice, if an irresistible attraction can be called choice. The legends present Bluebeard and La Belle Dame from the point of view of their escaped victims, that is to say, as monsters delighting in erotic sacrifice. But both were as much victims as their titular victims; and both suffered as much if not more. In such cases of uncontrolled attraction, power passes through the medium who thus becomes formidably magnetic; and men and women in sympathetic relation are drawn towards him or her like filings towards a magnet. At first, no doubt, the experiences of a Bluebeard or La Belle Dame are pleasant and fortifying to self-pride and self-vanity. The other sex is at their feet. But when, having realized that the power is neither their own nor under their control, they discover that they too are victims, the early satisfaction is dearly paid for. The cure for all parties is difficult. It consists in the reëducation of the body and the senses.

Love without divination is elementary. To be in love demands that the lover shall divine the wishes of the beloved long before they have come into the beloved's own consciousness. He knows her better than she knows herself; and loves her more than she loves herself; so that she becomes her perfect self without her own conscious effort. *Her* conscious effort, when the love is mutual, is for him. Thus each delightfully works perfection in the other.

But this state is not ordinarily attained in nature; it is the fruit of art, of self-training. All people desire it, even the most cynical; but since it seldom occurs by chance, and nobody has published the key to its creation, the vast majority doubt even its possibility. Nevertheless it is possible, provided that the parties can learn and teach humbly. How to begin? Let the lover when he is about to see his beloved think what he should take, do, or say so as to give her a delightful surprise. At first it will necessarily be a surprise that is not a complete surprise; that is to say, she will have been aware of her wish, and only delighted that her lover had guessed it. Later the delightful surprise may really surprise her; and her remark will be: "How did you know I should be pleased, since I should never have guessed it myself?" Constant efforts to anti-

cipate the nascent wishes of the beloved while they are still unconscious needs are the means to conscious love.

Take hold tightly; let go lightly. This is one of the great secrets of felicity in love. For every Romeo and Juliet tragedy arising from the external circumstances of the two parties, a thousand tragedies arise from the circumstances created by the lovers themselves. As they seldom know the moment or the way to "take hold" of each other, so they even more rarely know the way or the moment to "let go." The ravines of Mount Never (i.e., Venusberg) are filled with lovers who cannot leave each other. Each wishes to let go, but the other will not permit it. There are various explanations of this unhappy state of affairs. In most instances the approach has been wrong: that is to say, the parties have leapt into union without thought of the way out. Often the first five minutes of the lovers' first meeting are decisive of the whole future of the relations. In some instances the original relation has been responsible for the subsequent difficulty of "letting go"; it should never have been; or not have been in the precise circumstances of its occurrence. Mistimed relations always cause trouble. In other cases the difficulty is due to difference in age, education or "past." One is afraid to "let go" because it appears to be the last hope or because too much time has already been spent on it, or because it has been the best up to date, or because his "ideal," created by education, demands eternal fidelity even where it is not possible because it is not desired by both; or because one is oversensitive from past experience and cannot face another failure or because the flesh being willing the spirit is weak; i. e., neither party can use a knife; or because circumstances are unfavorable, i. e., the parties must continue to see each other; or because of imagination, as when one or the other pictures the happiness of the other without him or her. There are a thousand explanations, and every one of them, while sufficient as cause is quite inadequate as reason, the fact being that when one of the parties desires to separate the other's love-duty is to "let go." Great love can both let go and take hold.

Jealousy is the dragon in paradise; the hell of heaven; and the most bitter of the emotions because associated with the sweetest. There is a specific against jealousy, namely, conscious love: but this remedy is harder to find than the disease is to endure. But there are palliatives of which the first therapeutic condition is the recognition of the disease and the second the wish to cure oneself. In these circumstances let the sufferer deliberately experiment. Much may be forgiven him or her during this process. He may, for instance, try to forward the new plans of his former beloved—but this is difficult without obvious hypocrisy. Or he may plunge into new society. Or he may engage himself in a new work that demands all his energy. Or he may cast a spell on his memory and regard his

former beloved as dead; or as having become his sister; or as having gone away on a long journey; or as having become enchanted. Best, however, if he "let go" completely with no lingering hope of ever meeting her again.

Be comforted. Our life is but one day of our Life. If not today, tomorrow! Let go!

A. R. ORAGE.

Prayer After Youth

Oh gods of all enchanting lies,
Hear now the louder voice that cries
Forever in me, crying and rising,
That I am lost beyond devising
Of the fearful blood or the quick brain
Here puzzling in the dark in vain
How I may live, how I may not die
While the bright days fall silently
And one by one through a cold heaven
The bright years fall that I am given
Out of silence and out of sound
Before I turn me back to ground.

Oh falling of water, passing of wind,
Hear this now—the blood is thinned,
The blue broods lower, the night clings
All day long to the cumbered wings,
And late or soon but sooner now
The singing grass and the singing bough
Where my eternal summer was
I shall not find in tree or grass.
No, though the flickering dancers run
Endless ever through shadow and sun
And laughter slips along the dusk
And lover on lover turns to ask
What was given before words were,
Though wine be dark and lips be myrrh
And I live still and look on this
I shall be hollow as emptiness,
And the shadows before my eyes
Will be shadows of memories.

Oh mist of rivers running with death,
Hear this now, this is my breath
Crying forever, crying in fear
Of the eternal messenger
Whispering to me in a near night:
Oh, now look backward to delight;
Whispering, in the brain's chamber—
What was yours you may remember,
Still the long bolt of your weaving
May unroll for your deceiving,
But the years' meridian
Passes and comes not again,
And ever lower the pole-star
Rides behind the mariner.

Oh, all gods of enchanting lies,
Hear now the louder voice that cries
Forever in me, crying and rising,
That I am lost beyond devising . . .

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

Foreign Schools in Turkey

UNDOUBTEDLY the direct American interest in Turkey centers in the numerous and important educational institutions which American religious bodies have founded in that country. An American concerned about the fortunes of these schools is likely to think of the action of the Turkish government (too often of an arbitrary nature) as if American schools exhausted the problem of Turkey with respect to foreign schools. The Turk on the contrary thinks of American schools in terms of his experience with a variety of other foreign schools which far outnumber the American. Hence a growth of misunderstandings on both sides. I want in this article to say something about the larger educational problem within which the question of American schools has to be placed.

In the first place, by far the greater number of foreign schools in Turkey have been Armenian and Greek; these schools of course have been religious or parochial ones. In the case of Greek schools in particular, the school teacher has been in the past, along with the priest, the propagandist of "The Greek Idea"—namely a new Greek state, including a large part of Asia Minor as well as all of Macedonia, and having Constantinople as its capital. Armenian schools with Armenian churches were the chief instruments in getting and nurturing Armenian nationalism. It is not surprising therefore that the Turks are antecedently disposed to approach the question of all foreign schools with suspicion as to their bias. There is a presumption that any foreign school has designs which are hostile to Turkish nationalism. And while they are willing to acquit American schools of political designs, it is hard for them to free their minds from the idea that they have some concealed purpose—a feeling strengthened by the fact that these schools were started under religious auspices which in Turkish experience have always been anti-Turkish. At first hearing, it is strange to learn that in most respects the still remaining Greek and Armenian schools face a simpler problem than other foreign schools. But the explanation is easy. They have as pupils only their own nationals; they are "community" schools, and Turkey is habituated to the idea of foreign communities retaining their own language, religion, and customs. There is no danger of religious proselytism, for they have no Moslem students; their teachers are examined and receive their licenses to teach from the Turkish ministry of education; their courses of study and methods are supervised and controlled. Moreover the spirit of Greek and Armenian nationalism within Turkey is now so broken that there is no immediate fear of its revival.

Next in importance and also outnumbering the

American schools are those of French origin. Before the war there were over a million pupils in the empire of Turkey in schools under French management, and over two million persons a year secured relief or assistance in French hospitals, clinics and charitable institutions. These institutions, even though under private and religious control, were subsidized liberally by the French governmental funds. Europeans in general as well as the Turks take it for granted that educational and religious enterprises have economical and political ends to subserve, and are frankly incredulous of American claims that our schools have no such aims. French influence was increased by the fact that the chief and for a long time, under Abdul Hamid, the only Turkish public secondary school had a French director, gave all its courses of instruction in the French language, and, although a Turkish governmental school, was liberally subsidized by the French government. Even now, although the French directorate and even sub-directorate have been abolished by the new Turkish nationalism, and only sciences are taught in French, the French government pays the salaries of teachers of the French language. This school, the Galata-Serail, has been, I should say, the chief single influence in disseminating western and liberal ideas among the Turks, and has played an honorable rôle in the formation of the New Turkey. Yet its whole record is such as to strengthen in the minds of the Turks the belief that any educational undertaking supported in Turkey by foreigners has political motives and governmental direction back of it.

But, of course, the chief factor in determining the political slant of French educational and religious activities has been the claim of France since the middle of the sixteenth century to be the protector of all non-Moslem religious interests in the Near East, a claim once recognized officially by Turkey, and, after it had been reduced to a protectorate of Roman Catholic interests, confirmed by the Pope. This claim, it is hardly too much to say, has been the corner-stone of French diplomacy in the Near East, and since it has been supported by French cabinets that were openly anti-clerical in domestic affairs, it has correspondingly strengthened the Turkish belief that no foreign cultural undertaking is simply educational or philanthropic in nature. Of late, the situation is complicated by increasing rivalry between France and Italy. As a French writer naively expresses it, when Catholic interests in Turkey which are under French auspices receive a check, the papacy in its religious character is grieved but in its Italian aspect rejoices. It is openly asserted that French schools, even those conducted by clerics, are more devoted to propaganda of French "culture" than of Catholic religion. It is rumored

that the Roman church is quite willing to get rid of the embarrassing union of French ambitions with religious aims, and would be glad to come to an agreement with the Turkish government that Catholic schools confine themselves to teaching those who are already of the Catholic persuasion. On the other hand, the Turks were suspicious of the distinctively Italian schools which had been opened along the Anatolian littoral. When it closed them the Italian authorities were told that since they claimed their aims were purely humanitarian, they might open schools in the interior, but not in any district which at any previous time had been claimed as an Italian sphere of influence.

This inadequate sketch should at least make it clear that the Turks approach the question of the activities of American educational institutions with adverse preconceptions which have a certain amount of justification in their experience with the schools of other foreign nationalities, and that American schools have offered less than those of these other countries. But, while Americans are acquitted of aggressive political ambitions, there is not the same assurance about the religious character of their schools. And although the Moslem is such a hopeless case from the standpoint of proselytism and conversion that missionary schools have for many years done nothing in that direction, this very fact has created an additional source of friction. The outstanding fact in the record of American schools in Turkey is that they have devoted themselves chiefly to the education of Armenians, Greeks and Bulgarians, in other words to those elements of the population which were always the tacit and often the open enemies of Turkey. It was humanly impossible that, as Turkish nationalism developed and finally won a military triumph, the memory of this fact should not make the Turkish government doubtful about the value to the nation of American schools, while it rendered the Turk oversensitive to any sign on the part of any American teacher of favoritism to any anti-Turkish national group.

Given the fact that these schools were conducted under missionary auspices and with religious aims, and given the obduracy of the Moslem believer to conversion, this state of affairs could hardly have been avoided, so that appraisal of praise or blame for what has happened in the past is not worth while. But there is a problem which in my judgment is fundamental for the future and which must be faced. It may be stated as a dilemma: If the religious purpose is to continue to dominate American schools or even to color them in any marked way (and the same thing holds of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.) American institutions will continue to deal mainly with non-Turkish elements in the population, and hence remain an essentially alien and suspected factor in the Turkish body politic. On the other hand, these institutions can play an immensely useful rôle in the modernization of Turkey on condition that they devote themselves

primarily to education of Turkish young men and women—a condition which definitely means the complete subordination of Christian religious aims, and the surrender of the schools, in spirit as well as in outward form, to secular social and scientific methods. I may of course have a wrong understanding of the situation, but to the best of my belief this dilemma is a flat one. Any failure to meet it or effort to straddle it will result in continued friction between American and Turkish interests, and service which American ideas and ideals are capable of rendering at a critical juncture to the experiment of transforming Turkey. And it hardly need be said that the success or failure of this experiment, in view of the consequences both in the Near East and in the Moslem world, is of immense import to the future peace of the world.

A Turkish—and of course Moslem—graduate of an American school in Turkey said to me that if in the two generations of its existence in Turkey that particular higher institution had turned out four hundred men trained to be leaders in Turkish schools and civil administration, Turkey would soon be made over. He made the point of his remark clearer by saying that if this school had, through its graduates, done as much for Turkey as it had done for the neighboring state of Bulgaria, the whole social and economic outlook of Turkey would be radically different to what it actually is. In many ways, he went on to say, the very fact that American schools had done so much more for minority elements in the population than they had done for the Turkish had worked harm to both the minority and the Turkish elements. It was an indispensable condition of peace, mutual understanding and harmony that all factors in the population should either have remained on the same level of ignorance or else should have progressed together. But American schools had developed democratic ideals among the Greeks and Armenians in Turkey, had given them modern ideas, aroused their initiative and equipped them with the tools of modern life, while the Turks had been left practically in their mediæval state of mind.

The result was two-fold. The Greeks and Armenians were naturally stimulated to work for their political independence, which in turn created the hostility of the Turks, and the Turks, seeing themselves outstripped in industry and commerce because of the modern education of Greeks and Armenians, were roused to envy and hatred which easily were fanned into the flames of war and massacre. I shall not forget the earnestness with which he assured me that if all the factors in the population had remained in the same condition of ignorance and backwardness, the various nationalities would still be getting along reasonably well together.

The point was made without resentment. I have never seen any persons as objective as are educated Turks in discussing their wrongs, a fact connected

possibly with their fatalistic philosophy. It was made in connection with a discussion of what these schools are to be and do in the future, and in that reference it is most significant. If American schools in Turkey, because they have been founded under missionary auspices, are bound to perpetuate the old distinction between Christian and non-Christian and to be anti-Turk because they are pro-Christian, I cannot see that they will accomplish a great deal for Turkey, and it is reasonably certain that they will be points of diplomatic friction, with a ten-

dency, as far as it goes, to strain political and economic relations between the United States and Turkey. On the other hand, what these schools have done in the way of enlightening and liberating non-Turkish elements is sufficient proof of what they can do for Turkey if they make it their main business to discover and educate, irrespective of religious belief, the able Turkish young men and women who are to be the intellectual and social leaders of future Turkey.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Antiquary

THERE are some writers who have entirely ceased to influence others, whose fame is for that reason both serene and cloudless, who are enjoyed or neglected rather than criticized and read. Among them is Scott. The most impressionable beginner, whose pen oscillates if exposed within a mile of the influence of Stendhal, Flaubert, Henry James, or Chekhov, can read the Waverley novels one after another without altering an adjective. Yet there are no books perhaps upon which at this moment more thousands of readers are brooding and feasting in a rapture of silent satisfaction. The Antiquary, The Bride of Lammermoor, Redgauntlet, Waverley, Guy Mannering, Rob Roy, The Heart of Midlothian—what can one do when one has finished the last but wait a decent interval and then begin again upon the first?

Uncritical and silent enjoyment—does this not imply that the Waverley novel reading habit has something vicious about it, that one keeps it private, does not wish to share it, nor feel altogether sure that one can defend it? What can be said, for instance, in favor of Scott's style? Every page of every masterpiece is watered down with long languid Latin words: peruse, manifest, evince; the sea in the heat of a crisis is "the devouring element"; a gull on the same occasion a "winged denizen of the crag." But this only shows that Scott, like most great novelists, wrote in pages, not in sentences, and had at his command, and knew the season when to use, styles of different qualities, genteel penmanship included. These slips and slovenlinesses are pauses, changes of attitude to uncramp the muscles which give the reader breathing space and air the book. Moreover, it is only perfunctorily that one either notices or condemns them; read currently, in their places, as Scott uses them, they fulfill their purpose and merge perfectly with their surroundings. Let us compare Scott the slovenly with Stevenson the precise, and it cannot be denied that though we get from Stevenson a much closer idea of a single object, we get from Scott an incomparably more vivid impression of the whole. The storm in The Antiquary, which is made up of all sorts of pieces of cardboard and horsehair—"denizens of the crags,"

"clouds like disasters around a sinking empire"—swept together in haste, roars and splashes and almost devours the group huddled on the crag; but the storm in "Kidnapped," with its conscientious detail and its neat dapper adjectives, never so much as wets the sole of a lady's slipper.

The much more serious charge against Scott is that he used the wrong pen, the genteel pen, not merely to fill in backgrounds and dash in a cloud piece, but to describe the intricacies and passions of the human heart. But what language to use of the Lovels and Isabellas, the Darsies, Ediths, and Mortons! As well talk of the hearts of seagulls and the passions and intricacies of walking-sticks and umbrellas; for indeed these ladies and gentlemen are scarcely to be distinguished from the winged denizens of the crag. They are equally futile; equally impotent; they squeak; they flutter; and a strong smell of camphor exudes from their poor dried breasts when, with a dismal croaking and cawing, they emit the astonishing language of their love-making.

"Without my father's consent, I will never entertain the addresses of anyone; and how totally impossible it is that he should countenance the partiality with which you honor me, you are yourself fully aware," says the young lady. "Do not add to the severity of repelling my sentiments the rigor of obliging me to disavow them," replies the young gentleman. And he may be illegitimate, and he may be the son of a peer, and he may be both one and the other, but it would take a far stronger inducement than that to make us care a straw what happens to Lovel and his Isabella.

But then, after all, we are not meant to care a straw. Having pacified his conscience as a magistrate by alluding to the sentiments of the upper classes in tones of respect and esteem, and having vindicated his character as an artist by awakening "the better feelings and sympathies of his readers by strains of generous sentiment and tales of fictitious woe," which alone, Scott wrote, justifies the perusal of fiction, he was quit both of art and of morals, and could scribble on for his own amusement. Never was a change more emphatic; never

one more wholly to the good. One is tempted indeed to suppose that he did it half-consciously on purpose—showed up the languor of the fine gentlemen who bored him by the immense vivacity of the common people whom he loved. Images, anecdotes, illustrations drawn from sea, sky, and earth, race and bubble from their lips. They shoot every thought as it flies, and bring it tumbling to the ground in metaphor. Sometimes it is a phrase—"at the back of a dyke, in a wreath o' snaw, or in the wame o' a wave"; sometimes a proverb—"he'll no can haud down his head to sneeze, for fear o' seeing his shoon"; always the dialogue is sharpened and pointed by the use of that Scottish dialect which is at once so homely and so pungent, so colloquial and so passionate and melancholy into the bargain. And the result of this life on the one side, that languor on the other, is strange. For since the sovereigns who should preside have abdicated, since we are afloat on a broad and breezy sea without a pilot, the Waverley novels are as unmoral as Shakespeare's plays.

We know what Scott's characters thought, and we know it almost as we know what our friends think by supplementing what they say as they speak, by watching their faces, hearing their voices, by remembering, constructing, and putting two and two together. However often one may have read *The Antiquary*, Jonathan Oldbuck is made afresh each time. We notice different things, we make him up a little differently at every reading, and it is for this reason that Scott's characters are so various and so vital. So it is with Shakespeare's characters, so it is with Jane Austen's. But speech is essential; it is only when Scott's characters speak that they are alive, for it is inconceivable that they ever sat down and thought, and as for prying into their minds or drawing inferences from their behavior, he was far too true a gentleman to attempt it. "Miss Wardour, as if she felt she had said too much, turned and got into the carriage"—that is the furthest he will go himself, and it is not, of course, very far. But this matters the less because the characters he cared for were by temperament chatterboxes; Edie Ochiltree, Oldbuck, Mrs. Mucklebackit talk incessantly; they turn and twist their characters as they talk, or, if they stop talking, it is only to act, which reveals them still further—active, able-bodied people as they are, out in all weathers, horsemen, soldiers, gipsy women, fishermen. By their talk and by their acts—that is how we know them.

But how far, then, can we know people if we know only that they say this and do that, if they never talk about themselves, and their creator lets them go their ways in complete independence of his supervision or interference? Are they not all of them, Ochiltrees, Antiquaries, Meg Merrilies, and Dandie Dinmonts, merely bundles of humors and good humors, innocent, childish humors at that, who serve to beguile our dull hours and share our sick ones, and are packed off to the nursery when

the working day returns and our normal faculties crave something tough to set their teeth into? Indeed, the Waverley reader must admit, there is a simplicity in them; a sanity, a complete lack of subtlety which, just as the Scotch dialect charms and the coaches and the highwaymen allure, may be adventitious snares, charming us who have grown so used to a more sophisticated art. But first this chatter and gossip contain within them, packed like a fairy's wardrobe in a nutshell, a host of observations, subtle, and profound enough should we trouble to spread them out; and next this transparent stream through which we see stones, weeds, and minnows at the bottom, becomes without warning the sea, the deep, the inscrutable, the universal ocean on which we put out with the greatest only. Thus it is in the cottage where Steenie Mucklebackit lies dead; the father's grief, the mother's irritability, the minister's stealthy walk all come together, tragic, comic, irrelevant, drawn one knows not how, to make a whole, to make a complete presentation of life, which Scott creates carelessly always, without a word of comment, as if the parts grew together without his willing it, and broke into ruin again without his caring.

For who taps at the door and destroys that memorable scene? The cadaverous Earl of Glenallan; the unhappy nobleman who, years ago, had married his sister in the belief that she was his cousin, in horror at which she had jumped off a cliff and left him to wear the sables for ever. Romance breaks in; the peerage breaks in, all the trappings of the undertaker and the heralds' office in combination. True, there is a sort of charm in these absurdities now that the dust is thick on them and the colors dim; but judged squarely we must admit them vapid and thin; tiresome in the ravelling and the unravelling; a ceremonious posturing with cloaks and swords upon a Gothic background. What, indeed, is more capricious than the romance of human relations? What changes more swiftly from year to year? And Scott with his formal, old-fashioned approach to the mysteries of the heart, was not the one to break the seals and pierce the depths. His romance is nature's romance. It is the romance of hunted men, hiding in woods at night; of brigs standing out to sea; of waves breaking in the moonlight; of solitary sands and distant horsemen; of violence and suspense. This survives; this, which is not so profound or so moving as the other, but if we remember the excitement of the moment, and the flying beauty of the landscape, and the abundance and the freedom and the groups round inn-tables, and the talk—above all the talk—hostlers talking, old beggars talking, gypsies talking, post-mistresses talking, as if they would talk their hearts out, then how can we deny him a place among the highest. And the only question to be decided is which to read next, Waverley or *The Bride of Lammermoor*?

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

Desire Under the Elms

Desire Under the Elms. A play in three parts by Eugene O'Neill. Directed and staged by Robert Edmond Jones. New York: The Greenwich Village Theatre.

THE curtain goes up on Mr. Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms* at the Greenwich Village Theatre, revealing the rear end of a two-story New England farmhouse, white clapboards, with four windows marked by dilapidated green blinds. The windows open into four rooms which are further revealed in various succession by dropping sections of the confronting wall. Obviously this is a treatment of the stage which has great advantages especially in a linear narrative play such as Mr. O'Neill's. Mr. Jones has made four, or counting the space at the foot of the house wall, five little stages grow where one grew before; and the action of the play slips easily from room to room without delay for changes of scene. Again, the wall arouses a high sense of expectancy. One can never tell at what point, or on what level, the action will break out next. Unfortunately it must be admitted that the device is better suited to the spaces of the Hippodrome than of a little theatre. Like the staircase in Mr. Jones's setting of *Hamlet* for John Barrymore, the wall fills the scene, and cramps the action. Drawn to scale the actors should be about three feet tall. The effect is particularly ambiguous in the upper rooms, under the slanting roof which emphasises the comedy of three burly farmers in or on the bed in Part I, while it dwarfs the tragedy of the conubial relations in the chamber on the other side of the wall. It must be said that Mr. Jones has used his perpendicular stage with great skill, to minimize its difficulties and enhance its possibilities. The ensemble scene in Part III, in which a dozen or more people are gathered to make merry in the living room and actually give the perspective of a Virginia reel, is a marvel of economy of space, and should be carefully studied by housing experts of congested districts. Again in the scene referred to between husband and wife, the exposure of the adjacent room with the figure of the listening boy enlarges the scene almost to tragic dimensions, and gives a poignant revelation of simultaneous life which counteracts the narrowing effect of the crowding walls. It is in such moments that the value of Mr. Jones's arrangements is greatest and the power of the play most enhanced. Mr. Jones treats his stage as an orchestra. Now the glimpses of action within are a pizzicato accompaniment to the action outside, and again a face at a window is the enunciation of the theme in the clear notes of a flute or oboe. In the former scenes he sometimes recalls the effect of the house of Agamemnon in Von Hofmannsthal's *Elektra*, with its hurrying movements, flitting lights, and tragic faces looking out. His stark whitewashed exterior with its sinister openings is tragic; his interior, mean and circumscribed, reflects, and, quite without ironical intention, emphasizes the limitations of tragedy in New England.

So much is to be said of the setting because it is thoroughly characteristic of the play in its success and its shortcomings. Mr. O'Neill has placed the Greek motive of incest in his New England setting. Ephraim Cabot at seventy-six brings his third wife, Abby Putnam, to the farm which he has worked by the slave labor of his three sons. The two older decamp for California, after selling their rights to inheritance to their younger half brother, Eben, who has discovered and stolen their father's hoard of gold pieces.

There has been a dispute as to the ownership of the farm between Ephraim and his second wife, and her son stays to defend her dead right. The new wife is strong in the possessive instinct. When she sees that to bear a child is her way of securing the inheritance she tries to seduce Eben. The boy, already awakened, turns from her with loathing, but led by the spirit of his mother he yields to a woman who promises him mother love as well as lover's joy. The neighbors, when they gather to celebrate the advent of the new born, are full of suspicion and innuendo, with a penetration which rather surpasses even the New England sense of scandal. Eben can take no part in the merry making, and provokes his father to boast that he has begotten this son to deprive him of his inheritance. Once more his love of his step-mother turns to loathing. She now loves Eben, and seeing no other way to convince him, misled by his vague words of killing which he means to apply to his father, she smothers the baby which Eben loves for his own. The stolen gold plot is revived when the old man discovers his loss. And Eben is convinced, and goes with Abby to take his part in the punishment for their common crime.

Clearly we have here many motives—paternal jealousy, stolen gold, ghostly mother love, filial and paternal hate, the desire of possession, sexual passion. There are too many to lie evenly within the frame, much less to grow and develop. As Mr. Jones tries to do too much with a small stage, so Mr. O'Neill tries to do too much in a brief play. As the action is cramped, so is the psychology. Abby has revealed her mercenary hand too clearly for Eben to fall to her even with the ghostly assistance of his mother. Ephraim's revelation of Abby's motive lacks sufficient introduction, even with the old man's drunkenness. And the break-down of Abby's strong commonsense seems arbitrary, even with her recent experience of childbirth. That we have to pause to think of these extenuating circumstances puts the drama under a partial eclipse. But at the edges there are flashes of intolerable light. By moments there is great and unique dramatic power. The exterior of Mr. O'Neill's play, like the exterior of Mr. Jones's setting, is stark and simple tragedy. The interior, the mind in which these human interests and emotions live and work, is huddled and confused.

Another question arises in connection with this revelation of a Greek tragic theme in New England—that is, in the matter of language. The New England dialect is not a noble form of human speech. Unlike certain other spoken variants of English, notably the Irish, the Scotch, the South English dialects, it has no resources of eloquence within itself; it is sparse, mean, homely, and in its associations comic. Gerhardt Hauptmann was confronted by this difference in the native quality of speech; he used the dialect of Silesian peasants in the tragedy of *Die Weber*; that of Berlin, in the comedies of *Biberpelz* and *Der Rote Hahn*. Again, the natural inaptitude of American actors for dialect is to be considered. Mr. Huston as Ephraim Cabot is the only member of the company whose mastery of his tongue is easy and assured; and his lines, often possessing the dignity of scripture quotation, are finely delivered. In other portions of the cast the dialect wore pretty thin. Miss Mary Morris, indeed, does not need to speak to send her personality over to the audience. The look of her is all sufficient, especially in Part III where her blighted face and ravaged eyes make a portrait not easily forgotten.

R. M. L.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Is the Corridor Polish?

SIR: In a recent number of the New Republic Mr. Amandus Johnson of Philadelphia takes issue with certain statements of mine with respect of the racial character of the population of the Polish Corridor and addresses to me various interrogations as to my views on the variety of subjects.

First, Mr. Johnson opposes statistics which I quoted from the Polish census of 1921, showing the overwhelmingly Polish character of the inhabitants of the Polish Corridor by those of the German census for 1900 for the whole of West Prussia, disclosing an opposing condition. Agreeing that both sets of statistics might be regarded as equally suspect, since both are official, I suggest that a fair test of relative accuracy would be reference to any ethnographic map, all of which, German included, so far as I know, testify to the Polish character of the population not of all of West Prussia but of the Corridor.

Secondly, Mr. Johnson asks: "Can Mr. Simonds refer to a single line in his voluminous writings where he protests, of course not vehemently, but even mildly, against the transfer of 300,000 German speaking Tyrolese in the Upper Adige to Italy or the transfer of 750,000 Germans in the Saar to France?"

Unfortunately, I have not at hand any file of my various articles which Mr. Johnson quite correctly describes as voluminous, alas, too voluminous, but by chance I come across a summary of the settlements printed in the Review of Reviews of August, 1919, where under the caption of Rights and Wrongs, I wrote:

We have for example promised to bestow upon Italy a quarter of a million Germans in the Tyrol and nearly half a million Jugo-Slavs in the hinterlands of Istria and Trieste. But these same Germans, these Tyrolese, successfully fought Napoleon when he divided them between Italy and Bavaria, and we have recent knowledge of the failure of Europe to make the Serbs accept the cession of the Bosnian Serbs to Austria Hungary.

As to the Saar Basin, it is not the fact, of course, that 750,000 Germans were handed over to France, as Mr. Johnson asserts. What happened was that the Saar district was created and placed under the supervision of the League of Nations pending a plebiscite in 1923 to determine the final disposition of the area. Of this transaction I wrote in the same article:

France receives back Alsace-Lorraine, which was her right, but her sole further territorial gain is a wholly limited tenure of the Saar Basin which has an area of a little more than 700 square miles and a population of approximately 600,000. She gets this, too, not in the furtherance of territorial aspirations, but in return for German destruction of her own coal districts. Her warrant for a plebiscite lies in the fact that nearly half of the territory was once French and was taken by Prussia after Napoleon fell against the will of the people.

In my judgment all the Saar Basin, save perhaps Sarrelouis, Ney's birthplace, which has preserved a real French sentiment, will ultimately return to Germany. I do not believe any French government would be strong enough to hold it against the will of the inhabitants at the end of the allotted time, for I am certain that the French people would prefer to see it German again rather than to create a new Alsace-Lorraine, a tiny one to be sure, but no less undesirable.

These quotations taken from an article written more than five years ago and just after the Treaty of Versailles was signed seem to me to give a very clear statement of my view that the transfer of the Tyrolese was a wrong and that a similar transfer of the Germans of the Saar would be equally inequitable. My present judgment, based upon the events of the past five years, is that the provision for a plebiscite was founded on false premises and that the Germans of the Saar should be returned to Germany without the plebiscite at the end of the treaty period.

Thirdly, Mr. Johnson challenges my use of the term Pomerania to describe the Corridor, and writes: "Surely Mr. Simonds knows that Pomerania proper has not belonged to Poland since the Dark Ages." Yes, Mr. Simonds did know that, but the Poles in taking over the Corridor district organized it into a civil unit upon which they bestowed the name of Pomerania and in quoting from the Polish census I merely employed the contemporary official designation of the area.

Fourthly, Mr. Johnson demands to know when the will of the people of the Corridor was expressed as to the transfer to Poland. I had thought that the resistance to the Prussian rule of the Poles in the territories taken by the Prussians as a consequence of the partitions was one of the best authenticated facts in modern history to which both German writers and Prussian laws had furnished enduring proof.

Fifthly, Mr. Johnson raises the question of Upper Silesia. Now it is true that a majority of the people in the whole plebiscite area favored Germany, but the Treaty of Versailles expressly provided that the final allocation should be made with regard to the local vote, and in the area actually assigned to Poland by the League of Nations a majority of the people had elected for the Polish sovereignty.

Sixthly, Mr. Johnson inquires if I heard of the persecution of German minorities in Poland. Yes, I have heard such reports, and that would seem to me an excellent reason why no territories having German majorities should now or hereafter be transferred to Poland, just as I argued that similar persecutions of Polish minorities in Germany, which he concedes, was an argument against the transfer of the Poles of Pomerania to Germany.

Finally, Mr. Johnson closes his communication thus: "But of course the only persecutions to be tolerated are French and Polish persecutions, at least so thinks Mr. Simonds." I trust Mr. Johnson will be generous enough to concede that in this respect he is mistaken and that this letter is competent testimony to the fact there is at least one other persecution which I tolerate.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Snowville, N. H.

The Nature of Philosophy

SIR: While it is very gratifying to be placed in the distinguished group of philosophers mentioned by Mr. Lindeman (New Republic, Nov. 17), I must decline the honor of participating in the new or "emerging" philosophy. Truth rather than novelty or optimism seems to me the primary concern of the philosopher—even the truth of the scholasticism that so many moderns despise without the barest acquaintance. Moreover, believing that philosophy itself is one of the most intense forms of human energy, I cannot see the wisdom of abandoning it to become an "active participator in life"—whatever that may mean. The pursuit of truth, like the pursuit of beauty, is one of the very high notes of human existence and need not be subordinated to, or justified by, utility or even uplift.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

New York, N. Y.

The Right to Bigotry

SIR: I have read with considerable interest Miss De Lima's Klux Klan and its appeal to ignorant bigotry."

Why should any candidate mention something that he cannot deal with in any way if elected? Ignorance, bigotry, superstition, prejudice and intolerance, in any voter, are legal and constitutional and the voter has a legal right to be guided by these qualities at elections. The Klan is a legal organization, until proved otherwise. All the "declaring" against it, by politicians, is empty sound and fury. Governor Walton found he could not do one thing against the Klan. I do not belong to the Klan or any secret organization. Let us be sensible.

C. F. HUNT.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Not Any School Morning

SIR: I have read with considerable interest Miss De Lima's picture of Any School Morning. I was amused until I read the statement at the end that this story would probably have been little different no matter what school or class she would have visited save for certain notable instances. I was under the impression that it had become out of fashion for burlesques of the public schools, whether in cartoon or in print, to find their place in reputable magazines or newspapers. I am sorry to see this in your paper, and I shall be glad to have some sort of disavowal.

GEORGE MILLARD DAVISON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Strictly Confidential

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, as you remember, once conceived "the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection," and set about it in the same spirit in which he undertook his other experiment, the one with the kite, in a musing intellectual sort of way. He picked out thirteen likely-looking virtues, wrote them down in a book opposite ruled spaces for marking his mistakes and set out to master them at the rate of one a week. At the end of thirteen weeks, ergo, lay moral perfection. It was all very rational, very praiseworthy, and it entertained Franklin for some weeks (not thirteen).

The other day, on seeing a thin black book marked Strictly Confidential, I opened it, and traced with widening eye the outlines of a new moral system. It was simple, luminous, more stark than the Ten Commandments, more singly aimed than Benedict's rule. This twentieth century, thought I, has been judged too much by its externals—here is its spiritual lining, the fire of its inner motive defined and expressed. I thought of Franklin's dilettante little discipline as I might have thought of his kite experiment while standing under an incandescent light. Our age has harnessed electricity for its use, continued I, but I never knew before how marvelously it has bent moral power to its shining purpose. Here is something more wonderful than applied physics.

The little book, curiously enough, resembles Franklin's. It contains charts and it opens with a quotation:

"The Chief pride of American character," says Charles M. Schwab, "is successful accomplishment. It may be measured by the dollars that go into the coffers, but the real throb and thrill of pleasure that comes to his mind, is one of successful accomplishment." Success is not merely money. It is a refined spiritual satisfaction, a cult, a religion. The high priest has defined it.

Ask yourself these vital questions (so the book continues): Now is the time to take stock of your personal equipment for Success. Know your *strengths and your weaknesses*. You have them both! Admit the fact—and take immediate action to fit yourself for advancement . . . Surely you will give fifteen minutes a week to keeping a record which directs you to ultimate Success! . . . Here is a chart for that very purpose . . .

"Your opportunity is no different from that of Charles M. Schwab" . . . this is all thirty-nine of the articles of faith; accept it and turn the page.

Here are the charts. Thirty-one positive (desirable) qualities are listed on one side, twenty-six negative (undesirable) qualities are on the other. Opposite each item are squares for the week's mark, at the bottom a place for the total percent perfect, for the four weeks' average, for the joint monthly average. "The simplified arrangement of the charts makes for ease and expedition in checking up, week by week, on oneself . . . Simply grade yourself 25 percent, 50 percent, 75 percent or 100 percent as you *sincerely* feel you deserve the mark." Ask yourself for instance, Did I: (1) Coöperate, (2) Concentrate, (3) Do a kindly act each day, (4) Increase my will-power, (5) Make necessary sacrifices, (6) Tackle FIRST things first, (7) Conserve energies through relaxation and recreation? . . . Have I been: Loyal, Tactful, Natural, Accommodating, Courteous and Affable? Did I exhibit: Initiative, Accuracy, Force, Good judgment, Enthusiasm for

my work, Neat personal appearance? . . . On the other hand examine these possibilities (negative). Did I: Procrastinate, Indulge in self-praise, Sacrifice principle for policy, Discount the accomplishments of others? . . . Have I been: Irritable, Sarcastic, Visionary, Combative, Revengeful, Overbearing? . . . or Did I exhibit: Fear, Timidity, Verbosity, Self-consciousness, Leniency toward my own shortcomings? . . .

Can anyone who has gone over this and who remembers Franklin's simple device, fail to be impressed by the reality of progress? Franklin was a great man, of course, for those days, but morally he was a dilettante. He set up his thirteen virtues for a vague sort of experiment in moral perfection instead of using them as a means to a pure high purpose. His virtues were impractical, that's the thing; they were unaimed. Whereas this new system, epitomizing the advance of our age beyond his, turns the blind forces of moral power to the comfort and utility of mankind. No virtues which do not form a rung in the ladder to Success are in it; no "item" included but exalts the faithful one step toward Charles M. Schwab. It is an incredible appliance of man's highest impulses.

But turn also to the back of the book. Here are the directions for working the mechanism. Or better, here is the patristic literature of Success, the authoritative words of the Fathers. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, Dr. Frank Crane, Kipling, Professor James, Peter Clark Macfarlane—yes, and many others—lend their weight to the definition of the Elemental Terms. Under Encourage, for instance: "Remember that every man at times stumbles and must be helped up. If he's down you can't carry him. The only way a man can be helped is to help himself."—Theodore Roosevelt . . . *See the advantage of encouraging others to greater effort?* Under Friendliness: "Do not get impatient when other people think differently from you. See what you can learn from his viewpoint. Give it intelligent attention and you will make a friend of him."—Julius H. Barnes. *Have you formed the habit of establishing Friendly Relations?* There are helpful proverbs, too, succinct insights into basic truth. "If you cannot control yourself you cannot control others" is one, and "The man who never does any more than he is paid for never gets paid for any more than he does."

Suppose that poor simple Ben could come back now. How his eyes would be opened! He would find something even more wonderful than the development of his Saturday Evening Post or the harnessing of his spark of lightning. He would find great machines turned by that spark doing the work of the world, and millions of happy people deriving culture and refinement from that great periodical. But better and more extraordinary than that, he would find the spirit of this modern world expressed in a great inspiration, a universal striving upward, toward a high pinnacle, Success. This can be measured in dollars, it is true, but it is besides a spiritual satisfaction, a really noble thing. It is a religion. Not haphazardly do the people practice this religion. They have an appliance for attaining their ideal, an efficient contrivance which automatically turns selected morality into Success. Oh noble machine! Legion are the books and periodicals and pamphlets devoted to this religion and to the attainment of this ideal, but the true machine, the actual breviary, is bound in flexible black leather, marked Strictly Confidential, and patented June 13, 1922.

E. V.

Labor in British Coal Fields

Labor in the Coal Mining Industry, by G. D. H. Cole, New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

MR. COLE if he chuses can be a propagandist of power and charm, particularly in the advocacy of guild socialism. It also appears that he can stop off the soap box, retire into the study and do a piece of straight scientific research in which the objective facts are at a maximum, and his persuasive opinions at a minimum. This volume is a case in point. It deals with labor in the British coal fields during the eight years 1914-1921. Mr. Cole writes with that infernal lucidity with which so many Englishmen seem to be born, and which we Americans achieve partially—only after unheard of bitterness and gall. Is it in the blood, or is it Oxford and Cambridge? I leave the question to the Overseers of Harvard and Yale.

To my mind, the book is a model of what an objective study in labor research ought to be. The documents are marshalled row on row, the style is free of prejudice and passion, yet one's interest is caught and held, the dramatic incidents stand out, and the story moves forward relentlessly to the great tragedy which shattered one of the most hopeful movements in all industrial history.

Trade Unionism first entered the British coal fields in earnest in 1863. The Miners' Federation was organized in 1888. In 1900 the membership was over half a million, and in 1914, 900,000, including nearly every worker in the industry. England has no great non-union areas, such as the West Virginias of America.

While a national industrial union, the Miners' Federation, as the name implies, was made up of a host of local associations in the various fields, and these in turn were made up of locals, or pit lodges, the social and economic unit around which the life of the miner revolved. There was no national or uniform system for the regulation of wages or working conditions, each local association bargaining with the local employer. Wages were set on an obsolete "standard" basis dating from 1877, and the whole wage structure was an outgrown anomaly. The Miners' Federation had, by 1914, won the eight hour day (in principle), a legal minimum (very minimum) wage, the right to appoint check weighmen, and various safety provisions—all duly prescribed by Acts of Parliament.

The war found the coal industry unprepared as it found all other industries save that of manufacturing hatred. During the first year, no less than 250,000 miners enlisted. A trade depression was followed by a sharp realization of the necessity of coal production for war shipping, railway service and munitions. The coal-owners promptly tried to secure the suspension of the Eight Hours Act, the federation mobilized for protection, the government appointed advisory committees without number; absenteeism, local strikes, conciliations ensued, and matters were at sixes and sevens until, on February 22, 1917, the coal fields were taken over under the Defense of the Realm Act, and Sir Guy Calthrop officially entered upon his duties as Coal Controller. This was a step which the miners had long advocated, and needless to say it was a step of unparalleled common sense. Profits—which had been enormous—were promptly regulated on a nine percent basis. Production and distribution were budgetted on the principle that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. The raids of the military on the coal winning man power were abated and compromised, and perhaps most important

of all, the regulation of wages for the first time in the history of the industry was put on a uniform national basis, and the standard of living of the miners markedly improved. State control saved the industry an incredible amount of waste, profiteering and wrangling, and doubtless played no small part in the final winning of the war.

The miners, with certain amendments, wanted the machinery to continue, and following the Armistice, the Federation launched a great campaign looking toward an equalization of wages with the cost of living, and permanent nationalization combined with democratic control of the industry. So insistent were their demands, backed with the threat of strike, that the government was forced to give ear. The famous Royal Commission of Inquiry was appointed, and during those spring days of 1919, the eyes of all England, yea, of all the world, were on Mr. Justice Sankey, his committee and his witnesses, in the King's Robing Room of the House of Lords. And steadily the battle went against the proponents of coal for private profit, steadily in favor of coal for the people of England with a decent livelihood, and a share of democratic control, for the miners.

The evidence the miners presented showed how wages, despite the improvement since war control, had not breasted the cost of living; how the eight hour day was nearer nine in actual practice; how each year saw 160,000 reported accidents in the coal fields, and how, between 1907 and 1916, 12,400 men had been killed in the mines; how only 9 percent of all England lived two or more to a room, but how from 29 to 40 per cent of all miners lived two or more to a room, and how tuberculosis was a scourge in mining communities; how profits, averaging £13,000,000 before the war, jumped to £22,000,000 in 1915 and £38,000,000 in 1916; how, while wages had risen 106 percent over 1913, profits had risen 269 percent; and finally how waste and inefficiency ran riot under private ownership with its walled-off seams, its crosshauling, its unemployment, overdevelopment and higgling of the market.

In July came the final reports, the miners recommending nationalization and democratic control through District Councils; the employers advocating public ownership of the coal measures and state regulation; the government proposing a private trust under strict regulation with guaranteed dividends at 4 percent; and Mr. Justice Sankey advocating complete nationalization with rather less democratic control than proposed by the miners. And then storm and darkness and despair. The Coalition it appeared in due course had only staged the play in the King's Robing Room to ward off the threatened strike. On July 9, it deliberately and without reason raised the price of coal 6s a ton, and thus deluged public opinion with its first draft of cold water. If this is what nationalization meant . . . Meanwhile a local strike had developed in Yorkshire of which the government and the press made the most, and public opinion received another douche. Partial bills were introduced and gerrymandered through the fall, until public opinion had quite cooled off, and then Mr. Lloyd George speaking for the government announced, "We have come definitely to the conclusion that we cannot see our way to advise Parliament to pass a measure for taking over as a business of the state the management of the mines of this country." The miners fought on for two more months, but the psychological moment had been crucified, and nationalization was dead.

With their program in ruins, the miners retreated to the single issue of a wage demand. They struck and won.

The government proceeded to decontrol—turning the industry back to its private owners. The private owners promptly ordered a thirty percent wage reduction. The miners, with the industrial depression in full cry, and deserted at the last moment by the Triple Alliance, struck—and lost. And the curtain rolls down upon one of the greatest industrial tragedies of history.

STUART CHASE.

Cannibals and Roses

Magellan: His Life and Adventures by Sea and Land. Arthur S. Hildebrand. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.50.

Voyagings Southward from the Strait of Magellan, by Rockwell Kent. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$7.50.

CHARTS of the southern tip of the American continent are bordered with notes that give warning of cannibals. Turning to larger scale charts and sailing directions, the physical aspect of the land (about this there cannot be a thought-up lie) changes from a blunt tip, to a maze of shoals, false passages, sunken rocks, and vast tidal currents. The unsentimental diction of these "trade journals" leaves one pallid at the thought of night closing in over seething mountains of water thrown up in half mile waves, plunging against bleak crags.

Here, if ever, in this swirl of terrors at the edge of the world, the business of earth should become a living, profound idea for men, if there be any truth in ultimates. Two recent books have come to this particular ultimate of the natural world. The first is Mr. Hildebrand's life of Magellan. The yarn about Magellan is that he spent his youth in Malacca and the Spice Islands in the service of Portugal. After several years of fighting and voyaging, he sailed back around Africa, and reached Lisbon. King Manuel of Portugal failed to increase Magellan's stipend, and the practical adventurer removed to the rival service of Philip of Spain. He was not long in Spain before a nostalgia for the East began to work in him. Unfortunately for Magellan the Pope had ruled a line through the map of the world, and had said to Portugal, sail East—to Spain, sail West.

The only hope of the East for Magellan now lay in a course to westward. He believed this possible if he could drive far enough to southward. Five ships were given him, and he sailed away.

At the end of the American continent, his iron will was baffled by a stronger thing. The terror of a winter in St. Julian froze the bowels of his men, and the strait was not yet found. The terror took the form of mutiny, that was to be stilled only by slit throats and the loss of a vessel that sailed back to Spain.

It was the terror of the world's edge that Magellan conquered when he finally sailed through the strait. As though from an awful dream, the little fleet fled up the broad reach of the Pacific, and arrived in the East. Magellan met his death on the island of Cebu administering Christianity to resentful natives.

As a story, Magellan's adventure comes to a crux in the winter spent in the region of the strait. It is here that Mr. Hildebrand's grand manner quietly breaks down. There is no pause of wonder at this land of "uncompleted chaos." The same rapid externality is preserved, the same speed that related earlier "conspiratorial antics." When

Magellan dies the reader realizes it is not important. To understand why the story, which has such possibility for elaboration and intensity, goes off key in the end, we must go back to the essence of the thing, the Strait—its ice and its gales and Magellan's reality as a person in this heightened austerity of the physical world.

One is inclined to feel that Mr. Hildebrand's prose cliffs crumple to bad photography because he has avoided the idea. The so-called rapid, adventurous style, in the end, does not yield an ounce of the thrill that comes out of the beautiful, if at times tedious, Conrad. Contemplation, one reflects, was never touched in the mind, in the soul, of Magellan, and after all, immediate or ultimate, art rests on idea. And it would seem the idea, even when nature pops off on a grand scale, is forever elusive if it be pursued with tricks that do not at every turn amount to perceptions.

But if we haven't a Poe to take art to the limit of the world and test its truth there, we have a Rockwell Kent. In the prose of Kent's adventure, the man holds to the keen simplicity of a ship-wright. In the drawings that go with the words, there shines the divinity of the carpenter. The story records the traverse of the main courses of land and water between the Strait of Magellan and Horn Island.

Kent's first vessel is an old life boat come in from a wrecked ship, patiently refitted to his needs in Puntas Arenas. The third mate of the liner Kent came south in had asked to join the enterprise on the third day from New York. Accordingly, the crew numbered two. Together they sailed out from Punta Arenas in the slight Kathleen I. In the small cabin there was room for provisions and rockets (Kent confesses with a kind of child-like laughter in the introduction, that he stole them) and the canvasses and the flute. Within a few hours after their departure, this darling of Kent's handicraft and his mate's rigging, is threatened with destruction.

Any sailor would grant the correctness of subsequent procedure; it is told simply, and perhaps without any other distinction than the deft honesty in representing the last fear of man. The unseen, tortuous coast stands up, the sweeping, foam-tigered waves menace.

And so throughout the wanderings of these two, the land lives. A land where roses are as big as sun-flowers, where gales gnaw against bleak cliffs. The desperados who lend a hand are ferociously hard and themselves to the last crackled finger nail. The cannibals, Indians who look as if they had relished human meat, prefer young clams.

The book lives as a work of art, because the security of its idea can withstand the paradox that surrounds every ultimate. In the drawings there is a clear architecture of this idea. The medium is evidently a broad pen which gives the elimination and style of a wood-cut, but which has its own freedom to give the bend of a tree, or the moving lines of water. The style that recognizes naïve stars and halos, makes this wild world suit its very needs. The drawings are underlaid at all times with a pleasant sense of study. Kent's particular gift seems to be one of working line against mass; they blend in a kind of wild, beautiful, eager mastery of sheer composition. At every turn, where values work against each other—brutally in the case of a tin shed against a granite mountain—it is with a lively sense of the values of each. . . .

Out over the line of Lake Fognano, ice-clad peaks rise sharp in the air. Black across the immediate foreground, curves the twisted limb of a tree . . . At the end of the earth, there is the paradox of the dwarf and the giant.

ALFRED STANFORD.

The Playboy of the Southern World

Mussolini as Revealed by his Political Speeches. Selected, translated and edited by Barone Bernardo Quaranta di San Severino. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. \$3.50.

THIS is an excellent selection from Mussolini's rhetorical performances between November, 1914, and August, 1923, and the Baron Quaranta di San Severino has put all opponents of the Dictator of Italy under an obligation. The lack of humor which is one of the principal ingredients of the speeches themselves allowed their publication and authorized the treacherously adequate participation in the subtitle.

The philosophy of Fascism rests on the proud claim that there isn't any. The present volume bears out this claim. Obviously if Fascism had a kernel of serious and coherent thought it would appear in the sayings of its founder sent forth to cheer and edify the Anglo-Saxon heathen. But the more than 100,000 words of this black-shirted Gospel according to St. Bernard form essentially variations on a single theme. "Our programme is simple. We wish to govern Italy," says the Duce on p. 150. That is the meat. The rest is sauce. Potent as that wish has proved itself in other respects, it has fathered remarkably few thoughts.

Still, not even a founder of Fascism can utter one hundred thousand words without letting some ideas slip by, be it by inadvertence. Theoriam fascibus, tamen usque recurret. Thought thus becomes the by-product of talk. Expounders of Fascism are aware of this, and, inveterate haters of formulas, they have invented a triple one to cover their banishment. They proclaim that Fascism is pragmatic, empirical, eclectic. The pragmatism of the Fascio consists in hitting first, inventing a justification afterwards, and pointing with pride to the efficacy of the ex post facto wisdom. Empiricism, in Fascist parlance, is Greek for inconsistency. Its eclecticism means the picking up of odds and ends of doctrine, regardless of age, race, and color, suited to embellish the emergency.

Fascism may be inconsistent. Its founder is not. He has been pro-Mussolini from the outset. Yet he is no hypocrite. He sincerely believes that to be for Mussolini is to be for Italy. He sincerely believes himself to be Italy's man of destiny. In his more exalted moments he sincerely mistakes himself for Napoleon.

Those who accuse the ex-revolutionary leader of betraying his beginnings miss the point of his evolution. Mussolini did not abandon his revolutionary creed. He merely turned it inside out. He did not throw away his syndicalist luggage. He only climbed a fence and came down on the other side with his luggage in good condition.

Mussolini the Sorelian socialist despised parliamentarism and democracy. Mussolini the Fascist translated that contempt into practice. Democracy, he always believed, is a sham; parliamentarism a fraud. The people are not only unable, but also unwilling to govern themselves. What they want and need is a determined minority to govern them by violence. Violence is noble and ennobling. "Better still, it is decisive.

Speaking after the general strike of 1922, Mussolini said:

At the end of July and August, after having made use of violence systematically for forty-eight hours, we

got results which we should not have obtained in forty-eight years of sermons and propaganda. When, therefore, violence removes a gangrene of this sort, it is morally sacred and necessary.

Worship of violence, of direct action, is the only consistent idea in Fascism, and even that leads into an inconsistency. Mussolini first preached violence against the Communists because they were the enemies of the state. Good. Then he preached violence against the state. Still not so bad. Afterwards, however, he preached the right of the state to crush not only rebellion, but also dissent, by force of arms. The Sorelian distinction between "moral" violence and "immoral" force, the original Fascist stock-in-trade, is thus dropped overboard. Even Mussolini, with his lack of humor, feels the rift in the reasoning and tries to patch it up by declaring that Fascism had been the real state even before it became the government.

This is a dangerous doctrine to sell, ready to wear, to all comers, for among them may be another of those determined minorities which Sr. Mussolini admires so much. (Like all usurpers, Fascism is particularly keen on title. Its passion for moral justification is the same as that which drove Napoleon to marry the daughter of the last of the Roman Emperors.) Obviously, if the doctrine of violence is not to bite the hand that feeds it, it must be muzzled. Mussolini always speaks about "violence within limits." This, too, is a Sorelian notion. But Mussolini interprets it in his own individual way. To him the limit of violence coincides with the vanishing line of opposition. Eclectic Fascism borrowing Whistler's idea, holds that the best place to bury the hatchet in, is the side of the enemy.

"Violence is sometimes moral," says Mussolini. The emphasis, it would seem, is on sometimes. The morality of violence, he continues, depends on the purpose for which it is used. This is what the Papuan chieftain said as he helped himself to another chunk of broiled missionary. But who will set the purpose? Mussolini. This can be boiled down to a simple principle. "My violence is right, your violence is wrong." Which, of course, is sheer mysticism, presupposing a dualistic creation. Indeed, we find Mussolini saying: "One is born a Fascist." In other words, another is born a non-Fascist. Or, in the words of the Chanson de Roland. "Païenz ont tort et chrestien ont droit." Or, in American, Heads I win, tails you lose.

Signor Mussolini further suggests that the morality of violence is dependent not only on its purpose, but also on geographic longitude. Thus in his speech delivered at the first Fascist mass meeting in Milan, on March 23, 1919, he proposed the following resolution:

The meeting . . . pledges the Fascisti to prevent by every means in their power the candidature of neutralists of any party.

That in this case the Fascists proved themselves not only as good as their word but better is a matter of history. They have faithfully and effectively carried out the precept ever since. But what is "sacred duty" in Italy, becomes something else in Yugoslavia. In his maiden speech before the Chamber, on June 21, 1921, Signor Mussolini said:

The fact of the election of the constituent does not justify the tragic state of abandonment in which Italy left Montenegro, because only twenty percent of the electors voted, and of these only nine percent in favor of annexation by Serbia. The Serbian authorities have

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introduced a real reign of terror in Montenegro and have prevented the presentation of lists which may contain the names of candidates favorable to the independence of the country. (*Italics ours.*)

Naughty, naughty Serbians! But the Germans of Bolzano (the South Tyrol city better known by its German name of Bozen) are worse still. In the same address Signor Mussolini portrayed in flaming words their sinister doings and the meting out of Fascist justice which followed.

At the sample fair organized by the Chamber of Commerce of Bolzano, a nest of Pan-Germanism, all Italian firms were excluded, so much so that the invitations were issued in German, and a *Bavarian band played for the whole duration of the fair!* I come now to the events of April 14, *when a Fascista bomb, justly administered by way of reprisal, and for which I take upon myself the moral responsibility, marked the limit to which Fascismo intended that the German movement should go.*

Mussolini, the Baron Quaranta di San Severino tells us in the preface, is a volcanic genius, a bewitcher of crowds. He has, we learn, not only indomitable daring, but also great physical and moral courage.

He is the real type of Roman Emperor, with a severe bronze face . . . but which hides a kind and generous heart.

It is one of Mussolini's frequent boasts that he never forgives an enemy.

EUGENE S. BAGGER.

Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics

The Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics, by Paul Kammerer, translated by A. Paul Maerker-Branden. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$4.50.

THE book is written more for "the laity" than for biologists, but it is a question whether readers from the one or the other group will be the most irritated by its style and contents. The biologist finds little and only inadequate new evidence for this type of inheritance, and the layman will find the argument notably incomplete and regrettably involved in controversy concerning the author's earlier investigations and writings.

It would certainly be worth while to know whether, under what circumstances, and *which*, acquired characteristics are heritable. That many or most such characteristics are apparently not inherited is a commonplace observation. Kammerer, like several others, has tried to investigate the matter. Experiments were conducted with the midwife toad, a kind of salamander, and with sea-squirts. The results with the toad and salamander bring out some points of biological interest. But do they prove or even clearly suggest the inheritance of acquired characteristics? Nearly all those most interested and best prepared to give a reply, find that they do not. Does this adverse decision rest, as Kammerer repeatedly claims, upon an antagonistic mental drift of the biological jury? It can be said that some of this group, including the present reviewer, regard it as probable that the type of existence led by a species, along with the special environment of that species, in some way or ways influences the evolution (inheritance) of such a

species. All this might occur, however, entirely apart from the inheritance of acquired characters; students of the subject would like to know whether such evolution is ever assisted by such inheritance, and few among them consider that we already have complete knowledge of all the means of "acquirement" exercised by living matter. To open-minded investigators the results of the toad and salamander experiments fail to supply the much-desired proofs. In Kammerer's interpretation of these results, and throughout the book, he utilizes a misconception of the rôle of environment in the development of a characteristic. He speaks repeatedly of one or another environment as *changing* a character, whereas environment is always one of the two things which form or constitute a character. Ten radically different environments should yield the same character in as many different forms, and in none of these cases would we observe a *changed* character.

The experiments—the crucial or "deciding experiments"—on cutting off the siphons of the sea-squirts are not fully or convincingly presented. It happens that coincident with the publication of this book, Fox has published the results obtained in a repetition of an essential part of these (Ciona) experiments. Fox finds that repeated clippings of the siphons results in no elongation of the regenerated siphons.

Numerous citations are made to the results of other investigators on diverse biological problems, but the cases cited often have no real relation to the question of acquired characters. This part of the book seems likely to confuse the layman more often than it convinces him. The main discussion is conducted in a depressing and unfortunate key. In a second—eugenical part—these bad bets are mostly off, and the courageous reader may here find the main theme applied to such subjects as Mutual Aid, Agriculture, Rejuvenation and Genius.

OSCAR RIDDLE.

A CORRECTION

In the article, *Injunctions and Contempt of Court*, on p. 287 of *The New Republic*, Nov. 19, 1924, the last sentence attributed to Justice Brewer was not his, but that of the author.

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The Week

THE caucus of Republican members of the Senate has taken rather sharp action against Senator La Follette and his supporters, Senators Ladd, Frazier, and Brookhart, in reading them out of the Republican party. As a gesture of impatience their decision is quite understandable and, indeed, natural. What it signifies beyond this is not entirely clear, however. There is no strong reason why the Progressive Senators should sit in the councils of a party which they have opposed at the polls and may oppose again. In any case their advice would receive no consideration by the party managers. But their status in the organization of the Senate is another matter. By Senatorial tradition, committee assignments go by seniority, which would ordinarily mean seniority in both Senate and party. The question is, can detachment from the Republican party be interpreted as a clear break with past service in the Senate and the seniority privileges it conveys? The regular Republicans may claim with some justice that the promotion of Progressives by seniority rule to committee chairmanships would set at naught a clear popular mandate to the regular Republican organization. But the elimination of these

Senators from their present places upon the committees would be an intolerable affront to their constituencies as well as an act of wanton despotism by a temporary majority. It is one thing to pronounce that these men are not Republicans; it is quite another to deprive them of their status as experienced members of the Senate.

WILL President Coolidge attempt to call a disarmament conference to meet at Washington during 1925? Secretary Hughes has hinted at such a development after the Dawes plan is in successful operation. He would like, of course, to add this feather to his cap before he returns to private life in the spring of 1926. President Coolidge has cast longing eyes at the increased prestige which his administration would gain from a successful meeting of nations. Nevertheless, in our opinion the conference will not take place. The President and his advisers are too shrewd to put their heads into the noose of certain and tragic failure which awaits any such enterprise. It cannot be too often repeated that limitation of armament and national security are indissolubly linked. No nation will throw away its sword unless it has, not merely the promise, but the iron-clad assurance, of security derived from some other source. Such guarantees the United States is not in a position to offer. Indeed, we are not even willing to participate in them when offered. We have refused and still refuse to join the League; it is altogether likely that we shall refuse to join, under whatever reservations, in the attempt to outlaw war embodied in the new Protocol. Under these circumstances, an invitation to European countries to join a disarmament conference at Washington would constitute as colossal a piece of effrontery as was ever recorded.

ONLY the most ignorant or forgetful can point to the "success" of the Washington Conference as a precedent for a new venture. Everyone now knows that that conference did not limit armament in any important sense. It secured an agreement only in regard to battleships—war mechanisms which many naval experts now regard as obsolete. It resulted in a limitation which left all the leading powers far more even of these antiquated monsters than they have any use for. It left unlimited such weapons

as airplanes, submarines, poison gas; it left land armies quite untouched. The bad feeling between the United States and Japan, which it alleviated, has been restored in worse form by our new immigration law. How completely the conference failed to solve China's problems is illustrated by her recent history. Yet even the moderate achievements of the Washington Conference were secured only by the most desperate struggle of the diplomats, despite the club the United States was able to wield because the leading powers were engaged in an armament race which was headed toward bankruptcy, a race in which we were leading and which only we could afford. These facts force one to realize that not even the famous Coolidge luck could prevent a tragic collapse of any disarmament conference held at Washington during the coming year if it ignored—as it certainly would—the cognate question of security.

IN an article published in this issue one of our contributors presents an impressive analysis of the immense weight of responsibility that rests upon the administrators of the Dawes plan. One of the necessary assumptions on which the expectation of payments under the plan is based is that Germany, relieved from the Ruhr occupation and the threat of repeated invasion, would promptly develop a considerable economic surplus, which could be paid into the Reichsbank even if it could not be transmitted beyond the boundaries without disturbing the exchanges. The presumption that such a surplus exists rests upon inferences from the international competing power of Germany during the period of inflation, and upon the fact that the mortgage indebtedness of German industry was wiped out by the depreciation of the mark. But as our contributor shows, the apparent advantages to German export from inflation were lost the moment stabilization was put into effect, and the enormous development of taxation has taken up any slack produced by the wiping out of mortgage indebtedness. Any sums to be extracted from Germany must come from some other source. Our contributor argues that it will come out of the income of labor, and will permanently hold the standard of living at a level which will result in an accumulation of grievances that may in the end fill all working class Germany with a blind determination to win liberty at whatever cost. That is, the Dawes plan administrators hold peace or war in their hands.

THE more open minded defenders of the Dawes plan will admit the existence of this danger. If the alternative presented itself of wiping out the scores of war, letting Germany off with what she has already surrendered, or of saddling her in her present impoverished condition with the burdens defined in the Dawes plan, all men of common sense would agree that the former was the way of peace while the latter ran perilously toward war. But the real

alternative lay between the Dawes plan and the status quo, with the French troops in the Ruhr to stay, with customs lines cutting occupied Germany off from the rest of the Reich, with the infinite provocations to violence on both sides. Maintenance of the status quo made war inevitable; the Dawes plan offers at least a glimmer of hope for a peaceful solution. There is, we believe, sound reason for this view of the matter. Europe is a less dangerous powder mine with the Dawes plan in operation. It is still an extremely dangerous one. And the Dawes plan administrators will have to move with almost superhuman caution if they are to be sure that no act of theirs will fire the magazine.

IT is announced that France agrees to give America a share in the proceeds of the Dawes plan collections, to contribute toward the costs of the army of occupation and the material damages suffered by American citizens during the war. From a legalistic point of view, such a settlement of the issue is fair, reasonable and inevitable. The American claims for reparations are as valid as any other. They are derived, not from the Treaty of Versailles, but from America's position as one of the conquering nations, able to dictate terms of peace. Compensation for the costs of an army of occupation, by ancient precedent, is a prior claim upon the revenues collected from the vanquished. Accordingly the Allies were not in a legal position to make any claims of their own prior to the American. They need not have permitted America to use the machinery of the Dawes plan, but if they had not, America would have had the legal right to exact payment from Germany on her own account, which would have thrown the settlement into confusion.

SO much for the legalities of the case. But in Europe it is even less common than in America to judge a situation according to the letter of the law. What the average Frenchman will feel is that America, though so fabulously rich that she can swallow a hundred million dollar loan without even a momentary straining, insists on taking away from the impoverished Allies a share in the disappointingly small pickings from Germany. This settlement will work, along with the funding of the British debt to America and of the debts of Poland and other bankrupt European states, to strengthen the European feeling of solidarity against America. The poor have never loved the rich, even the benevolent rich. America does not give the impression to Europe of a benevolently rich state, but of a state that observes its wretched debtors with a cold eye and with the avowed intention of seizing the first opportunity to collect, no matter what the sufferings of the debtors.

FASCISM appears to have passed its zenith in Italy. The opposition to Mussolini grows stronger week by week. A campaign of exposure, in parliament, the courts, the press, is steadily laying before

the public incontestable evidence of the outrageous violence employed by Mussolini and his supporters to keep the Fascisti in power and to enforce discipline within the ranks of the party. The pretence that there is a solid body of non-Fascist opinion behind the dictator no longer deceives anyone. Moreover, Mussolini's reputation for energy and good sense in meeting the financial problem is decaying. Juggling of accounts, rather than economy, was the device employed by Mussolini to give the appearance of a balanced budget. The dictator's command of military resources is too considerable to warrant a prediction of his early retirement. But it is plain that the Fascist scheme of government has no extended future in Italy. The Civil power may be won by brute force. It cannot long be maintained by force.

IN enacting restrictive immigration laws Congress intended not only to limit the absolute volume of immigration, but also to improve its quality, or at least to increase its assimilability. This is the only meaning that can be extracted from the quota principle, with its discrimination against Southern and Eastern Europe. For reasons of administration, as well as in the interest of harmony in our immediate neighborhood, contiguous states were exempted from the quota provisions. Canadians and Mexicans may enter the country in unlimited numbers. Our only restrictions on the Canadian and Mexican borders have to do with the most general qualifications as to health and civic record, and with evasions by non-admissible aliens landed at Canadian and Mexican ports. These evasions, if we are to accept the estimates of Secretary Davis, run to the incredible figure of 850,000. Suppose he has made a mistake of counting in bona fide citizens of Canada and Mexico, the fact still remains that the intention of Congress has been defeated. The absolute volume of immigration has not been materially abated, and as for quality and assimilability, it would be hard to prove that the Mexican peons or the French-Canadian laborers are superior to the Poles, Czechoslovaks or Italians Congress set out to exclude.

HAS a state court the right to order a recount of the ballots in a Federal election? That question must be decided by the Pennsylvania Supreme Court in the near future, in an unusually interesting case. W. W. Bailey, Democrat and "wet," ran for Congress in Pennsylvania and was apparently defeated by the Ku Klux Klan in an exceedingly close contest. Presumably in order to clinch their victory, or perhaps to forestall legal action on his part, his Klan opponents demanded a recount of the ballots. When completed this showed serious irregularities in the vote, and revealed Bailey as having won. His opponents thereupon challenged the legality of the recount, arguing that a state court has no authority to examine the ballots in the Federal election. This contention, if upheld by the courts, would of course

open the door to the gravest election frauds; for it would make Congress alone responsible for investigating any charges of dishonesty in a national election. And if anyone exists who is naïve enough to believe Congress would or could safeguard the ballot effectively, we have never heard of him.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer has discovered that 213 college professors supported La Follette in the campaign; and it demands in an earnest editorial that they should be discharged on the ground that they are "attached to recognized heresies," and "may not be able to resist temptations to inject some of their views into their teachings." "The country and the government of the future will be safer," thinks the Enquirer, "if they are relieved from all duties as instructors of the youth of the nation." In fact, this paper thinks that "the controlling bodies of our educational institutions should take stock of their faculties" and that every man who is not a Coolidge Republican or a Davis Democrat should be hunted down and dismissed. This is not a particularly novel point of view. It has been expressed before by various wild-eyed patriots. But one does not often behold the spectacle of an important journal seriously advocating the wholesale suppression of everyone who disagrees with its own social philosophy. The Enquirer is entitled to be Exhibit A as a specimen of the Tory mind intoxicated with its own success.

IF an American election ever bore directly upon a concrete issue the recent election has a direct bearing on income taxation. President Coolidge supported the Mellon plan more vigorously than any other measure, and his triumph may properly be regarded as a popular approval of the fiscal ideas embodied in that plan. It is no wonder that the taxpayers who would have benefited by the reductions in the super-tax are clamoring for an immediate reopening of the question. They seem to have the people on their side. But under the sacrosanct Constitution the Congress which defeated the Mellon plan remains in power until March 4, and the new Congress will not meet until December, 1925, unless assembled earlier in special session. There can be no certain relief for the super-tax payer before that time. Some hundreds of millions will be paid into the Treasury because of the lag between the expression of the people's will and its time of taking effect. On the merits of the question, we are glad to see this money collected by the Treasury and applied to the reduction of the public debt. Nevertheless, we think that in a democracy what the people want they ought to get, and they ought to get it without absurd and useless delays. We invite the super-tax payers to join us in demanding an amendment to the Constitution which will put a Congress in power before the mandate on which it is elected has grown cold. There is no solid reason why the recently elected Congress should not be empowered to get to work by January 1.

What American Labor Wants

IF one were to take current headlines at their face value, one would conclude that the Chamber of Commerce of the United States had just held a convention at El Paso, masquerading as the American Federation of Labor. Denunciation of labor parties, approval of private enterprise in industry, warning against recognition of Soviet Russia, and a resolution to form an insurance company seem to have been the principal measures adopted. Yet these things really mean something quite different from what they appear to mean to the editors of the dailies, who never can seem to understand the background of the official policy of the Federation.

First, what of politics? "Labor's non-partisan political campaign was of tremendous effect upon our body politic and through its procedure forces have been set in motion that will bring into being consequences of momentous importance to the better and fuller life of all the people. . . . Your committee unequivocally recommends full approval and endorsement of the attitude and activities manifested and engaged in on the recent Presidential and Congressional elections." That is the so-called repentance for having endorsed La Follette. "Our non-partisan political policy does not imply that we shall ignore the existence or attitudes of political parties. It does intend that labor proposes to use all parties and be used by none. . . . We need not concern ourselves so much with the coming or going of political parties, their realignment, or the development of new and independent political parties or groups." This is the so-called repudiation of the new party. It means, if it means anything, that while the Federation as such does not intend to take the responsibility for forming a labor party, neither does it intend to exclude the possibility of a more inclusive new party, nor to tie itself to the existing ones. If a new party is formed which it can use better than the old ones it will do so again as it did in 1924. What progressive would prefer to this attitude a resolution at this time to found a strictly labor party? Surely only doctrinaires.

The opposition to governmental intervention in industry was also curiously phrased if one tries to conceive it as identical with that of the business man. "Democracy cannot come into industry through the state. Industry must find its own way through the difficulties with which it is beset, or face the alternative of state intrusion which must invariably lead to bureaucracy and breakdown." By industry labor does mean employers alone. For, as Mr. Gompers said, industrial democracy will eventually prevail despite all dictatorship, "whether dictatorship of the proletariat or dictatorship of capitalism." In achieving it there will necessarily be a rough struggle "until the contestants begin to understand each others' problems." This struggle will be "economic and political." "Too frequently

labor is still compelled to fight for its simplest rights," reads the report. "It is compelled to carry on a constant warfare for industrial freedom—for the right to organize, for the right to cease work, the right to speak through its chosen representatives, the right to fair conditions under which to work, the right to keep its childhood from the mill the factory, the mine and the sweatshop." The winning of these rights is essential to an industrial democracy which can function constructively in industry, and this in turn is essential to setting industry straight and making it fit for service, so that the hand of government will not be called in crudely to remedy intolerable evils.

This is a reiteration of the program on the aims of labor adopted at last year's convention. The Federation is not primarily concerned with denouncing socialism, and emphatically it does not approve of private enterprise in the sense in which it is practiced by employers who want to be autocrats of the workers and disregard the larger interest of the community. The confusion associated with this practice will, as the Federation declared, lead to general breakdown unless remedied. If no adequate remedies are devised within industry, the people will turn to the government as a savior. But such authoritarian measures as the government might employ, the Federation, with its strong bent toward voluntarism, functionalism and autonomy, deeply distrusts. It wants industry organized for service both to those within and those outside, by participants who know it in detail. It wants each functional group to contribute its proper share of skill and responsibility to such organization. It wants a democratic government of industry, a government by consent and adjustment. But the first step toward this government is the extension of the rights and powers of the unions into industries where they are not now fully recognized. Upon this struggle labor should now concentrate its energies. In doing so it may need to use political instruments if only to clear the way for itself. But it fears that governmental oversight over industry, if employed at present, would be used as much to block it as to aid its purpose. And it does not want to befog this purpose in the minds of workers by diverting their attention to cloudy arguments about what political socialism, to be achieved in some distant future, might do for them.

Every one of the important resolutions adopted is related to this philosophy. Consistency with it demands opposition to communism abroad and at home. The forming of an insurance company is avowedly undertaken not merely to extend the benefits of insurance as cheaply as possible to the organized workers, but also to strengthen their position. For one thing it will furnish a means of competing with group insurance under private auspices, which is often introduced by anti-union employers, and is "furnished free to the employees so long as

they remain or retain their employment. . . . The purpose of group insurance by employers is obvious. Its influence is to chain the beneficiary to his employer." For another thing it will add to labor's control over capital, which is desirable in view of the fact that "Insurance constitutes one of the most powerful single units in the financial oligarchy of our land. . . . It is alleged that the tremendous resources at the disposal of the insurance combine have been used in the attempt to crush organized labor." Labor banks are approved, but cautions are expressed concerning their use by adventurers and exploiters, and labor is warned against irresponsible investment concerns which are not under its control. One of the most significant acts of the Convention has escaped comment. The report of the Executive Council pointed out that the road to industrial democracy is not one that labor can travel alone, and invited the cooperation of all like-minded persons. In response to this policy the Federation authorized the extension of its non-partisan political committee by the addition of suitable outsiders willing to work with it. Presumably this is in preparation for renewed efforts to curb the power of the courts and in other ways establish a secure legal status for the unions, to outlaw child labor, and to restore collective bargaining and voluntary arbitration on the railroads.

Few opponents of the A. F. of L. administration have thought through their doctrines as well, and none can justly charge that the expressed policy is stupid or inert. On the contrary, it is radical in a true sense, since it implies profound qualitative changes in the social and industrial order, it is founded on the needs of the individual personality, and it evinces a remarkable understanding of the processes of social change. If only the several unions could develop as effective an understanding of their immediate situations, the future of labor would look bright indeed.

The Ultimatum to Egypt and After

IN foreign policy as in other worldly affairs, the more things change, the more they remain the same. The foreign policy of Great Britain has usually exhibited an admirable disposition to be fair and conciliatory in her dealings with white people in Europe and America plus a certain tendency to treat dark and colored peoples as if they existed only to be righteously governed by Englishmen. Recently British statesmen have practised in their transactions with this country, France and Germany more than their usual forbearance, patience and disposition to live-and-let-live, while at the same time their policy in Egypt, India and China has betrayed somewhat more consideration than formerly for the susceptibilities of Oriental peoples. Since the end

of the war British foreign policy has stood out among those of all nations for its enlightenment and its honest and intelligent effort to practise fair dealing and to refrain from violence and impatience in carrying on its disputes with other countries. But now, suddenly and apparently without sufficient reason, the British government's treatment of an extremely important quarrel with Egypt falls back on the Palmerstonian model. It issues an ultimatum to Egypt which seizes the excuse of a deplorable assassination peremptorily to demand the settlement of all the outstanding issues with Egypt in favor of the British contentions.

It is no doubt true, as the British claim, that they are not transgressing their legal rights in issuing this ultimatum. There is no international authority or law which the Egyptians can invoke to protect themselves from being crushed by the British steam roller. Within certain limits defined by itself, the British Cabinet still governs Egypt; and government always means the exercise on lofty moral grounds of the right in the event of a dispute to overcome opposition by force. The present League of Nations is a league of governments. It cannot interfere in an international dispute unless an offending government plays the bully with another recognized government which is also a member of the League. Any act of the British government in Egypt is from the point of view of the League a matter of British domestic policy. If the Egyptians forcibly resist the British demands, they are legally rebels and traitors. They may righteously be shot or imprisoned at the discretion of their rulers.

Yet, notwithstanding the technical invulnerability of the position of the British government, its behavior in this instance will certainly, as George Bernard Shaw says, weaken the vitality of the League of Nations. After having recognized the existence of an Egyptian nation, the British government peremptorily acts as the sole judge of its controversies with the representatives of Egypt. In every moral and practical sense it has waged war against Egypt for the enforcement of its own decisions. This surely is not the kind of behavior which encourages a feeling of international security and tends to substitute conciliation, adjudication and perhaps justice for force as the arbiter of international disputes. On the contrary its tendency is once again to teach small and weak peoples in their disputes with powerful governments that they have no rights which those governments are under any obligation to respect. The unforgivable fault of the Egyptian people is their weakness. They were powerless in a world which sets up force as the final authority. If they could have resisted as stubbornly as the Irish finally resisted, the fact that some of them followed the Irish example and employed the detestable weapon of assassination would not have prevented the British government from treating them with more consideration.

The Egyptian people are, moreover, not only

weak, they are brown and they are Oriental. There seems to be only one sufficient explanation for the violence of the British ultimatum. The Tory leaders have or think they have reason to fear for the supremacy of the white race in those Oriental countries which have been brought under British dominion. They see indications of dangerous unrest among many of the Asiatic and African peoples and an increasing disposition to resent and throw off the European yoke. The considerate and less dictatorial attitude which the whites have recently assumed in their transactions with Orientals has apparently only encouraged insubordination and intensified the difficulty of transacting business and carrying on government. The British government decided consequently to seize the opportunity afforded by the assassination of a British general to reassert the white man's right and determination to rule. Its ultimatum is probably the first explosion of a sustained and deliberate attempt to revive the prestige of the British Empire in Egypt, India and China.

The Tories are probably right in believing that a policy of conciliating Oriental peoples which includes the surrender of power to the natives will increase rather than diminish the difficulties of the white man's government. In the long run there is only way by which the British can assure themselves of continued obedience to their ultimatums and commands. They will have to make perfectly clear that they have the disposition and power to overcome resistance. The half measures with which they are now experimenting probably will not work. In the end the Egyptians and the Indians, like the Irish, will either govern themselves or they will be governed by British officials, supported ultimately by British troops. There are many years of conflict ahead and much agitation, hatred and suffering before the British will reconcile themselves to the conclusion that they cannot manage to win the consent of the populations of Egypt and India to ultimate British supremacy. In the mean time the existence of the British, French and Italian colonial empires will keep alive in the statesmen of those countries a pugnacious state of mind and a belief in the necessity and the righteousness of dictatorial government over brown, black or yellow peoples which will constitute probably the gravest of all obstacles to a pacific organization of international relations. The British Empire in particular will suffer under the strain. A renewed attempt to assert British prestige in the Orient will mean augmented military and naval expenditures. The British garrisons will have to be increased, and the budget weighted with the cost of such projects as the Singapore base. The white man's burden will become more burdensome than it was before the war, and the particular white men who have to carry it will find their energies and resources depleted and in the end insufficient. Orientals are not in a hurry. They will continue to submit if necessary, to agitate if possible, and unfortunately now and then to use assassination as a

weapon. They can better afford to wait a few generations than can the anxious, scrupulous and hard-pressed British Empire.

The Twilight of the Classics

CLASSICAL education is a sun that is setting. That is the plain fact. It may rise again. No one can say, of course, what renaissance may or may not take place a millennium from now. But at the present moment the illumination of classical learning has dimmed to a murky twilight. A man who can read either Latin or Greek with sufficient ease to permit of general browsing without a dictionary is a rarity even in the most cultivated circles—even, indeed, among university professors. The classical languages still persist in the curricula of schools and colleges and their elections remain more or less constant. Their very longevity affords an excellent subject for examination by those anthropologists who specialize in social vestiges and the inertia of established institutions. But the substance of classical education is by no means measured by courses and elections. Apply this simple rule: how many high school seniors are able to read either classical tongue as well as say twenty percent of their number can read French or German? The answer is, none. How many college seniors can read Latin as easily, and do read it as copiously, as every senior of average scholarship can read at least one modern language? About one in a hundred. The courses remain: that is a fact of interest to sociologists; the learning has gone: that is the condition which educators have to face.

This discrepancy between fact and fiction in classical education has not unnaturally been the subject of considerable alarm among teachers of all shades of opinion for many years. Many and anxious are the investigations that have been conducted into the parlous state of classical teaching, by what it is caused and how it can be eliminated. Monographs and dissertations without end have been composed dealing with the advantages to be gained from the study (no one ventures to say the mastery) of Latin or Greek. The most ingenious devices of the educational psychologists have been applied, like pulmotors, to the newly perishing dead languages. All that statistics can do has been tried repeatedly.

The last and most extensive of all these surveys has just been concluded and its results issued in the form of three hundred pages of General Report. This survey has been conducted by the American Classical League, a national body representing all the leading classical associations of the country, endowed by the General Education Board, and actually prosecuted by an Advisory Committee under the chairmanship of Dean West, of Princeton, assisted by eight co-operating Regional Committees. These auspices, without mention of the formidable list of assisting agencies outside the ranks of the

Classical League, lend this classical investigation the prestige of finality: it is, by every presumption, the best the classical profession has to offer. But it is not very much. A critic versed in Latin might quote a certain not unfamiliar line from Horace upon the ratio of the mountain to the mouse. The report finds that the classics are holding their own—in terms of courses and enrollment. It finds that the students registered in classical courses do slightly better than their fellows in all their work, and admits that they represent the most literate section of the population anyhow. It finds that the scores made in Latin and Greek examinations are the highest on record, but suggests no question of the standards of grading. It finds also that classical teachers everywhere are deeply uneasy over the quality of the work they are doing, and recommends that they introduce special drills designed to obtain for students the precise benefits supposed to accrue from classical study—familiarity with classical civilization, acquaintance with English derivatives from classical languages, and the like.

In short, the confines of the classical investigation are rather narrow ones. The reason is not hard to find. It is a survey not of American education generally but of the study and teaching of the classics, especially Latin, in secondary schools. It has been conducted not by those responsible for the school system as a whole but by the classical profession. These limitations automatically exclude all the really important aspects of the situation. What our schools are they are chiefly because of conditions outside the schoolhouse, matters not subject to the discretion of the schoolmaster. To understand and control an educational condition so general that it affects the whole teaching profession one must step outside that profession and its jurisdiction and inquire what has altered in civilization at large to modify the basic functions of the school. This sounds like a tremendous task, but in reality it need not be particularly difficult. In the case of the classics it is particularly easy. If the committee of the Classical League has done nothing of the sort the reason is not the difficulty of the task but the peculiar psychological limitations of the professional mind.

The sanctions which regulate the schools, then, do not originate within the schoolhouse; the pedagogue receives them from the civilization in which his work, his life, the lives of all his pupils, their future employers, their parents and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, are cast. In all American schools the study of the English language is absolutely basic throughout the entire school course. This is not due to the fiat of autonomous school boards. The motive behind the emphasis is the spirit of nationalism itself, the animus of national, English-speaking solidarity. The pressure upon each individual pupil to master English is not the disciplinary force nor the salubrious influence for good of a chance teacher here and there. On the

contrary, every social motive conspires to make the mastery of English desirable quite apart from the opinion of any teacher whatsoever. Very well; so much then for English.

What of Latin? First of all it is necessary to note that Latin has never stood in parity with English in our economy. Latin has never been the vernacular of the American people. At the time of its widest diffusion it touched only the small minority of the learned. At that time, during the first century of colonial history, Latin was in active use among the scholars of the (European) world as a medium of composition. The New Republic, had it been founded in 1614, would certainly have been conducted in part at least in Latin. At such a time all the learned professions as well as the very slightest "pretense to intellectual eminence" postulated a thorough reading knowledge of the Latin language. Greek was somewhat less important: divines had need of Greek because of the New Testament; scholars because of Greek philosophy and literature. But Greek was not actually in contemporary circulation, as Latin was. One could keep abreast of current political discussion without it, though not without Latin. The sanctions behind the study of Latin and Greek, therefore, in the earliest American schools were too obvious to require justification.

But this condition, which determined the character of the learning of those Puritan divines who were the first American scholars and teachers, was already passing away in Colonial times. By the end of the eighteenth century, when the public school system of America was commencing to be built, learned disputation in the Latin language had practically disappeared. But the classical tradition remained. For an explanation of the survival of classical learning beyond its contemporary usefulness it is not necessary to rely simply on the general theory of institutional survival. The facts of this specific case are obvious. Latin, and to a less extent Greek, had been but recently the actual tools of a certain social class. A thousand years earlier that class would have been limited to the clergy; the social upheavals of the centuries just elapsed, however, had brought literacy, even Latin literacy, to the whole class of gentlemen. This made all the difference. Latinity, in the eighteenth century, marked its possessor as a gentleman—not necessarily as a clergyman. Inevitably, therefore, its possession was desirable as a mark of social caste.

This cycle of causes and effects is most clearly observed in British life, where classes are more distinct and the classical tradition stronger. Until very recently it was possible for a man to embark upon a political career upon the basis of his proficiency in Greek. H. H. Asquith laid the foundation of his career at Oxford, as a classical prodigy and the favorite pupil of Benjamin Jowett. Gladstone was conspicuous in a highly ornamental parliament for the breadth and accuracy of his classical lore. But

this correlation does not mean that a mastery of Greek produces at once in the breast of the scholar the qualities of statesmanship. Throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the British Parliament was a distinctly clubby affair. The social prestige attaching but recently to the letters M. P. derives not from the political rank of Parliamentary membership but its exclusiveness. Government, in England, has been the business of gentlemen. One hears of "old whig families" and "old tory families" which have not missed a cabinet member for some generations. Among the members of such families both Greek and political preferment have been the marks of authenticity. The classical prestige of Oxford and the social prestige of Parliament are two phases of the same phenomenon. Those cultivated critics of recent Parliaments who deplore the passing of the fine classical flavor of Parliamentary debate must not be understood as derogating merely the political acumen of the discussion; the real object of their scorn is its vulgarity. Common miners have taken seats as colleagues of the landed aristocracy.

Where social discriminations such as these prevail there is, indeed, a definite motive for classical study. The motive has changed since the time when a student of international affairs must needs know Latin to read the writings of the Dutch Van Groot. He must now possess a classical lore as the accepted decoration of the authentically cultivated man. But this motive, through the last century very strong in England, has never prevailed widely in the United States. The predominance of the pioneer has been too strong for the less blatant traditions of rooted gentility. And now that American life is reaching a stability upon which the assumption of European manners would be possible, the genteel tradition is passing in England and the continent, crowded out by the new virility of the Labor party. To be sure, there are in America some few hardy aristocrats, led perhaps by Paul Elmer More, who see the possibility of a classicized aristocracy in the United States. But whatever their prestige among dyed-in-the-Charles conservatives, their influence upon the country at large is precisely nil. American society is not reading Euripides at Palm Beach nor quoting Aeschylus at the Lake Placid Country Club. The best bred youth of Tulsa, Oklahoma, no less than that of Montclair, New Jersey, registers for Latin because its fathers did, just as it joins Kappa Beta Phi because its fathers did. One has just as much educational significance as the other. A certain national fraternity sings in all its chapter houses:

And when our sons to college go, college go,
We'll look them squarely in the eye, in the eye,
And say to them the only Greek you have to know

is three letters of the Greek alphabet.

This, then, is the condition under which classical tuition is conducted in twentieth century America.

That strange uneasiness which classical instructors feel about the results of their endeavors is due not to deficiencies in their material nor to any weakness of intellect in their profession, but to a general condition over which they have no control. No one outside the classical profession—not even the other teachers—expects American youth to master the classical languages. Every school child knows this. Furthermore, every teacher of the classics knows it. The very fact that his defense of his subject, once the prerequisite to common education, has now degenerated into a vague muttering about English derivatives is a sufficient self-revelation. The facts are too notorious for discussion. That is why the classical profession excludes them.

Money and Votes

EVERYONE is tired of election post-mortems. The winners are well content to accept victory without examining its causes too closely; the losers are nursing their bruises indifferent to the details of the catastrophe. Yet there are some phases of the Republican victory on which additional light needs to be shed. The Senate Committee on campaign expenditures, of which Senator Borah is chairman, still exists. We believe it is highly desirable that it should meet at the earliest moment and continue its study of the amounts spent by the various parties in the campaign and particularly by the Republicans.

The hearings in Chicago and Washington prior to the election were confined almost entirely to the funds secured by the Republican National Committee. These funds, raised in the various states, were in part redistributed to those states; and it is generally assumed that they represent almost the total expenditure. Final figures are not available, but the National Committee's total collections will prove not much in excess of four million dollars, about half the expenditure made to elect Harding in 1920.

But there were other campaign funds which did not pass through the hands of the National Committee at all. There were state, county and city collections, of the aggregate total of which no one has any accurate idea. To collect all these thousands of items would, of course, be an enormously difficult task, and one not to be justified unless there were good basis for a belief that some of these funds had been improperly contributed or expended. It should be comparatively easy, however, to make inquiry in those states and cities where the party's activities are known to have been concentrated. If the Republican managers are as guiltless of all wrong-doing as they asseverate, they ought to be the first to welcome the opportunity to have their innocence publicly established.

Another reason for turning the searchlight on the sources and amounts of contributions to the Republican war chest is the valuable revelation there contained as to an important current in our social his-

tory. In 1920 Will Hays, as collector general, drew heavily on the representatives of big business; but he also levied on the customary political sources, small office holders and the like. A study of the books for 1924 will, we believe, reveal the fact that this campaign was financed almost entirely by big business and particularly by the tariff-protected industries of the northern Atlantic Seaboard. Call the roll of the great aggregations of capital—in banking, iron, steel, textiles, sugar, wool—and you have called the roll of the chief contributors to the Coolidge campaign fund. There is, of course, no violation of law in this fact, though in some states statutes which prohibit campaign contributions by corporations were undoubtedly evaded more or less equivocally. But it is a fact of decided interest and importance to the American people to realize how deep is the obligation of the incoming administration to this one group in the community. The business men who spent these millions to win the campaign are not in the habit of throwing their money away. It is doubtless true that most of them did not regard their contributions as a plain case of buying tariff immunity—the argument which was used in Pennsylvania almost in so many words. It is equally true that they expect a quid pro quo. And it is as certain as anything can be in this uncertain world that they will get it, during the next four years.

There are other aspects of the campaign less tangible but no less interesting; and it is a pity that the authority of the Borah Committee does not extend to considering them. One of these is the use of fear of unemployment by factory owners and managers to whip their employes into line. From various parts of the country come stories of working men and women who were told that plants would close down on Wednesday, November 5, if the Republicans were not returned to office. We do not need to point out the enormous difference between dishonorable coercion of this type and use of the familiar campaign argument that the election of the opposing party means hard times. If this practice was indulged in—and the stories regarding it are so widespread as to furnish strong presumptive evidence that they have some foundation—the country is entitled to know it, as a safeguard against the use of the same tactics four years hence.

Another campaign aftermath which is still in the stage of rumor, equally deserves to be brought out into the light of day. Washington, D. C., has been much agitated over reports that a number of well-known newspaper correspondents from the nation's capital had been secretly placed on the payroll of the Republican National Committee for the duration of the campaign, at very large weekly salaries. The facts appear to be decidedly less alarming than these reports imply. It is true that a small number of political writers worked with the Republican Committee and were paid for their services salaries which while not extravagant for the type of work

done, were certainly liberal. It is a fairly familiar practice for a Washington correspondent to accept outside employment with which to augment his income, and the Republican National Committee is as legitimate an employer as any other. At the same time, there is an obvious anomaly in the spectacle of a political writer whose daily dispatches about the progress of the campaign are read by hundreds of thousands of persons unaware that he is being paid \$400 or \$500 a week by the Republican National Committee for services performed. The real sinners, however, would seem to be the newspapers themselves which do not pay their correspondents salaries large enough to obviate the necessity for outside employment, and are not sufficiently jealous of their own reputation and that of their representatives to prohibit such divided allegiance.

These are matters, of course, which the Borah Committee will hardly pursue. At the same time we believe there is ample evidence, in the general conditions described above as to collection and disbursement of funds, to justify a continuance of the investigation. We already have some idea of what Coolidgeism will cost the country. It is only fair that we should learn as well what it has cost those who paid for it. In particular, the country is entitled to know whether additional legislation is desirable before 1928 in order to minimize as much as possible the scandalous misuse of funds. The very fact of the Borah committee's existence has undoubtedly had a wholesome inhibitory effect this year. Clearly, future machinery of a similar sort ought to be provided by law, and not left to the casual whim of Congress. The suggestion has been made that an arbitrary limit ought to be put on the total any party is permitted to raise—a suggestion which on the whole would do more harm than good, though it would be possible and desirable to prohibit the expenditure of an undue proportion of the total in one state or district. More feasible is the proposal that the books be closed at least a fortnight before the election, no additional donations being accepted thereafter. At any rate, the subject is clearly one of importance, as to which the last word has by no means been said.

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The Outlook for Progressivism in Politics

I

DURING the last few weeks, the British and American peoples have at their national elections deliberately confided to their most conservative parties long and comparatively unhampered leases of power. The Liberals and Labor in Great Britain and the Democrats and Progressives in the United States are naturally much chagrined at this set-back. They have reason to be. The recent victories of the Republican and Tory parties present an unusual appearance of substantiality. In winning these victories the conservative parties called to their assistance electoral resources the potency of which neither they themselves nor their opponents have hitherto realized. They seem to have acquired, and in my opinion they really have acquired, a permanent advantage over their adversaries. They control, directly or indirectly, the immediate economic well-being of a large majority of the British and American peoples. Whenever their privileges are threatened, they insist on associating popular prosperity and the safety of the whole economic structure with the perpetuation of their own power; and they can scare millions of timid, ignorant and uneasy voters into agreeing with them. So far as I can see they cannot be dislodged, except temporarily and after some particularly conspicuous betrayal of national to private interests, so long as public opinion remains as credulous, suggestible, fearful and inconsiderate as it now is. Unless progressives in both countries understand the reason for their voting inferiority and subordinate their agitation for temporary political victory to an energetic and artful leavening of the processes and motives whereby public opinion is formed, they will remain permanently at a disadvantage.

The leaders of the British Labor party and of the American Progressives do not, I think, sufficiently understand the profound alterations in the conditions of party warfare which the increasing radicalism of their own program as compared to the program of a so-called liberal party has brought into being. Political contests in both countries during the last few generations have been waged between two parties, both of which were commanded by middle-class business and professional men, and neither of which has allowed questions of ultimate political and economic power to become the subject of partizan controversy. They both conceived democracy as the organization of government by popular consent which left the initiation of policy and consequently the real control of public and private business in the hands of people of their own

class. Recently, however, with the growth of the Labor party in Great Britain and with the attempts in this country to form a farmer-labor party, political conflicts have begun to assume the form of the struggle of economic groups which are now excluded from initiative in the exercise of power to obtain a more positive function in the direction of public and private business. Democracy has for them come to mean the affirmative participation, as contrasted with negative consent, of the working class in the conduct of government.

As a consequence of this change in the nature of partizan conflicts and in the composition of the opposing social forces, the radical progressive parties of today suffer from handicaps which did not hamper their "liberal" predecessors. Organized society is almost unanimously arrayed against them. Opposed to them and impervious to ordinary assault is the dense, huge mass of conscious and unconscious lethargy, timidity, custom and officialism of a prosperous and complacent ruling class. Their opponents include the great majority of administrators who are most capable of operating the existing political and business mechanism. In struggling to realize a progressive program they cannot count, as could the progressives of fifty years ago, on the assistance of the business man, the success of whose private enterprises was substituting a middle class of traders for the gentry or the farmers as the dominant class in the community. Neither can they count, as their predecessors could, on the aid of an increasingly powerful body of engineers and technical experts. The only economic interest to which they can appeal is that of the workers, but this interest has to be made conscious of itself by arousing in the workers an understanding of what they lose by the present class organization of society and what they might gain by an enhancement of the opportunities and the power of labor. The atmosphere in which the ordinary activities of industry or politics are conducted obscures rather than utilizes and defines the interest of the workers in the improvement of their own status. All their gains have to be achieved by conscious effort. The workers are at present more aware of their own dependence for immediate well-being upon their economic superiors than they are of the promised land which they may enter by the road of political and economic self-assertion.

These are grave disabilities to impose on any party which is engaged in a rough and tumble struggle to defeat an enemy, and political psychology being what it is, they will not be accepted by the Labor party in Great Britain or a farmer-labor party here

without the utmost reluctance and repeated backslidings. Those progressives who propose to improve in minor ways the present exercise of political and economic power without challenging its distribution will seek to persuade the radicals that the latter are by their stiff-necked attitude betraying a common cause. They will advertise the glorious victories which together they might win if the radicals will only put aside their vision of industrial and social democracy and join with them in keeping the conservatives out of office and in accomplishing by legislation immediately possible reforms which do not raise any alarming question of power. And the radical progressives themselves will naturally wonder whether, if they are to be excluded from office for apparently such a large part of the time, they would not do well either to become more accommodating in their strategy or to abandon politics altogether and to accomplish their purpose exclusively by improved economic organization—that is, by the direct action of powerful economic groups.

In my opinion they will betray their cause either if they become too accommodating or if they abandon political agitation. Their most important task will undoubtedly be to arouse their own comrades and public opinion to a livelier vision of possibilities of conscious human fulfillment and the dependance of such fulfillment upon the observant participation by the working classes in responsible public and private activities. But for this very reason they cannot abandon political agitation. Discouraging as it may be in itself, it is necessarily a part of public education in a democracy. Clear-sighted progressives should continue political agitation and the promotion of labor or farmer-labor parties, but they should do so without illusions as to the immediacy of the rewards and the obstinacy of handicaps which will dog their efforts. Their success will not be measured by the amount of operative progressive legislation which they pass during their occasional periods of office. It will be measured by their ability to precipitate issues and start ferments in British and American public opinion which will broaden and intensify the present limited demand for intellectual honesty, moral integrity and humane ideals in politics. The increasing energy of such ferments will accomplish a more radical and a more permanent transformation of social behavior than a victorious progressive party could accomplish by even a prolonged occupation of the seats of government. For an increasingly strenuous and enlightened public opinion will gradually force the conservatives themselves to move towards the redistribution of power and the regeneration of social values which, if carried on in spite of their opposition, they would successfully oppose and denounce as disastrous to the public safety and welfare.

II

If the agitation in favor of a more progressive democratic social economy in this country is itself

to progress, it is time for radicals to take stock of their resources and difficulties and to steer a shrewder course. They have undertaken the task of overcoming or outwitting the active or passive opposition of almost everybody who occupies positions of responsibility, power and profit in the society of today. I was staggered and chastened by watching during the recent campaign the inexorable action of conformist motives upon well-to-do people of sincerely progressive convictions. To have declared for La Follette would have meant for most of them either the abandonment of their existing work or its future carrying on under suspicion and grave handicaps. For one reason or another they found it impossible to desert their own class, and they rationalized their decision more or less candidly, speciously or elaborately according to the habit of their minds. People in this position will continue to conform. Progressives may attract unusually independent or visionary recruits from their ranks, but on the whole this formidable opposition will persist. The conservatives for a long time will be able to dispose of the whole prestige and influence of society in order to prevent progressives from dispossessing them by orderly means. There seems to be only one practicable alternative. If the gulf between a property-owners' and a workers' society is ever to be bridged without violence and by consent, progressives must reconcile themselves to watching the conservatives build at least its foundations. The latter must not only consent to the building of this bridge, but they must actively participate in its construction.

It will be the first impulse of the majority of progressives to denounce this alternative as either a fantastic illusion or as an obnoxious backsliding from the progressive faith. They are accustomed to envisage a conservative party as essentially a maleficent political agency which it is their chief business to defeat and conservatism as the irreconcilable enemy of progressivism. In holding and acting on these opinions they are taking their own party propaganda too seriously. The peculiar interests of progressivism, unlike the peculiar interests of conservatism, do not demand the exclusion of their opponents from political office. Intelligent conservatives have reason to fear what a radical progressive party may try to accomplish should it win an election, but a progressive party has far less reason to fear what victorious conservatism may do. Conservatism, in the sense both of reaction and immobility, is already a lost cause. It has been tried too often and found wanting. The only course which conservatives can pursue, if confronted by an alert and radical opposition, is to "dish" their opponents. Their very fears and responsibilities prepare and oblige them to make concessions to progressivism rather than surrender power. Even though they concede very little, the devising of adequate concessions will tend to relieve their congested minds. As a consequence of their own acts, they will gradually adjust their feelings to a world in

which progressive projects are salutary. Moral exhortations or partizan propaganda would be impotent to convert them. They must be converted, if at all, by a leaven which originates and ferments inside their own heads; and the leaven can be secreted only by virtue of social and political activities which imply on the part of their authors a more considerate and watchful attitude towards the consequences of their class interests.

It is an essential part of the business of radical progressivism to convince conservatives out of the vicissitudes of their actual experience in operating the existing system that more or less radical changes are needed in its organization and conduct. If the progressive analysis of the defects of modern industrialism is correct, the task is easier than it looks. Modern civilization, so the radicals believe, is passing through a period of instability and disintegration. The governments of the industrial nations are confronted by an array of domestic and international problems which cannot be quieted by the old cheap and superficial expedients. The failure of certain parts of the mechanism of national and international manufacture and trade to work as well as they once did gives birth to those problems; and this failure has a tendency to impair the productivity of the system and to intensify competition among the several classes for an undiminished or increased share of the proceeds. The class conflict, implicit in an unregenerate industrialism, will steadily become more fierce and determined than it has been. It is the inevitable result of the indifference of existing industrial processes to the vital needs of the human beings whose co-operation is necessary to its success.

Such being from his point of view the general situation, a radical progressive need not for the present be disconcerted by his comparative political impotence. He may even smile with grim satisfaction at the prospective difficulties and dangers which his conservative opponents will encounter in piloting capitalism through the troubled waters of the next thirty years. (The system is not bankrupt, as the socialists declare. It is still a going concern, enormously serviceable and with many valuable unexhausted reserves. Yet its liabilities threaten to exceed its assets, and a receivership may in the end be necessary. The only people who can reorganize it without throwing it into temporary bankruptcy are its privileged owners. They, rather than its creditors, should consequently continue to operate it, but they should operate it under pressure from its creditors to cure those defects in its organization and policy which are responsible for its precarious condition. The business of labor and farmer-labor parties is to apply that pressure.)

Progressives should realize that provided the American nation remains on the whole a democracy, a radical farmer-labor party has much more to gain than it has to lose by a consolidation of the opposition into a conservative party which represents all

the vested interests of the community. Such a party cannot maintain, as the Republicans now do, the absurd doctrine that industrial society depends for its survival upon disparaging and prohibiting the process of conscious collective readjustment. At the moment the conservatives are alarmed (and not unjustifiably alarmed) at the discrepancy between the scope of the proposed readjustments and the rudimentary technique which a worker's party is able to bring to the task; but their alarm will subside with an increasing sense of their political prowess and the security which it confers on what they own and value. Although it is possible that their political preponderance will go to their heads and tempt them into excesses, it is more probable that, combined with the continued threat of a really radical alternative to their domination, they will become more open-minded about the defects of their government, and feel more responsible for bringing about obviously necessary readjustments. Some such result has already taken place in Great Britain. The Conservative party in that country is now composed of much the same economic ingredients as the Liberal party of the last century—that is, of successful business and professional men, their descendants and dependents. The present Prime Minister recently characterized his party as that of orderly progress. Its program of legislation includes several items which, if proposed in this country, would seem to the ordinary Republican politician or business man as abominations of radicalism. This is the perfectly natural result of the increased responsibility which under vigorous democratic political pressure, a thoroughly and consciously conservative party would come to feel and actively to assume.

If, as a consequence of these altered motives, the conservative party assumed, as it should, in the interest of conservatism responsibility for immediately necessary readjustments, a "liberal" party would cease to have any function. The policy of the conservative party would not differ essentially from that of the right wing of the former liberals. A majority of those people who called themselves liberals in politics would associate themselves with the conservatives, and the conservative party would benefit enormously from such recruits. It would have acquired a much more sensitive and exacting conscience which would safeguard it against the pig-headedness and arrogance which successful conservatism has a tendency to produce. In fact the addition of this liberal yeast to the conservative dough would be equivalent to the setting up in this party of a cost accounting system which would record and measure the collective conduct of the party. (Liberalism is fundamentally an inquisitive state of mind which watches activities in the hope of learning enough by its watchfulness to improve the way in which the processes are carried on. It is compatible with a strong conservative bias in favor of the existing distribution of social power. A somewhat liberalized conservative party might devise

and put into effect much useful progressive legislation.) It would be the appropriate agency to create for the purpose a department of social engineering.

Should these expectations be justified, the substitution of a radical workers' party for a "liberal" party as the official opposition to the conservatives will enormously strengthen the political machinery of social readjustment. (When they are opposed by a "liberal" middle-of-the-road party, conservatives do not need to accept any responsibility for progressive legislation. Their battle is won in advance. The only two possible political alternatives presented to public opinion by the major parties are doing nothing at all and doing nothing much. But as soon as a safe "liberal" alternative is extinguished, and a steady threat exists of the passing of government to a radical opposition, the Conservatives themselves would have to shoulder the responsibility for ordinary social and political reform.) Conservatism in the sense of obstructionism will cease to have any organized representation in politics, and in so far as this reformist conservatism broke down, the official alternative would be an experimental lurch in the direction of radical progressivism.

A conservative party of this kind instead of being the antithesis of a progressive party would serve as its complement without ceasing to be its rival. Conservatism and progressivism would not be two mutually exclusive political creeds one of which is right and true, the other wrong and false. They would be two competitive but interdependent approaches to the business of operating government, one of which emphasizes the more immediate realities of politics and the other the more remote. A conscious democracy would judge them by their fruits. It would try out both, each in an appropriate time, to find out what kind of fruit they bear. Its development and even its safety as a democracy would depend on committing itself to neither but on cultivating a considerate, alert and indefatigably discontented public opinion which would enable it to pass judgment on the records of both.

Conservatives and radicals each like to believe that their party represents an enlightened public interest while the party of their adversaries represents a selfish or disorderly private interest. The fact is, of course, that they both represent the interests of different social classes, one of which includes most of those people who benefit or think that they benefit from the existing institutions of society, and the other representing most of the people who would benefit or think they would benefit from a society in which welfare was not supposed to depend so much on wealth. This conservative interest is most efficiently protected by a party which seeks conscientiously to do away with any friction in the operation of the social mechanism, which will bestow on all or many more human beings the opportunities, the capabilities and in part the responsibilities which are now reserved for a few. The

objects of conservative statesmanship are capable of early and inexpensive realization. On the other hand, a radical party represents more remote and questionable objects which cannot be realized without a belief in a new vision of the possibilities of human nature, a more trustworthy knowledge of how it behaves, and the invention of an improved technique of individual and social education.

Obviously conservatives of this kind must have an advantage over radicals of this kind in carrying on government. They may and frequently do throw away this advantage by bourbonism, but conservatism is not necessarily bourbon. In so far as it becomes conscious and wide-awake, it tends to give up its rigidity and irresponsibility. The radicals, on the contrary, do not at present know enough to carry on the government of an industrial state without recognizing and confirming the impoverished vision of human nature which capitalism assumes. Their job is not to take over government as it must now be, but by their increasing strength to force on the attention of conservatives human value which society disparages and neglects—and which must be vindicated by the conscious self assertion of the people whose welfare depends on work.

Parties which are responsible for carrying government are coerced by the conditions under which their power is exercised into taking short views and into seeking and demanding results in cash. The London agreement whereby Ramsay MacDonald and Herriot started the Dawes plan in operation affords a clear example of the dubious concessions which a labor party feels obliged to accept when it undertakes to govern a distracted and opportunist industrial society. The Dawes plan was presented to the public as a piece of scientific economic machinery which would successfully extract the largest possible amount of reparations from Germany without causing revolution or ruin in that country. It was really a temporary political expedient designed by the British to induce the French government to relax its economic control of the Ruhr. It succeeded, in this respect, but its success depended on deceiving the French people as to their probable future receipts under the arrangement, upon the certainty of a powerful and effective legal and moral protest on their part as soon as facts undeceive them, and on the indefinite perpetuation of an extremely low standard of living for the German worker. As a responsible politician, Mr. MacDonald may well have flinched from the consequences of wrecking the agreement by communicating the truth to the French people and by insisting on scruples about the welfare of the German worker. Government usually consists in choices of this kind between two evils, and it is better from the progressive point of view to let conservative rather than Labor parties assume responsibility for them. A Labor party will lose its moral integrity in so far as Labor governments are obliged to undertake acts of statesmanship which are essentially desperate de-

vices to dodge a problem for a few years in the hope that when it comes up again the condition of public opinion will make it easier to handle. It may have to consent to such expedients, but it cannot itself frame and operate them without tarnishing the vividness of its peculiar social vision and diminishing its ability to translate that vision into an operative political and economic mechanism.

Yet under existing conditions a policeman's government is more or less necessary, and if a labor or farmer-labor party is to provide a living alternative to conscious and completely organized conservatism, it must, of course, be willing in emergencies to assume its equivocal and demoralizing responsibilities. I am not arguing that a labor or farmer-labor party should abandon competition with a conservative party for the control of government. I am only arguing that they cannot really control government but will find themselves controlled by its exigencies unless they can give energy and clarity to the atmosphere of human values in which government is carried on. Their most formidable enemy is not organized and conscious conservatism. Such conservatism is only the natural defense mechanism of a society which is more conscious of its deficiencies than it is of the satisfactory remedies. Their most formidable adversaries are first the stubborn limitations of the existing economic and social system which are created by and confirm the existing disabilities of human nature, and secondly the lack of a sufficiently alert, conscious and educated body of workers. The main object of a radical party is to bring into existence a body of workers who do not consent to their existing inferiority of status and have equipped themselves to take their appropriate share in a regenerate political and economic government. A worker's party usually cannot safely participate in government as it is, without seeking at the same time to transform it; and workers cannot transform it without depending on their conservative opponents to devise an improved technique of social engineering and without educating themselves to transcend the handicaps of their economic status. Their kingdom, if they are ever to possess a kingdom, must be established in the mind before it can begin to subdue the unmanageable engine of political government to its purposes. As yet they have made little headway in emancipating popular opinion from its delusions, its fears and its cheap values; and until they do they must expect to be for the most part excluded from power.

It should be added that the foregoing estimate of the comparative vitality and peculiar functions of conservative and progressive parties is derived more from the facts of British politics than it is from the facts of American politics. Our own Republicans are still far from being conscientious conservatives. They are likely under their present leadership to remain obstructionist and self-satisfied and unnecessarily to imperil their popularity and prestige by refusing or fumbling immediately nec-

essary reforms. In that case, the Democrats will try to come back as a "liberal" party whose business it is to unite all good progressives in the task of capturing the government from the Republicans. The issues of the next presidential election may shape themselves in this way; and an effective Republican coalition may or may not be formed and may or may not be victorious. Yet although the Democratic party in this country is far from being as devitalized as the Liberal party in Great Britain, it will, if the two party system survives, suffer from an analogous process of emasculation. A party of radical progressivism, which serves to transform the human values implicit in existing capitalism by the redistributing of the exercise of political and economic power, is as clearly called for by the democratic impulse in America as it is in Great Britain. In so far as it comes, the Democratic party will be superfluous. The radicals can never be satisfied with a "liberal" program which aims merely at reforming a few of the glaring abuses of capitalism without challenging either its human values or its distribution of power. On the other hand, there is no reason why "liberal" Democrats should not affiliate themselves with a Republican party whose conservatism had become, as it surely will, somewhat more conscious and intelligent. In the end, they will probably vote Republican, just as they did in such large numbers last November. In both English speaking countries industrialism is spreading at a rate and under conditions which are destined to create the same radical protestantism on the part of its non-beneficiaries and the same formidable fortifications on the part of its beneficiaries.

HERBERT CROLY.

Distant Music

Far now from you, dear love, I know
How well you build from bow and strings,
Framing the melodies that flow
From your beloved minstrel kings.

But now the strings are mute, your hands
Are still, the bow is laid aside:
I see you searching out the lands
Whence love beats back to you full-tide.

And standing so you are the birth
Of all the themes that you awake
Brahms and Beethoven bade the earth
Blossom in music for your sake.

Now falls your phrasing from afar,
Telling how they divined of old—
You cease, and on the moment are
The cause of all that you have told.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

Impressions of America

I WISH I could tell you what America is like, for it is the greatest show in the world. But I cannot. I cannot even tell you what New York is like, for I sampled not one hundredth part of its contents. Yet I lived there for three months, and I ran about all day and most of the night, trying to get on terms with it. I have chased its personality all 'round the town. I've been all over Manhattan Island, the oblong of mud and sand into which are driven the deep, deep foundations of New York. I've been down to the Assyrian quarter by the harbor, where dark men in little shops sell cart wheel rounds of pastry that look like coils of blonde hair, so fine drawn are the threads of paste. I've been up to the Bronx, where along a road magniloquently called The Concourse (magniloquently but not extravagantly, for it is in fact magnificent) apartment houses rise to incredible heights in what would be Roman grandeur were it not for the innumerable fire-escapes that mar them as projecting teeth mar even the handsomest women. I've walked for hours along Riverside Drive, which wanders for mile after mile on the steep edge of the island, past crazy Rhenish castles built in the good old days when the American millionaire had the courage of his convictions and apartment houses of far more than Roman grandeur whose inhabitants must feel gorgeous but chilly, chilly beyond even the ministrations of steam heat, for the Hudson River that winds past is flecked with ice-floes half the winter through. I've been to the other edge of Manhattan, to the East River, that is as smutty as our Pool of London, that carries on her gray bosom islands that have a queer look of being not only between shores but between worlds; and that has on its banks the oddest patches of pretty little red brick houses with sash bow-windows and lawns guarded by lead Cupids and all that can be transported of our Chelsea air.

I have been to millionaires' houses which were like young mansions, and where the parties stretched into remote perspectives. I have been to a gypsy home on the East Side, a cellar with walls hung with gaily colored bunting, furnished only with an electric cooking stove, an extremely expensive gramophone, and two throne-like chairs upholstered in blue and silver brocade, on which grandfather and grandmother sat while the younger generation lay round on cushions on the floor, in the gypsy costumes into which they had changed after coming home from their work in the factory or garage or department store. I have been down to Chinatown, in Pell Street and Mott Street, and found the little yellow men cooking opium over braziers at the back of their shops. I have gone regularly on Sunday mornings to Harlem to sit in a church built to a Negro's plan by Negroes'

money, and heard the colored choir praise the Lord in sweet, humble, suffering songs that appeared to me more relevant to the Christian faith than any church music I have ever heard, even at St. Peter's in Rome. This, and much more, have I done.

I am giving, of course, no picture of any coherent New York life. But then it is not coherent; its essence is to be, all the time and every time, contradictory. For example, it is the most exciting city in the world to the eye, and it is also the most monotonous. There is but one end of the island which has escaped the curse of the rectangular layout of streets and that is right "down town" by the harbor, a district which has something of the look and charm of old Brighton or old Southend. Above its antique simplicities of low houses, crooked streets, and round greens there rise the sky-scrapers of Wall Street and the neighboring business centres. They are making an astonishing revelation of new beauty to the English eye. Before one has been in America one is apt to think of the skyscraper as the most prosaic form of architecture, and so it is in the smaller cities; the big buildings of a town in Illinois or Kansas look like magnified petrol-cans. But these New York sky-scrapers are different. They have, unexpectedly enough, a religious quality. They are more angular than pagan temples, more stolid than cathedrals, but there is no doubt that the men who built them believed themselves no less than the architects of the temples and the cathedrals to be housing some sacred ideals of life. For these are the homes of "big business," the financial and commercial interests which control America; and about "big business" the mass of Americans feel just such a glow of feeling as the old-fashioned English feel about their Army and their Navy. As well as this religious dignity of form the sky-scrapers have a magical beauty of material for they offer so large a surface to the reflection of light and shade that they cease to present the solid appearance of masonry and seem to be of a living substance like that of flowers. Seen from the bay they look like a cluster of lilies. It is perhaps of symbolic significance that these lily-like houses have so much steel in their composition that it affects the ships' compasses in the harbor.

No, there can be no complaint against the skyscraper. It makes the two great streets of New York, Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue, rank high among the wonders of the world. Fifth Avenue begins down town in Washington Square which has a quaint Bloomsbury touch about it, and a little brother of the Marble Arch called the Washington Arch. Among these homely English associations it starts modestly enough with old-fashioned stone houses, rather like the Earls Court houses. But with every hundred yards the child grows taller and

taller, and less like anything that England ever imagined. It becomes in its midmost and finest phase, a chasm between cliffs that rise up and up into the high inspired sunshine. At the base of the mountains of masonry walk crowds of people who are exhilarated as if they breathed high mountain air; for the atmosphere of New York, which is so full of electricity that you may give yourself a shock if you draw your hand along the brass rail of your bed, runs like wine in its people's veins. The end of Fifth Avenue, where it runs alongside Central Park, is of a less democratic splendor. The prancing crowds wear thin, and the greenery is faced by a white cliff, now high, now low, of millionaires' houses and apartment houses, that makes our own Park Lane seem a dowdy little business.

Park Avenue, which runs parallel to Fifth Avenue, excels it in magnificent excess of topless towers. It is a very wide street with a strip of rock running down the middle of it, and on each side an even more astonishing range of sky-scrapers rising to fantasies of form as wild as mountain peaks. For many of them are recently built apartment houses, and they have had to conform to what is known as the Zoning Law which in order to prevent the streets of New York from becoming sunless canyons decrees that every building shall diminish its girth by so many feet when it attains certain heights. It starts on ground-level a solid fortress; after more stories than most English buildings have in their final achievement it has to fall back from its parapets and continue less massively from its own roof thereafter, at increasingly frequent intervals, it has to fall back and rise again in some slenderer form. This problem of diminution sets the architect a problem which he has solved very frequently with the most poetic invention. In Lexington Avenue, just beside Park Avenue, there is a vast apartment house that rears its dark masses like the Pyramids; I think there can have been no such fine mystery making with piles of old stone since Egypt. In Forty-second Street, which is something like our Oxford Street, there is an office building which with a perfect simplicity of form, with nothing but deep groovings of its walls, and clean cut spires, contrives to give the emotion of a Gothic cathedral. In Fifth Avenue there is another whose high gables and weather-cock give it the jolliest Nuremberg Hans-Christian-Anderson look. And Madison Avenue, which is not one of New York's most successful streets, for it is too narrow, and its spirit is for some reason a little grey and discouraged, is nevertheless one of the sights of the world by reason of a certain building which story by story is shaped by an increasingly rich and strange fancy till on its heights it is transformed to an Arabian Night's palace of domes and minarets. There is certainly no unity, no homogeneousness about New York architecture; but if there were that would be a fault, for it would make it inappropriate to the city which of all capitals in the world is the most hetero-

geneous. It is the largest Irish city in the world, and the largest Jewish, and there is no people in the world that have not sent it a sizeable contingent. That its buildings should derive from the dreams of different peoples is therefore very suitable; and that liberty of derivation seems to have brought real inspiration to their buildings. On its architecture alone America can claim to be one of the greatest artistic nations of the world.

Nevertheless though New York can dazzle the eye with richness it can fatigue it with monotony. For such a really wealthy city there are surprisingly few fine streets. There is Fifth Avenue, there is Park Avenue, there are the streets facing Central Park; there is Riverside Drive; there is the not wholly satisfactory Madison Avenue; there is Fifty-seventh Street, the very disappointing equivalent of Dover Street, where the smartest dressmakers are; and that is practically all. Broadway is wonderful when it is using the night as backcloth for its dazzling pageant of electric signs, when fountains of white light and peacocks swishing tails of colored fire put out the strongest stars. But by day it is a rather dingier Strand and Fleet Street without St. Clement Dane's or St. Paul's Cathedral. Nearly all the lesser streets than these, even in the prosperous residential districts, are tedious to the European eye. Such space-eating things as gardens are forbidden on this narrow island, so there is nothing that corresponds to our St. John's Wood and Campden Hill, and though the architects do their best to put enough character into the homes to make up for the lack of gardens, it is difficult for any street to achieve character as a whole because of this ghastly system of drawing parallel lines from north to south and intersecting them with other parallel lines drawn from east to west. It is dull work walking among parallelograms. And it must be admitted too that many of the streets are not only monotonous but mean. A surprising deal of New York is like the drearier parts of Camden Town. Some of the main avenues are indescribably gloomy, for they are lined with squalid little shops and made dark and noisy by the elevated railway which runs above the roadway on gaunt iron pillars, and the streets that cross them, as they run towards the "down town" region, are sordid rows of high grim tenements hideous with rickety fire-escapes. The surface of the road is amazing for such a city. I know many forms of real work that are less exhausting than sitting in a taxi that is rodeoing its way across unfashionable New York. Indeed, if one were to judge New York by her exterior one might think her the poorest instead of the richest of capitals.

It is one of the paradoxes of the paradoxical city that she looks poor just because she is so rich. America has got her wealth through the development of private enterprise. She has not like us had a long childhood during which we had to obey the state as a child obeys its mother, if we were to keep

our nation together against the perils of civil war and invasion, and during which we therefore became partially socialized in our outlook. Her pioneers, of course, passed through such a phase, but their descendants are out-numbered by later-comers, and their traditions have little effect on the social mind as a whole. Modern America requires more than anything else the multiplication and consolidation of her industries. The mass of American citizens has no experience and little knowledge of any state of affairs but one in which a citizen best serves the public interest by promoting his private interests. They are therefore individualist to a degree that astonishes the European. One of the results of this is that they really grudge spending much money and attention on anything that is for the public use. There is, for example, nothing in Central Park like the Flower Walk in Kensington Gardens or the parterre round the Achilles Statue in Hyde Park. It is a perfectly good park; it is indeed very beautiful, with its crags and bricks and lakes; I know nothing more lovely than to cross it on a winter's evening, when the lamp posts spill yellow circles on the blue-white snow, and the stars shine dimly from the black mirror of the frozen waters, and the sky-scrapers stand round like vast honeycombs of light. But there is no effort to make the place a good show, to make it a work of art. The American simply could not feel the pride in a public place that makes this sort of thing worth doing.

That it is not due to slackness or want of preference for fine and orderly things, but simply and solely to individualism is proven when one passes from the New York exterior to the New York interior. Amazing contrast! I do not believe that since the world began there have ever been such spotless, shining homes as these, so clean, so comfortable, so full of beautiful and wisely chosen things. Tidy they are to a degree that shames the English housewife. Partly this is due to the strange fact that though servants are much scarcer than they are in England, and demand from double to five times the wages, they do far more work. A house with two servants in America is better kept both as regards the service of meals and the orderliness of the rooms than a house with five in England. The parquet floors are glass-smooth; the curtains are invariably crisp as if they had come that day from the cleaning; the silver and the crystal on the table is brilliant as if it was the sole care of a superb butler, and the linen is fairy-fine; the bedrooms are as decorative and as apparently undisturbed by use as stage bedrooms; and the bathrooms . . . One needs a special style of the Apocalyptic to describe the American bathroom. In extreme cases it turns into a young Turkish bath. I am describing now a middle-class house or apartment, but the working class home as it is seen in the modern tenement and apartment houses has at least the same ideals. Its principal room is probably

rather larger than a hat-box, but the plumbing and fittings are sure to be admirable. To the returned traveler the average English home seems a horrid cave.

And it ought to be noticed that this house is not maintained in its perfection like the French home by any policy of immolation of the female on the altar of domesticity and exclusion of the stranger. The American woman is far less tied to her home than the Englishwoman. She will be out of her house at eleven, not to do the shopping, but to hear some lecture on current affairs or foreign policy; she will stay out all day till half an hour before dinner, and then preside over a dinner party that looks as if she must have spent all day concentrating on its perfection. And her home is constantly flooded by the high tides of her hospitality. She loves to fill it with guests and give them a "gay party." And her hospitality is real. It is not merely a desire for social display, it is a genuine and beautiful desire to give happiness on one's hearth. Strangers who meet one in the train and know nothing of one save that she is a foreigner traveling in a strange land entertain her as lavishly as hostesses who are under the delusion that she is a celebrity. There is one curious difference between American and English hospitality. In England one would suspect that people did not like one if they habitually asked one to parties of over a dozen people; one would think it was a sign that they did not desire any more intimate acquaintance. But an American hostess considers that she is insulting a guest if she does not ask hordes of people to meet her. More than once in New York I have met some one with whom I got on very well, and have subsequently been elated to receive an invitation to tea; and on the day named have set out in my second best hat in the hope of spending an hour in quiet conversation; but have found when I got there that I was "guest of honor" at a tea-party to which over fifty people had been invited. The result is that New York, paradoxical in this as in everything else, is at once the most hospitable of cities, and one of the hardest places in the world to get to know people. There is in the atmosphere a restlessness, a swirling vivacity, which makes the people of New York find pleasure in movement rather than in concentration. When the more stolid Britisher goes to one of these parties she is apt to feel like some one standing on the shore of a lake while a flock of beautiful birds wheel crying around her. The American women, who always look very swift and graceful in motion, because of the slenderness of their wrists and ankles, dart up to one and deliver shrill, sharp, surprising comments, often flattering opinions of one's appearance, which are, if one is honest, much more delightful than embarrassing. If they think you have beautiful eyes, or that you dress well, they will say so; and they will dart away, while others dart up to take their place. This goes on and on, hour after hour, and yet the women never get haggard with

fatigue, just as the men who are with them never seem to want to stop dancing.

This, as all other manifestations of the vitality which is the essence of New York's personality, is entrancing. It is a real and splendid thing. Its uniqueness you will realize when you consider the astonishing fact of the New York dance halls. There are, counting big and little, counting infamous cellars where the chief furniture is moonshine whiskey and palaces of shining floors and marvelous music and cabaret shows, over six hundred of them. They are crammed with people who dance till one, two, three, even four in the morning. Now remember practically all American men go to work and many of the richest women, and that office hours begin an hour to an hour and a half earlier than in England. At some of these dancing halls, and those among the largest and pleasantest, there are only people who are obviously under the necessity of holding down jobs with the carefulness of the thoroughly subordinate. They do not wear evening dress. They will certainly have to be punctual in the morning. Yet they dance to all hours. You will find this vitality among all classes and all races; among the Jews and Central Europeans and Slavs who live by night, after they have done a hard day's work, a complete Continental life such as in their

native countries they would live in the daytime; among the Negroes, who live the most intensely active social life in their suburb of Harlem and who also have to do that only after they have satisfied their exigent employers. And it is a vitality that does not expend itself on pleasure alone. It stretches up its hand and throws effortlessly to the stars these stone buildings that the human mind has not had the vision to conceive nor the power to build until New York stimulated mankind with its magic. It turns the common things of life to unimaginable beauty. Among the loveliest things I have ever seen in my life, comparable to the pillars of the Mosque at Cordova, are certain low towers that are built at intervals all down Fifth Avenue to show the green and red signals that control the traffic. They are cunningly built after a design which would never have occurred to the modern European mind, but which have a strange look of old Rome. They look like the ritual torches of the Republic, symbols of the sacred fire of nationalistic passion. Such things American vitality is always doing. There is no knowing what it will do in the future. I have registered a vow that for the rest of my life I will visit New York at least once every five years.

REBECCA WEST.

The Dawes Plan and the Peace of Europe

IN the discussions of the Dawes plan on this side of the Atlantic, the one factor most entitled to consideration seems to have been the factor most overlooked. This is the point that administration of the plan in accordance with the concept of its framers constitutes a standing threat to the peace of Europe. Without desiring to be sensational, one is driven by the logic of the facts. It is true that we enter an area of non-exact forces; we deal with men and their endurance and motives; but men, like steel, have a breaking point, which, though not capable of precise ascertainment, nevertheless can be gauged within limits. Industry and politics alike have to take account of this breaking point.

The plan contemplates placing the Allied governments virtually in the position of capital creditors of German industry with certain management rights. This is achieved by imposing mortgages upon German industrial property in favor of the reparations account replacing, in substance, the pre-war private mortgages, bonds and obligations, which were wiped out by demonetizing the mark; and by giving the plan agent discretionary powers in assessment of German internal taxes. The return by way of reve-

nue from both of these sources depends on maintaining an efficiency and production power at least equal to that now existing; this in turn requires maintenance of the industrial structure on the present lines. Granted that the present structure were soundly built and humanly satisfactory, the concept would have much to justify it. The facts warrant no such assumption.

Labor stability on the one hand, and capital organization on the other represent the two major factors in industrial production. Both are needed to produce; where, as in Germany, the production must meet bitter foreign competition, notably from England, the highest effectiveness of both must be assured. German industry has been meeting that competition for the past two or three years with such apparent ease that it was perhaps natural for the Dawes plan framers to assume that the efficiency making this possible would continue. In fact, however, the competition was apparent rather than real. The period of inflation made it possible for German industry to produce and compete, not by superior effectiveness and organization, but by dissipating its capital; exchange conditions made it possible to sell

goods, actually below cost; the constantly depreciating mark permitted the loss to be charged, not to the industrial operation, but to the holders of obligations—the small rentier, investor and bondholder whose holdings could be and were made to vanish. Without explaining the process at length it may be said that capital charges—bond interest, amortization and the like—and floating indebtedness of every industry diminished week by week to nothing as the currency in which these were payable turned to worthless paper; relieved of this important item of cost German goods could be sold at a price covering labor, material and processing to compete with anyone. The situation could last—and did last—only as there was a currency situation permitting the virtual elimination of repayment charge. This explains, among other things, why the small investor class in Germany—which there as elsewhere supplies the great bulk of industrial capital—almost ceased to exist.

December, 1923, brought a sudden end to this state of affairs. Mark inflation had run its dizzy course; the unit had become worthless; a halt was called; a new mark—sometimes called "rentenmark" but actually equal to ten forty-seconds of an American dollar (the old gold-mark rate of exchange)—came into existence, and all obligations thereafter were incurred and had to be paid on that basis. Overnight, competition at the expense of existing capital creditors or floating creditors ceased. There was still a margin of advantage in the German industrialists. Their capital creditors and interest charges were out of the way. This margin the Dawes plan framers propose to annex for the benefit of the reparations account, constituting, as has been remarked, mortgages upon German industries whose interest and amortization will accumulate in the reparations balance for the plan agent to transmit to the Allies as and how he can. The scheme looks simple enough. Unfortunately it leaves out of account the fact that something else had happened in the meantime. The German government, through its own tax policy had more than appropriated this margin of advantage on its side; and the German industrialists had effectively forced the burden back upon the German workman, imposing on them a condition which forms perhaps the gravest element in the whole situation.

Whereas elsewhere throughout the world, workmen have been in general better off after the war than before, in Germany they are decidedly worse off. A metal worker in 1913 averaged between forty-two and forty-three gold marks per week. After the war, as inflation set in, the mark-figure now calculated in paper, climbed from hundreds to thousands, to millions, and then to astronomic figures. In December, 1923, when the dance of the milliards came to an end, his pay was stabilized once more in gold marks—at 31 marks 44 pfennigs—just three-quarters of his old wage. Living costs meanwhile

had risen; based on index, his wage was worth about 64 percent of its pre-war value. Other industries follow much the same course, some faring a little better, others worse. The building trades maintained a wage-level (based on index of purchasing power) at 88 percent of pre-war, but they were unusually fortunate; an average of 75 percent is, if anything, a high estimate. Translate the situation into American terms, and imagine what would be the state of affairs here if the American laborer had only three-quarters the ability to meet his family budget today that he had before the war; and then remember that in 1913 the German workman was not nearly so well paid as the American. There is no deadlier picture than that presented by the statistics on labor costs and living expenses laid before the Dawes commission.

I know of no other country in which the German situation could continue. The German workman is tremendously efficient and exceedingly disciplined; up to the present he has accepted his misfortune as a dispensation of God. There is less industrial unrest—Bolshevism, as Americans call it—in Germany than in America; the disturbance in any German city would not compare with that in Cleveland, Ohio; no German industrial plant would exhibit the same labor situation as that with which the Pennsylvania railroad at present contends. But it is beyond reason to base a plan on the idea that this complaisance will last indefinitely. During inflation the workmen kept more or less even with the game; on stabilization this ceased. Whereas before the industrialists could compete at the expense of their capital creditors, now they must compete by depressing the standard of living of their labor below that of their trade rivals. Under the Dawes plan, even assuming that the German industrialists would do as well by their workmen as they possibly could—an assumption probably contrary to fact—they could not raise the level very much, and still beat British and other competition in foreign markets to the extent required by the Dawes plan to secure profits for remission to Allied account.

What may come is matter for speculation; but unfortunately statesmen, financiers and men of affairs (unlike academicians) have to forecast and base their policy upon just such speculation. The probability is that in time German labor will break loose, abandon its resignation to the will of the Almighty, and attempt to help itself. There will be a violent turn, either to the Right or the Left; it is immaterial for the purposes of the Dawes discussion which of the two occurs. A mass movement toward an emperor (and my own view is that the movement will be monarchic) would have about the same temporary effect on industry as a cataclysm and establishment of a proletarian dictatorship. In either event we should be faced with a complete revolt of labor, and an alignment behind some sort of fighting leadership.

At this point the Dawes plan begins to be an embarrassment. We might regard with comparative unconcern a German revolt against their own industrial masters. But by mediation of the plan, we have placed ourselves in the shoes of the industrialists—or at any rate in such relation that the plan and its agents will be held up as the active cause of the misery. In a word, the revolt would not be a revolution but a war of freedom. It is perhaps unprofitable to carry the prophecy from that point on. There is no limit to the possible grouping of forces. Perhaps the German masses will elect to fight alone, whether under the leadership of a kaiser, king or commissar, and fling themselves without adequate resources against French and Belgian military lines. We should win, without doubt; but the result will not be one which a far-sighted statesman would choose to achieve. Perhaps a Russian, Austrian, Italian or Balkan grouping is effected; we should then have a war of alliances; we should tread once more the old trail from the milestone of 1914.

I do not think this an exaggeration. No process of mathematics can conceal the fact that reparations payments, whether by way of mortgage interest or tax, must now come from the German labor class, (the savings of small investors having ceased to exist); that we are asking these men to reduce their standard of living below that of any other West European country; that we are basing the whole Dawes arrangement on the theory that the German workman will permanently accept a lot which no other workmen in the world just now are willing to endure. We are giving power to a plan agent so to control taxes that this pressure is constantly maintained—at our instance if the Germans do not do it of their own accord. Add to this the fact that the German workman now indulges the luxury of hope; he thinks Germany will recover; wages will be a little better; food a little easier to buy. When he discovers that the recovery will have no effect on him, there is bound to be a reaction.

The logic of the situation drives one to the belief therefore, that the Dawes plan may easily result in war. Conceivably the administration of the plan may be so mild that nothing will happen; both the plan agent and the German industrialists may co-operate to alleviate the situation. Their respective financial interests are however not subserved by any permanent alleviation, and it is almost too much to hope that industrialists will be more intelligent about such matters in the future than they have been in the past. The plan agent may, perhaps, decide that peace is better than reparations, and permit, so far as he is concerned, a lightening of the burden. The point is that logical application of the plan machinery leads only in one direction. We may hope for someone with discretion sufficient to stop the engine before it wrecks itself.

This dilemma between peace and reparations—between the policy of M. Herriot and that of M. Poincaré, and neatly set out in the campaigns made

by these chieftains respectively in the last French election—can be avoided only by proof that German industry is somehow in a better position to produce and sell than its competitors. The Dawes plan has as yet no defenders or apologists—merely naked eulogists; but these would say, if pressed, that this advantage has been acquired by wiping out the capital obligations of German plants through the inflation process above referred to. At this point it becomes important to examine German taxes. They are a maze too intricate to set out at length—so complex that the German tax authorities themselves have in large measure been unable to send out bills because unable to make accurate assessment. But the high lights are worth noting.

German corporations pay 20 percent of net earnings—and they are not allowed to deduct interest on bonds or capital as an expense. They pay, in addition, $7\frac{1}{2}$ percent on capital—a partnership pays 5 percent. They pay 6 percent on the value of all real property, and from 5 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ percent on personal property aggregating more than 50,000 gold marks. They pay 10 percent on any interest or dividends they receive. They pay an indeterminate amount on appreciation of value of any property. This excludes a multitude of minor taxes—on checks, sales and other transactions. They are required to draw up a balance sheet showing valuations in gold marks to assist the tax office. This last has not been done by anyone, because no one will arrange his capital until he knows his tax liability, and no one can exactly ascertain that liability.

So far the concern has reckoned only with the central (Reich) government. After the foregoing payments it must settle the bill of the state in which it operates; and the total taxes payable have been officially estimated by United States government observers at more than 50 percent of net business income.

It is no exaggeration to say that these taxes more than equal the capital liabilities wiped out by the smashing of the mark. But that is only a part of the story. Business will not act on uncertainties; intricate, varying and speculative levies disorganize the whole machinery; men will not build or adventure when the profit of the transaction may be seized on the morrow by a tax agent, be he German or Allied. Whatever the government may do may be upset by the Dawes agent; any material reduction of taxes means cutting into the revenue the agent is sent there to obtain. The dilemma between peace and reparations becomes more plain.

Hence I say that the Dawes plan machinery may wreck the peace of Europe. The agent is likely to have to choose between letting his reparations balance go by the board, or forcing a burden back on the German workman and consumer which must in time lead to an anti-Allied outbreak. And the will of a single man—however wise—is a slender thread on which to hang the safety of a continent.

BEAULIEU.

France, 1924

I—BLACK AND WHITE

MID-JULY, 1924—In the Alps near Grenoble. To the right, a Carthusian convent, become, since a self-conscious Republic put its determined hand to a work of sacrilege (or of liberation), a run-down chalet, dispensing lemonade and vin rouge and doubtful sausage. Straight ahead, the Dauphiné Alps at their best, veiled in a quasi-mist, just heavy enough to give to the mountains a softness of contour, and a fantasy of color. Here, stretched out on the level grass, between a row of trees impeccably parallel—tribute to the selfless vision of the Carthusians who planted them a hundred years ago—is a group of students from the University summer school. Czechs in the majority, two Dutch, a few English, a Dane and an American.

The guides—a professeur at the Lycée—is a droll-looking fellow: large-eared, raw-boned, but with a face in which there is an immense amount of good nature, and no lack of intelligence. He is discoursing on French politics: the Carthusian convent had served as a peg on which to hang a discussion of the theory of separation of church and state, in which is involved, of course, the theory of liberty of conscience; whence it is easy to pass to a discussion of liberty in the abstract, and liberty in the concrete.

"Understand, Messieurs, that the Frenchman *loves* liberty; *loves* it, you understand. And will fight for it, die for it, when it is threatened. And that, you see, is the difference between the Frenchman and the German."

Everybody looked up with new interest.

"I saw enough of German prisoners during the war, you understand. I saw a German lieutenant, barely eighteen, actually strike, with a cane, a German private who must have been forty-five, and father of a family. No Frenchman, I'll have you understand, would do a thing like that—a Frenchman understands what liberty is, and respects the liberty of others. That's why, though we had a *right* to go into Germany and burn their homes, as they burned ours for no reason on earth except that they were Germans and we were French; though we had the *right*, you understand, no Frenchman would *ever* do a thing like that, or ever *has* done a thing like that."

A Czech student, apparently an historian, spoke up casually.

"What about the troops of Louis XIV?"

M. le Professeur blanched, actually blanched.

"That's not true!" he said desperately. "That's not true! A Frenchman couldn't do a thing like that! A German might—but a Frenchman—never!"

Of course not; how could there be any colors but black and white?

But then, M. le Professeur rose to the heights.

"Understand me, Messieurs," he said almost pleadingly. "I don't like the Germans; I don't like them. I still say, they are capable of things of which no Frenchman is capable. But I want to live in peace with them—do you understand? I want to call it quits—once and for all, if they are willing—once and for all!"

He looked around at the group in a sort of pathetic desperation; then he rose and walked off, to quiet his troubled spirit.

II—THE MARNE—TEN YEARS AFTER

September 11, 1924—A matinée at the Théâtre Français in commemoration of the anniversary of the Battle of the Marne. The play of the afternoon is *Le Cid*, which is to be preceded by two patriotic bits especially composed for the occasion.

My American friend and I finger our watches nervously as we wait for the curtain to rise. The usual Thursday matinée at the Théâtre Français is an awesome thing for length, at best—five acts of Corneille and three of de Musset, for example, being a normal portion; and the thought of two manufactured bits of sentiment as a substitute for *Il ne faut jurer de rien* makes us settle back with the same feeling of dutiful resignation that one experiences in contemplating the prospect of the five hours of *Parsifal*.

On a bare stage, Madeleine Roch, still a superbly young and lithe figure in her white classic robes, steps forward to begin the reading of the poem of the day. We determine to be not unresponsive; but, as the poem progresses, I catch my friend stifling a yawn, and I begin to regard my watch uneasily again. The poem comes, somehow, to an end, and we wait for the applause which, we imagine, will be thundering.

But it isn't. It is polite, but perfunctory. For the first time, we regard our fellow-auditors. Have the fires of French patriotism been damped? Everybody is obviously as much bored as we are.

After an intermission that has threatened to be interminable, the curtain rises on the second patriotic contribution. The stage is not bare this time. It is the inside of a French household; and a gray-haired French mother is watching, alone.

Somehow, the audience has awakened, and the atmosphere is tense; I stop fingering my watch, and my friend stops yawning.

The story of the piece is simple enough: a mother is yearning for her son. Something tells her he is gone, and her voice rises in bitter complaint. Then, hazily in the background, the son appears. He

comforts his mother: he is nearer to her than he ever was in life. That is the single, direct point of the dialogue: fear that her son *may* be dead means bitterness and anguish of spirit for the mother; certainty that he *is* dead—and so nearer to her than ever—carries her to a sublime, happy exaltation.

Banal? Perhaps. But that audience! The applause is deafening. Are these the people who dozed during the reading of the official poem? The woman next to me is weeping quietly, her face lighted by the same half-smile that graces the countenance of the stage mother.

The applause will never stop, apparently. The curtain rises, again and again. Madame Weber, who has played the mother, is obviously distressed: she wishes the admirable actor who played the young soldier in the vision, to share the bow, and now she hurries to the wings in search of him.

But he will not come. He understands what has seized the audience: it has chosen what it shall celebrate on the anniversary of the Marne. What place have official poems; what place has even the soldier's uniform, in the presence of a mother of France?

III—HERRIOT RETURNS

August 18, 1924—Just outside the Gare St. Lazare, Paris. The square is packed tight with the overflow of a crowd that extends into the gare itself. It has begun to rain; but nobody seems to mind: the chief thing is to get to a place from which one can see what is happening around a black closed car—obviously official—that is standing in the centre of the square. Numbers have clambered on to the fenders and the roofs of auto trucks drawn up nearby. Some slight movement in the crowd is provided by disputants—spectators on the one hand, and drivers of auto trucks on the other—engaged in that animated sort of conversation, uniquely French, which ensues when two Frenchmen think that their respective rights are being invaded: the issue in this case being whether a citizen of the Republic has a right to clamber on to an auto truck not for the moment employed, when the President of the Council of Ministers is returning to Paris after victorious negotiations. Otherwise, the crowd is strangely patient, looking tired and worn, somehow, waiting and watching.

A huge char-à-banc drives up suddenly through the crowd with the reckless abandon of an official vehicle with unchallenged rights to a place; and thirty policemen—remarkably youthful and trim, all of them—step out quickly to form a double line, military fashion, well back of the official carriage in the centre of the square. The crowd is agitated for a moment, as some optimists dash forward to clamber for places on the newly-arrived char-à-banc; but the agitation ceases immediately when the char-à-banc turns quickly on itself and retires, leaving a hundred disappointed place seekers in its train. Again that quiet, tired waiting.

Then a muffled disturbance from within the gare, shriller, somehow, than the noise one would hear in America on a similar occasion. Herriot is coming; and the spectators suddenly begin to stretch and peer towards the black car, now completely hidden from sight by an immense crowd.

Two things happen.

A little man, very well groomed, with the thin aristocratic features; framed in snow-white hair and beard, that one finds so often in certain circles of French society, has been waiting on the corner for this moment, eyes alight with a strange fever, cheeks aglow. Now he moves forward quickly through the crowd, determined that all eyes shall be on him. He cries:

"Vive Poincaré! Vive Poincaré! Vive Poincaré!"

The crowd does not work up even a mild interest; one or two policemen watch the little man with a professional eye, wondering quietly whether he has, by any chance, the possibilities of a fanatical assassin, and then dismissing him altogether from their minds.

Suddenly, as a vague knot begins to work its way through the crowd toward the black car, a section of the crowd awakes. There resounds a rapid, shrill detonation, which continues for the next half-hour, without intermission. I had never heard anything like it before: in perfect cadence, like a college yell, yet shriller and registering, somehow, infinitely more emotion.

"Vive Herriot—Vive la paix! Vive Herriot—Vive la paix! Vive Herriot—Vive la paix!"

Not all the people are shouting; they look, somehow, too tired and worn to shout. But they talk: "Grâce à Dieu, on n'est plus seul!" "Enfin, enfin!"

There, in front of the Gare St. Lazare, on August 18, was the France of 1924: a land in which little old men, cherishing memories and a bitter hate too old to die, cry vainly their "Vive Poincaré!" against the concerted cadence of "Vive Herriot—Vive la paix!"—while the great majority, tired and worn, stand quietly by, approving with voices that utter something between a sigh and a prayer.

ARTHUR W. MARGET.

Child's Movements

See how her arms now rise and fall,
See how, like wings, they beat the air!
An arm to balance either foot,
She moves, half-fluttering, here and there.

And still those motions will suggest
A different life that's left behind,
In early days, remote and strange;
Felt in that little unformed mind
For one short season, after birth—
Before her feet are claimed by Earth.

W. H. DAVIES.

The Art of Firmin Gémier

IN spite of incredible difficulties, the French company of the Odéon Theatre, Paris, has given in New York a series of performances of unusual significance for the development of the American stage. It will no longer be possible to present in this country the better kind of commercial melodrama, the revolutionary and pioneer drama of an advanced élite, or one of the most revered and hoary classics of England or France, without taking into serious consideration the Gémier performance at the Jolson Theatre.

The first performances, a rendering of two relatively unimportant plays, *L'Homme Qui Assassina* and *Le Procureur Hallers*, were somewhat of a surprise to many. Superficially observed, the work of these Odéon actors seemed strangely un-French. Here was none of the severe simplification and high relief of a Cécile Sorel; none of the unfailing Bernhardtness of the intellectual Sarah. We missed, too, as the action progressed before our eyes, that snap and flash of light which so often make of the best French productions, whether managed by Féraudy or Coquelin, a crystal necklace aglow with fire. A closer study of the playing of the Odéon company soon revealed, however, that Gémier, too, insists on making the most of that sense of artistic make-believe which is the inestimable privilege of the stage. His use of this privilege differs from that of Coquelin, but that he does use it, was evident at every turn. It was especially visible in the remarkable coöperation of the actors, as they played their various roles. Not even Stanislavsky's admirable veterans surpassed in this respect the young company trained and led by Firmin Gémier. Undoubtedly the outstanding feature of these first performances was the truly marvelous understanding by each actor of the action and character of every other actor. To secure a smooth and unified presentation in accordance with the spirit of the plays viewed as a whole, Gémier willingly sacrificed both the spectacle of traditional artifice and the naturalistic vigor of truth to life. The first and greatest of these sacrifices was undoubtedly the acting of Gémier himself. An unusually powerful artist, he has consistently refused to allow any role, even a title role played by himself, to assume a prominence detrimental to the superior interests of general design and tone. In a lecture upon dramatic interpretation, he once described the first steps to be taken by any company of actors when learning a new play: the whole company should read the play together; and they should discuss in common every matter of interpretation, from the essential traits of a character to the smallest detail of pose and motion. As a result of this method, Gémier gave us one of the most characteristic pleasures produced by art: notwithstanding the uninspired nature of the plays with which he opened his engagement, he sent us to our homes with a rare feeling of contentment, of minds and imaginations set at rest.

The third play produced by the Odéon company, Lenormand's *L'Homme et ses Fantômes* was an example of the latest thing in playwriting and play production. It is, in some ways, not unlike an earlier play by the same author. *Le Mangeur de Reves* is Freud carried on the back of Oedipus Rex. Similarly *L'Homme et ses Fantômes* is a combination of science and of another famous dramatic theme, a biologicico-Freudian mare's nest carried by the old legend of Don Juan as known to Molière and the seventeenth century, the legend according to which this fearless

sinner, challenging heaven by his heartless seduction of women and his irreverent mockery of the dead, is swallowed by a yawning of the earth in an appropriate odor of brimstone and hellfire. For traits of character, Lenormand substitutes scientific elements of personality; and for the supernatural of mediaeval religion, the séances and the "low spirits" of modern spiritualism.

It is a fine comment on the progressive character of Gémier as an artist, that he should have undertaken to perform such a play. Both the matter and the means are foreign to the older traditions of the stage. Psychoanalysis, and a new metaphysics are here expressed in the terms of a new logic. By means of detached scenes, sixteen different tableaux, the author accumulates impressions interrelated only by the associations of an institution based on the preoccupations of modern society. And Gémier, true to the spirit of the play, boldly discards the old, adopting a new stage-craft to fit this new dramaturgy. An excellent example of this is the way in which he carried to greater effectiveness a manner of presentation suggested by the author. Finding in the text two scenes to be played in front of the curtain, he has invented others of his own. One of the most successful presents the man carrying a bag and dressed in the significant white suit and helmet of travellers in hot countries. As he walks across the stage, he throws pennies to dancing urchins, both black and brown. By the two minutes of this simple yet evocative business before the curtain, Gémier has suggested the passage of the action from Paris to Algeria, thus introducing, without injury to the imaginative unreality of the play, an element of unity, the lack of which is one of the main defects of the work he is producing.

It was inevitable, and perhaps salutary, that Gémier's production of the classics, whether of England or of France, should be a shock to many persons: in the domain of art, a moral shock is often the bitter dose of salts necessary to a better state of health. Gémier believes that any play, whether old or new, must be a showman's success, that its fundamental elements must be expressed in terms of modern sensibility.

Let us not bury the classics under too much respect; let us, as we put them on the stage, treat them as though the genius who wrote them were still alive and present at the rehearsals. Let us honor them with a living interpretation framed in a renewed setting.

These are Gémier's own words, and as proof of their sincerity, he gave us the other night his production of *The Merchant of Venice*. Studying this play in accordance with his position, he saw in it what it really was: a collection of improbabilities animated with human truths. He noted the impossible details of scene and plot, the delightfully factitious coincidences, the wilfully artificial oppositions, the mad credulity, and the credulous folly of the characters, all of which must be made acceptable to the audience; and he understood, also, that this play is boring, and therefore dead, if many impulses of the heart and the imagination which are often neglected by modern producers of Shakespeare, are not constantly kept before our eyes. He treats the *Merchant of Venice* as a colorful, organically exciting story, full of poetry, fancy, gross fun, and impish whimsicalness; and refuses to limit its beauty to a highly concentrated philosophic, poetic, or emotional study of one or two main characters. If, as a result of this approach, Shylock and Portia lose (and I am not sure that they do

lose); Launcelot, Lorenzo, Tubal, the Prince of Arragon and Nerissa gain immensely. Our minds and eyes are struck by other scenes as well as those of the caskets and the trial; we are glad to feel the rollicking, infectious merriment amid which Jessica is abducted; and we laugh most sinfully as Launcelot, alone in Portia's room, irreverently compares himself to God. During former performances of this same play, we have dozed through far too many so-called unimportant scenes; we owe to Gémier the reminder that there are no unimportant scenes in a dramatic masterpiece and that asleep is a most damning commentary on the art of a theatrical producer. Gémier's Shylock is by no means the pathetic figure portrayed by Warfield, not the Jew whose whole conduct is determined, as Louis Calvert would have us believe, by a desire for revenge based principally on Antonio's interference with his money-getting. Gémier has interpreted him not individually, but racially. Shylock desires revenge for the affronts, private, public, moral and physical, put upon him as the representative of an ill-used race by Antonio, the typical representative of a brow-beating, overbearing people, full of scorn, yet not too proud to make use of the Jews when it is to their material advantage to do so.

This conception has given a rare amplification to certain scenes, and has developed a powerful interest in the action of the play from the beginning to the end, an interest ably furthered by every detail of the performance including the stage settings. When standing alone, Shylock is satisfactorily impressive; but it will be a long time before many of us can forget certain memorable moments. The most striking was perhaps, that of the trial. Shylock remained the man of petty motions and undignified bearing; yet, as he stood at the head of a group of his co-religionists, having opposed to him Antonio and the Christian, he acquired a deep and significant aspect. The opposing crowds have hurried down two different aisles of the theatre shouting defiance at each other. Coming upon the stage, they remain hostile. The successes or reverses of Shylock's effort to exact his pound of flesh are mirrored in the faces and postures of the motley crew beside him; and there is high tragedy indeed in the slowly bending backs of all these Jews gradually bowing down in sympathy with Shylock as he sinks to the ground under the blow of the penalty imposed by the court.

A. G. H. SPIERS.

A C O M M U N I C A T I O N

The Orient Indicts

SIR: In urging the readmission of China to the Council of the League of Nations, and in reviving at Geneva the race equality proposal originally made at the Paris peace conference, Japan has seized upon a psychological moment. Due to the enactment of the American immigration law, Asia is just now animated with a pan-Asiatic sentiment, and is in a mood to accept Japanese leadership.

The immigration law rules in effect that Asiatics are not admissible because they are Asiatics. Before its enactment the Chinese or the Indians were inclined to believe that they were excluded from America not upon racial grounds, but because their governments, their economic conditions, their material civilization were too backward to entitle them to equal treatment with advanced peoples. "Look at Japan," they used to reason, "She is as oriental as we are, yet she has been admitted to the family of the foremost powers of the world, and no nation dares discriminate against her, at least legally or openly, simply because she has proved herself the equal of those powers by improving her internal conditions."

To this argument the new immigration law has given a rude jolt. It has dislodged Japan from her dais of honor because she, too, is Asiatic. It has dealt a fatal blow upon Asia's aspiration to enter the family of civilized nations upon equal footing by following the example set by the Japanese. That is the way the Orientals look upon this law.

And yet this law is not entirely unwelcome to Asiatics. In it they see a factor which may serve to hasten the long-awaited day when the peoples of the Orient will at last forget petty disagreements among themselves and unite for the protection of their common interests. They hope and believe that this law will awaken Japan to the folly of her past policy which has befriended Europe and America, but ignored their immediate neighbors to whom she is naturally bound not merely by the community of interests but by

ties of blood. Once Japan realizes her past "blunder," will she not assume the leadership which the peoples of Asia will by common consent place in her hand?

When Congress passed the immigration law Moula Mohammed Ali, President of the All India National Congress, cabled this message to the Osaka Mainichi, one of the leading newspapers in Japan:

Western nationalism, with its characteristic exclusiveness, is a curse to humanity. It culminated in the late catastrophic war, which should have cured the world of it. No nation should meekly submit to such humiliation as it involved in a racial immigration law. In the face of such legislation it is not enough for Japan to demonstrate merely her own sense of honor and self-respect. She is only a part of the eastern world whose honor must be defended by a federation of all the eastern nations. In the meantime the West must be made to believe in deeper human sympathies and in wider human intercourse.

Even more vigorous was the statement of C. R. Das, President of the Swarjist party. He said:

The American immigration law exhibits the petulant jingoism of the imperialistic West, and the narrow outlook of its diplomacy. Japanese immigration is only an incident. The law is merely part of a larger scheme against the Asiatics in general.

The Western world cherishes the notion that it represents a higher civilization, and that Asia is its legitimate prey. The only remedy lies in the federation of Asia. Hinduism, Buddhism, Islamism, and Asiatic Christianity must combine to preserve the independence and the essential unity of Asia. So long as any of the nations of Asia is under white domination, the other Asiatic nations must suffer. So long as Europe and America believe in Christianity without Christ, the federation of Asiatic peoples is essential to the preservation of the world.

The Indians feel particularly humiliated, for while the immigration law places a ban upon them, their next-door neighbors, the Persians and Arabs, and even the negroes, are placed upon the quota basis as are the Europeans.

Much the same sentiment prevails among the Chinese. Dr. Tang Shao-yi, a brilliant scholar and publicist, who has occupied high cabinet positions under both the Manchu and the republican régime, declares that the immigration law is an affront not only to the Japanese but to all Asiatics.

"It is something worse," he says, "it is a challenge to humanity, and I cannot see how President Coolidge could have permitted it to become a law."

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, utilizing Japanese exclusion, is attempting a rapprochement with Japan, and for that purpose is sending his ablest lieutenant to Tokyo.

The general feeling in China is summed up by the Shanghai correspondent of the Japan Advertiser, an American newspaper in Tokyo, in these words:

The attitude of most Chinese towards Japan in connection with Japanese exclusion is very sympathetic. The Chinese have never forgotten the exclusion act which has kept them out of the United States, and have for years watched Japan's endeavor to forestall a similar legislation against her . . . Now that all Asiatics are excluded, including the mighty Japanese, the Chinese feel that all of Asia has been insulted, and that the question can be settled only when Asia is in a position to reject the insult.

Apparently Japan stands at the crossroads. Will she heed the tempting words uttered by her Asiatic neighbors, proffering to her leadership in the pan-Asiatic movement? Will she part with the western nations whom she has for decades regarded as her best friends, and cast her lot with the myriads of Asia?

In answering these questions two factors must be considered. First, Japan has already gone too far in pursuing the same "imperialistic" Chinese policy as has been practiced by her western friends, and finds it no easy task to renounce the position she has attained in China. Secondly, in the whole Orient Japan is the only modernized nation capable of holding her own against western onslaughts, political, military, or economic, and she finds it difficult to convince herself of the advantage of entering into alliance with such nations as may prove an encumbrance rather than a reenforcement to her.

In spite of Japan's restitution of Shantung and a notable liberalization of her general China policy, the Chinese have not yet entirely forgotten the humiliation inflicted upon them by Japan's "twenty-one demands." Japan has vast economic interests in Manchuria, and has no intention of abandoning them completely. She may be willing enough to curb her interests here and there, but the question is whether China will be entirely satisfied with such partial renunciations.

Though working under such limitations, Japan will do her best to befriend her Asiatic neighbors. Her acts at Geneva and her recent policy in China furnish an indication of the course she is going to follow. But if she were forced to choose between the friendship of the Western powers and the friendship of Asiatic nations, her decision would perforce have to be for the former, at least for some years to come. Whether this mild attitude, this middle course, will prove a mistake is, of course, another matter.

K. K. KAWAKAMI.

Washington, D. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

Taxing for School Support

SIR: It is regrettable that Dr. George D. Strayer should link the good cause of educational improvement with unsound suggestions of a state income tax. Since there are better ways to finance public needs these suggestions must shake confidence in the soundness of advice on other matters.

Dr. Strayer bases his suggestions on views of some unnamed "tax specialists," but one need not be a specialist to know that taxation is justified only when levied to pay for a service rendered by government. A service must benefit some one and should be paid for by those who get the benefit and each should pay in proportion to the amount of benefits received. All commercial charges are based on this principle, but the "tax experts" on whom Dr. Strayer depends seem to have lost sight of it.

Education benefits the pupils and they, or their parents, usually pay full value for it—but the government does not get it, and cannot get it through an income tax. Schools like other useful institutions increase land values in the neighborhoods where they exist. Those who live where they may take advantage of the schools pay for them in higher rents or purchase price. But the payment is made to individuals who have little or nothing to do with furnishing the service. To finance the schools the government might levy taxes so that the individuals who now appropriate values created by their presence will turn these values into the school fund. In other words it may put a tax on the value of bare land aside from whatever improvements may be upon it. If it does not do this it must tax people who get no financial benefit from the presence of the schools or who have already paid for benefits in rents or purchase price. The former method Dr. Strayer, possibly depending for information on his "experts," intimates is "confiscation." As a matter of fact it is the latter method, of which the suggested income tax is a form, which is confiscation.

It is possible that Dr. Strayer, like many well meaning individuals, suggests the wrong way in preference to risking a charge of harboring single tax views. That would be pardonable since timidity is not a fault but a misfortune. But the public should not be misled into taking a false step merely through fear of a label.

SAMUEL DANZIGER.

Baltimore, Md.

The A. P. in Paris

SIR: In a recent number of the New Republic you published an anonymous letter, signed merely Inquirer and dated Ithaca, N. Y., wherein reference was made to an Associated Press despatch stating that a watchman in one of the numerous Paris normal schools had won a peace prize of one hundred thousand francs. The letter-writer said that the winner of the prize was not a watchman but a supervisor of studies and he inquired:

But what are we to think of the correspondents of the A. P. in Paris who make such blunders? And what of the A. P. that recruits its purveyors of news among people totally ignorant of the country on which they are supposed to be specialists?

We are very proud of the character and competence of the staff of our Paris bureau. This particular despatch was written by a gentleman who knows French as well as he knows English, to whom the secretary of the Award Committee had described the winner as a *gardiien* in a normal school. This he quite properly translated as watchman.

Inquiry reveals that he is not a supervisor of studies but a surveillant, a man who looks after the students when they are in the class-room. It is a worthy position but more nearly that of a watchman than supervisor of studies. The winner is a man of education who has a university degree but who happens to be occupying a minor position.

If your anonymous correspondent cares to go into the matter further, I shall be very glad to supply him with the facts, but his gratuitous reflection upon the character of our Paris representatives is baseless if not in bad taste.

FREDERICK ROY MARTIN,
General Manager The Associated Press.

New York, N. Y.

Taxation in Wisconsin

SIR: The editorial paragraphs in your issue of October 15 impute a quite unjustified significance to the press release sent out by the National Industrial Conference Board concerning the results of our study of taxation in the state of Wisconsin. Your editorial, of course, attempts no analysis of the figures contained in the board's report, *The Tax Problem in Wisconsin*, which was published in July, 1924, and it in fact entirely ignores the existence of this detailed statistical study. Your editorial assumed that the board's study has shown a uniformly higher condition of taxation in Wisconsin than in certain other states and that it attempts to demonstrate that this condition is unjustifiable. If you will examine the book in question you will see that this assumption is unwarranted. The board's study shows that on the basis of certain comparisons taxation in Wisconsin is heavier than in other states, but that from other points of view it is not so heavy. The board's study, furthermore, expresses no judgment as to whether heavier taxation in Wisconsin is necessarily a bad thing. The book itself presents in very great detail facts from which any one may draw such conclusions as he wishes.

The chief imputation in your editorial is that the board presented these facts at this time in order to discredit in some way Senator La Follette and his policies. This assumption is also wholly unwarranted. The study in question is the first of a series of intensive studies of state and local taxation in the United States. It is merely a coincidence that the first of these studies was made in the state of Wisconsin. The investigation was undertaken in January, 1924, and continued through February, March and April. This was a long while before anybody had conclusive knowledge that Senator La Follette was going to bolt the Republican party and make a campaign of his own. The manuscript as finished in May and actually put into print in June before Senator La Follette was nominated. In any case, even if the board had some esoteric knowledge of future events, it is difficult to see what pertinence a scientific study of taxation in Wisconsin has to Senator La Follette's candidacy. Even if the study proved that taxation in Wisconsin is higher than in certain other states, it would not be conclusive as to Senator La Follette's responsibility for this situation and still less as to Senator La Follette's merits as President of the United States. The tax situation in Wisconsin proves nothing about the wisdom of the Progressive platform, since that platform has very little relation to the conditions in Wisconsin. If one wanted to make a case against Senator La Follette one could do it on very much better grounds than this.

The assumption that the Conference Board was interested in taxation in Wisconsin solely because of Wisconsin's relation to Senator La Follette and Senator La Follette's relation to national policies is, of course, only part of the broader assumption that all of the material sent out by the Conference Board to the press, based on its investigations, has some relation to political events. This assumption would hardly bear examination. The board has been engaged continuously for nine years in the study of such economic-industrial problems as wages, cost of living, unemployment, hours of work, taxation, public finance, industrial medicine, engineering education, industrial relations, etc. The results of its studies in these fields are published in books which are sold to the public like any other books issued by any publisher. These results are released to the press as soon as they are available quite regardless of the political situation or their bearing on it. The fact that they are seized upon and used by one or another political party or a group for political purposes at a time like the present is no concern of the Conference Board's. An examination of the material sent out by the board in the nine years of its history would easily demonstrate that it has been used by all parties and that it is just about as conclusive of the merits of one as it is of another.

VIRGIL JORDAN,

Chief Economist, National Industrial Conference Board.

Two Sides to the Under Dog

SIR: I suppose that most of the liberals who read of Mr. John Jay Chapman's protest against the appointment of a Roman Catholic to a position of responsibility on one of the governing boards of Harvard University experienced the customary orthodox liberal reaction when the power of the Church of Rome is challenged, viz., sympathy for the attacked and indignation against

what the Holy Church is pleased to call in others "religious bigotry." But is it not time for liberals to cease being governed entirely by their emotions in these controversies and to quit their consistent hurrahing for the underdog, whether he be an honest animal or a mangy cur?

If I remember correctly, the New Republic some time ago expressed the opinion that ignorant attacks on the Catholics might be expected to continue until the press should overcome its timidity in saying anything critical of the Church of Rome. This view seems reasonable, but it implies that the Church of Rome and its activities in the United States need some critical attention, and that honest criticism is to be preferred to the kind it usually gets. Well then, why doesn't the New Republic publish a series of articles on the subject, as sharply critical as necessity demands, and then give scholars from the Roman fold an opportunity to answer them if they can?

As far as I am concerned, I shall require a lot of persuasive editorials to make me shed tears when the Ku Klux or any other group of Protestant bigots makes life interesting for the Holy Romans. When the devils are fighting together the righteous may live in peace.

The newspapers do not hesitate in the least to razz the Protestant Fundamentalists. Yet wherein does Catholicism improve upon Protestant Fundamentalism in tolerance and the graces which make civilized life possible? There may be a half-answer to this question in the fact that many so-called "Catholic countries" are civilized to a high degree—but is it because of a rigid adherence to the tenets of the Church that they are so, or because many Latins who profess Catholicism are in reality pagans? Unfortunately our American Catholicism is not of the Latin variety, but of the Celtic, and the highest representatives of the Hierarchy in these states do not impress one by the profundity of their scholarship, nor by their refusal to meddle in temporal matters. One of the red-hatted potentates seems no more loath to seek the aid of the secular authorities in imposing his ideas on birth control and divorce on the whole population than is Mr. Bryan in seeking similar aid for his theories on the origin of man. The press points the finger of scorn and thumbs the nose of derision at the Protestant Fundamentalist, Mr. Bryan, and on comparable action by a Roman Fundamentalist (who being of the clergy has even less business tampering with legislators than has Mr. Bryan) says simply: Monsignor V. representing His Eminence Mike Cardinal Donovan appeared before the committee and objected to modifications in the existing law . . . the home is the foundation of society, etc.—ad nauseam.

This much can be said for the Protestants—that in some denomination clergy of liberal views, not only in economics and politics but in theology as well, may remain in safety. How far is this possible in the Church of Rome?

If liberals were guided more by their intelligence and less by their emotions they might easily find some of the same objectionable characteristics in some of the enemies of the Ku Klux Klan as they find in the K. K. K. itself.

New York.

J. G. L.

Contributors

JOHN DRINKWATER, English poet and dramatist, is the author of numerous plays and poems, among them *Abraham Lincoln*, *Oliver Cromwell* and *Robert E. Lee*. He is a contributor to various American and English literary journals.

RECECCA WEST is the author of *The Judge*, and is a contributor of critical articles to English and American journals.

BEAULIEU is the pseudonym of a French engineer who has had occasion to make a close study of the Dawes plan on behalf of an important financial group.

ARTHUR W. MARGET is a teacher of economics in the Department of Economics, Harvard University, and spent last summer in France observing conditions.

W. H. DAVIES, English poet, is the author of *The Hour of Magic*, *Beggars*, *The True Traveller*, *Nature*, *A Poet's Pilgrimage*, and *Secrets*, to be published this year by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

A. G. H. SPIERS is associate professor of French Literature at Columbia University. He has written text books and contributes articles on the subject to various magazines.

The New REPUBLIC

Winter Literary Section

What Is An Elephant?—A Fable for Critics

POLITICS, I have learned from literature, is not the only manufacturer of strange bedfellows. He was hardly a politician who called for a lion to lie with a lamb, and ladies have lain down with lap dogs long before Barnum. Not the strangest of bedfellowships, either, is that of the players of the critical game with certain blind men and of the game itself with an elephant, more or less white. This beast is celebrated in fable because of a high disputation the blind men once held on the theme, "What is an Elephant?" each deriving his arguments from an accidental pawing of a pachyderman part. The disputation has gone down in legend as a light o' logic, but there has been, as usual, no profit in example, also in so significant an example as this. Experience, it would seem, even when it brings disillusion, never quite kills hope, and with regard to the arts and the sciences and the critical disciplines one is always both disillusioned and hopeful.

What criticism is in America, how it stands and what it does are mystifications I have more than once sought enlightenment upon, from the works and wisdom of the great arbitres elegantiae and censors morum of the land—from Mr. Irving Babbitt, and Mr. H. L. Mencken, from Mr. Stuart Sherman and Mr. J. E. Spingarn, from Mr. Van Wyck Brooks and Mr. T. S. Eliot. When I saw that their several wisdoms, and those of two or three others, had been collected in a book*, and that the book offered a revelation of the function and status of criticism in the United States, I said to myself "Aha! At last! Here at last I shall rest from my searchings, here at last is resolu-

tion for the perplexities of my mind. The most sage and authoritative of American critics are justifying the ways of their species to the man on the street. At last I shall know why one is to be believed and another to be beblahed. At last I shall know who shall be my light and my leader through the wilderness of books and things." Alas, once more was a fond hope felled hapless. The most unscrupulous Ford salesman has nothing on the critics, talking about criticism, for the persuasiveness and skill with which they cry up their own critical goods and cry down the other fellows'.

"Criticism's creative," apodictates Mr. Spingarn. "It's an art. It's expression. All art is expression. Don't express Willie. Express yourself about Willie, and you're a critic."

"I am," retorts Mr. Babbitt, "but you're not. Expression my all-standardizing eye! That joke had whiskers before your grandfather's grandfather was born. Worse than mid-Victorian. Eighteenth Century. Bah! Criticism is conscience. Criticism is standards. Criticism owns 'the ethical and generalizing imagination.'"

"Bunk!" cuts in Mr. Mencken. "Booboisie ideology! You and your schools and your standards. How do you get that way, you poor boobitt! I hold with Spingarn. I used to think that a critic ought to know something besides himself. But I've changed my mind. I hold with Spingarn. A critic doesn't even have to know himself. He should be something of a superman. Criticism is certainly an art and the critic certainly must express himself. What else has he to express, anyhow?"

"What defilement! How unAmerican!" exclaims Professor Sherman. "The critic must know the difference between good and evil. He must be a voice of the national genius. He must share the moral idealism of American society. He must help it make the ten commandments work and Puritanism beautiful."

* *Criticism in America. Its Function and Status. Essays by J. E. Spingarn, G. E. Woodberry, W. C. Brownell, V. W. Brooks, I. Babbitt, H. L. Mencken, T. S. Eliot, S. P. Sherman and E. Boyd, with an Appendix of Passages Illustrating the Growth of an American Tradition of Criticism. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.*

"Never!" breaks out Mr. Brooks indignantly. "The ten commandments work art out of existence. Puritanism has been an ugly escape from the realities of American life, not their substance. It has rendered literature 'mere', and made of art an amusement or a soporific. We don't know what America is, but we do know it isn't Puritanism. America becomes. America is an experiment, the great American experiment. America is an object of faith. The job for criticism is to discover the faith."

"Now I've another idea," Mr. Spingarn says, taking the last word. "To express himself a critic has to be a philosopher. He has to be well-informed and he has to have a deep sensibility."

Mr. Woodberry opines that historical criticism is an essential preliminary to expression, or æsthetic criticism, in which you become one with the soul of the artist. Mr. Brownell thinks that a criticism should convey a correct judgment as well as a portrait of a work of art, while Mr. Eliot wants the critic to be very intelligent, to refrain from making judgments of worse and better, and simply to inquire and elucidate. Doing this, he thinks, requires both sensibility and intellect. He calls criticism a development of sensibility, a critic's statement in language of the structure of his perceptions. And, yes—Mr. Boyd denounces Mr. Sherman as being a Ku Klux Kritic and wanting American literature to be Nordic, Protestant and blond.

Then there is an appendix of "passages illustrating the growth of an American tradition of criticism." All the gentlemen cited in about ten pages—Jefferson, Emerson, Poe, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, Lowell, Moffat, Walt Whitman, Bascom, Timrod, Parkman, Burroughs, Henry James, Howells, Henry Adams, Queenslet, P. E. More, T. Roosevelt, J. Huneker, John Macy, Amy Lowell, James B. Cabell—seem to sustain the doctrine of Mr. Spingarn; but from what I know of them I feel sure that Mr. Sherman can find citations from most if not all that will sustain the doctrine of Mr. Sherman.

That, however, is another story. It is the case in hand that is bothersome. You can see why my head was in a whirl, reading the stuff. These master-critics go off like members of Congress before election, contradicting themselves and one another. Each, as you read him, persuades and, on this thing or that, convinces. But their arguments spin you round like a teetotum. At first you tell yourself that they can't be all Congressmen or all right. Then you ask yourself "Why can't they?" Then you recall how insistent each is on his own unique and exclusive rightness and the complete wrongness of the others. And each is a great man. Very reputable. Very respectable. With large respectable and reputable congregations of communicants that hang upon his words . . .

It's when your headache becomes almost unbearable that you remember the fable of the Blind Men and the Elephant.

The fable of the Blind Men and the Elephant teaches how a whole, even a whole Elephant, may sometimes be quite other than any of its parts. That this teaching should apply also to criticism and to critics of criticism, need, the world being aggregated as it is, cause no shock even to the most pious communicant of any critic's confession. Criticism is first and last a name for certain ways of men and women with the works of other men and women. The makers of the ways and the makers of the works are each of variegated origin, environment, sensibility, discipline and interests. Neither the artist nor the critic is a sudden

creation, vocalizing in a void; the critic certainly is not. He has a biography, and his biography is the indemiscible compenetration of origin, sensibility, discipline and interest, responding as it may to a manifold and changing environment of men, things, institutions and ideas. His character as critic consists of these responses. They are not primary, but eventual. They are last terms of the give and take that goes on continuously between him and the total contents of his experience. Among the items of this give and take are works of art. Whenever any person's totality of responses are brought to a focus and drawn into a pattern by a work of art, the potentiality of criticism has come awake in him. When he utters those responses in words, the awakened potentiality becomes operative, and he is a critic full-fledged. Discipline, practice, elaboration and refinement of his verbalized responses will then make him professional.

What, however, the critic, whether professional or amateur, says about a work of art or about the artist who made it is not alone determined by the character of his theme nor his own character. The effective determinants are in the pattern of his relationships to the world he lives in, and the place that the theme finds among the processes of experience which make up this pattern. In these, his ruling passions are the lines of force. His criticism, hence, will be an expression primarily of the fortunes of his ruling passions, conscious and unconscious, as those are prospered or defeated by the contact with his theme. It will reveal how the work of art or its author is modifying the critic's destiny. That is, it will be a moral judgment, a verdict regarding better and worse. It cannot, in the nature of things, be anything else.

To denounce criticism for moralizing, therefore—to talk about "æsthetic" as against "ethical" judgment—is an absurdity of the classifying habit of mind. In living experience there are no such compartments. Thought invents them as methodological conveniences. Living means simply to prefer one standard or instrument or purpose to another—Mr. Sherman's to Mr. Mencken's or Mr. Spingarn's to Mr. Babbitt's. But a choice among standards is not a rejection of standards. Rather is it a confirmation of their reality and an acknowledgment and demonstration of their variety and multiplicity. Their confrontation, conflict, dissolution or integration are no less the nature and life of criticism than of any other discipline of the mind or the body.

How entirely and perfectly this is so stands out in the fact that critics of the school of Messrs. Spingarn and Mencken do write to be read, and to speak to be heard. Expression, an und für sich, is soliloquy. It intends no communication; it only registers an impact, like the meow of a cat whose tail has been stepped on. An expression, once made, is over and done with. Not so with the expressions of the critical expressionists. They are addressed to an audience. They carry meanings which their authors intend their audiences to share. They are communications, and their function is not served unless they do effectively communicate. The audiences—their powers, interests, needs, wishes, prejudices, fears and hopes—are automatically and ineluctably constituents of the conditions which make the expression what it is. They are conditions which the expression is designed to alter into greater harmony with the ruling passions of the expressors. That is the latter's hope and purpose, and these are served only in so far as the artist or critic is, in Mr. Babbitt's admirable phrase, disciplined to reality, to the reality, the stubborn and resistant reality, particularly, the far from easily pliable reality, of the ruling

passions of the public to whom, willy-nilly, all expressions are expressed.

Now the expressions of the critic must be made under still another limitation, which does not apply to the artist. The artist addresses his audience directly with his own meanings. The being of these is inwardly-governed; their qualities are autonomous; they need not be—though, of course, they often are—referred to anything else, to be accepted or rejected. They are not interpretations, not mediations. The critic's works are almost always interpretations and mediations. His communications are about something else, out there, which evokes them, and which they envisage and appraise to somebody else, out there, to whom he addresses them. If, in fact, the only meaning that he can convey to that somebody is himself, then Mr. Somebody has been sorely deceived. For Mr. Somebody does not heed the critic because he is interested in the critic. Mr. Somebody heeds the critic because he is interested in that which the critic is talking about. In the turmoil and welter of books and pictures and dreams whose number, variety and quality have been so overwhelmingly increased with the extension of industry through our civilization, Mr. Somebody no longer has the leisure, nor feels the competence to seek the more excellent for himself. He will not adventure like Childe Roland. He looks to guidance. He looks to expert guidance. The critic, whatever his class or status, and whatever his conceit may be of his own function, whether priestly or Ciceronic, or Napoleonic, supplies this guidance. His craft is to be Taster of the Arts to the Public. The act of guidance may be elaborated with all sorts of flourishes and ornamentation. It may be called "creation"—and why should it not?—"expression" or anything else you like, but it is the foundation for whatever this else is. A communicative expression, it advises the public about an artist or a work of art. If, in creating the presumption that it is doing so, the critic makes it communicate only himself, simulating the artist or work of art, what is the critic? But the practice of the very expressionists who imply that the critic is just that, is far more realistic than their professions . . .

I have become a purple cow
I never meant to be one;
Until I found out, anyhow,
I had to be to see one.

In this event the critic has entirely nullified himself. There is nobody mediating between the work of art and the audience. Its members can each on his own account become a purple cow. Assume, on the other hand, that it is the purple cow that is assimilated by the critic instead of the critic by the cow, then there is nothing left for the critic to mediate to the audience hanging upon his word for illumination and judgment regarding this same Juno:

I have consumed the purple cow,
Haunch, paunch and jowl I ate her.
I had to, since no other how
Can critic be creator.

In sum, even if the expressionist utterance purposes only to convert the public to expressionism and to stretch all the works of man on a Pro-Croceian bed, there is more to the critic's activity than just expression. A function is added, above and beyond expression, and it is precisely in this added function that criticism consists.

For the fundamental dogma of the Moses of the expressionist sect, that all expression is art and that all art is

expression, is either an empty paradox reached by dialectic or an altogether obvious, ancient and trivial truism. As the latter, no quarrel is possible with it; as the former it is not worth a quarrel. In either event, the recent much ado about it is much ado about nothing. This world of ours of time and change and chance yields no event for us to experience and none for us to conceive except as arising out of another going before and merging into another coming after. What, then, can anything be, save an expression of something else, an effect pointing to a cause behind it? Not only art, everything, is expression. Everything; including the criticisms of Messrs. Sherman, Babbitt, Brooks and Brownell. In this world of chance and change and time, where new things are constantly coming to be out of old things, everything is creative; the criticism of the moralists no less than the criticism of the expressionists.

But—creation and expression are the merest beginnings of the story. The history and significance of any work of man are eventual, not constitutive. They accrue to it after it has been expressed or created, and there is nothing predestined or inevitable in the accretion. Chance and fortune play no mean rôles in it; its maker's purpose or its critic's good intentions are no more than starting points in its career, whose changes may alter its direction and transform its nature beyond all recognition by the first intention that made it or the first insight that envisaged it. For it happens into a world with which its fitness is not a forgone conclusion, but a hazardous achievement. It becomes one more item in a fluxful crush of competing groups, institutions, and individuals whose alignments, shifting ever into new patterns, make up all the life that society possesses; and among them it must establish its place, and with them struggle to maintain this place. Those which it fits will initiate it into their community; those it clashes against will reject it. Its function and status will arise out of these dual activities of initiation and rejection. Such beauty or ugliness as is attributed to it will accrue from these relationships; so also such goodness or truth or their opposites. These relationships, it cannot be too often repeated, are not intrinsic but adventitious. They are uses, modifications of fortune and status. And intrinsically, nothing has a use; everything simply becomes. Uses are eventual, special and propitious relationships between different things, and beauty supervenes on them as their integration upon a system of interests. Criticism is what occurs at the critical point in an event's history where initiation, rejection or integration takes place.

The standards and methods of the critics are as wide and as varied as the groups whose organs of expression they willy-nilly are. The cross-fire of their disputation is but one of the battle-noises of the classes and sects into which mankind are patterned, the one which is dialectically projected as an "aesthetic philosophy," or a theory of life. Only a vicious abstractionism, an aesthetic and moral imperialism will demand to reduce their multitude and variety to one only method and one only form. Only a reforming zeal, a dogmatism as arbitrary and puritanical on its own behalf as traditional Puritanism is on its, will require to legislate what interests shall rule a critic, what vision he shall follow or what method he shall apply. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks is of the Genro of the Younger Generation; but he is a critic with as reformist an ardor as Mr. Stuart Sherman. Mr. Joel Spingarn is the chief, and happily perhaps, the only major, prophet in America of the revamped and italianate neo-Hegelisms of the dialectician Croce; but

is he therefore less eager a missionary than that puritanical mossback from the academic Main Street, Mr. Irving Babbitt? As for Mr. Mencken; is there anybody but Mr. Sumner who can match his drive and forthrightness as a preacher and reformer? It is in the direction of their reforms that they are opposed; not in the urge to reform.

Criticism, seen truly and seen whole, appears as a labile and indefinite enterprise engaging all kinds and varieties of men, and developing, under the organizing pressure of the various social forces of which it is an expression and to which it is a response, into a definite institutional organ of industrial culture. The men engaged in it have their loose hierarchies, from the sophomore making his start on a daily paper to the columnist seeing his finish there; and from the columnist to the high churchmen and metaphysicians of the craft, the Menckens, the Babbitts, the Brooks et al. Each bears his part in an enterprise that is not an essence which can be deduced from general principles, but a patterned aggregation of so many similar activities of as many different individuals; activities going on in a world in which business, science, politics, fashion, disease, war, religion and what not else ineluctably interpenetrate with the arts and letters. They cannot, without artificiality and violence, be separated out in such a way that a residue called art may in fact be left. Unfortunately for those desiring or asserting such a separation, it happens that the arts, and therefore criticism, are significant precisely in the degree in which they are conversant with exactly those to-be-rejected matters. Criticism is like politics and critics are like politicians, with their regularities, insurgencies, hypocrisies, platforms, sincerities and philosophies; with their practice of claiming exclusive integrity to the pretensions of their own party and compromising as practical men with the integrities of whatever others are powerful enough to force recognition. There is no mystery about politics, however, and no sacerdotalism about the politician. We automatically discount the claims of parties and partisans to be the sole bearers of political salvation. But for obvious reasons, critics carry a priestly aurea about themselves; criticism is distended with a large sizing of mystification and hokum in the shape of "aesthetic philosophy" and the like; its position of authority naturally makes it pontifical. The arts and their criticism are all too often suffused therefore with that familiar dim religious light on which authority most thrives. 'Nuff sed.

And where, finally, in all this ratiocination, does America come in? America, alas, does not come in, except accidentally, and by way of illustration. It is true that Mr. Van Wyck Brooks and Mr. Stuart Sherman and Mr. Ernest Boyd devote essays to the land, and the other members of the galaxy take pains to declare its deficiencies in the line of criticism. But that is all by the way. There is no real specification of the status and function of criticism in America. The argument is a confrontation of opposed philosophies of art criticism whose range is, of course, universal and whose validity is independent of time, place and circumstance. We are permitted to infer the implications for America of these universals.

This, in my view, is most unfortunate. The events of criticism are unhappily no more amenable to universals than any other social occurrences. They cannot be deduced from general rules, even though they are general rules themselves. To exhibit the function and status of criticism in the United States would require the exhibition and analysis of the specific sequence of the critical literature of the country from the first, with its processes and permutations in the

complex of the national life of which they are an active and activated part, and of whose tradition they are, with its other dynamic units, co-makers. Perhaps one generalization would emerge from such a study, perhaps many. But only such a study, empirical, particularistic, genetic and inductive, could envisage the status and function of criticism in the America as fact. What Mr. Spingarn and his moralizing fellow-reformers set up is legislation for description and prescription for analysis.

H. M. KALLEN.

A Note on Ulysses

ONE of the most curious indirect effects of the appearance of *Ulysses* was to show that in literature our age was far more opulent and revolutionary than one had thought. It not only threw open a new kingdom of life in doing so; it gave a key to a body of literature already in existence which prophesied in dim terms the advent of that kingdom. It breathed meaning into works which were to most people without significance and yet interesting, they did not know why. It gave a richer content to the poetry of writers like Miss Edith Sitwell, whose genius people acknowledged while it puzzled them, and to that of Mr. T. S. Eliot, who seemed to be penetrating more deeply into pedantic and barren places of the mind and did this by revealing encyclopædically the uncharted province on which they had been working; but chiefly it provided in itself a central work in whose shadow the lesser achievements of the age shone for the first time with their full lustre. It put Mr. Sherwood Anderson, Miss Dorothy Richardson, Mr. Robert Graves, Mrs. Virginia Woolf, and half-a-dozen other writers in their places, and it gave them a rank higher than as solitary, unrelated peaks they would have had, making possible for the first time a real criticism of their work; for *Ulysses* was the earliest assertion in art of the value by which they were to be appraised. It gave a new prominence to Mr. D. H. Lawrence, whom most people had regarded as the alternative to Mr. Joyce: he re-appeared, in spite of *Ulysses*, and because of it, a great writer, less than his rival, but somehow by the individuality of his expression evading comparison. And the more formal but exquisite talents of the time—Mr. Lytton Strachey, Mr. David Garnett,—sparkled more convincingly now that we could regard them as ornaments rather than luminaries. One great writer and an abundance of brilliant but secondary talents is enough to make what is called in literature a great period, and by virtue of these the literature of the English speaking peoples is more opulent at present than it has been for fifty years. The generation of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, Mr. Conrad and Mr. Bennett could show no book like *Ulysses*, no figure like Mr. Lawrence; it had nothing of the first rank. Our age possesses a work of the first rank and, what is almost as important, a number of works of the second and third.

Ulysses showed the direction in which literature for ten years had been moving; it showed also the direction, or rather some of the directions, in which, perhaps for ten times ten, it will move. Into it various currents, Irish, cosmopolitan, personal, came together, and out of it they issued again clarified and transformed. Analysing *Ulysses* one could have drawn a chart of the future of literature, showing not only what would be attempted, but also what with good luck would be achieved; or rather one could have

done so if among the various streams collected together in *Ulysses* there had not been one, and the most potent, which, mingling with the others, changed them, contributed to them something occult. This was Mr. Joyce's genius, over which nobody but himself had control. For the rest he not only hammered out a new grammar of literary art in *Ulysses*; he discovered a new field of æsthetic experience (a field on which others had labored without knowing what it was); and to describe it he invented a magic of speech un essayed for centuries, and never before essayed so consciously. It was because he went back so far to the fundamentals of art that his book had its enigmatic, primal atmosphere, and seemed, in spite of its modernity, hoary with years. One did not know whether to be astonished most by Mr. Joyce's systematic method or his discoveries, by his discoveries or his inventions. As a conscious practician of art he was not only accomplished, he was masterly; as a discoverer of hidden riches he was as mighty in his own field as Dostoyevsky was in his; in his evocation of the hidden magic of words he stood by himself. He renewed both the subject-matter of literature and the speech in which artists would for some time express it. He found the language for which Mr. George Moore made an unsuccessful voyage to Dublin, but which was there, and in other parts of the world, all the time. He evoked in certain collocations of words a malignant necromancy such as poets have found in certain landscapes, calling out their hidden evil. That his magic was always black magic was the chief sign of his limitation as an artist. He was concerned with the roots of life and not with its flowering; and where life has not yet blossomed, where the unconscious has not yet freed and attenuated itself in the conscious, as for example in the lives of primitive peoples, in our dreams, in our blind desires, all magic is black magic. Mr. Joyce went over the conscious life of men like a plough and showed the richness of the soil; and *Ulysses* gives us the sense of black magic which ploughed fields sometimes evoke. This feeling is probably a racial memory of times which saw the birth of magic, when the blackness of the upturned earth was an image to men of blasphemous violation and of inexplicable increase.

But everything in *Ulysses* has this mythical quality, and the humor is, like that of primitive peoples, the humor of size. Whatever validity there may be philosophically in Mr. Joyce's symbolical construction, in which each part of the book represents an organ of the human body, and the whole the human form divine, its humorous virtues are so clear that they leap out and strike the eye. Mr. Bloom is conceived on such an extravagant scale that he gives the effect of one of those Brobdignagians who to Gulliver must have had the appearance of a landscape with spreading plains, rising peaks, thick woods and flowing streams. Now and then a single feature springs into grotesque prominence; we regard a nose as big as the side of a mountain, we climb over it, survey it, measure it; we see cheeks swelling like hills, eyes gleaming like lakes, the mouth a vast red crevice with a horrible potency for opening and becoming a bottomless gulf. To regard things in this way was a secret of primitive humor, and it found expression in the preoccupation of early man with giants and with the vast creatures which we call dragons; for these had an aspect comical as well as dreadful. It is the method which Mr. Joyce practises on Leopold Bloom, going back here, also, to the sources of æsthetic emotion. In *Ulysses* he has sounded, for the first time since Rabelais, all the stops of humor;

and Mr. Bloom is one of the greatest comic figures in literature, as great as Falstaff. He is humorous not only in the tricks of his temperament and his mind, but like Falstaff in those of his body; and it is an artistic heresy to hold that the body is unworthy the regard of the comic spirit, and that Falstaff's belly had any less right to æsthetic expression than the lids of Juno's eyes. As a comic figure Mr. Bloom is so completely, so magnificently shown, that in regarding him we seem to be watching at its play the mystical humor of the processes of life. Mr. Joyce has pursued comedy down to its source, penetrating to the cells, to the dust out of which man rises. Through its minuteness his humor attains the cosmical, and gives one the feeling that not only men could feel warmed by it, but all the forms of that nature in which copulation and reproduction are so omnipotent. It is a humor entirely of the earth, as perhaps all humor is.

It is a humor, too, in which extravagance is reinstated after being banished for a long time as childish and contrary to mature taste. In primitive humor there is always something outrageous, and the humorist not only discloses the foibles and indecencies of his audience but flaunts his own, piling them up in a mountain and squatting upon it. This humor was an intellectual parody of the saturnalia, a little more wild in its imaginary excesses than the original. It was a great emotional and intellectual release, and it carried with it a total abnegation of dignity. Later came the comic artist who in making his audience laugh retained a sober countenance, admitting no fellowship with the frailties and lusts which in describing he satirised or excused. This has been the fashion of the last three centuries, a polite fashion in which the original flavor of humor was refined away. Comedy in this style amused men and made them resigned to their lot, thus fulfilling both a social and an ethical purpose; but it no longer gave them release. It was something different from humor in its first rude state, its means restraint and economy where originally they had been extravagance and grotesque abundance. Disregarding the fashion of centuries Mr. Joyce has recaptured the boundlessness of primitive humor and has set laughter back on its roots. He has not been ashamed to play the clown, to resurrect the mock-heroic, which everybody thought was safely buried, and to practise parody, which nobody considered a form worth the notice of an artist of serious purpose. And to all these he has given new significance, proving their possibilities, carrying them by that sheer courage which is intuition to a plane where they reach cosmic absurdity. The part of *Ulysses* where the thoughts of Gerty MacDowell are presented in the manner of a penny novelette is not only parody; it is a unique and poignant form of expression, a doubly indirect, a multiple utterance, in which almost everything is left to be implied and the triteness of the words conceals half-a-dozen meanings, some of them of an ethereal beauty. In handling subject-matter so trivial and so hackneyed as this Mr. Joyce shows most clearly the originality of his mind and the incisiveness of his art. His parodies of the daily newspapers do not merely amuse; they evoke a gigantic image of the fatuity of the mind. Things which we accept with an ineradicable laziness as modes he portrays as aspects of a profound folly, a still more profound stupidity; and, recognizing that it is not the press but the human intellect that he is parodying, we are not merely diverted, we are amazed. He uses parody as a means of anatomising the mind, showing that it, too, has its absurdities, its gigantic humors, as

unavoidable, in spite of its dignity, as those of the body; and by an extravagance calculated in its seeming excess he reaches the essential in a new way. And he has discovered anew the mystical power of extravagance in itself, scarcely recognized by anyone since Rabelais; and in the pub scene he has carried it to the length where nonsense has a meaning.

But as if in doing all these things he had not done enough he has described clearly for the first time the realm only half-glimpsed by writers such as Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mr. Sherwood Anderson and Miss Dorothy Richardson. He has revealed the swarming world of sub-conscious and half-conscious thoughts which constitute three-fourths of our life, and he has shown that it has a magical and excessive beauty. In hardly any other work of modern times is there such an overpowering sense of the inexhaustibility of human life, a sense of richness which may well be too strong for the literati. Whether he has succeeded in articulating completely a new world in a new language one cannot yet say; one feels that here and there he has won only an approximate success; but that he has achieved so much is astonishing. He has made at least a rough anatomy of the dark god whom Mr. Lawrence sees only in glimpses and mentions only in hints; and if the outline is cloudy it is chiefly because the lineaments are huge. In *Ulysses* the total articulation of the sub-conscious body of man is obscured by the separate features, but by study if not by intuition they can be put together. The separate merits of the book we can apprehend immediately as we apprehend anything that in art is beautiful, but to appreciate its total beauty we have to draw upon reflection.

This fault *Ulysses* has; it has another which is more serious. For such a huge and multifarious work it is too continuously on one key. Rabelais, whom Mr. Joyce recalls constantly, wrote encyclopædically and minutely of the physical part of man, but he wrote also of man's spiritual part, giving it, too, its due tribute; and this is what makes Rabelais so humanly satisfying. Mr. Joyce is encyclopædic; he is learnedly minute; his book is, what Rabelais's works were not, firmly and severely constructed; but he is not satisfying for us, simply because one part of life he almost completely ignores; and by its lack of relief *Ulysses* sometimes oppresses us: the complementary part of our nature is interdicted expression. Mr. Joyce's masterpiece has neither the breadth nor the sanity of supreme comic art; its richness is not quite that of nature: the atmosphere is overheated, and the horizon is too narrow for the objects which are crowded into it. In *Ulysses* life presses in too closely upon us on every side, too closely for us to see it clearly. That is as much as to say that Mr. Joyce has not won a complete artistic triumph over his subject-matter.

But this attempt is great, and his measure of success, considering the magnitude of the task, astonishing. No imaginative work of our time has in it so much of the occult and original quality of genius. In *Ulysses* the author has brought literary art back to its sources, and he has remained at them, drawing continuously from the fountainhead. The book has the quality which the Germans call *ursprünglich*; it is not a new mode of art, but rather a fundamental assertion of it. Consequently no work of our time has so completely the atmosphere and the authority of a scripture. It is the full utterance, enigmatic but not to be ignored, of one man. And like all scriptures it contains within it a principle of differentiation; many streams lead out from it, and it may well become the central point of a literature. The danger is not that it will remain unrecognized, but

that in time it will overshadow every other potentiality of our age. Yet, though it may fetter the talents of a few artists, to the many it will give a clear road and their opportunity. On every side it is a beginning, and a beginning is what our generation has chiefly desired.

EDWIN MUIR.

Barrett Wendell

Barrett Wendell and his Letters, by M. A. De W. Howe, Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. \$4.50.

HOW unimportant a man's ideology may be in the sum total of his character was never more clearly demonstrated than by Professor Barrett Wendell. His opinions so vigorously insisted upon in conversation and personal letters, obtruding themselves too often in sober passages of his writings, were largely whimsical, whose very perversity endeared Wendell to the discerning. It is unfortunate that the record of his life prepared from his correspondence by M. A. De W. Howe, should seem to stress just those pet ideas of class, those political and social beliefs which meant least, not to himself but to those who recognized the man beneath the arabesque of temperamental opinion in which he delighted to drape himself in endless improvisation.

That Wendell admired President McKinley ("He was the most efficient and the most representative president of my time"), distrusted Roosevelt ("All people of the better sort are against him, as revolutionary and tremendously threatening to security of property"), venerated Senator Lodge ("To my mind the most admirable public man in our national Senate," 1915, "If we had a few more of such quality in control of our national affairs, our history just now would not be such a pitiful blank"), idolized Queen Victoria ("The chief earthly embodiment of what is sweetest and best and most trustworthy in human nature. Her presence in this world made all the world more safe, more justifiable in the eyes of the eternities, etc.") is not significant. These and many similar expressions of preferences and prejudices, such as his conviction that in exchanging an Eliot for a Lowell Harvard University would be the gainer, are merely the expected reactions of a mind stiffened by a certain class point of view. In general Wendell was (theoretically at least) acutely conscious of class: in a world of many changes which seemed incomprehensible and distressing he took refuge in a largely imaginary past. "The thing is to feel, so far as one can, what one's forbears have felt." And, "I feel that we Yankees are as much things of the past as any race can be. America has swept from our grasp. The future is beyond us. And we have not the great background of European tradition to console ourselves with . . . At this moment, very often, I feel a certain regret that I had not the fortune to be born fifty years earlier. Then I could eagerly have joined in the expression of faith in the future which made New England literature promise something. Now I find my temper doubtful, reactionary." But one doubts if any contemporary world would have seemed promising to Barrett Wendell, for his was the romantic temperament that can idealise freely only what is out of immediate sight. By association he belonged to that wistful band of New Englanders, who were forever looking backward to Europe for support and consolation, but unlike his friend Henry James he resolved to remain in the United States and see life out to the bitter end where he

was born. Inevitably he took refuge in the only part of his environment that did not hurt—his own New England and its past.

Of his father he wrote, "He came of the oldest gentry of America. From the emigration about 1640, his ancestors had always married into families who foolishly or not held themselves bound by their blood to maintain the traditions of a gentle past." More and more Wendell made a cult of this "gentle past," of its remnants among "the better sort" about Boston, of the "gentleman." Even in Paris when feted as the sympathetic interpreter of the United States to France he wrote, "Imperial democracy is a tremendous fact. I think I believe in it here more confidently than amid the actual impressions of it at home." Once more at home he wrote, "We are living in an age of less liberty and less; every extension of the suffrage makes the individual less free . . . It was evil that many were once slaves of the few, if you will. It is worse evil that all should be the slaves of majorities—whatever their whims." Doubtless today it would be the "tyrannous minorities" that Wendell would fear and denounce! The effort to save the world for democracy necessarily raised qualms: of President Wilson he wrote "Certainly there is hardly a man in the country in whom I could feel much less personal confidence," which was the common opinion of Back Bay dinner tables.

That the above was not the man who will be remembered by students and colleagues and friends as a singularly lovable and unusual personality is obvious. Other aspects of Wendell occasionally flash even from the mass of personal correspondence—the histrionic Wendell (like his younger brother) acting in his own Elizabethan Raleigh in Guiana, the adventurer and possible soldier (he surely would have "emigrated" in 1640, if his ancestor had not saved him the bother!) delighting in struggle and clash, if not in strife—careers that he might well have flourished in had it not been for the accident of his revered "tradition." If a decorous account of his life might not be expected to include these latent possibilities of the character, at least more could have been made of the teacher and the craftsman that Wendell was preeminently. Through his teaching of the art of writing, both in class and in his unique English Composition, he has had a greater influence upon the craftsmanship of the writer than any other American man of letters. Whatever may be said of his rhetorical formulas he spread extraordinarily by his own teaching and that of his many pupils the idea that in order to write well the writer must be consciously trained and take pains. The immense effort put forth in American schools and colleges to teach the art of writing is more directly attributable to Barrett Wendell than to any other. If in his old age he seems to have lost faith in the method, this was but the fog of thirty and more years in the class room and office: the ideal stands. It was an ideal of unremitting industry, of practice and pains. And a vivid realization that the least of expression may yet be creation.

The reverse effort of interpreting the creation of literature in terms of humanity, as it was begotten, owes hardly less to the example and the practice of Barrett Wendell. He came into teaching at Harvard at a time when the lure of the German doctorate threatened to submerge altogether the teaching of belles lettres in the very sanctuary of American letters, and almost alone he proclaimed and testified that in literature as in life the spirit is more than the word, because the spirit is first. He accomplished this in a personal man-

ner, swaggeringly, passionately, often belittling his own very real acquisitions in scholarship. Thus he created at Harvard one of those traditional personalities that the transformation of the American university into a laboratory of technology is fast making impossible. He was one of a few very real academic "characters" of the last generation, with a rich flavor, personal and eccentric, that youth delights in, loves and remembers . . . Of these more professional aspects of Barrett Wendell, too much abridged in the present record of him in favor of trivial exchanges and amiable social relationships, two passages may be cited, one written at the opening of his career as teacher, in 1887, and the other at its close:

Over-refinement is the curse of the century—in virtue as in vice. Virility—the broad human courage that takes the world and the tasks of life as they are given to us, that knows temptations and pleasures and duties, that fights and struggles and wins and fails is more to seek than it used to be . . . There is no calling so mean that it cannot be followed with a firm purpose to follow it well. And one condition of sanely vigorous life is that there shall not be too much preliminary thinking."

To Prof. E. K. Rand in 1920:

Now nobody knows better than I that I am no scholar, and therefore no consequence to learning. Yet one thing I did in my teaching seems to me right. I tried to make pupils read things, and not weight their unsteady heads with things that had been written about things—historic, linguistic, whatever else. My task as a Harvard teacher was to give glimpses of literature to men who generally would not be concerned with it in practical life. That I never forgot. Any scholar can help to make scholars; but lots fail in the process to humanise. My real duty, as I saw it, was not scholarly but humane.

It was this vivid, persistent sense of humanity in literature as in life that made Barrett Wendell the figure he was.

ROBERT HERRICK.

A People's Houses

Sticks and Stones, A Study of American Architecture and Civilization, by Lewis Mumford. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

DURING its picturesque career from the stern and rock-bound coast of the Pilgrim settlements to the steel-bound sky line of New York, the American people has dwelt in a great variety of houses. The houses, indeed, have been no less picturesque than the career. Whether each new mansion has been nobler than the last is, perhaps, open to question. No doubt each has been bigger and in a sense grander. Furthermore, ground rents, the unfailing indices of a certain sort of progress, have steadily appreciated. Mother earth is dearer if not more benign on Manhattan Island than she has ever deigned to be elsewhere. Accordingly, the landscape, the side yard of the American people, has altered no less than the dwellings that occupy it. The consequence is that these outward changes which the American establishment has successively undergone afford a record of our life history wherein the thoughtful observer will be able to read the secrets of our heart.

In its earliest phases the civilization that was established upon these shores was distinctly mediæval. The New England farming village, with its common pasturage which survives only in the designation of a city park as Boston "Common" or in the rows of decorative elms which mark the analogous "Common" of a historic town, was really a manorial community without the manor house. Its irregular and twisting streets were not accidental cow paths. That jibe at the oldest sections of the oldest cities arises only from ignorance of the niceties of the village economy. The streets were laid out deliberately with a careful eye to the purposes they would serve and the terrain they would traverse. Each individual house, indeed, was located so as to combine the maximum convenience of access to the outlying farm land with the maximum protection from prevailing winds. The dwellings themselves were simple as houses must be which are the direct creations of master-builders working without plans, and compact as the comfort of the occupants required in an inclement climate when central heating was not even a dream of the future. Of decoration there was very little either in the houses or in the lives conducted within their doors. Yet the purity of their design has not been equalled since. In harmony not only of line and mass but of material, use, and habit, in the brooding sense of deep stability, the primitive village of the seaboard colonies surpassed anything that has followed it.

Indeed, what has followed has been the mongrel civilization of an era of transition. Mr. Lewis Mumford brings to the study of our architectural record just such special skill and contemplative intelligence as are necessary for its interpretation. Architecture, to him, is not a matter of blue prints and elevations, nor even of the handful of showy buildings disposed about the public square like gift china upon a plate rail. It is the total expression in building of a civilization. In describing its houses he describes the people. If his analysis is sound, the degeneration of American architecture has been brought about by three principal forces: cities, machinery and eclectic sophistication. All three were perhaps inevitable. Certainly the mediæval civilization which gave form and order to the earliest American life was already crumbling when its transplantation to the new world occurred; otherwise the transplantation would not have occurred. Moreover, the first break in the isolated security of American village life was bound to come about through the accumulation of riches and the inevitable appetite of the well-to-do for the newer amenities of Europe. It makes little difference in the end that the classical style imported during the eighteenth century produced excellent and harmonious buildings; that the southern classic-colonial villa accorded well with the conditions of life of the land-owning, slave-holding planter who was, indeed, not a very different fellow from the Roman plantation owner who built the architype of the southern manor house. The classic mode was nevertheless superimposed. It was at odds with the modern requirements of light and air. It was incapable of general development. And it was accordingly corrupted with other styles of decoration, also imported, through which American building became increasingly unveracious, mixed, ephemeral, sometimes even exotic.

Veracity, indeed, was no longer possible. The town was rapidly becoming a great city, while the house itself was undergoing a still more extraordinary metamorphosis from a building into a machine. The conditions of urban life combined to crowd the dwellings even of the princes of American commerce into solid rows of city tenements dis-

tinguished, architecturally, only by their brown-stone fronts, or, as Mr. Mumford calls it, their "imperial façade." Meantime, the introduction of increasingly elaborate plumbing and heating arrangements and the later development of structural steel construction as the prevailing mode in all buildings of any size have served to make the new mechanical interior and the old architectural exterior quite irrelevant to one another. "A modern building is an establishment devoted to the manufacture of light, the circulation of air, the maintenance of a uniform temperature, and the vertical transportation of its occupants." The modern creation of structural steel is not a building at all in the established sense of the word. It is not built from the ground up. The steel frame is rivetted together like a piece of engineering and the exterior surface is hung upon it, literally a dressing of brick or stone. The product of this technology is the "draped cube." The architect has been crowded out by the engineer.

A man who had found a god worthy his worship in the infinite precision of machinery might face this outcome with equanimity. Very well, then, he would say, let's see what the engineer can do. But Mr. Mumford dislikes machinery acutely. Therefore, though he concedes the superiority of the Brooklyn Bridge to any edifice of the machine age, he inclines to sigh for a return to proper building. The suggestion of a building-machine in which even the external dressing had been finally assimilated to the structural technique would not move him to enthusiasm, any more than a scheme for resolving the chaotic monotony of the rows of city houses by the application of a single architectural scheme to an entire block, making each block a continuous and harmonious structure inhabited by some thousands of individuals. For one thing, Mr. Mumford retains from his Freeman days a single-taxing predilection for recapturing the open country by eliminating all site values.

That being the case, the alleviations which he holds out all take the form of escapes from the consequences of modern life: the garden city, the mechanically independent rural community, the household of varied occupation transformed rather than eliminated by the machine technique. That is, of course, alluring. Yet if Mr. Mumford's logic is sound it must be discounted for its essential unreality and unveracity. All talk of the handicraftsman returning to his autonomous carving upon stone is now essentially unveracious. By the logic of history which Mr. Mumford states so well, ours has become an urban mechanical civilization. The question is not how can we escape it, but what will we do with it.

C. E. AYRES.

Some Lines On Mr. Arlen

DIKRAN KOUYOUMDJIAN, who calls himself Michael Arlen—in order, as he explains, that his readers "may refer to him in the same manner at least twice running"—is undoubtedly the literary Pierrot of the minute. A succes d'estime with a few esoteric readers, begun some five years ago by the personal causerie of *The London Venture* and sustained by the sentimental tales of *The Romantic Lady* and the even more sentimental novel *Piracy*, was consolidated last year by *These Charming People*, a sheaf of stories garnered from magazines. This year, *The Green Hat* has surpassed all records by the persistence with which it has held the lead among best sellers. More than that, it has carried with it Mr. Arlen's earlier

work, so that he has the effect of "calling" the public with the commanding gesture of throwing five books on the table at once—a flush beyond question, even if the denomination of the cards is doubtful.

This concurrence of printed matter has its advantages. We learn to know the author very quickly and completely. And he is an engaging figure, this gay Armenian, seen without the background of his martyred nation. He is not one of those grudging writers like Swift or Wordsworth, who keep their secrets, but rather of the genial type of Sterne and Goldsmith and George Moore who give themselves fully. With equal promptness we learn to know his companions, his mistresses, his familiar haunts—the world, in short, where he lives and finds material. It is the geographical world of London letters, from Mayfair to Soho, the smart world of day clubs and night clubs and charming people whose incomes are "over ten thousand a year," who know their way about and speak a combination of epigram and very modern slang.

Mr. Arlen's own style is the summary of his qualities and the epitome of his world. "Discretion is the better part of an indiscretion"; "Clever women are born with rouge on their cheeks"; "Although I like you well enough as a man I couldn't bear you as a co-respondent"; "A gentleman is never *unintentionally* rude to any one." But here the disadvantage of Mr. Arlen's simultaneous appearance becomes apparent. Five volumes at once is too much. His originality is not equal to the test. Repetition of names, plots, characters, as well as of epigrams, gives him the effect of plagiarizing himself. One discovers that his quality, admirable in a liqueur glass, becomes intolerable in a stein; piquant if concentrated for a few palates, it becomes vulgar when diluted to slake the thirst of multitudes.

Of Mr. Arlen's books, *The London Venture* is the most winning and *These Charming People* the most elegant in its artificial grace. In *The Green Hat* he has brought together all that he has learned by previous experiment with his public. His heroine is the woman who as Shelmerdine has played opposite him in the combination of sexual farce and melodrama which he has made his genre. Iris March makes a dashing entrance into her story, with her yellow motor car and her green hat bravely worn, pour the sport. She whips the nerves of readers weary of women perfectly groomed for the literary drawing room by that "threepenny bit of flesh just above the heel of her left shoe," by her hand "faintly dirty" which "smelt dimly of petrol and cigarettes, and a scent whose name I shall never know." By sheer bravura she carries us through the adventure which begins in the riot of a London night-club and proceeds through the sinister hospital at Paris, to the conclusion where yellow motor-car and green hat are the instrument and the symbol of tragedy. But when the mystery of her life is revealed as the romantic sacrifice of her reputation to preserve the legend of the purity of her husband, who waited until his wedding night to cure syphilis with suicide—this surely is too much. Mr. Arlen has over-bet his hand, and only the stupefaction of his public allows him to get away with it.

In all that he has written, we recognize Mr. Arlen as the inheritor of acquired characteristics. His epigram is of Oscar Wilde; his causerie is of George Moore; the kick in his stories is of Kipling and O'Henry. But there is more remote ancestry which the historian will trace if Mr. Arlen should in the future become an object of research. A hundred years ago the age, like our own, was one of dis-

enchantment after the illusions of romance and war. The heroic figures set in motion by Scott and Byron had become outmoded; the public was eager for something of the zest of life in the here and now. Then as today the feet of the young men were heard at the gate. Bulwer and Disraeli were at hand to supplant Manfred and Ivanhoe with Pelham and Vivian Grey. There is a striking likeness between these autobiographical heroes and Mr. Michael Arlen. What is the use, they said, of romantic sorrow over

old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago,

when there is a present to be explored and enjoyed? Why abandon society in misanthropic scorn when it offers itself to such easy conquest? Bulwer in Pelham or the Adventures of a Gentleman, made much the same impression on his public that Mr. Arlen does, teaching angels to tread fearlessly, and commanding allegiance by pure effrontery. Only a man of distinction dares to wear simple black for evening dress, wrote Pelham's mother, whereupon Pelham wore black and the world followed him. Pelham's foppery and cynicism, his concern with clothes, food, and behavior, which the world called dandyism, are an anticipation of Arlen's heroes. His epigrams are of the same coinage, though they fall with a flatter ring. His gentlemanly adventures, such as that with the Duchess of Perpignan who begs him to wear her chain for two hours in the Tuileries Gardens, thus exposing him to a duel, are the sort in vogue among Mr. Arlen's charming people.

The parallel between Mr. Arlen and Disraeli is even closer. Like Disraeli he suffers from a handicap of race and carries off his self-consciousness with a swagger. "And when I write a novel"—he says in *The London Venture*—"the quality I shall desire in it will be, well, fastidiousness . . . I come from the East; I shall go to the East; I shall try to strike the literary mean between the East and the West in me—between my Eastern mind and Western understanding. It will be a great adventure." But in the same book he admits that his nationality is a faux pas, and he lets one of these charming people, Lord Tarlyon, remark "that no one would say he was an Armenian if he wasn't." Like Disraeli he is necessarily an arriviste in the world of Englishmen, the world of public schools and universities, clubs and country-houses, which he looks on with admiration and desire, which with his Oriental imagination he can turn into an Arabian Nights entertainment, dazzling the people whose inheritance it is with its unsuspected richness and splendor. Like Disraeli, he is an adept in rendering sensuous appeals, the scent of flowers (crushed orchids by preference), the rhythm of music (jazz for choice), the taste of wine and food. Like him, he has a strong feeling for the smartness of smart society—the *ton* is an expression which appears frequently in the pages of both. He is a man of the world in the English sense, which means Paris. He is a connoisseur of social behavior and speech in the Corinthian style. The advertisement of *These Charming People*, "This book will be your book of mental etiquette," might have been the boast of the publishers of Vivian Grey, if the latter had been born with a jacket. And finally, Michael Arlen has even less respect than Disraeli for the grammar of an alien people. "It reminded you of a scent tangled in the hair of she with whom you last danced to that rhythm." It is the last insolence.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Monarchy on the Offensive

Maximilian und Charlotte von Mexico, by Egon Caesar Conte Corti. Two volumes. Vienna: Amalthea Verlag.

MAXIMILIAN once more! We have had countless records of his exploits. One might almost say that every diplomat connected with the project and every soldier who took part in the expedition has left his story or his papers. Over two hundred such works are listed by the author of these new volumes, and many more could have been added without much difficulty. The reason is obvious, for Maximilian's career is a tragedy fit for the stage.

Surely there is no lack of the dramatic. You have, on the one hand, the hero and the heroine, the young prince charming and his beautiful wife, both of them so charged with ambition that they fall easy victims to the machinations of intrigues, of whom each has his own axe to grind and is none too scrupulous as to whose grindstone he uses. Above all, the plot itself is as complicated as the plot of the most woolly melodrama and the stakes are well worth a gambler's chance. The future of a nation, not to say of a continent, hangs in the balance.

This story of "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself" has been told so often and from every conceivable angle, so that offhand one would say there can be no excuse for another biography of Maximilian. And yet this new essay of Count Corti's is bound to take rank immediately with the most important literature on the subject. For, curiously enough, we have all along lacked the weightiest evidence, the papers and correspondence of the chief actor—Maximilian himself. Only the merest chance saved them for posterity, for had not the Emperor, in a moment of human weakness, sent them on board ship at Vera Cruz before he took up the desperate struggle with fate, they would probably never have reached the Hapsburg family archives in Vienna. Even then they have been carefully guarded from that day to this, and only the vicissitudes of war, only the collapse of the Hapsburg Empire, have made them accessible to the historian. It must be confessed that Count Corti struck one of the richest finds in Vienna when he ran across these papers, so numerous that, for the first time, they enable the student accurately to trace the whole affair.

Count Corti has wisely confined himself to a narrative of the Mexican Expedition from Maximilian's point of view, and has thrown chief emphasis on those aspects which are particularly illuminated by the new material. As a result he has substantially altered many of our conceptions. This applies particularly to his account of how the whole business originated. Hitherto we have been accustomed to trace the story to the Swiss banker, Jecker, who in 1859 lent some four million francs to President Miramon in return for upward of seventy-five million francs in Mexican bonds. These bonds Juarez later refused to pay, whereupon Jecker approached the illegitimate brother of Napoleon III., the disreputable Duc de Morny, who, in return for a promise of thirty percent of the profits, undertook to inveigle the French Emperor into intervening in Mexico.

This story seems to be substantially true, at least so far as Jecker and Morny are concerned. But careful historians have long since recognized that there must have been more to the plot than this nasty intrigue. Otherwise why should Napoleon have torn up the London Agreement, deserted his allies and proceeded to the conquest of Mexico? The explanations advanced are numerous: There was

Napoleon himself with his exaggerated belief in the idea of nationalism and his ambitions for extending French influence and commerce over the whole world. More important yet, there was the Empress Eugenie, the Spanish woman, with her attachment to her countrymen in the new world and with her devotion to the Catholic Church, for which Juarez was showing very little consideration. No one has doubted Eugenie's responsibility and Count Corti too accepts it after adducing new evidence.

Admitting that these were potent factors, who actually suggested an intervention and the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico? Was it Morny or was it some one else? Maximilian's papers leave no doubt. It was not Morny. The thing goes much further back. In 1822 there had been an Emperor in Mexico and at that time the European Powers were considering all sorts of schemes for setting up more monarchies in South America in case the Spanish colonies could not be reconquered for the motherland. The idea evidently had some supporters among the Mexicans, but they were driven into exile after the overthrow of Iturbide and formed in Europe a small colony of die-hards always on the lookout for an opportunity to further their principles, or rather their personal interests.

Most persistent of these irreconcilables was a certain Gutierrez, compared to whom Prince Metternich would appear as a radical. Even the devout Eugenie, when later she met him, thought his return to Mexico would seem to the natives like the reappearance of the Inquisition. It seemed to her as though Philip II had risen from the dead and was conversing with her. It was this relic of the past who, though he had not seen his native land for twenty years, persistently maintained that all Mexicans of note desired an empire, and it was he who finally convinced the gullible Maximilian that the oppressed Mexicans were yearning for the blessings of an ultramontane monarchy.

Gutierrez seems at least to have been sincere. The same can not be said for Hidalgo, a clever young rascal who made good use of his early acquaintance with Eugenie to press the idea of intervention. His chief concern was less for the Mexicans than for his personal estates. It must be admitted that Hidalgo knew how to set his trap. When speaking to Eugenie he could hold forth eloquently about the Latin races and about the Church, and when speaking to Napoleon he could touch the responsive chord with un-failing certainty. Both he and Gutierrez knew the feelings of European monarchs in regard to the United States. As early as 1846, at the time of the Mexican War, Gutierrez had presented to Metternich a memorandum in which he argued: The conservative monarchical principles of Europe should be strengthened in America, so that the disruptive principles of the Republic, whose unbridled ambition knows no bounds and which has already caused enormous harm in the rest of America, might not spread to Europe. Europe must not support the domination and preponderance of the United States. "If the European powers spare the feelings of this aggressive colossus, this giant, who is erroneously regarded as still a child, how shall they later defend themselves against the steadily growing demands of American commerce and American industry?" Hidalgo argued in the same way and already in 1858 had convinced Eugenie that "sooner or later France would have to wage war with the Americans," whose ambition is to destroy Latin influence in America and extend their commerce over the world by dominating both oceans. And his arguments told on Napoleon as well. In 1858 the Emperor was already morally won to the idea of intervention in Mexico.

Only the Italian War forced him to postpone the project. All this was before Jecker was ever heard of. The dislike of Napoleon for the United States was deeply rooted. We never forgave the Man of December for overthrowing the Second Republic, and he in turn was biding his time to pay us his compliments. He probably would have intervened against the North during the Civil War if England had been willing to join him. In any case the war offered a favorable opportunity for an attempt on Mexico, which was to become an "insurmountable barrier" against aggression by the United States. The object of the expedition, he wrote in 1861, is to rescue a continent from anarchy and misery, to give to all America the example of good government, and finally to raise high the banner of Monarchy in the face of dangerous utopias and bloody strife.

To carry out his ambitious schemes Napoleon could hardly have found a more willing accomplice than Maximilian, a young man who had never forgiven fate for having allowed him to be born a second son. On bad terms with his older brother, disgusted with the way things were going in Austria, and above all anxious to play a big rôle in life, Maximilian was so fascinated with the idea of wearing a crown that he willfully ignored the countless warnings sent him by statesmen and men of affairs. Like Napoleon he was a man whose imagination ran riot with him. Even before he had accepted the throne he was revolving in his mind schemes of the greatest grandeur. His younger brother was to marry the heiress of the Emperor of Brazil and so the foundations of a new Hapsburg Empire were to be laid in the New World. This plan fell flat, but Maximilian took it up again in a modified form shortly after his arrival in Mexico, long before he was sure of his own footing. In the new version a few Mexican provinces were to be sacrificed to the United States in return for a free hand in Central America, which Mexico was to annex as far as and including Panama. In pursuance of these projects an agent was sent to make a beginning in Guatemala, and soon after Charlotte herself paid a visit to Yucatan, armed with instructions in which her imaginative husband said: "Our destiny demands that the Mexican Empire become the central power of the new continent, while the domination of the North is left to the United States and that of the South to the Brazilian Empire."

I have enlarged on this point, because it is necessarily of chief interest to Americans and because it is one more chapter in the story of the conflict of the monarchical and republican principles—a struggle that characterizes the whole nineteenth century and one in which, I venture to say, the monarchs were by no means always on the defensive. Here, certainly, it was decidedly a case of monarchy on the offensive.

As we see it now, Maximilian never had a chance. Both he and Napoleon underestimated the difficulties. Neither would believe that Mexico was a "hornet's nest." There was no substantial monarchical party in Mexico, there were too many would-be saviors, each bent on doing the job in his own way and on reaping his own advantage. He might have added that incidentally the Mexicans were not anxious to be saved. The whole thing was a failure from the start and it is easy to enumerate the reasons for the final debacle. Most telling perhaps was the attitude of the United States, which from the start left no doubt of its hostility. Then there were complications in Europe which were bound to influence Napoleon. Maximilian's own blundering policy had no little to do with it. But above all, it is clear from this new book that the fundamental

weakness lay in an initial misunderstanding between the principals: Napoleon regarded Maximilian merely as a convenient tool in furthering French schemes. Maximilian, on the other hand, was too much of a man to play such a rôle. There are situations in which a man of character is bound to fail because he has too much character. The result was endless friction with the French commanders, notably Bazaine, innumerable accusations and counter-accusations and finally conflicting actions. And all along Maximilian, who refused to be a mere agent, was regarded as such by the outside world and suffered from the hostility of France's rivals. Willy-nilly, the Archduke of Austria, had become the Archduke of France, as the joke went.

The book is admirably planned and very well written. All through it runs a personal touch which was impossible so long as Maximilian's own papers were not available. Count Corti has a peculiar knack of making the most of his opportunities and in the chapters dealing with Charlotte's interviews with Napoleon and the Pope and with her tragic end, as well as in the chapters dealing with Maximilian's downfall and death he has risen to the situation and has penned scenes of gripping and touching beauty. There are voluminous quotations from the correspondence all the way through and the book is enriched with contemporary portraits and with facsimiles of letters. For the benefit of the historian the letters exchanged between Napoleon and Maximilian, and between Eugenie and Charlotte are printed in extenso in the appendices. Taken all in all the book is a first rate contribution to American History and one which tends to emphasize the close connection between our own country and Europe, a connection too frequently ignored by those who think we have lived in seclusion and ought to remain in isolation.

WILLIAM L. LANGER.

Anti-Humanism

Speculations, by T. E. Hulme; edited by Herbert Read. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. \$3.75.

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In *Speculations* we have the fragments of a philosophy in the making; but its outline and temper are plain; and we perhaps see the animus that moved Mr. Hulme all the more clearly because the thoughts themselves have not yet been put into conventional costumes. These essays have the untouched rudeness of a soliloquy: dry, hard, chunky, they have as little to recommend them from a literary standpoint as a demonstration in geometry. Mr. Hulme would not have regarded this as a defect: his æsthetic position can



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perhaps best be stated by saying that the abstract quality of a mathematical theorem was exactly what he demanded of a work of art. But this is to anticipate.

Half of *Speculations* is a polemic against humanism; the remainder contains Mr. Hulme's philosophy of literature, a sympathetic exposition of Bergson's æsthetic; an excellent introduction to Sorel's *Reflexions on Violence*, and a collection of aphorisms, called *Cinders*.

The criticism of humanism is central to Mr. Hulme's philosophy; and for an alternative he is driven back onto a belief in a static world of fixed values. To arrive at these conceptions, he posits a complete discontinuity between the inorganic world of mathematical and physical science, the organic world dealt with by biology, psychology, and history, and the world of ethical and religious values. In Mr. Hulme's mind, the first and third worlds had the common characteristic of being "absolute," and subject to absolute knowledge. The intermediate world of life was "a muddy mixed zone" of the concrete and the relative. In practice, the absolute in ethics, for example, is the existing body of convention and habit; but with history set aside as all-too-human Mr. Hulme could afford to forget the evanescent and relative and quite local character of his absolutes.

The humanist movement of the Renaissance was anathema to Mr. Hulme because it had broken up a set of fixed assurances and standards that had bound together a great part of Western Europe and Asia Minor since the collapse of the Roman dominion. Instead of the dogma of Original Sin, humanism had set up a belief in perfectability; instead of clinging to the external concept of God, it tended to deify man; in short, in every department of life and thought it supplanted formalism with vitalism: a belief in man's proper powers. In Michelangelo and Leonardo and Marlowe, Mr. Hulme is prepared to acknowledge that humanism had a heroic and positive aspect; but for the most part its gains seemed insecure, for the doctrine degenerated too readily into the sort of romanticism and sentimentality which Mr. Irving Babbitt associates with Rousseau.

While many of us take the humanist scheme of values for granted, to Mr. Hulme it was false and contemptible. Man is not a god: he is a sorry animal who needs the incessant discipline of formal standards. Progress does not exist; for it impudently demands of human institutions a quality which the very nature of man denies. Art and philosophy must look upon living things only as materials for the absolute; the abstract relation, says Mr. Hulme, is more important than the things that are related. Mr. Hulme was conscious of the fact that humanism and formalism seem to recur rhythmically in the life of a people; for example, even in the formalist Middle Ages there was the so-called twelfth century Renaissance; and even in the humanist Renaissance there was the formalism of art and letters under Louis XIV. Some personal quirk, however, made Mr. Hulme think that the difference between humanism and formalism was a difference between the false and the true: he was not sufficiently the philosopher to escape the temporal bias of his philosophy!

"Sloppy," "muddy," "messy," "loose"—these are some of the adjectives Mr. Hulme applies to life and to the humanist outlook on life. He transferred to humanity a sort of perpetual sense of the "morning-after"; and one can't help reading into his philosophy an irrelevant disgust towards the drab streets and slatternly people of London,

seen through the smear of a fog. Into the august categories of abstract thought, Mr. Hulme poured the spiritual biography of his generation; and the revelation is all the more complete because the philosopher was not conscious of the process. The futility, the disillusion, the sheer physical exhaustion of our age are recorded in Mr. Hulme's *Speculations*. Given these disabilities, his reaction was inevitable.

Humanism, it seems to me, is natural *Anschauung* in a period when men's powers are waxing and seem strong enough to hold the upper hand over the environment. Absolutism, on the other hand, is a convenient refuge for the mind when men are conscious of their feebleness, when the environment seems all too formidable, when the boundaries of the world must be restricted before men have the courage to sally forth. Armor and movement, walls and open spaces, stability and adventure—between these poles the life and thought of a community perpetually oscillate. The hardihood that sustained the navigators of the Renaissance penetrated the study; men faced the infinite in thought, the untried in science, the inexpressible in poetry with a new confidence in their powers; even in illness and hallucination they added to the tally of their triumphs: the Blakes and Nietzsches have a place alongside the Leonardos and Newtons. More truly than the classic thinkers, the men of the Renaissance could say that nothing human was foreign to them, for they had made the world their own.

Within the last generation, however, the sense that our humanist world has gotten out of hand has slowly been creeping over us. What looked like a triumphant conquest of Nature and Man's Institutions has relapsed into a siege; and meanwhile, the enemy has invented new terrors and difficulties. Reason is not as strong as we had thought in disciplining the personality, and natural benevolence not quite so copious: science and invention and machinery have not automatically removed the brutalities of toil: the elimination of past abuses is no guarantee against future ones: and the nations, instead of settling down to create their own heaven on earth, as Sir Thomas More had hoped and as the eighteenth century philosophers had planned, are only too apt, through blind imbecility, to raise hell on their neighbor's portion.

Baffled by these difficulties, it is only natural that men should lose confidence in the adventure, and withdraw to their cellars; and for the moment, the cellar-philosophies are multiplying. The philosopher reduces this tumultuous, man-infected world to a neat grammatical "universe of discourse," and with Messrs. Moore and Russell creates a new scholasticism: the artist ceases to battle for a place in our mechanical civilization, and glorifies the mechanism that is eliminating him: the political observer turns away from the great array of social programs that were formulated from Morelly to Marx, and abandons political life to the rule of thumb or brass knuckles; in literature, a hard, dry classicism gives to technique the satisfaction that used to come from thought and imagination. In short, we are obviously in for a period of spiritual shrinkage and encystment; and it was to Mr. Hulme's credit that he jubilantly proclaimed the final stage of this process before most people realized it had begun.

Against this inane acceptance of ebb-and-flow the humanist, however, is driven to protest; for one of the reasons for being conscious of historic process is to be able to correct them without passively awaiting the turn of the tide. To relapse hastily into formalism is to acknowledge defeat before the battle has been fought; and although the forces

of humanism are weaker now, perhaps, than they have been for three hundred years, they are not yet done for. In æsthetics, in philosophy, in social life, formalism represents the path of least resistance: to praise machinery or to accept the Church's solutions for our moral dilemmas is much easier than to put machinery in its place and to carve out a positive morality which shall bear some relation to the facts of natural history. But it does not become a philosopher to embrace the first program, and call it true or good; that, indeed, is the shoddiest of rationalizations. If humanism loses out, that is, if it does not repair its own weaknesses and rally fresh minds to its standards, it will mean only that the generation which followed the war is tired—even as Mr. Hulme was tired before the war broke out. These unfinished Speculations focus, I believe, the capital intellectual conflict of our time; and for this they deserve an honorable place even in the consideration of those who, like myself, feel inimical to the views Mr. Hulme sets forth.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

James Oppenheim

The Sea, by James Oppenheim. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

IN their incertitude, the members of the Seven Arts group overrationalized the process of artistic creation. Literature, painting and music were going to be produced, it would have seemed, out of the impulse to rectify American life; and the summons to youth was couched too frequently in the shape of moral exhortations and appeals to the conscious will. The lady was charged to arise from the bed of her paralysis. In certain of the members of the rebel group, the moralistic rationalizing attitude flowed from a state of weakness since rapidly left behind by them. But in others, the incapacity to permit a form, idea, a picture to speak for them has spoiled much of the work done in the days successive in the collapse of the young periodical, and among these James Oppenheim stands eminent. The process of liberation has been a lingering one for him. He has remained pretty consistently on that mentally circumscribed and rootless plane from which the entire group commenced functioning. Much respectable work has come out of him since the fall of 1917. He has waxed more powerful a mason of words, and produced splendid bits of verbal color and well-sustained passage of Whitmanesque rhapsody. And many aspects recommend him to his contemporaries, not less appealingly now than in the past. As a personality, he has proven himself always kindly, paternal and sympathetic, possessed of that alertness to world-issues, that sense of values and largeness of outlook produced by the stimulated intelligence. In every crisis he has sided against the herd and with the angels. But in his poetry, rationalizing attitudes of mind have consistently bound him. If the better portion of his work recently collected in the large volume *The Sea* shows Oppenheim a maker of magnificent phrases, it also attests him predominantly a kind of exalted, dithyrambic Felix Adler. Only the more recent section of his work called *Golden Bird* brings evidence of feeling given something approximating freedom.

It is not without sentiment of the horrid irony of life that one sees in James Oppenheim, a little "father of ethics." No writer has preached more vehemently, more consistently than he the necessity of creating out of pure

unrationalized feeling and in disregard of past experience received, nor attempted more grandiosely to express the subconscious uncharted elements of his own life. He has been very forward with the Mother, to utilize a little the language favored by some of his Jungian co-religionists when describing the mystic creative act, and pretended that he has produced from out his psyche many fiery symbols beyond himself. His poetry nevertheless moves entirely within a pattern laid deliberately and from without upon his life. Intellect and feeling have not been welded in shaping the superficially surging tumultuous matter of *The Mystic Warrior* and *The Solitary*, as intellect and feeling have been fused alike in the poetry of William Blake and of Alexander Pope. The poetic sea rises in Oppenheim and cannonades against the cliffs; but rarely does the liquid matter become solidified in the form of a self-sufficient, self-manifest thing, no more than the winter sea itself becomes the cliffs whose shapes it momentarily seems to hold. The poet advances, tearing his priestly robes and spilling drunken language. Should you peer close, however, you would see the ecstasy gyrating inside a field delimited and staked out for it by a gray awake old reason. Reason with its formulæ and preconceptions had arrived on the battle-ground long before poor sluggard feeling was up, and laid out in the scene, the cold old thing, in conformity with laws abstracted from experience. Songs for the New Age and *The Song of Life*, *The Mystic Warrior* and *The Solitary* alike, show emotions made to conform to some preconceived interpretation, and rattling about homelessly inside this arbitrarily imposed framework. Few sections of the autobiographic *Mystic Warrior* are really felt; the poet has let only three or four become bitingly real to him, the greater number of the sections resemble statements far more than realizations; and they are not permitted to talk for themselves, not even in their castrated condition. The author seems to have been afraid that the reader might see more than he was intended to see. Each section in some corner includes a little fabula docet. Apparently at six Oppenheim met some dirty little boys, who gave him sticky cocoanut candy to eat; that night, his mother asked him to draw, and he began to design a sailor on a mast; then vomited. "So here," says the poet, "is a curious beginning of that conception and giving birth which later shall be my art."

At twenty-seven he strikes up a friendship with a fellow poet, and on the Palisades they lie and talk. The scene we do not see, or hear the talk. It is the comment of the poet we get:

We have recovered one of the secrets of the Periclean Greeks

The love of man for man which is rooted in the body
But raised into contactless talk;

Yet for some reason, mirabile dictu, we are not convinced that Oppenheim and his speech-friend really discovered the secret of the Periclean Greeks; and smile delightedly at the rhetorical demand:

Did the Mermaid hear such thing? the Grove of Athens?

Did Goethe and Schiller speak thus together?

It becomes obvious very early that the author is far less interested in the object before him than in substantiating a

preconception he entertains concerning himself that he has had, if not the universal experience entire, at least the experience from which great poetry flows; and that he is to be compared to Walt Whitman. He speaks of "the Walts and the James's."

Like the Mystic warrior, the narrative poem *The Song of Life*, and the drama *Night* are built by means of rationalization about the person of the author. They reveal impulses of self-justification, and the necessity of calling a mediocre experience by loud and august names. In spite of the cosmic inferences of his themes, Oppenheim has not been able to make up his mind whether he is writing about a general or about a specific. He dodges nervously between "objectivity" and "subjectivity," willing to fix on neither. The characters of the narrative poem remain dolls prettily decorated, and move through Arthur Davies landscapes; the tale has neither the naïveté of fiction or the penetration of philosophy. The play introduces a priest who is no priest, a scientist not a scientist, and a poet who could never in all the world write a poem. *The Song of the Sea*, it is true, commences as a metaphor, and moves grandly for a few pages. Nevertheless, we are made aware very shortly that the author gets not enough satisfaction out of feeling life through a thing. He has, it seems, to mount the orator's rostrum in person and exhort, declare and save. The music was merely a pretext, a sort of overture to a modern Jung-analytic sermon.

Like content, like form. The surface of Oppenheim's work shows him possessed of no extraordinary sensitivity to the objects before him. The utterly living touch is out of his song. There are fresh informal perceptions on every page of Whitman; but Oppenheim's perceptions are always a little second hand. Sometimes he comes very close to capturing new sensations:

The sea, black in the winter cloud-light,
Swinging rough squares of sheeted water, laced with
white foam,
And spouting spume through the wind's mouth, and
slashing into blue about jutting rocks,
Hard, broken, like jostling steel out to the sky-
rim——"

and yet, one finds it difficult to feel the entire crispness, immediacy fully present. His poetic language smells of the lamp; he knows Whitman, Nietzsche and the *Song of Songs* not wisely but too well. And if music comes to him readily, the tone of his speech remains ever a little unmodulated and heavy and unrelieved. He requires, it seems, an orchestra of a hundred instruments to serenade his mistress, and the exaltation finally wearies one. The really lovely lyrics called *Songs out of Solitude*, with their comparative reticency and subtlety of mood, come like poultices "to heal the blows of sound."

These songs, and the other unlabored pieces, are islands in the sea; and something which looks like the mainland seems to have appeared in *Golden Bird*. The poet has finally got a glimmer of the unconscious wisdom of Siegfried; for Brünhilde is never to be awakened with exhortations or even with the most perfect exposition of the working of the psyche, and only with a kiss. In many of the poems of this final section of his completed work, Oppenheim has given his lyrical moments with a minimum of rationalization; he has sung in trust of his feelings, contented in singing; and kept his intellect fairly successfully from its

habitual usurpations. These love-poems have a new subtlety, tenderness and incisiveness. And yet, *Golden Bird* remains a promise more than a completely satisfactory performance; it is never poetry of the clearest water. The kerosene of the library lamp remains faintly sensible; and *The Great Mother* is a shameless rationalization, and Hebrews begins mightily and then dribbles into tawdry witicism. Hence, if these poems give one greater hope for Oppenheim's eventual freedom than one has dared for long to cherish, he has still to prove that he can root himself in the difficult coast land upon which he has at length set foot.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

IN the first place, what a name! Except for Walther von der Vogelweide, was ever lyric poet so sung into being by the very syllables of baptism!—Unless Avis Linnell of Hyannis wrote poems to the Massachusetts clergyman who murdered her long since.

Frederick Pinney Earle and Mitchell Kennerley, who between them published in 1912 an anthology called *The Lyric Year*, noticed in the collection not only a singing name but a poem that sang with it, *Renascence*. Fully armed from the head of Jove, had sprung a new miracle. Where there had been nothing, no whisper of her, stood a whole poet. Few were aware, but how aware were those few! Millay became at once a name for them to conjure with, a wand, a touchstone. The faithful remained faithful; but for nearly ten years, and even after a book was issued in which *Renascence*, the title-poem, was combined with briefer sorceries, only an increasing few realized what had happened. Among most poets, as among most editors and critics, a Millay zealot encountered little more than faint agreement or sympathetic doubt; until in 1921 came *Second April*, a volume not so surprising as the first, and Edna St. Vincent Millay awoke on many mornings to find herself each morning more famous. And now *The Harp-Weaver* has won a Pulitzer Prize.

Prizes had gone to poems in *The Lyric Year*, but none of them to *Renascence*, except the prize of life. Though the poem was as good then as it is now, literary authorities were at first languid, tolerant; it won attention mainly as a good sustained effort by a girl in her teens. Perhaps, as we are told, it won the poet a patron who, with the best intentions, sent her to a girls' college. Perhaps it won her admirers who afterwards, with whatever intentions, attracted her to Greenwich Village. Perhaps, as in the British cases of A. E. Housman and Moira O'Neill, it won her appreciative laymen, inconspicuous and quiet but numerous, whose ground-swell has rippled finally with critics.

There have now been printed six Millay volumes. In the book, *Renascence*, I for one would gladly dispense with the two long, rather callow poems, *Interim* and *The Suicide*; and I am sorry that the admirable English edition called *Poems*, includes from *Second April*, *The Blue Flag in the Bog* (which, bravely intended, yet drags along lamely) and *Ode to Silence* (which is the sort of mouldy Elizabethan stuff still affected by many of the Georgians). *Renascence*, though long, is lyrical. These other four poems, beyond passages, are not. *Ode to Silence*, like the drama, *The Lamp and the Bell*, is written not in water, but on a college blackboard. And yet the play, unlike the poem,

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emerges from classical stiffness and becomes finally an expanded lyric. The artificial, the imitative are sloughed off. In her own words:

You may be sure 'tis nothing more than the thimble
Of the matter she's forgotten. I never knew her
Mislaid the thread or the needle of a thing.

Or again, in the same play, she might be saying of herself,

Who does not run
As fast as I run shall be left behind me.

Aria da Capo, another lyric in dramatic form, is timely proof, like the later Harp-Weaver, that for a poet there is no gulf fixed between the lyric and so-called propaganda. Into this decade of timorous æsthetics has come a poet not afraid of something to say, whether it be the pang of second birth or the pang of first death, whether it be the truth about love or the truth about war. College has not taken away her native Shakespearean gift of making poetry seem natural speech; Greenwich Village, instead of affording her a Freudian God in her own image, has quickened her humor, as in *A Few Figs from Thistles*; and *Vanity Fair* has not as yet soured her humor to mere wit. She has survived her experiences.

The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems, her latest volume, contains as much poetry as any of the books but might better have been as slim as the others. It is a transitional book. For my taste the intellectual is here interfering too clumsily with the emotional. At times there is neither sandal nor stone. In the lyrics that continue her earlier vein, she is straining her youth; and in the maturer pieces, her wisdom is less intuitive and less wise than her younger wisdom. Perhaps only Housman, of our time, can be wisely young forever. The ballad from which the latest book is named is very deft and fundamentally moving, but I wish she had been able to quiet just a whisper of sentimentality; and, in my judgment, Sonnets from an Ungrafted Tree, the concluding section of the Harp-Weaver, though dexterous enough in a new manner, are less genuinely hers, bear more signs of fabrication than any of her other achievements, sound more like some of her less lyrical contemporaries, contain even a note of ill-health quite different from the earlier gay pessimism. But the Millay humor, freshly growing from the great earth, is too well-rooted to be displaced by noxious weeds.

Says a critic in the Chicago Times:

Her poems play with the griefs that come as the obituaries of love. And they contain an ironical sadness peculiarly masculine . . . They are the half-humorous apologies offered for the failures of emotions. And they are a more promising, if unfortunate, symptom of the feminine emancipation from illusions than twelve birth clinics and a score of suffrage rallies.

Is this "ironical sadness" peculiarly masculine, or is it honestly feminine? With open eyes, Miss Millay sees her own sex and the other. She sees her time. She sees herself. Now and then, when she sees out of proportion, she knows it. And, on the whole, with the aforesaid deepening sense of humor, she sees not only others but herself in proportion to the airy universe. In this respect, however well she may have adhered to traditional technique, she goes contrary to the usual spirit of English poetry and is one of the Occidental singers to subdue personal emotions to the larger motion of the earth. Being a woman, she is sadder

in the process than Wordsworth was, but being human, she enjoys her melancholy. The pangs of this wicked world do not deceive her, and she puts the vanities eventually into their proper place. Like Emily Dickinson, she knows her hermitage in the heart of nature; but unlike Emily Dickinson, who retired to a garden, she carries her hermitage with her.

Reverting for a moment to the question of form, the fact is noteworthy that in her limpid stanzas and in those clear-flowing sonnets discovered and printed by William Marion Reedy, indubitably the most important of American sonnets, she has so infused her new spirit into old forms that her stanzas and sonnets seem fresher than all the technical variations of the experimentalists. She has proved that renovation can be innovation. Alongside *Renascence*, *The Waste Land* with its careful capers grows stale and unprofitable.

Twelve years have passed since the appearance of *Renascence*; and, as much for the importance of that poem as for anything she has written since, Edna St. Vincent Millay holds a secure place in American letters, a securer place, I imagine, than any of her contemporaries. Remembering how slowly recognition came to her in the beginning of our poetic revival, it is pertinent and interesting to consider the recognition accorded new-comers in the year of poetic grace, 1924. Poetry, during the decade, has increased in vogue. Poetic schools have come and, when methods and trickeries were lifted for the moment above substance and truth, have gone. Poetry magazines and societies have flourished, and the lecture platform has resounded with verse. Editors and critics have been on the generous lookout for arrivals and, eager to discover, have in many cases accorded grotesque acclaim to mediocre or merely clever performances. The result is that poets who might have been genuine are petted into foppery, and that many little journalists are vaunting the laurel in their smart lapels. Would fresh verse hold its quality better, if watchers like myself were not so impatient for the public to become aware?

Perhaps, sometimes away from us all, not touted in Chicago by Poetry, in New York by *The Measure*, in Philadelphia by *Contemporary Verse* or in limbo by *The Dial*, not even presented anonymously in Mexico by *Palms*, an important American poet may be creating an important American poem, another *Renascence*, to miss a prize and win a permanence. If so, the slow-moving public will become aware again, in its own good time.

WITTER BYNNER.

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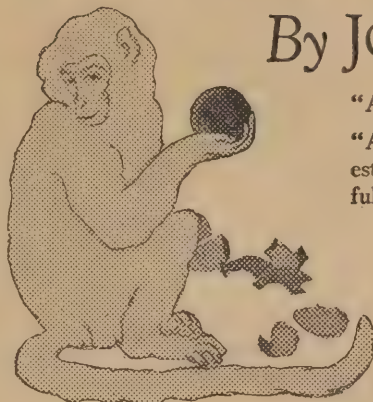
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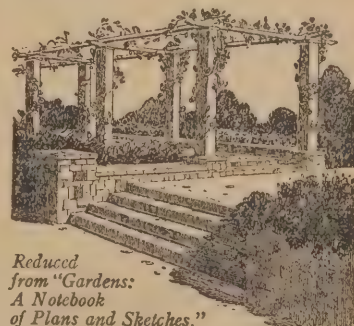
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to be recognized as the new science of sociology. Social scientists of the present are busily engaged in clipping the wings of these words, an occupation which in its extremes might fittingly be called conceptual homicide.

Professors Balz and Pott have taken biology and psychology too seriously to be regarded as mere wing-clippers. In seeking a solid basis for social theory beyond the realms of conceptions, they have realistically approached man in his biological setting. To the question "how far is human behavior conditioned by biological inheritance?" they propose answers which should satisfy even the most rabid biological determinists. They see, however, what the biological determinists never see, namely, that the content of human nature is richer and more fluid than is implied in any schematic catalogue of inherited tendencies. Instincts are not to them the inexorable and confining forces which forever define and limit capacities but rather "correlations of structure and function" which "may function in a life controlled by intelligence and enlarged by imagination." Every valid and insistent demand of the biological determinist is granted and then shown to be inadequate as an explanation of man's behavior in a social environment. This section of the volume proclaims no new truth but says what needs to be said concerning the biological aspects of human nature in more convincing language than is contained in any other similar work known to the reviewer.

The psychological portions of the text are slightly ambiguous, not apparently through any fault of the authors but rather because the categories of biology are more definitive than those of psychology. This is the more regrettable since the central thesis of the book, namely, that psychology is social psychology, becomes acceptable only when clarified by adequate categories. There is a frank recognition that such terms as mind, consciousness, intelligence, feeling, desire, and will—the categories of "inner experience"—are unsatisfactory for social psychology, but they are not rejected. Stimulus, response, adaptation and adjustment are also permitted a legitimate place but "social psychology will require categories other than, and in addition to, those furnished by biology, behavior-psychology and physiology." If the above terms are to be used as symbols for problems and "not as categories constitutive of" the subject-matter of social psychology, the commendable suggestion is made that social psychology must find its data in social situations, in the facts of activity. A social fact is "*any fact that could not come to be at all save within a group or congregate form of life.*" The arguments used by the authors in the attempt to define psychology as social psychology proceed from the basis of an anti-dualism which refuses to grant integrity to mind-body, individual versus society concepts. They are better arguments than are usually proposed by anti-dualists, but they do not appear to constitute an adequate basis for the thesis that psychology is social psychology. After all, a desire to see human nature and the social process as a unity does not preclude the possibility or even the necessity of diversified scientific disciplines. In one sense all studies of nature, including human nature, are unified and the various sciences are merely arbitrary divisions of labor. The divisions are valid provided they are capable of particularizing problems and developing methods capable of illuminating those problems. Behaviorism may be called a "hybrid" only when it can be proved that behaviorists have made claims for facts which transcend their method. "Individual psychology is an abstraction" only when seen through the social psychologist's eyes. If man is an or-

ganism, if he has "inner experiences," and if he also has social relationships, why is it not legitimate to expect a scientific methodology which will deal with each specific aspect of man's behavior.

The basis of social theory, according to Professors Balz and Pott, is the sociality of human nature, inherited and instinctive tendencies and capacities; the hope for progress lies in intelligent direction of inherited tendencies, instincts and capacities. Thus, "to put faith in mind is to recognize its value as the instrument that may make of social process a movement that is also progress." Would it not be preferable to call this the basis of a theory of man as a social organism? Social theory, if the term is to have meaning, must be theory regarding social units. If man is regarded as *the* social unit, there is no need for a further theory of social process. Social psychology has come to be the term which designates the study of man as a social being and the arguments proposed by Balz and Pott are in harmony with this tendency. What name shall then be given to theory which deals with groups, collectivities? Or does social psychology and its corresponding social theory make of groups also abstractions?

The above questions are raised in vindication of the previous statement to the effect that the psychological and sociological portions of the volume are less convincing and more ambiguous than the biological sections. Within its specified context the book deserves high praise. No single contemporary volume, with the exception of Dewey's *Human Nature and Conduct*, from which, incidentally, our present authors take many cues, contains, within its defined sphere, so much evidence of good sense and stimulating thinking. Its faults might all be condensed under the statement that its language is more relevant to philosophy than to science; misinterpretation is consequently easier and those who need most to be convinced of what our authors have to say will find it convenient to misinterpret.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

(Reply by Mr. Balz)

My dear Mr. Lindeman:

Mr. Pott and I are deeply appreciative of your generous criticism and of your kindness in requesting me to examine your review before its publication. Your review is acute; and we could have hoped for nothing more commendatory. The disagreement suggested depends, I believe, more upon expression than upon principle. May I append a few comments in the hope that they will be clarifying?

You are correct in asserting the predominance of the philosophical interest in the book. It is an expression, of course, of a general *Welt-anschauung*. Mr. Pott and I have been interested not so much in digging up new ideas as in attempting a more systematic statement of commonly accepted matters.

With reference to the question of dualism let me give a few words of explanation. We did not intend that the anti-dualistic arguments should serve so much as a basis for the thesis that psychology is social psychology as to show the ambiguities besetting the psychological tradition and rendering difficult the winning of a more adequate point of view. The word "hybrid" was used, I think, with reference to so-called *general* psychology, not to behaviorism nor to physiological psychology in so far as this is consistently *physiological*. The expression was used to designate

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the inconsistencies of "general" psychology growing out of a commingling of influence, metaphysical, methodological, epistemological, and scientific, in its history. The result is a psychology of psychical or conscious states, more or less concerned, however, with the physics of stimulation, with the structure and functions of the nervous system, with the biological account of instinct, thought, and consciousness, with the chemistry of bodily processes, with emotions and glandular secretions, etc. Is it any wonder that psycho-neural parallelism appears as a working principle, i. e., as a generalized way of escape?

I would not deny that it is legitimate to have "a scientific methodology which will deal with each specific aspect of man's behavior." The legitimacy of behaviorism and of a psychology of the individual's reactions in abstractions from the social situation is admitted. But these abstractions must be *recognized as abstractions*. They are derivative, not primary. Social psychology, as concrete and fundamental, must provide the synthetic and synoptic survey; the derivatives represent the pursuit of more limited aims with special methods.

This may be made more intelligible by reference to the categories of "the individual" and "society." We do not deny the validity of the distinction but deny that it is primary—that it defines the subject-matter. The subject-matter is the social fact, whatever that may turn out to be. The investigation of the subject-matter reveals aspects that, in their distinction, can be described as the individual and the collective aspects, as the individual and society; and this means that the social fact is logically prior to the distinction. These pairs of terms are abstractions if each term is supposed to designate an independent body of fact. That which is individual and that which is collective are aspects of every social fact. When, however, the distinction in discourse is identified with a duality in the facts, and then this confusion is conceived in terms of an ambiguous "general" psychology, the situation seems to be not conducive to sound social thinking.

In accordance with this point of view we have not denied the legitimacy of such terms as "mind," "consciousness," etc. Their current meaning reflects the ambiguities of traditional psychology. What they should mean is a problem for social psychology. If psychology must eschew metaphysics, the terms are not for psychology but the names of metaphysical problems and should be re-defined in terms of the subject-matter of psychology. If it be asserted that no science can avoid metaphysical pre-suppositions, the reply is that psychology can revise its metaphysical basis in the light of that science of to-day which psychology seeks to use.

ALBERT G. A. BALZ.

A Revolutionary Source Book

Sources and Documents illustrating the American Revolution, 1764-1789, and the Formation of the Federal Constitution. Selected and edited by S. E. Morison. New York: Oxford University Press. \$3.00

THIS volume of selections was evidently prepared by Dr. Morison to fill an undergraduate need, with particular reference probably to that of his present classes at Oxford. It is, indeed, time, as he says in his preface, that "the American Revolution had a source-book of its own" but the task of preparing such a work is one of unusual difficulty. This has been increased by the attempt

to include in this one small volume the sources for the formation of the Constitution as well. When one proceeds beyond the moral formal documents to add samples of debates, pamphlets and even private letters, the task of selection is well-nigh hopeless. Although admitting the difficulties, Dr. Morison says that to those of his colleagues "who will marvel that he dared to tread in the footsteps of Stubbs, Gardiner and Prothero, he will retort as did Artemus Ward when he fell into poetry: 'Sich was not my intentions, tho ef occashun requires I can jerk a poim ekal to any of them Atlantic Munthly fellers.'" This extraordinary self-appraisal by the able young historian who temporarily occupies the chair of American history at Oxford has caused his fellow-workers to marvel much more than any supposed temerity in his editing a source-book.

The volume he offers should prove useful to those who have not access to the documents in their full form, though it may be noted that the bulk of those included are easily accessible in any good historical reference library. Only five are printed from manuscript. There are a few surprising gaps. Not even extracts are given from the Stamp Act or the Declaratory Act. Nor is this due to lack of space, for the page given up to the list of signers of the Declaration of Independence might well have been omitted and five pages are wasted in reprinting the amendments to the Constitution between 1791 and 1920, all of which lie outside the scope of the rest of the volume. The Introduction should be useful to the undergraduate but is inadequate as "a guide to the documents" as the editor terms it.

The assembling together of so many sources, however, when arranged and selected with the skill which might be expected of their editor is bound to be instructive. For the present reviewer, a reading of all the documents contained in the volume has emphasized two impressions which his other studies had already made upon him. One is the extreme complexity of the issues in the Revolution. Dr. Morison has made an admirable effort to represent as many of these as possible, and to give due weight to the influences operating in the different colonies and sections of colonial society. Even so one feels that this is not the whole story and that we must know much more of the social forces at work. The other is that the whole problem of colonial relations, which was essentially an administrative one, was suffered to become a political one, and was treated on both sides with all the lack of ingenuousness which one expects to find in a party controversy. That, for example, England derived vast benefits from the successful ending of the war which terminated in 1763 was beyond question. However, the efforts of such men as John Dickinson and others (p. 49) to prove that the driving of the French out of Canada and the West was either of no value or positively harmful to the Americans, were really despicable in view of the repeated calls for help which had been sent to England at the beginning of the war by the New England and other colonies. This sorry phase of the controversy, and there were others, can be understood only in the light of the earlier terrors and appeals of the colonists, and serves to illustrate how little the events of any particular decade can be read solely in the documents belonging to such years. For the laborious work which Dr. Morison has performed, the student may well be grateful, but it is to be hoped that he will not fail to realize that he must go much further back if he is to understand aright the movements, the culminations of which is shown in the documents provided for him by the editor.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

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What Is Man?

What is Man? by J. Arthur Thomson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

PROFESSOR Thomson has an enviable and well-earned reputation as a popularizer of knowledge, but the present volume must be reckoned as one of his less happy enterprises. The reason is not far to see. There are limits to human capacity, and if one continues, year in and year out, to pour forth books and articles of a general nature, some are bound to show the effects of haste. Moreover, the author is not confining himself here to the field of biology in which he is eminently competent, but offers us an olla podrida of anthropological, biological, psychological, sociological tidbits, together with some seasoning of philosophy. The resulting dish is likely to tickle rather than satisfy healthy appetites.

Unfortunately there are not a few positive errors and misconceptions. It is not correct to speak of the reindeer unqualifiedly as "half-tamed rather than domesticated" (p. 64); the statement holds well enough for the Chukchi, but hardly for the reindeer-riding Tungus or the reindeer-milking Lapps. The origin of ironwork is said to be "often referred to about 6000 years ago, in postglacial North Africa"; but this important achievement is rather more commonly credited to Western Asia, and to a period some two millennia later. Again, a popular fallacy is strengthened when the coyote is mentioned, together with the jackal and the wolf, as ancestral to the domestic dog: recent comparative studies have shown that the American dogs are not derived from the coyote or other indigenous New World carnivores but can be traced back to a prototype brought into the Western Hemisphere by the Indians when emigrating from their pristine Asiatic home.

Rather more serious than such errors in detail for a biologist accustomed to expound the influence of heredity, Professor Thomson is willing to swallow some of Dr. Huntington's generalizations. He quotes with obvious approval a paragraph in which the American native's lack of originality and inventiveness is ascribed to the effects of the Arctic climate which his ancestors had to endure before spreading over the American continent. Apart from the reality of the phenomenon to be explained, which seems debatable, how comes it that the Chukchi and Eskimo, who not merely have lived but continue to live in the extreme North, are the veriest models of primitive inventiveness? Finally, it is most amusing to find the author first warning his audience against confounding nationality and race, and then straightway doing his best to perpetuate the hoary fallacy that Lapps and Finns, Magyars and Turks, are to be classed with Mongoloids. That probably holds for the Lapps, but from a *racial* (that is, biological) point of view, the linguistic kinship of the Finns with the Lapps and their more remote linguistic affinity with the Magyars is quite irrelevant, while the Turks of Turkey are by no means of the same race as, say, the Kirghiz and other Asiatics who speak related languages. It is almost incredible that a man of Professor Thomson's qualifications should fall prey to such crude and repeatedly exposed misconceptions. The moral presumably is that anthropology cannot be popularized except by an anthropologist—also that such enlightenment of the public is a perennial obligation for the professional.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

Modern French Music

Modern French Music, by Edward Burlingame Hill. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. \$4.00.

THE note-book of a conscientious student following Professor Hill's music courses at Harvard would probably resemble this volume in no slight degree. The concise, factual style, the judicial impartiality, and the absence of gaudy generalizations all savor of the lecture room, and yet crystalize into an unpedantic book of reference that will be highly valuable to the general reader.

Professor Hill is never opinionated, rarely personal. The very generosity of his treatment of the ultra-modernists is less a mark of preference than a neutral "hands off." "Of necessity the critic must be behind the composer in grasping the expressive value of radical musical thought," he admits with equanimity, and it is difficult to determine whether the statement veils a bias for or against the composer, Darius Milhaud, to whom he refers.

Similarly are his final conclusions tempered to the mildest of prophesies. Debussy, affirmed by Dukas, Schmidt and others, restored French music to nationalistic assertion after the Wagnerian subjection of the 'eighties and 'nineties. The "Groupe des Six" are "as subservient to Stravinsky and Schoenberg as their æsthetic forbears were to Wagner." It is thus likely, thinks Professor Hill, that the pendulum is bound to swing again to a more patriotic measure.

M. E. O.

Contributors

H. M. KALLEN, formerly a teacher of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin, is now on the staff of the New School for Social Research. He is the author of William James and Henri Bergson, Zionism and World Politics, etc.

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WITTER BYNNER is the author of The Beloved Stranger, A Canticle of Pan, etc.

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JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS, author of several books on New England history, was awarded the Pulitzer prize for his The Founding of New England in 1922.

ROBERT H. LOWIE's latest book, Primitive Religion, has just been published (Boni and Liveright).

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The Week

THE outlook for the World Court plan in the Senate is dark. The apparently unequivocal support of the President does not carry weight with Senator Borah, now in the strategic position of the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. Senator Borah, although declaring his firm adherence to the World Court principle, regards it as vital that the World Court should be divorced from the League of Nations. To effect such a divorce, he points out, would take time. There will be, however, very little time available in the present session after the appropriation bills have been disposed of, and Senator Borah believes that agricultural legislation has prior claim to consideration. It does not require prophetic foresight to predict what will happen to the World Court measure. It will be put over to the next regular session, when a prolonged struggle will be carried on between those who, like Borah, want a World Court divorced from the League, which no other nation at present wants, and those who favor the Harding-Hughes plan, denatured, probably, by still further reservations. In the meantime President Coolidge will continue to preach coöperation with Europe for peace, a coö-

eration which in fact will be limited to the opening of the American money market to European borrowers.

IN most respects President Coolidge's Republicanism belongs to the McKinley era, and in general to the old Federalist-Whig-Republican tradition, but in relation to one important matter he is affiliated with the school of Jefferson and Jackson rather than that of Hamilton, Henry Clay and their followers. The Federalists, the Whigs and the Republicans have tended to favor liberal appropriations for public improvements, and they were not disposed in general to be suspicious or parsimonious in passing on the expenditures of the government. It was a Republican, Thomas B. Reed, who, when a Republican Congress was reproached with appropriating a billion dollars, replied that the United States was a billion dollar country. The answer was typical of a certain exuberance, generosity and extravagance which has usually characterized the financial policy of the Republicans. Mr. Coolidge on the contrary, reverts to the Jeffersonian and Jacksonian shibboleth of setting up a presumption against any increased or novel expenditure by the government, but we doubt very much whether in this respect he represents the spirit of his party. Of course taxation has pressed much more heavily on the rich since 1917, but as soon as the super income tax rates are further lowered, as they will be in 1925, the people who manage the Republican party will be less interested in "economy" and in diminished governmental expenditure than they are now. They are used to spending money freely and even wastefully themselves. It will be a wrench to the habit of mind, created by their extravagant expenditures upon everything which they themselves desire, to remain loyal to Mr. Coolidge's mystic passion for frugality.

THE existing extravagance in American public expenditures is merely a reflection of extravagance in American private and personal finance; and in spite of Mr. Coolidge's best efforts the American government will never become even respectably thrifty until the budgets of American private businesses and family expenditures are submitted to a similar censorship. Americans are the most royally

wasteful people in the world. That is, they are the richest and, as Mr. Coolidge proudly affirms, the happiest of all peoples. They are wasting their prodigious material resources. They are wasting human life. They are spending an amount of money on comforts and luxuries which can only be justified if they have inexhaustible fortunes to live upon. They are saddling business every year with an increasing load of fixed obligations which are easily carried so long as business expands, but which will be disastrous when, if ever, the limit is reached. They are extravagant, that is, because they think they can afford to be; and they will continue to be extravagant both in public and private expenditure until their supply of natural resources runs down, and they have to depend for their prosperity more on their own labor rather than the bounty of nature.

WHEN the President vetoed last spring the bill which increased the remuneration of postal employes, he accounted for his action by reasons derived chiefly from two sources. He alleged that the government could not afford the increase, but intimated that, if the revenue of the post-office department could be increased this objection might disappear. Recently the post-office has investigated its revenues and expenditures in order to "provide the basis for an intelligent consideration by Congress and the President of all questions related to the adequacy or inadequacy of postal rates." The results of this investigation are striking enough to be called sensational, and, so far as concerns the future policy of the department in adjusting rates, entirely decisive. It shows that the only remunerative branches of the business of the post-office are those of first class mail and postal savings. The government makes a profit of over \$80,000,000 on the first class mail and over \$45,000,000 on postal savings. On the other hand it loses almost \$75,000,000 on second class mail, \$16,000,000 on third class and approximately \$10,000,000 each on its money order and registering services.

THE lesson of these figures seems clear enough. What the report indicates in effect is that the government charges the people who post ordinary letters (that is almost all the people in the United States) \$80,000,000 more for the service than the service costs, and then uses this surplus chiefly for the purpose of subsidizing those special services from which a comparatively few people benefit. If Congress and the President propose to increase postal revenues in order to obtain the money needed to raise the remuneration of the postal employes to the level which private business pays for similar services, they have every reason to accomplish their purpose by a substantial increase in the rates for second and third class mail, for registering letters and for transmitting money through the post office. At present the government is taking at least \$68,000,000 which in justice belongs to its employes

and handing it to the few million people who use the second and third class mailing privileges. The government, that is, cannot afford to pay its postal employes the salaries to which they are entitled, but it can afford to make a present of an aggregate of \$110,000,000 to the private interests who profit from the special services performed by the department.

THERE seems, consequently, to be a clear case for increasing the rates for second and third class mail and for charging an increased fee for registering letters and parcels and transmitting money. Above all there is a clear case for increasing the rates on second class mail. This service costs the government about \$106,000,000 for which it obtains in return from the beneficiaries about \$31,000,000. Thus the government subsidizes the newspaper and periodical publishing industry to the tune of \$75,000,000 a year. This industry is carried on like any other industry, in order to make profits. The periodicals which it publishes are almost all enthusiastically in favor of Mr. Coolidge's policy of "rigid economy" in governmental expenditures and consider government subsidies to private business, particularly to the farmers, utterly deplorable. Now that the post office department has revealed the extent to which the government subsidizes their operations and increases their profits, at the expense of the postal employes, and the people generally, they will, we hope, coöperate with Congress and the President in increasing the rates for second class mail. When this reform was last suggested during Mr. Taft's administration, the newspapers and magazines assumed, we are sorry to say, a different attitude. They bitterly and successfully opposed the increase, but we trust that they will approach the matter now with a livelier sense of public responsibility. Let us wait and see.

HOW serious the Red plot in France really was we have no means of judging. No doubt the Communists were perniciously active. They always are. It is possible that they redoubled their activities, as they appear to have done in England on the eve of the elections, with a view to embarrassing the moderately socialistic government of M. Herriot, involved in a struggle with the Clericals. Communists the world over hold to the doctrine that moderate socialists, reforming democrats are their worst foes, to be downed by fair means or foul. It is uncertain whether the International at Moscow had anything to do with this flare-up in France, just as it is uncertain whether it had anything to do with the stirrings in England which helped defeat MacDonald. But Moscow has let itself fall into a position in which it is bound to be suspected as the instigator of disorders wherever they may arise. It has gloried in this position and assumed credit for disorders in which its part was infinitesimal.

WHILE we believe that the dangers of Communist propaganda are invariably, purposely overrated by reactionaries and even liberals, we cannot regard the activity of the propagandists without impatience bordering on disgust. Communism has its ideal experiment station in Russia. It has absolute control over an immense, practically self-sufficing empire. For several years it has been left undisturbed by foreign powers. It is tolerated in international trade. Surely its first job is to begin to deliver the goods. What traveler, returned from Russia, reports any brilliant achievement in any field, intellectual, artistic, educational, technical? What official report of the Soviet government paints an alluring picture of life under the new order? It may be said that Russia is at a disadvantage because she is unable to raise a foreign loan, but this would be to give the case for Communism away. It would be to admit the paramount significance of capital as an agent of production. Either the Communistic régime should make good on its own resources or admit that the system is a pure experiment, worth watching but not worth emulating until time has proved its worth or worthlessness. In the meantime the Soviet government ought to invite the Communists of other lands either to migrate to Russia and help in the real work of constructing a Communist state, or to hold their peace until Russia can furnish them something to talk about.

THE German elections exhibit a popular drift directly the contrary of that of last spring. Then the movement was toward the extremes, the Communists and the Monarchists. Now it is toward the Center. The moderate republican parties, if they can agree on a program, will have no difficulty in organizing a government. This change in the political complexion of the country may be explained partly by the more decent spirit toward Germany evinced by France under Herriot, partly by a better realization of the folly of nationalistic dreams of resistance. Last spring it was widely believed that Germany had the arms and trained men to put up a brave fight. Now it is generally realized that Germany could not supply 200,000 men with the essentials of warfare for a longer period than two weeks. The consequence is that the Socialists, the most pacific of the German parties, have been the heaviest gainers in the election and will command an increased influence in the government.

THE realization of the futility of resistance was sufficient reason for the rejection of the Monarchists. It was not sufficient reason for the decline of the Communists. If the mood of the electorate had been prevailingly one of despair the Communists would have increased their strength. The present atmosphere of Germany is far from one of rosy hope, but it is by no means one of despair. The Dawes plan is now in operation, and the Germans have discovered that it is not being administered

by ruthless fools bent on extracting the last mark from Germany at whatever cost. The redundant railway personnel is not being recklessly thrown into the sink of the unemployed. No pressure is being exerted for higher taxation; on the contrary, the German government now for the first time is able to reduce taxes without setting the wolves of the Allied press yelping for German blood. Employment is better than it has been since the mark was stabilized, and the outlook for a tolerable winter—though barely tolerable—is good. Some steps have been taken toward the evacuation of the Ruhr, and nothing has yet happened to indicate that France will go back on her promise to complete the evacuation by next August. Such considerations worked heavily for the moderate parties in the election. And the result shows clearly that if Germany is decently treated, the Republic will stand.

The Coolidge Gospel of Parsimony

IN my opinion," says President Coolidge in his message to Congress, "the government can do more to remedy the economic ills of the people by a system of rigid economy in public expenditure than can be accomplished through any other action." By "economy of public expenditure" Mr. Coolidge does not mean the systematic and intelligent attempt to secure five dollars worth in return for the expenditure of five dollars. He means the spending, if possible, of four dollars rather than five. He means, that is, parsimony. He illustrated his meaning by traveling to Chicago in an ordinary Pullman instead of a private car and so saving the government some \$1700. He evidently estimated that the increased privacy, security and comfort which he could have obtained by the use of a special car or train was not worth \$1700 to the American government. He ought to know. But apart from this admirable demonstration of his own sincerity, there remains to be considered a question of public policy. Is scrupulous parsimony in public expenditure the most effective contribution which the government can make to the welfare of the American people?

Let us consider for a moment the philosophy of Mr. Coolidge's dictum and its consequences, if carried out. His major premise apparently is that expenditure by the government is a necessary evil which conscientious officials should pare down in a spirit of sacred and sacrificial meanness. Wealth from this point of view is essentially private. It is productive chiefly when devoted to the satisfaction of individual wants or an increase of the volume of private business. In so far as the government takes it away from the business man, the property-owner or the wage-earner, it is diverting the economic resources of the country from productive to

unproductive or comparatively unproductive purposes; and it is to that extent appropriating the actual or potential welfare of the whole people for the benefit of special services or groups of officials. Mr. Coolidge proposes consequently, to act as the watchdog of the Treasury. So long as he is President the presumption will run against all proposals to increase public expenditure. If the American people are afflicted with any "economic ills" at present it is because the government is depriving the people of too large a share of their possessions and earnings.

Mr. Coolidge's appeal for parsimony bears all the marks of sincerity and conviction. We are accustomed to politicians who, when their party is out of office, scowl fiercely at the large appropriations of their opponents and are vociferous in their praise of frugality, but who, once they themselves are responsible for the government, are almost as economical as a king's mistress. But Mr. Coolidge is preaching frugality to his own party after it has just elected him President for four years. He is a thrifty man himself who must dislike to surrender any part of his income in taxes to the government. In emphasizing the bad economy of public expenditure he in his own opinion is serving his huge constituency with the utmost possible efficiency. He will act consistently on his own advice. During his term of office he will suspect and probably prevent any proposal which involves increased appropriations and, consequently, almost any proposal which involves increased or better paid governmental activities.

In preaching this gospel Mr. Coolidge is capitalizing for the benefit of his political prejudice against positive governmental activities the popular dislike of high taxation and the popular suspicion of the tendency of politicians to be generous with the people's money. If he really had economy in mind and was able and willing to supply better services by the government to the American people at a smaller cost, he would, of course, occupy an impregnable position. The weakness of government is usually not that it is overpaying its officials or asking them to perform unnecessary or undesirable services, but that so frequently it does not obtain full return for its expenditure. Mr. Coolidge, however, is not engaged primarily in obtaining for the government more service at the same price or the same service at a smaller price. In spite of some phrases in his message to the contrary, he is, so far as one can infer from his words and conduct, chiefly occupied in preventing proposed expenditures without any fair and exact consideration of their actual economy. His savings, if he makes any, will not come from increased efficiency but from either diminished expenditures, irrespective of deserts, or diminished activities.

His most impressive demonstration in favor of "economy" up to date was his refusal last spring to sign the bill which increased at a cost of about \$68,000,000 a year the pay of the postal employees. Yet it was clear that these hard working public offi-

cials were equitably entitled to the increase, and if he continues to prevent them from getting it, the effect of the refusal will be to give the clerks and other officials in the post offices a plausible excuse for discontent, for slack service and, if possible, for seeking employment from some more just or generous paymaster. The President would, in this particular case, have been more economical if he had been less parsimonious. It would have been wise economy, if necessary, to raise by taxation the sum needed to increase the pay of the postal employees. The American people would have been abundantly repaid for the surrender to the government of this amount of money by the improved service they would have obtained from the most important of their public utilities. The excellence of that service depends chiefly upon the creation and maintenance of a loyal and willing esprit de corps among the postal employees. Such esprit de corps has existed and still exists in some measure, but the President did what he could to destroy it; and unless his policy is reversed, the employees of the department will soon be thinking not of the best way to serve their employer but of the most inexpensive way for them to avoid service. The more energetic and capable men will find other employment. The less energetic and capable will hold their jobs with the intention of treating the government as shabbily as it has treated them.

Mr. Coolidge's passion for parsimony in public expenditures is born of his profound dislike of all governmental activities except those which tend to protect or increase individual wealth. His proclamation that the most effective course which the government can adopt to remedy the economic ills of the American people is to pare down its own expenditures is, if true, a damning indictment of any possible legislative and administrative activity on the part of the federal government for the purpose of social improvement. It implicitly denounces any attempt by the government to remedy economic and social evils which involves public expenditure. It is for all practical purposes an assertion that the only way collectively to remedy economic ills which afflict or may afflict the American people is to refrain from diminishing by taxation the capital and income which fall into the hands of private American citizens. This is private capitalism run mad, which the majority of Mr. Coolidge's own party will repudiate as soon as they understand what he is really driving at. They have always been more than willing to call on the government to accomplish those public and social purposes in which they are really interested, even though it does involve public expenditure for the purpose of remedying economic evils.

The logical result of Mr. Coolidge's policy of parsimony in governmental expenditure would be its abandonment of regulative and social activities which both federal and state governments are now conducting at a very heavy expense. For over

a generation Congress and the state legislatures have attempted to cure economic "ills" by setting up commissions to regulate private business or by various mild and experimental attempts to serve social justice by legislation. All of this governmental activity tended to increase the expenditure of the government at the expense of business men and property owners. Mr. Coolidge does not propose to rescind this legislation, but he is setting up rules of public policy which, if they prevail, will justify him in refusing to approve any extension of such activities, and, of course, a method of social improvement which does not grow soon dies. When he declares that the best way for the government to cure economic evils is to cut down its expenditures, what he really means is that the best way for the government to cure economic ills is to let them alone. By temperament, experience and philosophy he is profoundly antipathetic to any officious interference with the existing mechanism of society. "This nation holds a position," he says, "unsurpassed in all former human experience," although at the same time he modestly disclaims the idea that during his administration "we can secure an era of perfection in human existence." Still why should the government spend the people's money in order to spoil the pattern of this almost perfect Commonwealth?

Why School?

WHENEVER the public schools are under consideration the matters which invariably engage our grave attention are the courses of study, the contents and the educational methods to which the schools are given over. Our gravity is justified. The custody and care of an entire generation is indeed a serious responsibility. But let us make no mistake about it: the nation has not been induced to turn its children over to the ministrations of the school authorities out of admiration for the pedagogical potency of their exercises. The children are sent to school because that is the place for children to be; questions of what is to be taught to them and how, arise afterward. By their primary function, the schools constitute a national day-nursery. We may rule that children are to be kept out of factories. In the same spirit we rule that children are to be kept in school. The gross effect of the two rules is essentially the same, but—and herein lies the importance of the public school—the prescriptive rule is far stronger than the prohibition.

The glee with which a large public has been chortling over the educational misfortune of Lita Grey is very instructive upon this point. Here is a young woman who is, perhaps, an accomplished actress. At all events she has met with a certain degree of success in her cinema career. Her professional attainments are now, however, eclipsed by a remarkable matrimonial achievement: she has married one of the wealthiest and most widely heralded

moving picture actors in the world, Mr. Charles Chaplin. And now it develops that the accomplished bride is two years under the compulsory school age of the state of California. Her mother and all the other principals have conspired to falsify the public records in the matter of Miss Grey's age, but some busy-body has found her out. The school authorities are adamant: whatever her station in life, this child's education must be "completed." Accordingly she is mischievously portrayed for the amusement of the multitude painfully pursuing the elusive x across cryptic pages of algebraic formulæ. An amusing incongruity, no doubt.

But what the multitude is laughing at is not Miss Grey but algebra. Lita Grey is real; algebra is fictitious, a part of the long-forgotten busy-work of the national day-nursery. The moral of the piece is that when the mighty police power of the state is attached not to school-going but to intellectual content it immediately becomes ridiculous. You cannot make algebra a matter of compulsion.

This is not the official theory of the public school. In the national self-consciousness the schools take on a deep mystic significance as instruments of social progress. By education, by compulsory common education, it has been thought, we shall accelerate social evolution. Democracy, itself an organization not merely for the expression but for the uplift of the common people, has induced in us a belief in the possibility of general improvement by universal education. The horror of a democracy is illiteracy. Why? Because illiteracy is wedded in all our imaginations with the other mental attributes of peasantry. By the simple and obvious association of these various characteristics of serfdom, illiteracy, stupidity, stolidity, and so on, as causes and effects we have obtained the familiar and standard pedagogical dogma of democracy. To remove stolidity eliminate stupidity; to remove stupidity, eliminate illiteracy. To remove illiteracy, compel all children to go to school and "master" the three R's. The proposition attached by the federal Commissioner of Education to Illiteracy Day, of the recent Education Week, aroused much unfavorable comment. But his notion that illiteracy exposes its victims to the wiles of Bolshevik propaganda is only a negative statement of the established formula. The affirmative version of the Commissioner's "slogan" is that literacy protects its votaries from political fallacy and misadventure, a statement which very few respectable people have the temerity to deny.

Such claims as this, however, are usually made for "education." But literacy and education, however different they may be in emotional texture, are nevertheless substantially the same. Each word designates the product of schooling, one as it is referred to by commencement orators, the other as it is tabulated by statisticians. Education is what we expect of the schools, literacy what we achieve. The connotation of each acts as a distorting glass, one

as the large, the other as the small, end of the telescope. Accordingly, the claims which proponents of social progress make seem justified when they are staked on education, preposterous when they depend simply on literacy. For whereas literacy is nothing more than the ability to read and write, education seems to connote a familiarity with the truth. If this discrimination could be maintained in practice, no doubt the millennium would supervene immediately. But alas, to teach the truth it is necessary to know it!

What the schools actually do is to convey to pupils what the teachers think they know, and this process, taken in the large, is simply the familiar one, observable throughout all the parts of all civilizations, of cultural reproduction. All cultures are self-propagating, and in the nature of the case schools can be nothing more than a medium for the transmission of the accumulated lore from one generation to the next. Their knowledge will be the knowledge of the ruling generation, their wisdom the wisdom of the elders then alive. In the end, therefore, the case of the schools is practically that of the printed word itself: each is a medium through which civilization, such as it is, can circulate. The schools, like the printing presses, transmit not culture but a culture.

Going to school, then, is of a piece with reading. Indeed, that is what it consists of, chiefly, reading and writing, including the use of the elementary symbols of mathematics. This is the national standard of education and of literacy: everyone must go to school, everyone must read and write.

But there is, in addition, the "school age." We do not dismiss the children from school the moment they have reached the minimum degree of proficiency in the use of the common medium. On the contrary, we exercise the police power to compel them to remain in school for a number of years. Why? The answer is to be found, as one would expect, embodied in the definition of the requirement. Do we require them to reach a certain level of cultivation? Certainly not. Our examinations are standardized over wide areas, so that a given rank in one school means precisely the same as the identical rank in another school hundreds of miles away. Technically, we are well equipped to enforce upon all children the attainment of a standardized minimum of knowledge or proficiency. But in fact we make no such attempt. What we do require is that children shall remain in school until they have reached a certain age. What we wish to exact is not proficiency but presence. The school is a place of salubrious confinement.

The distinction is significant. We enforce literacy because we can. All elections being conducted on paper, we can make literacy a qualification for citizenship, and we do, accordingly. The standard can be maintained without risk of the revolt of the mass of the electorate because the mass of the electorate is literate anyhow. But this condition does

not obtain in the case of algebra, to say nothing of higher forms of learning. The community as a whole cannot possibly compel their acquisition because the community as a whole does not qualify. The disciplinary authorities of the schools can exert a certain intra-mural pressure; they can assign punitive tasks and threaten or actually withhold promotion. But these measures are effective exactly as far as they are reinforced by the general social pressure of families and friends. This pressure must obviously weaken progressively from grade to grade. For a numerical majority of all pupils it has wholly evaporated before the last grade of the grammar school is reached. Upon a college senior discipline rests so lightly as to be scarcely perceptible at all, whereas social pressure is nothing more than the vague expectation of a diploma.

No one need regard this situation with horror and loathing; it is perfectly inevitable, like the weather, and upon rational consideration no more disagreeable. It does mean, of course, that no standard of education much above bare literacy can be universalized in our civilization. But no such standard has ever been established or even seriously proposed. It also means that school rank is no sure guarantee of anything but proficiency in attaining school rank. This, also, is inevitable. The outraged intellectuals who start up from time to time in hysterical dismay over "discovering" that college graduates subsist chiefly on an intellectual diet composed of those magazines which are most kindly described as advertising media can always be comforted by the assurance that this is not a phenomenon of decay. The parents of these successful graduates read nothing better, nor their associates in professional and social life. In short, we may take comfort from the reflection that schools have not altered civilization. Throughout history, culture has been transmitted in primary groups, by personal contact and the pressure of direct compulsion. If the public school has not changed this, we are at least no poorer.

Probably things will never be different. If the general cultural level is raised, that will probably come about not by legislation and administrative arrangement but by the spread of educational infection from local nuclei. An increase in the relative size of the professional classes, for instance, would have precisely this effect.

Confinement in the public schools, though it will serve this process, can never of itself bring it about. The question remains to be answered, therefore, why school attendance is obligatory upon the whole population to an age that bears no relation to the only enforceable standard of literacy. This is a question not of pedagogy but of statecraft. School compulsion is a fine democratic gesture. Learning can not be enforced; but at least the state can stand between its children and adversity, and herein lies the travesty of the compulsory school law as enforced against the bride of the Chaplin millions. In this

latest Chaplin comedy the clown is the truant officer. The vital function of the school law is to keep children in a school-room who would otherwise be in a factory. That is all the school law can do; but it can do that most effectively. Where a factory act forbids, the school law prescribes. Obligatory education has no justification in the extravagant presumption that the national level of literacy can be greatly modified by legislation. But it is abundantly justified by the fact that for those children for whom compulsion is necessary school is far and away the best place to be, whatever their intellectual ambitions. The whole case for the school law could not possibly be put more sharply than by its substitution for the pending child labor amendment. Such a substitution would clear away all the cobwebs of sophistry that have been spun about the child labor measure, and present to the nation the clear alternative: schools, or factories?

Mellon the Tax Reformer

WHATEVER else may be said in criticism of Secretary Mellon's report, there is no hypocritical pretence of democratic idealism in it. It is a document written by the rich, for the rich. "The problem before us now is not so much one of tax reduction as of tax reform." Tax reform—a multitude of strange notions has advanced under this banner. Secretary Mellon is the first financier in history to apply it exclusively to the detaxing of the rich. Our revenue system collects \$860,000,000 through the individual income tax, mostly from the more prosperous classes. It collects \$560,000,000 through the customs, largely from the less prosperous. If we add to the sums actually collected by the customs the sums which the tariff enables the beneficiaries of protection to collect for their own profit, we cannot avoid the conclusion that the customs burden is far the heavier. Yet the idea does not occur to Secretary Mellon, tax reformer, to propose even a pruning of tariff excrescences.

Only the income tax-payer finds a place in Secretary Mellon's heart—only the large income taxpayer. The cardinal point in his reform is the reduction of the surtax. This, he holds, should not exceed twenty-five percent. "In all probability," he asserts, "even this is too high." A total maximum of fifteen percent—that is, nine percent surtax in addition to the normal tax of six percent—might, he thinks, be too low for maximum yield. He does not argue this point with conviction, and no one who observes the evolution of his policy will doubt that he would like to try a surtax of nine percent or less, if Congress would let him. For is not any surtax, in Secretary Mellon's eyes, a penalty on success?

Next to the surtax, the part of our fiscal system most needing reform, as Secretary Mellon sees it, is the estate tax. This tax, at present rates, he conceives as confiscatory. Here again it is only the

higher reaches of the tax that concern him. The rates on moderate estates under a hundred thousand dollars are lighter than in any other industrial country.

Finally, he would end the frightful scandal of publicity of income tax returns. It drives men of large fortunes to invest in tax-exempt securities, in order to conceal their incomes. The Secretary might have found an easy solution for this difficulty: require reports on exempt as well as taxable income. But a man who is animated by a principle can not be expected to dally with irrelevant solutions. The principle is a clear one. Let the individual build as great a fortune as he can, unimpeded by taxes on wealth, either on incomes or estates, and let him do it out of sight of the prying, envious eyes of the public.

The character of Mellon's tax reform is clear; the arguments with which he supports it leave much to be desired. He still thinks that the reason why the taxable incomes of \$300,000 a year dwindled from \$1,000,000,000 in 1916 to \$365,000,000 in 1922 was that these taxpayers put their money into tax exempts. This would mean that capital worth \$12,000,000,000 had undergone this transformation into tax exempts, of which the total volume now outstanding, according to the Secretary's own report, is \$13,284,000,000. But everybody knows that a great part of these tax exempts are held by savings banks, insurance companies, by trustees for estates and by persons of moderate means. This discrepancy between the capacity of the available tax exempts to accommodate refugee capital and the amount of capital that appears to have escaped has been repeatedly called to Secretary Mellon's attention. But what is mathematical logic to a man of principle? Neither does a man of principle need to make any allowance for the fact that 1916 was a year of inflated war profits and 1922 a year of depression. Nor does he have to explain why he does not present for comparison the figures for 1923 or even 1924; not yet made public but accessible to the Secretary of the Treasury. The later figures would have nicked the edge of his comparison.

Besides the argument from tax dodging, Secretary Mellon employs the argument of diffusion of the burden through increase in living costs, an argument which has no leg to stand on, in theory or in experience. It serves, however, as a peg to hang a new danger on, the danger of our falling behind in the competition with the European nations, miraculously restored to efficiency by the Dawes plan. "If we are to compete successfully abroad, we must be sure that our taxation system does not put too heavy a handicap upon our industry and trade." Of course our taxation system does this very thing. It does it, however, not through the supertax Mr. Mellon proposes to reform away, but through the customs duties he does not think of touching. We cannot sell abroad unless we are willing to take goods in payment. Every obstacle we place in the way of

receiving payment for our exports is an obstacle to exportation, a handicap in competition with other industrial countries.

Secretary Mellon's logic is at its worst in his attempt to show the destructiveness of the estate tax. "It is obvious that if the Government . . . were to take 50 percent of every estate, small or large, and if on the average in the course of a generation, a man could not double his inheritance, there would be a depletion of the capital within the country and ultimately nothing would be left to tax." The government does not take fifty percent of all estates, nor is it likely ever to do it. But suppose it did. A moneyed estate, at the modest rate of four percent, compounded, will quadruple itself in a generation. It could be kept intact, in spite of such depletions through taxation, and besides contribute considerable revenues for expenditure. It is true that estates are less likely to be kept intact, generation after generation, if they are heavily taxed. But no democratic state can afford to tolerate the perpetuation of great estates. If the present taxes are not heavy enough to break them up, we need heavier taxes.

Estates are capital, and there are sound reasons why they should not be consumed in current expenditure, either by thriftless heirs or by the government. But this consideration does not militate against the principle of the estate tax, but only against the practice of covering the receipts from such taxes into the general treasury. They should be held as an investment fund, administered like any other trust fund. If this practice were followed, Secretary Mellon's other objection to the tax would fall away. He points to the possibility of depreciation of securities in an estate that becomes subject to the tax, when the public executor throws large blocks upon the market under the conditions of a forced sale. Such securities could be held in the government trust fund until a convenient opportunity arose for disposing of them.

It is, however, futile to dwell too long on the details of Secretary Mellon's argument. It is only a by-product of his social philosophy, and not an important by-product. Secretary Mellon's philosophy is that of his class, the men who have utilized the opportunities of American economic expansion to pile up huge private fortunes for themselves. Because they have built up these fortunes under the law, have managed them capably and have often bestowed their fruits generously on enterprises for the public benefit these men conceive that only the envious and stupid could desire a check upon the accumulation of private fortunes. And if the building and perpetuation of great fortunes is incompatible with democracy, they feel that democracy is an outworn ideal, unfitted to the times.

The results of the last election appear to Secretary Mellon as proof that his philosophy is acceptable to the American people. But men voted for Coolidge for a thousand different reasons. It is rash to assume that a majority of them were ani-

mated by the logic of plutocracy. If Secretary Mellon induces Congress and the President to act upon this assumption, those who voted for Coolidge will have no just ground of complaint. Those who did not vote for Coolidge will be glad that the issue has been so clearly drawn.

And Who Is My Neighbor?

PERIODICALLY certain sections of the population of the United States are overcome by characteristic disturbances of feeling. The disturbances seem to arise upon the contact and pressure of racial or religious groups and economic classes with one another, and appear to be a phase of the subsequent readjustment of the pattern of the community. When a disturbance of this kind arises, relief from it is usually sought in some form of organization with high-sounding objectives and, very often, low practices. Resort is frequently had to legislation. Much comfort is extracted from the production of an extensive literature which projects the disturbed feelings and rationalizes them by means of a system of ideas that vindicate the status whose shaking the disturbance expresses.

The United States is just now passing through a period in which all these phenomena are apparent. The factory system has spread to the south and the west. It is there disturbing the traditional economy of agriculture. Its development in the east has been facilitated by a great importation of cheap immigrant labor. This has led to the multiplication and expansion of cities and the exacerbation of urban evils. The points of contact between city and country, native and newcomer, old settler and new inhabitant are foci of dislocation and readjustment. From these foci there has spread over the country a general anxiety and uneasiness. Those are manifested in the compensatory organization of the Ku Klux Klan, in the peculiarities of immigration laws, in the many rationalizing books from the pens of such writers as Stoddard or McDougall. The latter extrude and depersonalize the anxiety and uneasiness, thus converting them into a program of salvation, by means of such terms as race, nationality, culture and religion. The stuff in books of this kind is exactly the same as that of the uncritical popular ideas of race, nationality, religion and culture. In the populace, these ideas are precipitates and consequences of its disturbances of feeling. In the books, they are rationalizations and justifications of their correlative emotions under the semblance of "science."

Now such ideas are what we usually call prejudices. What people experience and live through is a very small portion of what they think and feel about. Our prejudices are conversant with the matters we talk about but do not experience and live through. We acquire the prejudices before we have any experience with the matters; and once we have

acquired them they impart their own color and quality to the matters when we do experience them, so that they prevent us from realizing the matters as they are in fact. Prejudices are the logical or intellectual aspects of our attitudes toward possible experiences. These attitudes are the ways in which people react to life. They are the forms in which we respond to men and things and they greatly influence the manner in which men and things affect us. Most of our attitudes we acquire automatically and unconsciously. They begin in infancy, and they come to us by way of social contagion and personal suggestion. Their toughness and durability is what makes much of the continuity of character; the events of adult life modify them but little. Here those few that appear to have been entirely transformed will show themselves, during emotional disturbances, as persisting with intense vitality. Directed toward people and objects of which there has been little or no experience, their actual objectives are words. These touch them off and establish beforehand how the objects to which they are applied shall be known and felt.

A large proportion of the popular books on race questions are systematic elaborations of such pre-determining attitudes. Naturally, men and women of conscience and conscientiousness wish to offset as completely as possible the bias of both the elaborations and the attitudes that initiate them. They wish to get at whatever realities "race," "nationality," etc., stand for, without prejudice, in the spirit of scientific fair play, of tolerance and good will, which are the heart of neighborliness.

This is far from an easy task. Next to a fundamental shake-up of the emotions, only the persistent attrition of experience can effect a thorough and lasting transformation of attitude during the course of the daily life. Its modification by study, by taking thought, by conscious direction, is an endeavor of almost heroic significance. Yet, if chance and fate are to be mitigated a little by intelligence, and life's unnecessary evils removed, nothing less can be required.

The appeal to intelligence, we take it, is the ideal that animates those groups of Americans who believe that Christian ethics are to be practised as well as professed, particularly in an industrial civilization. Associated together as the National Conference on the Christian Way of Life, they have put into the field a number of commissions that are engaged in the direct and empirical study of group contacts—in industry, in business, in the neighborhood. The contacts are observed and recorded as they occur. The records are then made the basis of discussion. Instruction in the technique of discussion has been provided in a pamphlet prepared by the foremost expert in the field.* No solutions are offered to begin with. The basic assumption of every inquiry is that solutions are eventual, that

knowledge must come first. "Before we are ready with praise and blame, with warning and advice," says the Outline for the Study of Race Relations in America, "we must know exactly what we are up against; and that requires not only careful analysis of each individual problem but also a deeper understanding of the similarities and dissimilarities of situations that contain problems." Solutions are to come in further studies, after analysis has been accomplished and understanding attained by means of discussion developed through questions raised regarding the records in hand.

The study outline produced under the title *And Who Is My Neighbor?* by the Commission on Race Relations is the most admirable thing of the kind we have seen to date. It is a case book on group contacts in the United States. It is nearer to the experiential realities it deals with than anything else in the field. It communicates something of the stuff of their life. The reader will find in it a simple, direct and clear collection of specific instances of the traditional attitudes toward other groups than one's own set off by various stimuli. He will learn how physique, cult, language, culture, social status and so on, influence behavior. He will read of the operation of attitudes in courts, city halls, shops, factories, hotels, schools, restaurants, railroad cars, theatres, parks and churches. There is hardly a mode or condition of group contact which will not be represented by a typical example.

And concerning all of these contacts the reader will find raised fundamental questions as to what is really there and what is simply attitude; what is really there and what is simply attitude when Americans of various dates and origins—Yankee, Southern, Polish, Negro, Italian, Jewish, Chinese, Japanese, Swedish, German, Dutch, Mexican, etc.—are variously confronted with the necessity of living together. The impartiality and objectivity of the actual instances are worth a thousand volumes of argument and persuasion. The reading of the Outline and use of the discussion it enables cannot fail to awaken, to stimulate and to enlighten any group or class that wishes to found its attitude toward other groups or classes on realities.

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* A Coöperative Technique for Conflict.

Is the Chautauqua a Free Platform?

If our civilization is to become an instrument for the betterment of man, it must be tolerant of divergent opinions, and let them find public expression to the end that good, not evil, may survive to guide and help us to an ultimate goal.

SO wrote Colonel E. M. House to the president of the International Lyceum Chautauqua Association in August last, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the first Chautauqua Assembly. And in the same vein wrote Irving Fisher, Professor of Political Economy of Yale University, as follows:

The success or failure of a Democracy depends on public opinion. The chautauqua movement has probably done more toward keeping American public opinion informed, alert and unbiased than any other movement. The press has come to be regarded, like advertising, as warped by special interests. The pulpit is restricted as to subject matter and manner of treatment. The moving picture screen is for the future and offers possibilities as yet unknown for good or ill. But the chautauqua platform has kept above suspicion as the greatest agency of popular education.

Splendid ideals of a free platform, these. Are we really realizing them? The chautauqua is the American people's summer school. The lyceum is their winter night school. Literally millions of our adult population attend these institutions and depend very largely upon them for their information and education on public problems. Next to the press, the chautauqua and the lyceum are perhaps the most potent of our educational institutions.

Most people are quite unaware of the extent and importance of the service of these institutions. There are a score or more of really large chautauqua and lyceum organizations that serve from several hundred to a thousand cities, towns and villages, and probably several hundred smaller ones. The size and sweep of the service of these institutions are suggested by a statement made by one of the "talent" recently to the effect that if one lecturer or company should keep going continuously it would require five years to cover the entire field of one of the larger of the systems.

The opportunities to reach the public afforded by the chautauqua and lyceum are tremendous. And this fact has not escaped the notice of the private interests who depend so largely upon a favorable public opinion. The temptations that have been placed in the way of the managers of the chautauqua and lyceum systems, to allow their programs to be influenced and subsidized, must have been very great in the past. The fact that up to the present time the chautauqua and lyceum platform has been able to maintain so fair a reputation for free and

untrammelled utterance reflects great credit upon the men who manage them.

However, we have a bit of recent history in this field that is interesting and significant.

The Public Ownership League of America is a non-partisan organization of public spirited American citizens and organizations who have a very decided conviction that the natural resources of the country—water-power, coal, oil and gas—should be carefully conserved and utilized for the development of a great publicly owned electric super-power system. The league feels that the great mass of the American people are wholly unaware of the tremendous importance of the power situation and of the advantages of public conservation, development and control. It is therefore extremely anxious to utilize every means of publicity to get its message to the American people. So naturally it has endeavored to get its speakers onto the chautauqua and lyceum platform.

In the course of its efforts in this direction it finally succeeded in getting Mr. Keith Vawter, the manager of one of the largest and best established chautauqua systems in the Middle West to attend one of its conferences held at Toronto, Ontario, in the early fall of September, 1923. The conference gave him a three days' opportunity to see the most significant public super-power system on the continent in actual operation and to study first hand the actual results of the system. He was so impressed by this demonstration and by the interesting discussion of the whole subject in a special issue of *The Survey* that he finally contracted with the present writer for a lecture on public super-power to be delivered at 103 chautauquas on one of his several circuits.

And then astonishing things began to happen. Six weeks before the chautauqua engagement opened, one of the leading daily newspapers in the territory to be covered, published a long column and a half editorial denouncing me as a socialist, a false prophet, an intellectual failure, preacher of "an empty, futile and discredited economic and political theory" and a companion of those who sought to overthrow the American government. Moreover, the editorial also inveighed against the chautauqua and its manager for imposing upon the patrons of the chautauquas by sponsoring such a purveyor of false and dangerous doctrine. "No matter how wild or impractical a scheme or an idea may be," reads this amazing editorial, "its sponsors can count with considerable confidence on obtaining a hearing on chautauqua platforms, with the blessing of some chautauqua agency or other."

Now if this one editorial in one paper had been all the opposition that had appeared in the district, one could easily have dismissed it as the unwarrant-

ed attack of a narrow-minded editor. But it was only the opening gun of what seems to have been a systematic, deliberately planned and well executed campaign by the private power interests that kept up throughout the entire summer.

Articles and communications along the line of the one described above obviously intended to discredit the lecture and prejudice the minds of the people against the lecturer and his message in advance of his coming were mimeographed, multi-graphed or otherwise manifolded and sent to many and probably all of the cities where the lecture was to be given. Furthermore, a definite and determined effort was made to stop the lecture entirely. Local officials of the chautauqua were importuned to take me off the program. The platform managers who represented the chautauqua system were interviewed and told that I must not be allowed to speak. And in many cases these men made no secret of the fact that they were acting at the request of local representatives of the power companies, and that the local company was acting under orders and information "from headquarters."

Failing in their efforts to stop the lecture by appeals to the local and platform managers, the opposition then carried their case up to Mr. Vawter, the general manager of the chautauquas himself. Telephone calls, telegrams and letters poured in upon him. Representatives, attorneys and finally the leading representative of the organized power companies of Iowa sought interviews insisting that this lecture be stopped. About the middle of July, when we were finishing in Iowa and soon to enter the state of Missouri, a delegation of five to six men representing the private power companies of Missouri journeyed all the way to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to see Mr. Vawter and, if possible, to prevent this lecture from being delivered in Missouri.

Commercial and civic clubs were in some cases prevailed upon to pass resolutions against my appearing on the chautauqua program. Communities were canvassed asking people to write to the chautauqua management protesting against the lecture. At Hampton, Iowa, June 8, early in the second week of the engagement, the president of the chautauqua association of that city called on me personally to say that the local manager of the private power company had seen him and insisted that I should not be allowed to speak. At Albert Lea, Minnesota, where I spoke on June 14, a representative of the power company had a call in for me at the hotel, but failed to get me. He finally succeeded in catching Mr. Vawter instead. He was trying to get my lecture stopped. Finally at St. Cloud, Minnesota, June 20, the companies succeeded in preventing my lecture from being given. This city is the headquarters of the Northern States Power Company which serves many cities in that section. The local chautauqua committee, it was said, was made up largely of the stockholders of the

company who were the heaviest guarantors of the program. The chairman of the committee was the general manager of the company. Upon my arrival in town the platform manager called upon me and explained the situation, saying in substance that the local committee positively refused to pay their guarantee, although they were under contract that could have been enforced by law, and declared that they and their city would have nothing to do with the chautauqua henceforth and forever — Amen — if this man Thompson were allowed to speak. I did not speak in St. Cloud. Not this time.

There was one other town where my lecture was stopped. This was at Edina, Missouri, July 28. The situation there was interesting. In Edina, it seems, a private company had a contract to supply electric service. It was not altogether satisfactory. The contract had expired and the company was seeking a ten-year renewal extension. Many of the citizens were opposed to extending the franchise and favored starting a municipal plant. The matter was going to referendum a few weeks after the date of the lecture. Representatives of the company knew exactly what the lecture contained, for stenographic reports had been taken repeatedly by the power companies and transcripts sent on in advance. A local spokesman of the power company, an ex-preacher-politician, took the floor at a meeting of one of the commercial clubs and recited the long stereotyped story about my dangerous career and desperate character, and presented and railroaded through a resolution against allowing me to speak in Edina. I did not speak. And a few weeks later the company got its contract.

In this connection it should be noted that none of the criticisms of the lecture had anything whatever to do with the truth or the importance or the value of the message. In fact, no attempt was made at any time, at any of the chautauquas all summer long, by any of the private power companies or their representatives to question or criticise the subject matter or material of the lecture or to deny its truth or tremendous importance. And this in spite of the fact that the chautauqua management carried the standing announcement that after every lecture an open forum would be conducted in which every one who had any question or criticism would be given full opportunity to be heard; and in spite of the further fact that at the close of every lecture, the speaker not only gave an opportunity for questions and discussions, but earnestly invited them.

The lecture on public super-power, while not at all in the "Mother, Home and Heaven" class, was nevertheless popular enough with the people and especially so with the city officials and those interested in civic progress. Of the 103 cities in which this lecture was given, forty-three or well on toward one-half of them, own and operate municipal light and power plants. Practically every one of these cities was struggling to maintain its plant; nearly

every one of them had encountered persistent efforts on the part of private corporations to buy out or drive out of existence or in one way or another get the plants away from them and in practically every case the cities were making a determined and, in most cases, a successful effort to maintain their plants.

Besides these forty municipally owned plants there were also several cities that had already started movements for municipal plants and one or two others that had recently had their plants sold out to the companies under conditions and on terms that had incensed the citizens who were only waiting an opportunity to retrieve their loss. In all of these communities a lecture on public super-power was in friendly territory and the lecture was welcomed as a very definite contribution to the community interest and general welfare. And besides, in a great many of the cities served by private power companies there was more or less dissatisfaction with the service and rates, and a very general interest in learning what other cities were doing, of better, more efficient and more economic methods of producing electric current and especially of the public super-power system as against the private monopoly system.

Moreover, in South Dakota, in which eight of these chautauqua lectures were given, a movement for state ownership and development of super-power has been under way for several years. A survey of the hydro-electric possibilities on the Missouri River in South Dakota had been made in 1920-21 and a proposition to proceed with state development had gone to referendum vote in 1922. Although the measure was defeated at that time, the sentiment in favor of such development has been steadily growing and the interest in the subject was very intense at all points in that state.

So it came down to this: that it was only the private power companies that were raising all the opposition and making all the fuss.

Why all this persistent and pernicious activity to stop a chautauqua lecture? What dangerous and dreadful doctrine so aroused the power companies?

Two-thirds of the lecture, in fact, all of that part which dealt with super-power was the very thing the power companies themselves are proclaiming in their literature, at conferences, on the platform and otherwise throughout the world. They cannot repudiate their own gospel. But of course the super-power they are promoting is private super-power—a private monopoly. We, on the other hand, are promoting *public* super-power. And there is the rub. It was that part of my lecture that recounted the achievements of the government and municipally owned power plants and systems and particularly the striking success of the public super-power system of Ontario and the tremendous possibilities of a similar system if initiated and developed here in the United States that alarmed and aroused the private interests.

But, brethren, if the city of Tacoma has found a way to deliver electric service to its people for one cent a kilowatt hour for cooking and heating in their homes, while others pay six or eight, is there any reason why Tarkio and Trenton should not hear about it? If Cleveland has found a way to deliver electricity to its people for three cents a kilowatt while others pay nine, is it a crime for Chillicothe and Corning to hear about it? And if Ontario has discovered and applied the principles of a new system in the electric power field whereby a whole state is served with power at one-third the cost elsewhere, must the very foundation stones of our abused republic be torn up rather than allow Osage, Onawa and Odebolt to find out about it?

And what becomes of our boasted free platform and the intellectual and civic leadership of the chautauqua and lyceum if at the beck of a few powerful private interests a lecturer must emasculate his message or step down from the platform?

Are the private power companies willing to have it known that the discussion of public super-power has been driven from the platform at their command? Are they willing to have it known that so far as they are able and in respect to their particular field, there shall be no such thing as a free platform in this country?

One question more—and this addressed to those fine spirits of the lyceum and chautauqua world who have brought these institutions to their present point of development, and won for them the high esteem and confidence of the general public which they now enjoy: Can the managers of the chautauqua and the lyceum of America afford to leave this subject of public super-power off their programs? Now that the private power companies of the country have so openly and so vehemently decreed that this subject shall not be heard, can the chautauqua refuse it a hearing without thereby awakening a suspicion that they too have succumbed to the control of "special interests" and thus at once endanger the high esteem and confidence upon which their further success and growth depend?

Public super-power is now a local, a state and a national issue of first magnitude. It is even an international problem. It has already been fought out to a conclusion in thousands of cities. It is at stake and goes to referendum vote in two great states this fall—California and Washington. It is one of the most crucial issues in Congress now. It has been thrust into the field of national politics already; and from now on it will become more and more a vital, strategic and a paramount issue in every local, state and national movement. Will we be able to find a means of public expression of this great subject on the chautauqua and lyceum platform, or must we look elsewhere; or, perhaps create some agency of our own for getting this message to the people of America?

CARL D. THOMPSON.

The Powder Mine in India

INDIA is far away. Few Americans go there; our newspapers give little space to happenings in such a remote quarter of the globe. It is difficult for us to realize that political developments among the people of India may have an important bearing on our own future; yet the most earnest students of Oriental affairs assure us that this is not only probable but certain.

It has become the tritest of truisms to say that the theatre of world events in the future will be the Pacific Ocean, as it has been the Atlantic in the recent past, and the Mediterranean before that. The keynote to the future of the Pacific is the attitude of Asia; and today Asia is in a state which is not far from open revolt against the white man and his Western civilization. In Japan, this takes at the moment the form of bitter resentment against the United States for our new immigration law, and against Australia for keeping idle and empty a continent capable of supporting one hundred million people but occupied by a scant six million Englishmen. In China, the same fires of fanatical, semi-religious hatred for the foreign devil which provoked the Boxer uprising are not far below the surface, and might perhaps have flared out before this had China not been preoccupied with problems of internal unity and the struggle against Japanese exploitation (that exploitation being a copy of the best, or worst, Western European model). The whole Mohammedan world, as represented by teeming millions in Asia Minor, in Africa and India is in a ferment; and while the famous religious war against the white race seems to have been somewhat prematurely advertised, it is a very serious matter, particularly to England and France, whose chief policies of state are profoundly affected by the menace of an Oriental revolt.

Finally, all India, Mohammedan and Hindu, is close to the boiling point in its desire to throw off the hated British yoke. The leaders of the movement in that country are well aware of their weakness in a military sense and the terrible suffering which armed revolt would bring upon their people. Yet it is the history of revolution that the counsel of wise leaders is swept aside when the indignation of the people and their sense of intolerable wrongs goes beyond the bounds of restraint by prudence. The people of the Orient are patient; but they are also human. I have no desire to be unduly alarmist. An actual uprising in India may not take place. But whether it does or not, the rising tide of independence, of a sense of nationalism which transcends creed or caste, is producing a situation which makes it seem impossible that Great Britain shall hold India more than another generation at most. After all, the British Empire is fundamentally a business proposition. If India costs far more than she is

worth, year after year—which is not the case now—that is an argument which the House of Commons and the India Office cannot fail to hear.

It would be folly not to recognize that there are enormous difficulties in the path of the independence movement. The prestige of the white man in the Orient has greatly declined since 1914; but it is still high enough to exert an extraordinary influence which one can hardly understand unless he has seen it in operation on the ground. There is also the question of religious differences, particularly as it is expressed in the caste system. Caste is still very strong in India; in fact, hardly any progress has been made toward its abolition. There are, for instance, fifty-three million "untouchables" who in many parts of the country cannot even draw water from wells used by the higher castes. They cannot walk the public roads without calling a warning; they cannot enter public schools or temples. The difficulty of conducting a unified political movement under such circumstances is obvious. But the moves made in the last few months show that in this field also India is progressing.

Most people when they think of India think of Gandhi. While he is a man of the greatest spiritual power, a leader of the type which founds new religions, his non-coöperation movement has on the whole produced fewer results than was expected as he himself now recognizes. The element of Indian life which is now most formidable to British rule is Swaraj, of which C. R. Das is the best known leader. The Swarajists, who are historically one wing of the Gandhi movement, also believe in non-coöperation but of a different sort. They conduct political agitation, get themselves elected to the provincial or national legislature, and then proceed to hamper the machinery of government by refusing to pass bills, by airing their grievances in debate, and by otherwise making the life of their British rulers anything but a happy one. The latest developments, however, as expressed in Gandhi's new unity proposal, indicate that all the political sections of the country will soon be united under one leadership.

It will be remembered that some years ago, with a great flourish, India was given a supposedly large degree of home rule under the famous Montagu plan with the promise of more as soon as her inhabitants had proved themselves capable of meeting their responsibilities. The hollowness of these promises is shown by the fact that the efforts of the Swarajists have not really succeeded in seriously interfering with the business of state. All the really important functions are still to be found, in the last analysis, in the hands of appointive British officials.

One of the interesting speculations when the Labor government came into power in England

was: What would it do about India? Reviewing its activities, the question may now be answered: it did nothing. A commission of inquiry was instituted in order to find out—what everyone well knew already—what reforms India required. Commenting on this investigation, *The Hindu*, the leading Indian paper and one which is thoroughly temperate in tone, said:

The authority really controlling Indian affairs pursues an ostrich-like policy, else it would not have added this fresh insult of a sham show of reforms inquiry to the injury it has already done.

The Labor government must not be blamed too harshly for its failure to take action. As a minority government, it did not dare tamper with an imperial policy which would have been defended instantly by both the other parties. The electorate in England knows little about India, and those who are best informed have a lively sense of the economic importance of that country to themselves. Also, the routine of handling Indian affairs is carried on by Anglo-Indian officials, most of whom have lived for years in that country, and are thoroughly imbued with the point of view of British officialdom which is, of course, one of complete hostility to yielding anything at all to the "natives." Under such circumstances, the Secretary of State for India, no matter how liberal his personal sympathies, finds himself helpless, bound hand and foot by red tape, delegated authority, tradition and inertia.

How completely this is true has been described eloquently by E. S. Montagu, author of the famous Montagu plan, whose death a short time ago was a severe loss to the thin ranks of those Englishmen who understand India.

It has sometimes been questioned [says Mr. Montagu] whether a democracy can rule an empire. I say that in this instance the democracy has never had the opportunity of trying. Even if the House of Commons were to give orders to the Secretary of State, the latter is not his own master. In matters vitally affecting India, he can be over-ruled by a majority of his Council. I may be told that the cases are very rare in which the Council has differed from the Secretary of State for India. I know one case anyhow, where it was a very near thing and the action of the Council might, without remedy, have involved the Government of India in a policy out of harmony with the declared policy of the House of Commons and the Cabinet. And these gentlemen are appointed for seven years, and can only be controlled from the Houses of Parliament by a resolution carried in both Houses calling on them for their resignations.

The whole system of the Indian office is designed to prevent control by the House of Commons for fear there might be too advanced a Secretary of State. I do not say that it is possible to govern India through the intervention of the Secretary of State without expert advice. What I do say is that . . . he must get his expert advice in some other way than by this Council of men, great men though no doubt they always are, who come after lengthy service in India

to spend the first years of their retirement as members of the Council.

If the Labor government did nothing for India, the new conservative government is fairly certain to do less than nothing. Its probable general attitude was indicated recently by Lord Curzon, speaking at a dinner of the Central Asian Society, when he said:

. . . But in this area of chaos and disillusion (Asia) there is yet one great dominion still intact, with its frontiers still untouched, one great empire still, I believe, capable of exhibiting those virtues and setting that example which may help, at any rate, to arrest the decline of Central Asia. I allude to the Indian Empire of Great Britain. Here you still have British rule, although shaken, supreme; still you have the frontiers of India untouched by external invasion; still you have Englishmen devoting to their great work in the East the strength and substance of their lives. The duty imposed on us from on high still lies on the British race. Let us not take our hand from the plow.

When you consider the present state of feeling in India, it is easy to imagine what will be the result of the new rigor and rigidity with which, under a conservative government, Indian aspirations will be suppressed. An idea of what is ahead is indicated by the fact that the new Secretary of State for India is Viscount Birkenhead, while the new Under-Secretary is Lord Winterton, who occupied the same position in the last Baldwin Cabinet, and whose past activities have antagonized even the most moderate native leaders. Only a few weeks ago Lord Winterton declared over his own signature:

I find myself today as far as ever from visualizing the conditions under which the territory which is now known as British India will one day exercise the functions of self-government within the Empire.

A more drastic policy on the part of Great Britain would of course result in a stiffening of the demands made by the Indians. At present the general body of opinion probably supports the modest proposals of Das, though as always in such a situation, the drift is steadily toward the Left. The Indian leaders are quite willing to remain inside the Empire, though they insist upon complete home rule at a not too distant date and one which must be definitely fixed in advance. They demand that British officials in India in the future shall be expert advisers but not directors of policy clothed with arbitrary power. As Mr. Das remarked to the writer in the course of a conversation a few months ago: "We want to remain in the Empire if that is not inconsistent with our establishing our own system of government. It is only the lack of vision in the British policy in India which is driving some of our young men to think of going outside the Empire."

The form of home rule desired is one which would give the Indians complete autonomy in internal affairs, they do not ask to take control of for-

foreign policy nor to undertake the defense of the country.

Immediate demands made by India were expressed in a resolution passed not long ago by the National Legislative Assembly at Delhi. This resolution recommended that

The Governor General in Council take steps to have the Government of India Act revised with a view to establish full responsible government in India and for the said purpose (a) summon at an early date a representative Round Table Conference to recommend with due regard to the protection of the rights and interests of important minorities the scheme of a constitution for India and (b) after dissolving the Central Legislature, to place the said scheme, for approval, before a newly elected Indian Legislature for its approval and to submit the same to the British Parliament to be embodied in a statute.

The British in India are strongly opposed even to such a mild form of home rule as is suggested. Some of them merely feel that it is premature at the present time, and look forward to the day when India will be able to stand on her own feet. But there are others, and they are probably in the great majority, who do not think India will ever be able to manage its own affairs. The main arguments they raise are, first, the incompatibility of Hindu and Moslem, and, second, the inability of the Indians to guard their country against external aggression. "Full Dominion status," said Sir Malcolm Hailey, the present Governor of the Punjab, "means a Dominion government. I have not seen any serious thinker who pretends that India is in a position or will in the immediate future be in a position to create a Dominion army."

On the other hand, a cautious liberal Indian like Sir Sivaswamy Aiyer points out that "none of the British Colonies was in a position to assume its defense at the time when self-governing status was granted to it. The Home government had to contribute toward the military expenditures of the Colonies. We, on the other hand, from the beginning have paid for our army, raised our troops and paid for the British troops in India. As for defense against external aggression, that is a duty which is not laid upon the Dominions even now."

So far as political developments are concerned, that is where the question of India rests at present. But no recital of political history gives any inkling of the terrible undercurrents of passionate hatred which are sweeping her today. The dreadful Amritsar massacre of 1919 is neither forgotten nor forgiven, and especially since a London Court of Justice a few months ago brought in a verdict virtually condoning that massacre. In February, 1924, occurred another shooting equally unjustified, when a body of Sikhs were fired upon by government troops as the climax to a quarrel over desecration of a shrine, and a number of them killed and wounded. It, also, has raised a storm of protest. In October, 1924, the Vice-Roy promulgated an or-

dinance to apply to the Bengal province which gives to the executive and the police officers extraordinary powers to make arrests without warrant. Hundreds of arrests were immediately made. The resentment against this ordinance is immense.

For many years, we have been hearing and reading about the racial distinctions drawn by the British in India, distinctions not dissimilar from those made against the Negroes in our own South. No matter how much one has heard of such things, however, they mean little until they have come under one's personal experience. I could fill a volume with incidents observed in the course of a recent trip across India, but one may serve as a sample. I remember one day getting into a railway third-class compartment—Indian third-class, not reserved for Europeans—which was only half occupied. I had my sun hat on, and observed with surprise that no one else tried to enter our compartment, though the rest of the train was desperately overcrowded as usual. Travelers took one glance at our compartment and then hurried off and struggled to squeeze in elsewhere. I asked one of my companions, a Vakil (country lawyer) to explain.

"They are afraid of you," said the Vakil. "They think you are English."

"But," said I, "even if I were English, I could not very well put out of the carriage people who have paid for their fares as much as I have."

"That shows," he said, "that you have not been very long in this country, or you would know that the English can do here many things not permitted by law." He added, "If you take your sun hat off, you will look like a Parsee. See what happens."

He was right. As soon as I had no hat on they came flocking in. When I saw that one more in our carriage would mean suffocation, I put my hat on again and no one else entered. I tried this repeatedly, all over India, and it always worked.

A trifling incident, you will say; and perhaps you are right. But multiply it not by the thousands but by the millions, see similar things happening every day and hour, year in and year out for generations, and perhaps you will begin to understand why so many in India, of all castes and races, are today so close to the breaking point.

If the Great War had not taken place, the smouldering resentment might have continued to smoulder. Until then, millions of the conquered believed with the conquerors that the latter had a superior civilization, were made of finer, stronger stuff, and by some decree of Providence were entitled to rule. But the East saw European civilization tested in that war and found wanting. And they saw these superior white men descend to the last depths of barbarism, cruelty and horror in the effort to win. The lesson thus learned has not been forgotten. We are likely to hear more of it, not less, as time goes on.

SAVEL ZIMAND.

Géricault

THE size, dramatic effect, and flattering position in the Louvre of his masterpiece, all the good said of him by Delacroix, a century's respect, a romantic life and tragic death notwithstanding, Géricault was underrated till 1924. Necessarily so: for not till the centenary exhibition of that year were amateurs in a position to appreciate him. Not until they had seen that astonishing assemblage of capital works, sketches and studies could they have realized that Géricault, had he lived, would surely have filled, and filled even more gloriously perhaps, the place of Delacroix in the history of nineteenth century painting.

In 1815 he was twenty-four years old, a superb specimen of the new generation, ardent, high-spirited, intelligent, perplexed and inconsistent withal: witness, his accompaniment of the flying king as far as Béthune, his sudden change of mind, disguising of himself, and precipitate return to Paris. Also he was rich and cultivated. Indeed it is clear that the new generation was in every way and above all artistically, more cultivated than the old.* "Les musées," says Huet, "deserts sous David, se remplissaient;" and at that moment the musée du Louvre was dominated by the genius of Rubens. By some accounts it was the restitution of the pictures plundered by Napoleon, and the bringing out, to fill the gap, of the Marie de Médicis series, which created the vogue. Be the cause what it may, certain it is that Géricault and his contemporaries were profoundly impressed by the Flemish monster; and certain also that students enamored of his glorious freedoms, the sumptuous quality of his paint, his brave brush-work, and his power of composing in monumental masses, would not long be satisfied with the dry precepts of the school. Already in 1812 David, eyeing discontentedly the young master's first capital work, *l'Officier des Chasseurs*, had exclaimed, "D'où cela sort-il? Je ne connais pas cette touche." Had he known better his Louvre of that date even, he might have guessed.†

He could afford to travel—and in those days French painters seem to have thought much less of journeys and long absences than they do now—so towards the end of '16 he set out for Florence and Rome. Appropriately, since he was to be reckoned a romantic, the motive of his exile was not so much artistic as sentimental. It may be added that he lived up to his reputation, cherishing a broken heart throughout life, enjoying periods of blackest gloom, losing his money, talking of suicide, and

riding entire days and sometimes on unbroken horses. In Italy the work begun by Rubens was carried on by the seventeenth century masters. Also, having seen genuine antiques Géricault noticed what you might have supposed would have struck any observant tourist—that the works of the school were not in the least like them. Antiques, however, were not what he had come to see. His pictures have been called sculptural, and so they are: himself, he had fingered a chisel and dreamed of expressing his epic conceptions in the imperishable medium. That monumental style of his, however, comes rather I think from Rubens and the Renaissance painters than from Michelangelo. Of his love of opposing moulded mass to mass, and of binding them together by an ample, and perhaps slightly dramatic, use of deep shadows, we need not seek an explanation outside the teaching of his proper masters.

What he looked at were the pictures; and at them he looked with eyes as catholic as those of Sir Joshua but far more intense. He looked at everything—except perhaps the Primitives, at Raphael and Michelangelo, and at the Carracci. And he found something to admire in them all. Shall I risk setting against him all our painters, poets and musicians by quoting his written opinion? Well, here it is: "Each school has its own character; if one could succeed in uniting all their qualities, wouldn't he have reached perfection?" The pedantic blather of a doting old eclectic, is it not? Only you must remember that this eclectic of five-and-twenty was one of the most vigorous, full, blooded, daring, experimental, original and gifted painters of the individualistic century.

Equipped by Rubens and the masters of the full Renaissance, Géricault returned to Paris in the autumn of '17 to struggle with his own epic conceptions. Whether the painting of *Le Marché aux Boeufs*, a work too little seen by amateurs and perhaps even finer, though on a smaller scale, than *Le Radeau de la Méduse*, preceded by some months the execution of that masterpiece, I know not; nor does it matter. *Le Radeau*—the final composition of which was determined as innumerable studies and sketches prove only after prolonged cogitation—hangs in the Louvre for all the world to see, and was first exhibited at the Salon of '19. Its success was immediate and normal; that is to say, it was greeted with a storm of vulgar and senseless abuse by academic painters and schoolmasters, by the public which believes in such people and the critics who take tips from them, and with enthusiasm by the sensitive and intelligent. The judicious Kératry judged the color "*monotone et uniforme*"—a sentence which seems in every sense excessive: in the drawing Emeric Duval of *Le Moniteur* discovered

*Baudelaire seems to have supposed that because David, Guérin and Girodet found subjects in Homer and Virgil they read them.

† To be sure, David professed for Rubens the sort of admiration which the Archangel may have felt for Beelzebub.

"de l'incorrection, de l'exagération et tout à la fois de la sécheresse": while *Le Drapeau Blanc* accused the painter of having calumniated the whole ministry of Marine.

That the taste of the government in 1819 was neither vulgar nor reactionary goes without saying, since it was directed by the excellent M. de Forbin; and Géricault seems to have expected of it not only a medal but a purchase. A medal he got, but no cash; which vexed him. In this he was unreasonable, not to say silly; for *Le Radeau*, besides being a great work of art, is unmistakably a political tract. At that moment the incident was being used freely as a stick wherewith to belabor the government. Not unnaturally: the story was of the most damaging. In June, 1816, the frigate, *La Méduse*, bound for Senegal, became detached from the squadron in a storm and foundered off Cape Blanc. The captain, an ex-émigré, took to the boats, taking in tow a raft on which he put the bulk of his crew—149 souls in all. Under stress of weather, though some say the cables parted, it seems probable that the boats cut loose, leaving the wretched men on the raft to fend for themselves. Twelve days later the corvette *Argus* picked up fifteen survivors—all that remained of the crew of *le radeau de la Méduse*. Amongst the survivors were the surgeon, Corréard, and a seaman of some education, Savigny. These, at the end of 1817, published a detailed account of the incredible horrors—hunger, despair, murder and madness—of their ordeal. By 1821 the little brochure had run through four editions and become a staple of liberal declamation. Géricault appears to have consulted frequently both authors as well as the ship's carpenter, all of whom he induced to pose. For the other figures he preferred to professional models his friends; and curious visitors to the Louvre may be amused to know that the adolescent body flung across the left side of the canvas is said to be that of Delacroix.

Naturally, the picture caused some commotion in circles which knew and cared nothing for painting; and Géricault complained, disingenuously enough, that the general public judged it on political rather than æsthetic grounds, that admirers turned out to be merely anti-Bourbon and detractors merely royalist. It may be doubted whether Géricault himself was much swayed by political passions, but seeing that of the two great compositions which were in train at the time of his death, one was to be called *The Slave Trade* and the other *French Soldiers Opening the Prisons of the Spanish Inquisition*, it is to be feared that he was not insensible to the profit to be drawn from them. Had these compositions been executed, they must have taken an important place in the career of the artist and the history of nineteenth century painting, not on account of the admirable sentiments insinuated, but because they would have been the ripe fruit of a revolutionary experience. This experience was to give a twist to the road that Géricault was opening, to modify his

technique, and open his eyes to an entirely new conception of art. Early in '19 he arrived in London; and in London he was to stay, not only fascinated by the life and thrilled by the art, but himself eagerly productive, for the best part of three years.

The influence of England on the art of Géricault cannot be gauged from the famous little racing picture in the Louvre. To appraise it you must study some of the pictures of horses in their stalls or at exercise which he produced during or just after his stay. Géricault had ever cherished an intense, and as it turned out unfortunate, passion for horses: it was as a result of a third riding accident within a few years that he died in January, 1824. From Constable he learned to observe them; and Constable it was who helped him to a technique wherewith to express his acute, one may almost say gloat-ing, observations. This technique, however, was so modified by the intelligent admirer of Rubens and the Renaissance that his little studies often thrill one with a fat and glossy *matière* which seems to anticipate Courbet. Also, in England he picked up a taste for all that is most characteristic in human beings. This new passion reveals itself most happily in a series of lithographs of street-scenes and queer types executed and published in England—at that time the home of this comparatively unknown process; and to less advantage in the studies of idiots, in oil, done after his return to Paris. These last are, to my mind, of little value; but they display unmistakably the influence, ill-assimilated, of Hogarth and the English portrait painters. Nevertheless, the work of these last years with its rich color, succulent paint, and vivid characterization, suffices to convince me that, had he lived, Géricault, not Delacroix, would have become chief of that school which was to deliver French painting from the Greeks and the Romans.

Alive, Géricault was never hailed as a chief. Indeed, not till after his death was he hailed as a romantic, though his last picture, *L'Épave*, is furiously, and worse, in that manner. In proof of his loyalty to the scrool, disciplinarian professors are fond of quoting, and falsifying, as professors will, a saying of his—"David, le premier de nos artistes, le régénérateur de l'Ecole," omitting to conclude the sentence which continues "*n'a dû qu'à son génie les succès . . . etc.*" They omit also to remind us of how Géricault, watching one day a child scribbling on the wall, exclaimed "*Quel dommage l'Ecole gâtera tout cela.*" The fact is Géricault believed in absolute liberty and a catholic taste; so perhaps, after all, he would never have made a chief of any school or party. He lacked the necessary stupidity and intolerance. He was a man of the world rather than the conventicle, who set art above orthodoxy and life above loyalty. He was as much a gentleman as a painter. Such a one, you would say, could never become leader of a revolution, were it not that almost such another was Eugène Delacroix.

CLIVE BELL.

He's A Bear

MR. OSCAR BINNS opened his morning paper at the financial page.

"Well, Elmer," he said, "the bull drive is still going strong."

Mr. Binns once dabbled lightly in stocks and since he was fifty-seven dollars ahead of the market on the day his broker blew up, he properly regards himself as a thwarted Napoleon of finance.

"There's been a great buying movement ever since election."

"How come those simps manage to snag all those green certificates?" asked the newsdealer innocently.

"Somebody sells them, of course."

"Then it would be just as easy on your face to call it a great selling movement," said Elmer. "Every time one bird blows himself to a share another one gets out from under."

"Ah, but prices have been going up for a month."

"Sure I know. The cheerleaders have got the edge on the grouches, but what's the answer in round numbers? Is Wall Street buying chips on a hunch or are the insiders unloading on the goats?"

"The public's in the market."

"So is spring lamb."

"A bull movement means prosperity."

"It does that little thing, for the wise guys that get theirs out of every sale. The brokers are putting on the old nose-bag all right. They're so busy they won't let the ink-slingers work crossword puzzles. They're jazzing up stocks that haven't give a wiggle since Rockefeller passed the eighty dollar mark."

"Every ticker has got a hot box, but does that raise my temperature any? Selling things to brokers won't nail the 'help wanted' sign on the gate. A wave of optimism is sweeping over the country—from the East River to Trinity Church—but the amount of steel rails, crude oil, Coca Cola and calico they gobble up down there wouldn't buy the workingman's baby many shoes. Those tickerhounds don't produce and they don't consume. They only holler, 'I betcha.'"

"The Stock Exchange is a barometer of business."

"Barometer is right, Oscar. Did you ever know one of those things that wasn't on the blink? Ours always reads 'partly cloudy' but what's that got to do with the annual rainfall? A bull movement may mean there's a good time coming or it may mean that a lot of guys would rather buy into somebody else's game than take a chance on their own the way things look."

"Just the same the market is a very sensitive instrument," said the retired financier.

"Too sensitive, if you ask me. It's like that dumbdora, Sweet Alice, who wept with delight when you gave her a smile and trembled with fear at your frown. When they're playing them Wall Street blues you'd think we'll all be hanging out the

S. O. S. by Saturday night, and the next time you look everything is the cat's pajamas and the sky's the limit. They tell business to play dead or jump over the moon and business ups and does exactly what it was going to do anyhow. They might just as well be rolling the bones or playing the ponies.

"Look at 'em now, Oscar. Coolidge is elected and they can hardly believe their ears. Oh, boy! now we'll have high prices and low wages and a high tariff and a whale of a foreign trade. Take it from your Uncle Dudley, that's too big an order for one misses' size President to deliver."

"The railroads yammer, 'Now Washington will leave us alone.' Will the shippers leave 'em alone, too, or will they pester 'em to haul stuff? Manufacturers are grinning from ear to ear and return because nobody is going to butt in on their nice juicy tariff and they can get away with murder. Can they or can't they? You are entitled to two guesses."

"What I mean, Oscar, all this bullcon is played on a wishbone. The dope peddlers say things are all set to get rosy and I hope they are calling the turn. But steel isn't any better than it was last spring and textiles are a wet rag and motors are missing on one cylinder and the drummers say trade is rotten. Some things look Ritzie and some not so good."

"Spotty," said the technical Mr. Binns.

"As an expert, I don't qualify," Elmer went on. "I tried to horn into the Stock Exchange once when giving the old burg the double-o, but the big stiff at the door asked me did I have a ticket from a broker. I slipped him a ticket from a pawnbroker, but he gave me the pickle eye so I hoofed it down to the Aquarium instead. I saw a fish there that looked like Hon. Horace W. Witherspoon."

"All the same I soak up a lot of this hop from the financial sharps. When we're off of politics there's a dull spot in the news between the Army-Navy game and spring training. Sometimes I get so desperate I read Times editorials. So I trail along with the market once in a while and place my bets on the back of an envelope. I'm no shoestring speculator, either; I sling a mean eversharp. Probably I owe the game ten thousand berries in stage money right now. And I can't get it out of my bean that there's a good deal of that phony stuff splashing around Broad and Wall, too. They can't tell me people are coughing up real smackers for all that junk."

"No yowl of mine will ever throw a scare into the tape fiends, but if I had a wad of jack and wanted to make a killing, I'd sell now while the stock-absorbers are doing their Christmas shopping early. My hunch is that those cloud-hoppers are ringing the old joybell too hard. Something is due for a crack."

"You're a bear," said Mr. Binns severely.

"I'm a bear," said Elmer proudly.

FELIX RAY.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

E. D. Morel

SIR: I saw Mr. Morel for the first time on the occasion of the debate in the House of Commons on the Foreign Office Vote, two days before the opening of the London Conference. The discussion ranged over the whole field of the Dawes plan and its application and was extraordinarily interesting to an outsider because of the fashion in which, except for the leaders, Conservative, Liberal and Labor members talked to the same point, namely, that even if Germany were able to pay the reparations demanded by the Dawes report—which was manifestly impossible—it was a grave question whether England could afford to accept them.

Towards the middle of the evening a young-looking, white-haired man arose from the Labor bench and made this argument with great force. After half an hour's discussion of the economic aspects of the case, he laid down his papers, shook himself free as it were from technicalities and launched into a spirited attack on the Dawes Report from the human and ethical side. The whole Dawes plan was wrong, he said, because it was based on the treaty of Versailles which rests on the false assumption of Germany's sole responsibility for the war.

This, I thought, could be none other than E. D. Morel, and so it proved. His talk was not long, not over fifteen minutes at most, but it was long enough to enable members to fill up the empty benches—just as our own Senate fills up when Borah speaks. His eloquence was compelling and at the close was greeted with a burst of applause from the whole House.

On the next evening I was so fortunate as to meet Mr. Morel at the house of Lady Cynthia Mosely, the daughter of Lord Curzon. On my referring to the preceding evening he said, "You have heard the most remarkable debate held in the House of Commons within ten years, because it was one in which all the back benches agreed." So much stress did he lay upon this point and upon its significance that a letter from him appears in the New Leader for July 25, 1924, entitled The Revolt of the Back Benches, in which he declares that the feature of the debate was "the revolt of the back benches against the hypocrisies of diplomacy, and, in particular, against the whole policy of reparations." Yet I do not mean to say that Mr. Morel opposed the acceptance of the Dawes Report. Rather was he insisting that the government should leave itself free to act later.

I expressed to Mr. Morel my interest in the applause with which his remarks on the subject of the war guilt were received, and added that they would have had a different reception in our own House of Representatives. "Ah," he said, "I couldn't have made that speech a year ago in the House of Commons. To be sure I have preached this doctrine up and down England for the last five years so that now there is not a workman left who still believes in the sole responsibility of Germany, and very few of the bourgeois."

One cannot help feeling that Mr. Morel was over optimistic in this view but it is gratifying to think that he saw his labors crowned with at least this measure of success before he died.

New York, N. Y.

LOUISE PUFFER MORGAN.

Kansas Decries the Hood

SIR: In an editorial paragraph of Nov. 12 your opinion of a Ku Klux Klan victory in Kansas seems to show a lack of understanding as to the true case of the matter. William Allen White was defeated not because he was an anti-Klan candidate, but because he ran independently. There is not an iota of doubt in any Republican voter of this state if William Allen White had been the regular Republican candidate for governor of Kansas the present Governor-elect Ben Paulen's plurality would appear as a mere drop of water in a lake. The rest of the election proves that. The attorney-general of this state, the secretary of state, the superintendent of education of this state, which make the majority of the state board, everyone of them an anti-Klan candidates, were elected over the Klan endorsed candidates. Kansas still believe in an open straight-forward Americanism, not a hooded cow-pasture policy. Even Ben Paulen, a Klan endorsed candidate, is not a follower of such policy.

BERT C. BAHR.

Arkansas City, Kans.

The Sense of Honor in Men

SIR: It is not possible that the lady who contributed the article in your current issue entitled, The Sense of Humor in Women, does not realize the trouble she has caused. A woman of her high order of intelligence must surely vision the embarrassment and furtive side-stepping of countless male bipeds who have never done her the least harm, when their women folk who read the New Republic demand from them an explanation of the Tompkin's goat episode.

The general inference gathered from her excellent phraseology is, that she is a friend of man—an understanding person who loves him despite his frailties and foibles; yet she has betrayed us; she has acted down to the traditions of her sex. She has lost her high caste.

Should we retaliate by revealing through a semi-opaque veil some of the boudoir gossip that comes to our privileged ears? Were she the only one to suffer I for one should favor the disclosure. But no. Out of a sense of loyalty to our many charming companions we must not rend their camouflage. The illusion they have so carefully built around themselves must be preserved at all costs.

Her explanation of the reason why women fail to appreciate the "procreative joke" is pathetic and ingenious but it does not carry conviction. The real reason is that they are ever painfully conscious that their vaunted moral ascendancy over man hangs by a thread. The illusion must be preserved, even by a frown if necessary. They are dissemblers; they will rarely face an issue. They would rather seem to be angelic than human.

Their reactions are always uncertain. For this reason no man with an ounce of experience would ever allow himself to be caught napping. Your charming contributor betrays an erudition, a depth of understanding and a breadth of vision that are inviting. But under no circumstances would I relate in her presence one or two good ones from my own repertoire although they are void of all indecency and funny enough to make a cat laugh. Yes, she might laugh. On the other hand, she might capriciously elect to simulate a modesty.

ALFRED BIGGS.

New York, N. Y.

Pioneer Youth

SIR: A good many Americans who like many features of the work of the Boy Scout movement and similar organizations for boys and girls have often been troubled by the almost inevitable tendency of these organizations to regiment the spirits of the boys and girls in behalf of jingoistic nationalism and to make them worshippers of the great god Success. Quite obviously, if we are to make real progress in better ideals within our political parties and our labor unions, or in the conduct of international affairs, our children must develop an outlook on life rather different from that which now prevails.

Last spring a group of men and women, labor leaders, parents and educators, at the instigation of an ardent young idealist, Joshua Lieberman, came together to see what could be done about these things. The result was the beginning of a movement known as Pioneer Youth. As I write, there lies before me the very attractive little magazine, written, edited and printed by the boys and girls of its first camp, established last summer at Pawling, New York. This winter there are already some eight clubs in Greater New York under its auspices. A class for the training of leaders, having the sympathy and aid of noted educators, has been established, and the movement hopes soon to spread to Pennsylvania with the help of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor. It should be explained that the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor is only one of various labor bodies of greater or less magnitude, which from the beginning have been interested in this movement.

Here is no record of miraculous achievement, but of a modest yet promising beginning. Readers of the New Republic, it seems to me, might well afford to extend to the movement both moral and financial aid. Its secretary, Joshua Lieberman, No. 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will be glad to answer questions.

NORMAN THOMAS.

New York, N. Y.

Tigers and Actresses

WHERE can a line be drawn between good acting and what is called "personality"? The two are easily confused. Every month brings a quantity of plays in which inconspicuous good acting remains unnoticed and unsung because the actor has not that mysterious sharp edge which cuts deeply into our attention, and every month shows us people who are not really actors at all but manage to travel under that assumed name because they possess some raw electric quality that compels us to listen and makes us forget they are not really actors but only beautiful, untrained tigers before whose cages we must stop and stand, fascinated. Once in a blue moon we find a tiger who is self-disciplined, civilized, who would have us admire not only his striped hide and jungle-throated roar and sleek, silent softness and venomous claws, but his control over them as well. Then we have found, we suppose, a great actor. A rare beast, not always at once distinguishable from the merely great tiger. Our theatrical zoo is full of merely great tigers. Often the pleasure at watching them is so keen that it does not seem to matter that nobody, least of all themselves, ever whipped them.

Sheer human energy, vitality, the unlearnable, celestial gift of high voltage, whether it blossoms out into its own charms or into noise and effectiveness, is somehow very exciting. As soon as the expensive beast comes out upon the stage, there is a hum of live wires, the audience is caught up in a vast, throbbing circuit of open-mouthed attention, and watches every motion, hears every sound made by this being who is one of themselves yet how much more alive. And they go home muttering "great actor . . . great actress . . . great"; and the gifted beast goes home luxuriously fed with the impalpable buns of praise, applause, pin-dropping silence passed up to it from the audience, and their "great . . . great . . . great" finds ready echo in the actor's heart.

There are all varieties and degrees of that kind of public personality which makes acting—in the sense of heart-searching trial, error, discipline—unnecessary, just as there are all degrees of the feline from tiger to cat, from roar to yowl. That lesser cousin, however belled and ribboned, tamed, washed and cream-fed, can charm and excite us with a whisk of tail and a flash of primeval eyes. Tamed, instructed, orderly, purring perhaps, but still wild and capable of startling, solitary sounds in the night's stillness. To change to a human parallel, Lilian Foster—unfortunately hailed as an "American Duse"—is the kind of actress who far more by virtue of what she is herself than by good acting can make a thoroughly bad play (*Conscience*) something to remember—for a while anyway. She is not a very good actress, she is not a very good tiger, but she is enough of each to fasten one's attention on her. She has, to pack more meaning into a word than it will hold, "personality." She has a piercing, arresting, exaggeratedly common voice with only a few notes, but these few notes so sharply pitched and biting, so sour and brave all at once, that the uninterested ear is pricked up in spite of the words. Some actors visibly watch the audience, a few watch only themselves or that which is happening within themselves, most of those gifted with "personality" convey, disagreeably, or agreeably, a sense of knowing they are being watched. Lilian Foster shows herself to be not quite thoroughly a member of this latter class by too obviously watching, and showing she knows attention is fastened on her.

Ethel Barrymore is the prize attention-fastener. She is among the first ten in "personality." She is a tiger, but by no means a perfect tiger, because she knows her job too well. But she's a mighty good tiger, because she also does not know her job well enough, and because she is about the only reason why *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is possible to sit through. That grotesque, workmanlike spiral woodwork, twisted out of a misunderstanding of human nature, which seems as ancient, unreal, lath-and-plaster dramaturgy now as it ought to have seemed when it was first produced, needs the heaviest artificial respiration in order to give it even the flutter of the semblance of life. Ethel Barrymore is the oxygen. She does revive it, up to a certain point, but the stage reeks with the heavy gas; her personality, having brought the play back to life, floods it with herself, and drowns it. The feeble little cage suffocates; not the tiger. It is hard to say in this case where acting ends and the exploitation of personality begins. Those softly emphatic modulations, that repeated lubricated cadence, that subtle rise and swell and fall of sound, tucked under at the end, like rather coarse, warm velvet, we have heard them before in other plays, and they recur in this one, often regardless of the sense, because they are effective, they pin us in our seats, they are paper-weights upon our attention. And oh, how this tiger knows that it is being watched, and loves it.

Lenore Ulric is a genuine tiger, with scarcely any tricks and not much but just herself to work with. But this herself is so alive and imperiously engaging that tricks, science, art, at any rate for the part she plays in *The Harem*, are unnecessary. It is not a subtle self in any way; it is a gorgeously free and easy exhibition of pert, explosive, charming savagery of body, face and eye. It has almost nothing to do with acting. You could stand outside the cage watching her for hours. Happy, happy voltage, for the admiration of all whose current runs low, whose lamp burns dim.

With these three Pauline Lord seems to have no connection. She is not tiger at all; one would guess that if she tried to play with her "personality," with her equipment of looks or voice alone, she would not get far; she is simply a remarkable actress, wholly an actress, whose gifts are accuracy, the taking of pains, discipline, and great imagination. Which gifts, applied as she applies them in *Sidney Howard's They Knew What They Wanted*, not only leave us deeply admiring and grateful, but add up to a sort of super-personality infinitely more valuable and memorable than the exploitation by the tigers of the qualities that are effective on the stage. She is not beautiful, neither is her voice, in itself, but what she does with her voice is beautiful. She never falls into the easy groove of modulation which is Ethel Barrymore's most effective trick; she suits each modulation of speech to its moment in the play, and where inflections are repeated it is because they were just and necessary. There are few actresses to be seen anywhere who know better what to do with their hands, companions of the voice and mood, obedient, subtle, alive, now dumbly, nervously restrained, now forgotten and become the trembling branches of a tree shaken by emotion. And you could never guess she knows—if she does—that an audience was watching her; she never reaches out over the footlights for understanding, or basks a little in its warmth. Only an intense, flexible concentration on the character whose mood she shares, whose words and gestures are her own.

What price "personality"?

ROBERT LITTELL

Modern Fiction

The English Novel of Today, by Gerald Gould. London: John Castle 7s 6d.

Dead Reckonings in Fiction, by Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.25.

THESE books complement each other to give the reader of modern fiction a view of the field and suggestions toward classification and appreciation of its highly various phenomena. They are entirely different in scope and method. Mr. Gerald Gould, who for the last six years has written weekly in *The New Statesman* and *The Saturday Review* on novels of the hour, gives an extensive survey, seeking to sift into categories the more memorable books which have fallen under his eye. In his pages book reviewing emerges into criticism. Whether we accept his judgment in particular cases or his attribution of cases to categories is secondary. Mr. Gould's recognitions are sound. He has the fundamental quality of a critic in knowing what is important. In the heterogeneous mass of material which he surveys he has solved with fine authority the problem of what to choose and what to omit. Nor let it be inferred that he writes like Baedeker. On the contrary he imparts a delightful liveliness and verve to his compact and brilliant summaries, and the only exception to be taken to his style is a frequent yielding to the temptation to slay with the inverted platitude which becomes epigram. Miss Brewster and Mr. Burrell are teachers in the Columbia University Extension and naturally approach their task with a sense of the aptness of the average consumer of fiction to find in it nothing more than the story—and to fail to find that in authors of an art more complicated than Harold Bell Wright or Marie Corelli. They proceed by way of example to read the scores of some of the more recondite authors of the day. But if there is didacticism in their approach there is none in their manner. By the engaging figure of navigation, they associate their readers in their voyages toward ports, well known indeed, but known also for the reefs and sands which have cheated many travellers of their destination.

Mr. Gould starts with a certain bias in favor of tradition in English fiction and a disposition to look askance at the violators of it. In his first sentence he draws a comparison between the successors of the spacious Victorians, and the curiosity and self-torture of the Metaphysicals who followed the Elizabethans, and the parallel carries far—Mr. Joyce, Mr. Lawrence, Miss Sinclair, Miss Richardson in the seats of Donne, Crashaw, Webster, Ford. Nevertheless Mr. Gould addresses himself with good heart to the inquiry whether in the new fiction "we may find something precious and unique, something that only our own age could have achieved." He finds the inferiority of present day fiction not "the consequence of poorer gifts of the writer, but something stamped deep in what the individual writer is attempting, in the very nature of his artistic purpose." This deep seated vice of modern fiction is the vice of the metaphysical poets and decadent dramatists of the seventeenth century—the tendency to emphasize abnormal detail, to sacrifice the presentation of life in three dimensions to theory. "They trust an abstraction, an explanation, not the grand inexplicable fact." With some of the more extreme examples he has literally no patience. Miss Dorothy Richardson is "an author whom I cannot understand," and

"anybody who pretends to understand Ulysses throughout is deceiving others or himself." Mr. Gould's standard in the treatment of character is reality. "If you succeed in creating the illusion of reality, criticism has no more to ask . . ." The psychologists, even Miss Sinclair, even Mr. E. M. Forster, do not create this illusion for him, as do the biographical novelists of whom he singles out Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. J. D. Beresford and Mr. Geoffrey Dennis, author of that masterpiece of the autobiographical novel, *Mary Lee*. The sociological novelists follow, among whom again Mr. Gould shows his acumen in distinguishing the significant among quantities of poorer stuff, (as Mr. Walpole's *The Dark Forest*) and reviving less known or already forgotten books—Mrs. Hamilton's *Dead Yesterdays*, Mr. Geoffrey Moss's *Sweet Pepper*, Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's *One of Our Grandmothers*. Naturally, he reserves his chief praise for those whom he sees as "straight-forward"—Mrs. Mordaunt in *The Family*, Mr. Swinerton in *The Chaste Wife*, Mr. Owen in *Richard Gregory*, Miss Eyles in *Hidden Lives*.

Miss Brewster and Mr. Burrill establish a more elaborate critical apparatus than Mr. Gould, one adapted to taking soundings in deep water. There are obviously three points of view from which a work of art may be regarded, first as the expression of the personality of the author and his experience of life; second as a social document, growing out of the necessities and interests of the time; and third as an attempt toward excellence according to some standard of æsthetic achievement. Miss Brewster and Mr. Burrill take account of the first by accepting the theory that fiction is an escape from reality, a compensation for the shortcomings and frustrations of actual experience, a dialect, to use Mr. Conrad Aiken's words, of "the universal language of healing which we call art." Such a theory includes the second point of view also, for as our authors observe. "If psychoanalysing the artist is pathological criticism, psychoanalysing the literary tastes of a people is sociological criticism." To take account of the third point of view they supplement the escape theory of art by the enhancement theory, which makes æsthetic value depend on whether or not the work in question sends us back to life better fitted for it than before, with greater capacity for experience and power of assimilating and understanding it. This is a view familiar in criticism of the plastic arts from Berenson to Clive Bell. Its application to fiction is easily apparent. In what, ask Miss Brewster and Mr. Burrill, lies the superiority of *The Brothers Karamazov* to a dime detective story? Both offer an escape from monotony of daily life; but whereas the detective story gives us only the excitement of murders, mystery, suspense, pursuit, or at best the intellectual interest of a puzzle of motives and clues, *The Brothers Karamazov* leaves us with "some of the profoundest speculations upon the problem of evil, the mysteries of heredity, and the degree of human responsibility."

To develop and illustrate this theory of the enhancement of life and to point out how it is achieved by technical resources unknown to fiction of the past is the chief aim of the book before us. The authors have chosen as a first easy lesson, Paris and the Puritan, represented by *The Ambassadors* and Anatole France's *The Red Lily*. They proceed to examine Chekhov and Katherine Mansfield, Conrad's *Nostromo*, Dostoyevsky, May Sinclair, and D. H. Lawrence in the same informal, intelligent fashion. Their selection may seem arbitrary, but they defend it especially with reference to its slighting of the sociological point of view. "Doubtless if we had written a book like this before

the War," they say, "we should have offered you The New Machiavelli, and The Freelands, with their problems of politics and land distribution. Perhaps we can account for our choice by falling back on the truism that no one ever gets really very far from the spirit of his own age. And ours is preeminently an age of psychological discovery."

Dead Reckonings in Fiction, like Mr. Gould's The English Novel of Today, is to be regarded primarily in its function toward the reader. Mr. Gould lays out the field for him broadly. The author's own preference frankly stated will hardly interfere with the reader's right of private judgment, especially if it be fortified by a critical method of his own. Such a method is suggested in Dead Reckonings, with the explicit assertion on the part of the authors that their object is to make critics of their readers. They quote Mr. Bell's words: "The essence of good criticism is this: that, instead of merely imparting to others the opinions of the critic, it puts them in a state to appreciate the work of art itself." It was Oscar Wilde, I believe, who said that the aim of criticism was to make every man his own critic.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Freudianalysis

Sigmund Freud, His Personality, His Teaching, and His School, by Fritz Wittels. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.50.

Beyond the Pleasure Principal, by Sigmund Freud. Authorized translation by C. J. M. Lubback. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$1.50.

Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego, by Sigmund Freud. Authorized translation by James Strachey. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.00.

AMONG all the various complexes to which the human flesh (or soul, or libido) is heir, none is more interesting than the Freudian complex. One often hears of a cure which has turned out more noxious than the disease; psychoanalysis, however, requires no diseases. Or rather, within the purview of this science we are all diseased. There is none so sane that hath not any dreams, and where a dream appears, there is sex in the midst of it. Indeed, there is no crime on heaven or earth, it seems, that our unconsciousness has never dreamt of. A harem lies about us in our infancy. We are all deeply involved with our mothers. That is fundamental. But in addition we are pan-sexual. Every giggle has its sinister reverberation. The pacifier is a symbol of iniquity; suckling a bestial rite. Later on with the emergence of self-consciousness the fumes clear somewhat and we descend to the lesser crimes of subconscious patricide, subconscious attachment to individuals of the same sex, subconscious confusion of ourselves with Harding and Coolidge and the other towering intellects of the day, as Mr. George F. Babbitt ranks them.

In short, vanity and sexuality being universal human traits, we were all able to identify ourselves quite easily in the composite picture of the race presented by psychoanalysis. Furthermore, we felt that the portrait was a sympathetic one. Upon the whole, no one had ever understood us in precisely this way before. We therefore accepted it forthwith, acknowledged the resemblance, and referred all our critics to the Freudian composite as the source and cause of every peccadillo. Every fit of depres-

sion was an inferiority complex; every rebound, a Messiah psychosis. A bad night's rest was dignified from indigestion to a revisitation of original sin. The wonder was, all things considered, not that we were such miserably insignificant wretches blundering along in a thick haze of uncomprehended civilization, but that we had done so well with such wormy insides. Our strength is as the strength of ten because our souls are vile.

This paradox could not be illustrated better than by Wittels's portrait of the prophet himself. To Wittels, Freud is an undoubted genius, one of the great ones of all time. But Wittels is a psychoanalyst, even when he is analyzing the master of the cult. It is therefore necessary for him to portray his leader as mean, small-minded, backbiting, inordinately ambitious, incredibly jealous, intolerably domineering. His "science," beginning in perfervid imagination and maturing in fantasmagoria, has repelled all attempts at revision and withdrawn further and further into itself in the best psychopathic form.

The history of the master-period is the history of three great quarrels, with Adler, with Jung, and with Stekel. From his association with Charcot Freud had got the suggestion of the psychological causation of hysterical paralysis and so on; from collaboration with Breuer he had got the suggestion of the therapeutic value of confession. To these he had added his own intuition, flashed to his mind by a chance remark of Charcot's which Wittels, surprisingly, fails to mention, of the primacy of sex in the psychoneuroses. Upon this foundation he had built up, through a long series of clinical studies, his theories of conflicts and repression, infantile sexuality and the Oedipus complex, the symbolic sexuality of dreams, anxieties, tics, and "accidental" lapses, and the sublimation of sexual "libido" in every sort of creative work. In the beginning Freud had been laughed at and had worked alone. But as the list of his clinical studies became more formidable he commenced to gather around him a little group of the faithful, founded an association, issued Zeitschriften, and in general became a movement. And then, unfortunately, the Freudian movement and the psychoanalytic movement ceased wholly to coincide. Adler ventured to make the sense of power, vulgarly known as the inferiority-superiority complex, the basis of his interpretations, and was read out of the party. Jung had the temerity to extend the meaning of the libido to include "life force," and was read out of the party. Stekel (who is added to the great trio on the ground of Wittels's personal admiration) had a private quarrel and departed. Thus we have the three schools: the German specializing in organic inferiority, the Swiss in mystical communion with the élan vital, the Austrian in the pure gospel of the Oedipus complex.

Quarrels among different schools of scientists are common enough. The astounding thing about the psychoanalysts is not that they should have quarreled, but that they have held together at all. From the very first they have immolated themselves. Consider, for instance, their interest in sex. Now the whole evolutionary hypothesis turns upon sex. Further, the recovery, about the beginning of the century, of the Mendelian doctrine of heredity has made the sexual functions the center of physiological research. Still further, the promulgation yet more recently of the hormone theory of glandular control of development has sharpened the focus upon sex. Appreciably more than half of all the research that is going on in the biological sciences bears directly on the sexual system. Are the Freudians interested

in this? Not in the least. Wittels reports Freud as now holding that a medical training is unnecessary for the study and practise of psychoanalysis. The inevitable result of this self-immolation is that the original intuitions have thinned out into fantastic vaporings. What, for instance, shall we think of this excursion beyond the eros-principle to a death instinct, postulated upon a metaphysics of bipolarity and documented by the life of protozoa? Only that it is no less imaginable than the motherward urge which is the unconscious wish to return to the protection of the uterus, or the anxiety psychosis which is a reliving of the prenatal dread of the terrors of birth through the pelvic narrows.

The temptation to give this cloistered theorizing a Freudian interpretation as a defense mechanism must nevertheless be resisted. The attraction is too obvious. Wittels points out that *Jenseits des Lustprinzips* appeared just after the death of Freud's daughter. But Freud insists by letter that the MS. was completed while the daughter was still in excellent health. Theory demands a theoretical interpretation. The Freudian theories have also ignored contemporary psychology. In consequence Freud is able to announce this year an interpretation of the relation of the ego and the mass that has been a commonplace in America since the publication in 1904 of Cooley's *Human Nature and the Social Order*. Is this the preoccupation of a genius with his own thoughts?

Perhaps, for Freud is an original genius of the first rank. In spite of all the opposition to his theories, in spite of the best attempts of himself and his rivals to bring his work under suspicion, his basic conceptions, the universality of sex, the primacy of the parent-child relation, the complex theory of the organization of experience, the conflict-repression theory of psychoneuroses, are gradually permeating modern psychology and being assimilated into it as an indispensable part of the theory of human behavior. Psychoanalysis certainly contains science, though it may itself be something like a complex.

C. E. AYRES.

Modern Masters

The Masters of Modern Art, by Walter Pach. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$3.50.

WRITING to his stupid patron, Chantelou, Poussin the painter said: "Good judgment is very difficult if one has not both great knowledge and great practice in this art." It would be hard to find another critic in America or England who possesses to a greater degree than Mr. Walter Pach the qualities that are necessary for just criticism and seasoned appreciation. Without the imperfect sympathies of Mr. Clive Bell, without the anxious dogmatism of Mr. Roger Fry, without the æsthetic bias of Miss Katherine Dreier, Mr. Pach has not merely lived through the present period: he has painted through it, and its art and its mystery are literally at his fingertips. In *The Masters of Modern Art* he has put his immense learning, his experience, and his eager taste into a compact volume of æsthetic history and criticism. The studio and the museum have yielded up their treasures to Mr. Pach, and he throws them at our feet with easy largesse. It is a pleasure to be able to recommend a book without saving clauses; and I am in danger of exhausting my praise of Mr. Pach's work without giving a notion of it.

The title gives an accurate view of the contents of this book, provided that one applies a little exegesis to each of the words. By "Modern" Mr. Pach does not mean the Neo-tomorrow or the Post-yesterday School: he refers to that great span of art which bridges the revolution of 1789 and the war of 1914—roughly speaking, the period between David and Derain. By "masters" Mr. Pach means more than painters of great ability like Van Gogh and Toulouse-Lautrec: he uses the word to signify those who have begotten other great painters; for through these masters he is able to study the *movement*, rather than merely the accomplishment, of modern art. This criterion occasionally tempts Mr. Pach perhaps to belittle the painters who left no disciples; but it is a legitimate method of selection, and it is carried out with skill. Mr. Pach's canon, moreover, has the advantage of concentrating his study in a single milieu; for the headwaters of modern art are in France, and it is only the Russians, with their native décor, who seem to get their energies from some other source.

Many of us have perhaps felt that with the rise of the bourgeoisie in the French Revolution the arts began to take a downward path; and in the perpetual struggles and difficulties of the artist during the nineteenth century we have read the story of art's confinement and degradation. In a sense this perception was true: the minor arts did diminish in influence, and pottery, textiles, and furniture became vulgar without even being funny. On the other hand, this draining off of the common arts turned a vast store of energy into painting; so that all the decoration that should have gone into houses and public buildings, all the plastic manipulation which might have produced a vigorous architecture, was carried into the museum—which became the sanctuary of the present as well as the reservoir of the past.

Curiously, the very distance of the artist from his public gave him a freedom he had scarcely known before: one has only to compare poor Poussin, adding extra figures to his composition to give the patron his money's worth, with Cézanne, who painted to please himself with an impeccable aloofness and concentration possible only on an unconditional income. It is the outcast, divested of social responsibilities, who is above society; and the art of painting secured its astonishing technical triumphs during the nineteenth century through the fact that its masters, whether they hermed in Aix or fled to Tahiti, were outcasts. Like many of the great achievements of nineteenth century science, the triumphs were not merely *in* art, they were *for* art; and except for an occasional work like Delacroix's murals in St. Sulpice, modern art in France showed no signs of breaking out of its own "world" until Dufy began to design his prints, and Duchamp-Villon his houses. Rodin sought to fit his sculptures into his obscure conception of *The Gates of Hell*; but plainly, like his contemporaries, he scarcely knew where the *Gates of Hell* could be put. In fact, artists like Daumier, who were immersed in the stream of life outside the studio and the museum, were not appraised at full value until long after they were dead.

This does not mean that I differ from Mr. Pach when he sees a "succession of triumphs which make of modern art, something which will stand with the greatest achievements of the modern period, and—we think (for only the future can say)—one which takes its place beside the great achievements of the past." On the contrary, once the detachment of the modern period is accepted, as one must accept it in

a backward view, its art becomes one of the few gleaming solids in the turbid flux of the age; and one falls readily into step with Mr. Pach as he traces its movement through the spartan solidity of David, the classic line of Ingres, watches it burst into a fever of energy with Delacroix and then follows the series of swift attacks, with Cézanne on one flank and Odilon Redon on the other, which led into the disciplined tumult of today—out of which the word Cubism singles a dominant aspect.

At intervals of twenty years Mr. Pach sees a fresh master appearing: his followers quickly occupy the territory he opens up; then there is a lull, and a new master comes forward. Mr. Pach's discussion on "After Impressionism," "Cubism" and "To-day" is the most intelligent and sympathetic interpretation of the late moderns that I have met; and since the remarks that are dropped at current exhibitions show that there are a hundred people still bewildered by the best art of our own time, to twenty who profess sympathy, and five perhaps who have any real understanding, I must cordially recommend *The Masters of Modern Art* to these people, if for nothing else than the concluding chapters. Mr. Pach has reinforced his own essay with an admirable bibliography, with thirty-six excellent half-tones, and a section of commentary on these reproductions; and to cap it all he has generously included an original etching by himself of Barye's Theseus and the Centaur. In short, this volume is all that a book on art should be; for it adds its own worth to the treasures it portrays.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Two Essays in Actual Government

Politics: The Citizen's Business, by William Allen White. New York: The MacMillan Company. \$2.00.

Personality in Politics, by William Bennett Munro. New York: The MacMillan Company. \$1.50.

MR. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE threatened to write a badly needed book—an account of the real government of the United States. With proper genuflections to respected thinkers, that government is composed not of "interests," but of professional whip-crackers and twisters of the thumbscrew of whom Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler may serve as a type, though he is by far the most powerful of the lot. These gentlemen and ladies nominally represent, and in practise usually dominate, organizations which Mr. Wheeler has called "pressure groups," and the government we actually get is the residuum of their assorted demands. These demands are discordant and often conflicting, which is the only reason that life in America remains tolerable. If ever a genius arises who can unite these oligarchies of limited scope but dominant power, he will make the machines of Mussolini and the late Lenin look as feebly innocuous as the English-Speaking Union.

Mr. White understands this, but unfortunately after he had written an introductory chapter about the pressure groups his campaign for the governorship or some other immediate exigency left him no time to finish, so he filled out his book with a rewrite of his newspaper articles during the conventions of last summer. They were good reporting at the time, but now they are too old for news and too recent for history. Such value as the general introduc-

tion might have had was seriously affected, for this reviewer, within the first three pages. Mr. White devotes these to an account of pristine America and an exegesis of the state of mind of the founding fathers which has no warrant whatever in history, or in anything else but Mr. White's need of a starting-point for a chapter which should be a starting-point for a book. The news stories amounting to only some 130 book pages, the volume is padded with appendices—the major acts and documents of the Republican and Democratic conventions. To suppose that anybody would reread these dreary platforms and nominating speeches is perhaps the supreme act of faith of even Mr. White's religious history.

Professor Munro's little volume contains three lectures delivered at the University of North Carolina on the reformer, the boss, and the political leader. Everything in them is true, and useful for young men in college; but it is not particularly exciting nor does it get us much further. The author suggests that the pressing need of the time is the reform of reform organizations, but he seems to interpret this desirable reform as a sort of co-ordination and alliance—which, as suggested above, would be the end of liberty in the United States. Yet his account of the methods by which bosses maintain their hold might suggest a useful line of research for somebody who had the time for it. The typical boss holds his power not only by giving his supporters special favors—that is, by enabling part of the people, a cohesive minority based on interest, to profit at the expense of all the people—but by giving them special immunities.

Now obviously the more laws, the more chance for special and profitable immunities to the favored group. This system has reached perfection in an extremely powerful and durable ecclesiastical organization, which can furnish fruitful inspiration to the practical politician. Fortunately for the practical politician, too, the tendency of the time is toward more and more laws. Before long almost everything that any man may do will be unlawful, hence there will be unlimited opportunity for the granting of immunities to those who are in right with the right people. These indulgences may be conferred by statute, as in the exemption of labor from the anti-trust laws and of home-brewing farmers from the Volstead Act, or by the personal favor of political leaders as in the recent operations of the "Ohio gang" in Washington. This is the way in which our actual government is actually developing, and political philosophers might profitably investigate it before investigation also is prohibited by a constitutional amendment.

ELMER DAVIS.

Instead of Economics

The Economics of Taxation, by Harry Gunnison Brown. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$3.00.

PROFESSOR Brown is one of the few contemporary economists who dares to be vigorously theoretical. He has the courage to reconstruct once more the artificial world of Labor, Capital and Land, only platonically related to the world of laborers with stubborn standards of living and fluctuating morale, of productive funds accumulated under all sorts of varying conditions, with all sorts of motives, of great agricultural areas planted with a population of mental and economic purposes still unexplored by the text writers. With his artificial conceptions of Labor, Capital

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and Land, manipulated under the assumption of the quantity theory of money, the productivity theory of distribution and the automatic workings of demand and supply, Professor Brown proceeds to an attack on the whole problem of the incidence of taxation. And the result is, on the whole, good. There is much more stimulus to thought, much more material for practical conclusions, than there would be, say, in a detailed History of Taxation in Missouri.

The classical methods employed by Professor Brown have achieved notable results in the past, and his book proves that they have not exhausted their usefulness. Their great virtue consists in the fact that they give a definite quantitative value to the concepts they manipulate, and so lend themselves to a logical accuracy of results comparable to those of mathematics. Indeed, such a book as Professor Brown's is mathematics, disguised by the fact that it uses instead of symbols fictions bearing names taken from the every day words of business, such as labor, capital, price, and employs a long spun exposition instead of economical mathematical processes. The time will come when the results of such a study as Professor Brown's will be put in ten pages of neat mathematical calculations. This will not only save time and space; it will greatly improve the quality of the work.

No man, however careful a reasoner, can hope to do accurately a complicated mathematical problem without the use of appropriate symbols. Some relevant quantitative item always manages to be overlooked. Professor Brown is an unusually careful reasoner. But he occasionally overlooks relevant items. Thus in his discussion of taxes on wages he reaches the conclusion that a tax falling on one class of workers can be shifted only to other workers, not to capitalists or landlords. An adequate mathematical apparatus would have made him see at once that the process by which the tax is shifted, the withdrawal from the taxed industry of part of the labor employed, would involve also displacement of capital and land. Whether the shifting of the tax would affect one factor in production more than the others is indeterminable, under the author's assumptions. The same flaw appears in his attempted demonstration that the cost of workingmen's compensation must come out of wages.

Moreover, a frank acknowledgment of the purely mathematical character of such a piece of work would naturally have led the author to attempt a series of approximations, to bring the mathematical conclusions into relation with practical reality. He would have been forced to take account of the fact that currency inflation cannot be treated as a simple case of disguised taxation, but has peculiar psychological effects that have a distinct bearing upon such problems as the policy of pay as you go versus borrowing in war time. He would have been forced to make a place for the effect of changes in wages on the morale and efficiency of labor, instead of confining his attention to the effect on population. He would have had to recognize the farmer as frequently a home owner, with no clear distinction in his mind between the earnings of his labor and the earnings of his land, and therefore not unlikely to confuse a land tax with an income tax.

The mathematics of taxation offers an excellent approach to the economics of taxation. Of this anyone who examines Professor Brown's book will be convinced. But the book on the economics of taxation, in spite of the title attached to Professor Brown's work, remains to be written.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

A Conversation With Wilde

Echo de Paris, by Laurence Housman. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$1.00.

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN has reconstructed from memory a conversation with Oscar Wilde in 1899. All those who have known Wilde seem to be in agreement that he was the most brilliant talker they have ever heard. Apparently the very things which tend to spoil his written prose—the facility of phrase and the looseness of thought—helped him to excel in improvisation. Yeats tells in his autobiography how Wilde once read aloud to him from the proofs of *Intentions*; when Wilde came to the passage about the influence of Hamlet which contained the sentence, "Why should the world be sad because a puppet is melancholy?"—Yeats stopped him and asked, "Why don't you say, 'Why should the world be sad because a puppet is sad?'" Wilde explained that it would never do to repeat a word in that fashion, and from that moment, Yeats says in effect, he knew that Wilde was a bad writer. But this is precisely the sort of ineptitude of taste which does not count in conversation—what is wanted in talk is not exact truth nor the sharp focus of style but ease and amusing invention—and these Wilde had to an astonishing degree. The deficiencies of his artistic conscience ministered directly to his fluency. Those who write about his conversation are usually impressed, as Mr. Housman is, by the fact that he spoke "without and hesitation or change in the choice of word;" but when one sees his words actually written on paper one understands why it gave him no trouble to choose them—so many of them are more melodious stop-gaps of felicities of alliteration. It is like Swinburne's gift for writing verse. So that such records as this of Mr. Housman and the conversation reported by Frank Harris in his biography really preserve such of what is best in Wilde. The first of the fables which Mr. Housman makes Wilde tell is as good as the best of those which he actually wrote in the *Poems in Prose* and the whole dialogue conveys most deftly the tone of the *fin de siècle*—its wit, its silliness and its charm.

E. W.

Contributors

CARL D. THOMPSON, secretary of The Public Ownership League of America, has written two books and a number of brochures on the subject of Public Ownership.

SAVEL ZIMAND, author of *Modern Social Movements*, etc., has recently returned from a trip to India and the Orient.

CLIVE BELL the English critic of literature and art, is a frequent contributor to *The New Republic*. He is the author of *Art*, *Since Cezanne*, etc. His most recent book, *On British Freedom*, was brought out last year by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

LEWIS MUMFORD writes art and literary criticisms for *The New Republic* and other periodicals. He is the author of *The Story of Utopias*, and *Sticks and Stones: An Interpretation of American Architecture and Civilization*, which was brought out this fall by Boni and Liveright.

ELMER DAVIS, for ten years on the staff of the *New York Times*, has written a history of that paper. His two most recent books are *Times Have Changed* and *I'll Show You the Town*.

The New REPUBLIC

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The Week

EVERYONE now realizes the folly of waiting a year after a new Congress has been elected before seating its members, and permitting the old one to reassemble and pass legislation during the interim. It is equally agreed that the new President ought to be inaugurated as soon as possible after the election at which he was chosen. Senator Norris has proposed a constitutional amendment which would bring the new Congress into existence in January, and inaugurate the President in the same month. But there are other questions in connection with the Presidency, of which much was heard during the late campaign. If there were no majority in the Electoral College, and the House and Senate should fail—as they easily might—to elect a President or Vice-President, what happens next? And what should we do if a President-elect were to die between the election and the meeting of the Electoral College? Or between the meeting of the College and the counting of the vote by Congress? Do the commissions of cabinet officers expire automatically on March 4, and would this prevent the succession of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, etc., in case no President had been elected? These are all matters as to which existing

law makes no provision; and clearly, such possible emergencies ought to be taken into account. Representative John L. Cable, of Ohio, has introduced a joint resolution providing for a Constitutional Amendment Commission of nine members, three to be appointed from the House, three from the Senate and three by the President, to draw up proposals for needed legislation. Such a commission we regard as highly desirable; and in view of the necessarily slow process of reform, the sooner it is created and goes to work, the better.

THE Senate Judiciary Committee is investigating the charge, made in an editorial printed by the Hearst newspapers, that acceptance of the Underwood proposal for leasing Muscle Shoals to private individuals would saddle on the country "a scandal greater than Teapot Dome." We welcome the investigation, as we do every proceeding which will throw more light on the barefaced attempt which is being made to give away to private interests government property worth hundreds of millions of dollars and an almost inconceivable degree of control over the destinies of the South through this important source of her future hydroelectric power. The Ford offer was about as bad, from the government's point of view, as could be imagined; but the terms of the Underwood bill are little better, if they are not indeed worse. Property worth \$150,000,000 would be turned over to private interests if the latter would pay four percent annually on the investment in the Wilson Dam, which is about one-third that sum. The alleged reason for this unparalleled gift is that the lessee would seek to develop new and cheaper methods of producing nitrates from the air, so that an industry can be built up which will compete successfully with Chilean nitrates. This cannot be done in America at present, though Germany apparently knows the secret. It is just as reasonable, however, to suppose that government chemists would develop the necessary new processes. The extraordinary haste with which, both at the time of the Ford offer and now, members of Congress have sought to rush through laws giving away Muscle Shoals, is painful to contemplate. Senators Wadsworth and Jones have both urged that final decision be postponed until a careful survey can be made and the facts deter-

mined. Nearly a year ago the New Republic urged that this be done; and it remains as desirable today as it was then.

AS we go to press, the bill providing for an increase in postal employes' pay seems likely to be repassed over the President's veto. If it is, it will add to the department's expense an item of \$68,000,000 a year; and in order to meet this, Postmaster General New has prepared a bill which would increase revenue \$66,000,000. Rates on first-class matter, which earns a surplus of \$80,000,000 a year, according to the department, would not be increased, except that postal cards would be sold for one and a half cents each. On second-class matter, newspapers and magazines, which now causes a deficit of \$74,000,000, there is an increase of \$10,000,000. The rate on editorial contents (scientific, agricultural, religious and fraternal papers being exempt) would be increased from one and a half to two cents a pound. The rate on advertising matter would be increased in the first, second and third zones by two cents a pound and in the fourth, fifth and sixth zones by one cent. Increases would also be made in third-class mail, \$18,000,000, and parcels post, \$12,000,000. If the postmaster's figures are correct, the increased cost to periodicals will still leave them enjoying a government subsidy of \$64,000,000 a year, which would seem large enough to satisfy anybody not inordinately greedy. Yet we venture a prophecy that this attempt to reduce the existing subsidy by one-seventh will be met by an almost universal roar of protest from publishers, who will fight it as they have fought every similar suggestion in the past.

AT last we are beginning to get authentic information as to the state of German finances. According to our Trade Commissioner at Berlin, Mr. Douglas Miller, the receipts for the fiscal half year ending September 30 show a surplus of 149,000,000 gold marks. The total revenues for the half year amounted to 3,494,000,000 gold marks; for the year they are likely to exceed six billions. These are large figures, and are calculated to stir American interest in German investments. But there is another side to the story. The entire German national income cannot be much over 24,000,000,000 gold marks. The imperial taxes therefore absorb one-quarter of it; state and local taxes are supposed to absorb almost another quarter. The average German is paying about one-half his income in taxes. Americans who are moved by Mr. Mellon's solicitude over the supertax payers, who pay half their income of hundreds of thousands, ought to ask themselves about the probable mental condition of the German workman, who is taxed out of half of his miserable income of three hundred dollars. How long will a whole people stand taxes equal to one-half of its income? How long would we stand taxes that would pay off our whole national debt in

one year leaving plenty besides for governmental running expenses? The Germans are being taxed to death. They are not likely to thrive under such a régime.

AN income of six billion dollars is low for an industrious and energetic people of sixty millions. But for the war the German income would be at least twelve billions, perhaps eighteen. The way out, it may appear, is for Germany to raise her income by extra effort, then the burden of taxation would be lightened. The Germans are willing. But before they can do it, they must be permitted to double and quadruple their foreign trade, exports as well as imports. What nation stands forth to take the lead in accepting four times the present volume of German imports? This is not to be expected of France, Italy and the new states created at Versailles. They have their own industries to look after. Russia would take all the German imports she could get, but might omit the item of payment. England and the British colonies could increase their purchases of German goods, but not four-fold. The United States could easily take four times its present imports from Germany, or eight times. It has the markets and the money. The world waits to see us do it.

IF the Council of the League did anything of importance at its Rome meeting, just concluded, it managed to conceal that fact from the correspondents. The reports of the latter justify the assumption that the Council marked time, not being allowed to do anything else. The British government, on the plea that it could not take action on the Protocol without ampler time for consulting the Dominions, managed to prevent any discussion of that document, the only major subject before the Council. Needless to say, Anglo-Egyptian relations were not discussed. The French offer to establish in Paris an International Institute for Intellectual Coöperation was accepted, the offer of a financial subsidy apparently outweighing the obvious desirability of making Geneva the seat of the Institute. Work was speeded up on the codification of private law, by the appointment of an interim committee. The Council resolved that it would meet in the future only in Geneva; and it took action of greater or less importance on a number of routine matters perpetually on its agenda. The next real test of the League's strength will come not earlier than this spring, when the Protocol must be faced and Great Britain will need to decide whether she intends to fish or cut bait.

THE French government's proposal to the League of Nations Council is to establish in Paris an "autonomous foundation" for intellectual coöperation. If the Chamber of Deputies will vote the appropriation, France will provide suitable housing for this institute together with an endowment of

two million francs a year for seven years renewable at the discretion of the Chamber. The representatives of France are very careful to specify that they have no wish to control the administration of the institute. That will be, in any event, the responsibility of the Committee on Intellectual Coöperation of the League. Moreover, since the functions of the institute remain to be defined, there is no clear expectation that the French would profit as a nation in any way from the presence in Paris of the intellectual foundation. Nevertheless we feel that the French proposal is an improper one. Hospitality is one thing; subsidy is another. The expenses of this institute will be trifling as national expenses go. If the League cannot shoulder them, then it is, indeed, completely bankrupt. And any institute for intellectual coöperation must be wholly free not only from the fact, but even from the suspicion, of national influence or bias. Whatever the functions of this institute may come to be, the preservation of their strictly international character is peculiarly important.

THE stormy scenes which have marked the progress of the two opium conferences at Geneva have engendered more pessimism as to the final outcome than is warranted by the facts. As we go to press it is too early to say whether the other nations will again sidestep the American demand for an effective curb on the opium traffic, as they have done in the past. The first conference was of opium-producing nations only, and the United States therefore did not participate. Two projects were before it. The first was to make the production and distribution of smoking opium, used by the natives of Eastern countries, strictly a government monopoly, and an agreement to this effect was reached. It has not yet been signed, but the chances are that it will be. The second project was that the whole traffic should be brought to an end within ten years, by reducing the production ten percent per annum. This proposal, strongly endorsed by the American representatives, was rejected by the nations involved, on the ground that it moved too rapidly. With this point of view we have no sympathy whatever. If the world is ever to be rid of the curse of habit-forming drugs, ten years is not too short a time in which to rescue oriental peoples from opium smoking. It is difficult to believe that the old school diplomats who represented the European countries with Asiatic colonies, conscious as these diplomats are of the opium traffic's political and economic advantages to their governments, have any real desire to see it abolished at all.

ON the other hand, the forces which are working for suppression of the evil in the long run are likely to defeat the diplomats. The American program, as is well known, demands that the world production of habit-forming drugs should be limited to the world's actual medicinal and scientific needs—only

an infinitesimal fraction of the present production. Public opinion in the United States, where the use of cocaine and heroin is growing so alarmingly, is solidly behind this proposal. It is also gaining adherents in the Western European countries among those persons who have not been misled by the vicious propaganda which argues that for natives of tropical countries opium is a food, or at least is not harmful as it is to white men. The truth about the traffic is gradually becoming known; time is on the side of the angels, whose emissaries in this case are almost exclusively American.

THE United States has taken an important step toward a closer relationship with the League of Nations, by accepting the invitation to join an international conference on the traffic in arms, munitions and implements of war which will be held in Geneva, on May 4, 1925. This meeting of course has nothing to do with limitation of armament, as to which a conference has been called for June. The May meeting will deal with the sale of arms and ammunition across frontiers, a business which has more to do with encouraging wars than is commonly supposed. The recent struggle in China, to take only the freshest example, was fought almost entirely with guns and ammunition sold to the rival Tutchuns by European munition makers. Both because the coming conference is likely to make this traffic increasingly difficult, and because it affords fresh proof of a more intelligent attitude toward the League of Nations on the part of our State Department, the news of America's participation is welcome.

WE hear much distressed comment on the growth of state and local indebtedness. While the federal government is paying off its debt at the rate of \$800,000,000 a year, state and local indebtedness is increasing at the rate of a billion a year. That sounds worse than it is. There is, no doubt, some extravagance in state and local finance, but by far the greater part of the billion dollars raised through loans is laid out on improvements of permanent value, roads, bridges, municipal subways, waterworks, gas and electric lighting plants, hospitals, schools, university buildings. Barring graft, of which, by the way, there is a fair amount in private enterprises also, we have a billion dollars in tangible assets for the billion dollar increase in state and local indebtedness. The federal debt which we are paying off is represented by no tangible asset now in our possession. It is a part of the price of glory. We should have real reason for concern if instead of paying off such a debt we were increasing it; or even if we let it stand at its original maximum figure. As for the increase in state and local debts, the only important question is whether the property they secure for public use is worth the cost. Statistics of the gross amount of the debt and of its rate of increase do not answer this question.

FUNDING the French debt appears to be a question we shall always have with us. President Coolidge gravely proclaims that this debt must be paid in full; every consideration of national honor and of international financial expediency demands it. Very well; the same considerations demand the payment by France of her debt to England as well. The sad fact persists that France can't pay either of these debts. For ten years the most she is likely to do is to balance her internal budget, and with interest accumulating and compounding, the debt will at the end of ten years be about twelve billions of dollars, with annual interest charges of half a billion. Is it likely that France can ever produce an export surplus sufficient to pay such an interest charge? She cannot, unless she develops a huge export trade, which would cause our own exporters grave concern and drive the Republican successors of President Coolidge to elaborate schemes for an even higher tariff than now afflicts us. And to assume that France can settle through German reparations payments is simply to chase the devil around the stump. Germany would have to develop the impossible surplus of exports.

UNDOUBTEDLY the best way out of the mess would be either to cancel the greater part of the French debt or to grant a long moratorium, without interest. But such a settlement would be obviously unfair to England, from whom we are exacting interest and amortization just as if she were not groaning under the burdens of the war. The British would have every right to protest our leniency to the French. In the game of power England and France are rivals. France, released from her obligations to pay, could spend money more freely on airplanes and submarines with which to threaten England. Our aloofness to European politics ought not to lend itself to a loading of the dice against England. Plainly it is our duty to treat France exactly as we treat England in the matter of the debt. If we grant a moratorium or reduced interest to France, we ought to revise our agreement with England, to place her on an even keel with France. We could do better than that, if we were governed intelligently. We could call a conference and wipe the slate clean of uncollectible debts and reparations that are merely a menace to the peace and economic health of Europe. But that is too much to expect of an administration whose chief quality is its lack of imagination.

The Work of Samuel Gompers

THE organization that was a few years later to become the American Federation of Labor began in 1881. In the autumn of 1885 the New York Sun delegated a reporter to "get up a story on the strength and purposes of the Knights of

Labor." The Knights were at the height of their power and influence. They possessed what many would regard, now as then, as the ingredients essential to a satisfactory labor movement. Their social program was broad and attractive; toward the unskilled of industry they took a democratic and sympathetic attitude; and they were ready to throw down the gauntlet of battle as frequently in the political, as in the economic arena. But in the next year the Haymarket bomb was thrown; and by the close of the decade the career of the Knights was ended. What there was of a labor movement was inherited by the American Federation of Labor, under the leadership of Samuel Gompers. The Federation received as its legacy a handful of members, a few in the skilled crafts, an undisciplined and impermanent residue elsewhere; internal suspicion and dissensions and a hostile public opinion.

It is not such a labor movement that Samuel Gompers left when he died last week. Imperfect as it often seems in conception and in performance, it still has all of the appearance of solidity and permanence. When every allowance is made for the industries into which it has so far failed to penetrate, the sheer magnitude of the movement remains impressive. Disputes between and within unions occur only too frequently, but they no longer shake the movement to its foundations. Now it is the exceptional and backward community in this country which does not grant its labor organizations a status and a place in its counsels and life.

Changes so profound as these do not as a rule grow out of the conscious and deliberate policy of a single man. They were, however, in large measure due to the sensitiveness of Samuel Gompers to the American industrial situation and to his understanding of the requirements of an organized labor movement. During his tenure of office the massive machine for organizing the unorganized, for carrying on the slow, detailed, dull operations of organization campaigns was constructed. At its close the steel industry is not yet organized and unions are weak in other basic industries. But in a wide range of industries, like coal, railroads, building, printing, and clothing, large and powerful unions are firmly established. From less than 250,000 members in 1890 the Federation has grown more than ten fold to its present membership of nearly 3,000,000.

At the same time the unions have come more and more to assume the character of institutions. For the most part American labor organizations are not the sort that rise and fall with a spectacular strike. Members have been taught the need of treasuries, of a staff of paid officers, of permanent offices for their control and local headquarters. Administrations may be ousted, individuals defeated for office, but the staffs of the unions like the civil service of the government, carry on from one year to the next. No strike is regarded as having had a successful issue unless it leaves in the union dues-

paying members who are determined to adhere permanently to the organization and to submit to its rules and regulations.

This process of establishing the organization and of tying members to it has likewise continued after the unions have won recognition in industry. The systems of trade agreements and of collective bargaining which are so significant a feature of American industrial relations in unionized industries give labor organizations a continuous function in industry. Whether used wisely or effectively or not, they have without question made the union the daily representative of its members in shop and factory. They constitute the foundations for most elaborate programs of workers' control, no matter how that control is defined or conceived. And in many cases the control already exercised under the terms of such agreements is much more effective than it is commonly supposed to be.

Attempts, not without success, have been made to settle disputes between unions by orderly constitutional processes. Although, during the administration of Gompers, the strong and large union has more than once swallowed up the small and weak one, and has thus achieved amalgamation by force, constant reiteration of the jurisdictional policy of the Federation has given its constituent unions assurances of security and has often stopped dualism at its source. When, as in the case of several of the building trades unions, edicts of the Executive Council were violated with seeming impunity, it was because the leaders of the Federation were unwilling to enforce a policy of consistency at the cost of destructive internal warfare.

The national union which now dominates the American labor movement could never have achieved its present position without the support of the Federation. The contrast between a scattered and decentralized labor movement, composed of many autonomous local unions, and the centralized form of labor organization now prevailing in this country is too striking to allow an underestimate of the contribution of the Federation in this regard. In no country of the world is the competitive industrial area so extensive as in the United States. Nowhere, also, are individual employers and groups of them so powerful as here. No American labor movement could successfully have faced these conditions without a unified policy and consolidated resources.

In the reaction to what often appears to have been the political impotence of the Federation, its political policy has been subjected to strong and constant criticism. This attitude overlooks the genuine, if unostentatious, achievement of the Federation in this field. The influence of the many city and state federations of labor in this country is known to the state legislatures and city councils even if it is not appreciated by the general public. From the passage of laws establishing state industrial commissions to the enactment of workmen's compensa-

tion legislation, these local agencies of the American Federation of Labor have been real sources of political power. To compare their achievements with those of an independent labor party is an exercise worthy of speculation, but it is a mistake, on the record, to minimize the magnitude of their contribution.

Much of the suspicion and hostility which has surrounded the activities of American trade unions has been, throughout most of the country, largely dissipated. Even the outlook for a decent legal status is now not nearly so dark as it was when Gompers was held for contempt of court for violating the injunction in the Buck's Stove and Range Company case. The uninterrupted pounding on the courts and the injunction for more than a generation has had its slow but certain effects. It is possible now to speak of the future widening activities of labor unions without, in the same breath, apologizing for them and justifying their existence. Success in reassuring the public is, no doubt, in part due to the accident of war, which gave Gompers the opportunity to enunciate the aims and methods of a labor movement, in terms calculated to win confidence and support. Here, too, Gompers may not, as some believe, have acted in all wisdom and made the most of his opportunities and influence. But that his policy produced a distinct turn in public opinion cannot be denied.

It is not easy, in the light of the experience of the American Federation of Labor, to separate the ideology from the problems and accomplishments of a mass movement. During Gompers's long term the task before the leaders of trade unionism was that of building foundations, winning recognition, and establishing a status. The ideas of the labor movement in this period were as much, if not more, the outgrowth of these practical requirements as of the views and desires of its leaders. It is not at all clear that this first phase in the history of the American labor movement is ended. When it is, the movement will require a fresh and more imaginative ideology and a new type of leader to make the new program effective.

The Goose-Step and the Golden Eggs

DURING the past few weeks two American millionaires have announced gifts totaling considerably more than fifty million dollars. All of Mr. Eastman's benefaction and a considerable lump of Mr. Duke's go to collegiate educational institutions. It is an educational event of large magnitude, but one that will be greeted by different people with different emotions. Mr. Upton Sinclair and such readers as found the Goose-Step a book worthy implicit belief will doubtless gnash their teeth. We can almost see the Pasadena prophet

inscribing upon the portals of Rochester University the formula, "Kodak as you go," or upon the erstwhile Trinity College the words, "Duke's Mixture." On the other hand, many excellent and cultivated people will hail the event as a fresh proof of the fundamental soundness of capitalistic society. The American millionaire, they will insist, no less than the dukes, princes and doges of European civilization, exerts his power for the support and incubation of the higher culture.

Both these judgments are fundamentally sound. In subscribing their money in huge sums to colleges and universities these princes of finance have nevertheless been guilty of an act of gross philistinism. As many commentators have already noted, both Mr. Duke and Mr. Eastman have allowed their charity to begin, uncritically, at home. Each has poured out his munificence upon institutions already well established and flourishing. These are excellent schools, no doubt, but there is nothing particularly distinguished about them to justify such enormous bounty. Within the length and breadth of the country there must be scores of colleges and universities, to say nothing of other types of schools, which are striking out upon new paths, organizing fresh enterprises, developing novel methods and curricula, or otherwise pioneering in such a fashion as presumably to merit rather special consideration from those who think of themselves as the partisans of civilization in America. Yet the pioneer colleges and the experimental schools are allowed to languish while the excellent but safely conservative institutions are fattened beyond recognition.

The inference is that the American millionaire is not interested in novel types. He does not want "something different" in colleges. His mind, running true to good Rotarian form, pictures his native state and city as the home of "bigger and better" universities of the established type, another Harvard, a second Princeton, or a Yale of the middle south. Bearing the leading benefactor's name.

Nor has the "interlocking directorate" been forgotten. Each of the gifts of the past week has contained an extraordinary provision, the effect of which is to link education with finance. Mr. Eastman, instead of turning over to his beneficiary a lump sum in more or less mixed securities the market value of which constitutes the total of his gift, has arranged to sell to the university trustees a huge block of holdings in the Kodak company at about half the prevailing price. This margin constitutes the gift. Now Mr. Eastman has disavowed any intent that his trustees, possibly in combination with those of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Tuskegee and Hampton Institutes, shall control the future of the company whose stock they will control. They may dispose of their securities in the market, if they please. Nevertheless, it is unreasonable to suppose that a business man would have devised so complicated a method of bequest to no purpose. Mr.

Eastman evidently intends that the university trustees shall maintain the integrity of the ownership of the company.

Mr. Duke is perfectly explicit on this point. The board of trustees created in his deed of gift is specifically instructed to hold the securities of the Duke companies in perpetuity. One of the trustees' functions is the management of the business. No one has ventured to draw the parallel of the case of Daniel Drew, who made the Erie the seat of his invention of watered stock and held the principal of his gift to Drew Theological Seminary using it as private capital in his personal speculations in the stock exchange. Further financial operations are doubtless not the object of Mr. Duke's deed of trust. On the contrary, the motive which has inspired him to provide for the integrity of his companies is probably the same ingenuous vanity which is expressed in the designation of "Duke University."

Nevertheless the fact remains that boards of trustees competent to manage multi-million dollar corporations are not competent to exercise anything more than a benevolent quietism over the educational institutions intrusted to their care. Their function is to be conservators of established businesses and established educational types. They will not, as Mr. Sinclair naïvely hypothesizes, send hourly memoranda to their faculties, communicating their most recent revelations on the topics of the hour. That aspect of the matter can be left to the natural conservatism of such professional bodies as the faculties themselves represent. All that is necessary is the atmosphere of peaceful preservation.

It is possible to induce an extreme depression by the morbid contemplation of this picture. Yet here is no particular discouragement. No new depravity is ushered into our civilization by such acts of endowment in perpetuity as these. On the contrary, the schools which are thus provided for are not only an already familiar and accepted part of our economy: they represent on the whole its better side. From the point of view of those advanced spirits who are conscious of a mission to evangelize the world, artistically or intellectually, it must be a matter of severe disappointment to see the major benefactions go to the Royal Academies and National Establishments of whose decay they are so acutely conscious. But from the point of view of the mass of the people the objects of the patronage of the multi-millionaire must seem quixotically refined and intangible. It would be silly to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs because of a special taste for platinum.

Educational institutions, like all institutions, are hardy perennials. The hardiest and most perennial necessarily dominate the landscape. The rain fall-eth on the just and on the unjust, nourishing both in proportion to the depth of their roots. Sports, the new, the unusual, the experimental, are not a part

of this picture. Neither millionaires nor princes feel the necessity of endowing new civilizations.

The mission of millionaires, in short, is to endow prevailing institutions, and the business of their trustees is to perpetuate their trust. In doing so both are but playing their appointed parts. The invention of better institutions is, by the logic of civilization, the work of independent genius, and its support is the responsibility, not of generic "wealth" which is born conservative, but of the equally rare bird, the experimental millionaire.

Child Labor: Why They Invoke States Rights

LITTLE by little the attack upon the Child Labor Amendment is shifting its base from the untenable position that empowering the federal government to regulate child labor is an attack upon the integrity of the home, an invasion of the right of the parent to dispose of the time and labor of his children to suit his fancy. The parent has no such right under any civilized government. Everywhere the state asserts the right to regulate or prohibit child labor. With us, the governmental body which at present exercises this power is the state instead of the nation. The Child Labor amendment proposes to give the nation a share in this power. The issue, therefore, is not the family or the individual versus government, but state versus nation. This the more intelligent advocates and opponents of the amendment recognize clearly.

The seriousness of the issue does not lie in the terms and objects of the amendment itself. It is silly to talk of an army of federal bureaucrats roaming over the land devouring the taxpayer's substance and setting his children against his authority. The Children's Bureau, or whatever other organ of enforcement may be created, will have a perennial fight on its hands to secure appropriations sufficient for the enforcement of such laws as Congress may enact. The Appropriations committee is not going to find funds for inspectors enough to look into every kitchen, every field and garden. Under the two child labor laws enacted by Congress and later declared unconstitutional there was close coöperation between the federal and state authorities. This would be true under the amendment. The state, retaining exclusive control of the field of education, is too strongly entrenched to be thrust aside in the common enterprise of establishing the conditions under which children live. Where the state law is adequate Washington will be chary in supplying enforcement agents. Where the state law is defective a corps of federal inspectors will be required. No state that resented their presence would be forced to put up with them. It could bring its laws up to the minimum standard.

Even if the result of the amendment were to

transfer the interest in child labor legislation to the national government instead of that of the state, it would not be true, as it is frequently asserted, that the states would be shorn of a legislative field in which they are actively working. Since 1912, as the New York World points out in one of its weightiest leaders, there has been great activity in child labor legislation. The World does not point out that the activity was greatest while the abortive federal child labor laws were in force, and has nearly disappeared since the second one was declared unconstitutional. This may be explained in part by the greater difficulty of persuading legislatures to act, now that a state with high standards is again exposed to the competition of states with low standards. But the chief part of the explanation must lie in the decline of democratic idealism that has marked the last years. With due allowance for the probability of a recovery of the democratic spirit, we may still assert that the child labor issue itself does not stand as a major one, either in legislation or administration. It is attacked as a symbol of something bigger and more fundamental in our national life.

The real issue is the old one of states rights, the most momentous domestic issue in our history. It has figured in innumerable political campaigns; it cost us a civil war. It is no wonder that to many Americans this issue should take on almost a religious character. When so much emotion has been compacted into a single formula men cannot be expected to exhibit calm reason. They cannot be expected to distinguish between what is fundamental to the American system of government, the restriction of the federal government to the field expressly assigned to it by the Constitution and the reservation to the states of all residual powers not expressly denied to them, and what is unessential and requiring adaptation to the times, the definition of the field in which the federal government may work. States rights are invaded when the federal government oversteps the limits set by the Constitution. If such practices were permitted the states would be in great danger of being reduced to the position of mere administrative areas, like the French departments. When the people of the United States, by due constitutional process, confer upon the federal government powers it has not hitherto possessed, there is no invasion of states rights, even though the states may incidentally be shorn of some of their powers. Under our system there are neither state nor national rights superior to the will of the sovereign people.

The founders of the Constitution conferred upon the federal government such powers as at the time were ample to protect the common interests of the people. Control of foreign relations, of foreign and interstate commerce, of the coinage, the power to make war or peace, and apparently adequate power of taxation—were these not sufficient for the management of the common affairs of thirteen

sparsely settled states strung along the Atlantic seaboard, with each community leading almost a self-sufficing existence? The founders of the Constitution were practical men and would no doubt have conferred broader powers on the federal economy if the conditions of the national government had required it. They did not imagine that they were fixing for all time the spheres of the federal and state governments. Indeed, Washington, seeking in his Farewell Address to define the essence of American institutions, does not bring forward the Constitution itself, but the power of the people to change it.

An immense revolution in economic life has taken place since the adoption of the Constitution. An unforeseeable mobility of population, commerce and industry has characterized the century since the industrial revolution got well under way. Organized capital has risen to the rank of an economic political power of the first magnitude; organized labor has gained a status that to the founders of the Constitution would no doubt have seemed most dangerous. A few optimists may hold that these new forces need no regulation; that whatever emerges from the womb of time is necessarily well born, destined to enrich the life of mankind. History and common sense preach no such dogma. The state cannot be indifferent to the forces working within it. A government which acts as a trustee for the common interest must hold itself in readiness to control and check if necessary forces that may operate subversively to the good of the people. And in a country of divided sovereignty, like the United States, common sense would seem to ordain that power to cope with new forces should be conferred upon state or nation primarily with a view to efficiency.

Twenty years ago this appeared to be recognized by intelligent men of all parties. Only the Bourbon rejected violently the program of extending the powers of the federal government to cover the fields in which state action was ineffective, and the establishment of the principle of harmonious state and federal coöperation. But in these two decades a change appears to have come over the public mind. The Bourbons have come out into the open with the anti-constitutional doctrine that the Constitution must be left intact as it stands.

One reason for this change in public sentiment lies on the surface. We have a federal prohibition law, and its administration is a scandal and a disgrace. We had state prohibition laws before. What of their enforcement? It was everywhere a scandal and a disgrace. Both state and nation have tried their hands at enforcing unenforceable laws. They have failed ignominiously. But the state failure has been swallowed up in the more recent federal failure. Just now the burden of disrespect has been shifted from the states to the federal government. This has no bearing, to be sure, on the question of the distribution of power between state and

federal governments. It bears on the limitations of government in general, not of any particular branch. But the discrimination is too nice for popular currency.

Another reason, and a far more significant one, is the immense progress in self-consciousness that has been made by the leaders of big business. With the consolidation of their economic position they grow more and more concerned over the weakness of their political position. They are afraid of the American people, and of the governments which may at any time fall subject to the control of the American people. The chief virtue of our constitutional system, as they see it, is its inefficiency. The federal government, which alone holds jurisdiction co-terminous with the American business field, is without adequate powers of regulation. The states have sufficient regulatory power, but because they are arbitrary fragments of the national economic unit, they are unable to use it effectively. In the no man's land between state ineffectiveness and federal incompetence, business may build up an economic state of its own, unhampered by regulation, insured against attack by the constitutional safeguards of property.

Big business has no considerable stake in child labor as a productive force. The 200,000 children under sixteen employed in industry can produce no tremendous sum of profits. What leads big business to oppose the amendment is the principle involved: namely, the principle that when the American people desire to regulate industry, they shall have the constitutional power to do so.

We think big business is mistaken in its tactics. Suppose it forces a crystallization of our constitutional development. What then? Is it to be supposed that the American people, this huge and unruly colossus, will lie on its back forever, held motionless by Lilliputian legalistic strings? In the long run, there is no safety for any interest in America, except by the favoring will of the people, won by adequate show of merit.

Down with the Dime!

EVERY schoolboy knows — every modern school boy — that it is an injurious and dangerous thing to leave powerful instincts without material on which to work. Denied material they turn in upon themselves and generate horrid monsters of the imagination and of behavior. Yet we Americans are just now denying all access to material to one of our most powerful instincts, an instinct that shows a faint spark if not a hotly glowing flame in every breast. We refer to the instinct of reform. Not the keenest eye nor the most powerful field glass will disclose the tiniest visible reform anywhere within the wide horizon.

It is the fault of the reformers. They have not recognized the duty of presenting projects of re-

form commensurate with the times. In the spacious days of 1917 it was very well to agitate for a new social order, for a world made safe for democracy, for a parliament of mankind and an equal association of all nations. Then the reforming instinct could demand and obtain a brave diet. The present times are narrower. The lean kine have swallowed the fat, the minnows have devoured the whales. Reform is still possible, nevertheless, provided it is adapted in its proportions to the moral and spiritual conditions of the day. We are here proposing a reform which obviously meets the specifications, the dropping of the dime from coinage, the calling in and melting up of the outstanding stock, reservation being made of an adequate supply for numismatic collections and for the ear pendant trade of North Central Africa.

The case against the dime is overwhelming, once one stops to reflect on it. The dime is a terrible waster of time, and time is money, itself. We have not recently noted in the Subway Sun the number of nickel subway or L rides purchased in a year by the New York public, but we are safe in assuming it to be at least 800,000,000. Incomplete statistics collected by ourselves indicate that at least three-fourths of the buyers of rides, or 600,000,000, have to stop at the booths to make change. Those who seek change for a dollar or more are a negligible fraction. Almost the whole work of the change booth consists in furnishing nickels for quarters or dimes. It is the common practice at the booths to hand out one nickel and two dimes for each quarter. This means that it takes three separate operations to transform a quarter into five nickels. From our inspection of the queues before the change booths we estimate that the time lost in line, plus the loss of time from trains just barely missed, amounts to two minutes for each exchange operation. Six minutes instead of two are lost on each quarter, because of the existence of the dime. On the basis of these data a simple calculation will indicate that patrons of the L and subway lose 800,000,000 minutes a year or 13,333,000 hours. At the low estimate of fifty cents an hour this amounts to a money loss of \$6,666,000 per annum.

Add to this the loss of time and money due to the slowing up of all street cars to take on queues of passengers checked in their movement by the delay in making change at the entrance. Add the loss in time at telephone booths while the insouciant drug or cigar clerk considers whether he will provide you with nickel change or not. Add all the other minor occasions when one waits for a nickel in change. Certainly the aggregate money cost will run well over \$15,000,000 for New York alone. For the whole country the cost may be conservatively estimated at not less than \$50,000,000.

The old-fashioned Democrat will say that the case is properly one for self-help. Let every individual who objects to waiting for change provide himself at his bank with nickels up to his probable limit

of consumption. He will not have to tail in on a queue; but he will suffer just the same from the retardation of surface car traffic. The final answer to this objection, however, is that it would require executive ability of a high order to keep the supply of nickels flowing, and people of high executive ability aren't in the picture. They ride in limousines.

We might point to the maleficent influence of the dime as an everlasting temptation to public utility companies everywhere to jack up their fares to the ten cent level; a temptation to the vendors of cigars and soft drinks to make ten cent minimum prices. But we wish to rest our case with considerations that will recommend themselves to everybody with a spark of reform in his breast. On the point of saving time the trust magnate can join whole heartedly with the street sweeper. All sorts of reformers can come in, tax reformers, land reformers, labor reformers, spelling reformers, moral reformers; Andrew J. Mellon, W. Z. Foster and all the range between. The reform we are urging is not yet a party issue, and we are opposed to making it such in spite of its obvious suitability as a main issue between the Republicans and Democrats in the next election, and in spite of the ease with which it would throw off singing slogans like "Up with the nickel, down with the dime!"

We should gladly head a movement for setting this reform in motion, but to be frank, we are afraid our radical reputation might prejudice the cause we have at heart, and we are public spirited enough to sink our private prestige in the common good. We suggest that a group of men of unimpeachable conservative standing form a preliminary organization and found a permanent committee with a chairman whose name will give to the movement the weight it deserves. The ideal chairman would of course be President Coolidge who, according to his running mate, Mr. Dawes, thinks more of the nickels than anyone else in the country. But since President Coolidge already has job enough to keep him busy, we respectfully suggest, as a most appropriate second choice, President Nickelous Murray Butler.

Write to your Congressman. But do *not* mention the New Republic.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Banker's Lament

THE Comptroller of the Currency has just issued his annual report, in which he shows, among other things, the profits of national banks for the year ended June 30, 1924. At the same time the Federal Reserve Board has given out the earnings of its state bank and trust company members. From these reports we learn that the earnings of all national banks were 8.11 percent on their capital stock and surplus combined during the year. The state banks and trust companies earned an even 12 percent. The earnings of all these member banks combined were 9.11 percent on capital and surplus. They earned this after paying taxes and all expenses, including interest on both borrowed money and deposits; and after writing off losses of every sort.

This showing of profits brings to mind the New York bank president who remarked lugubriously that he had "been in the banking business for thirty years, and was bound to say that he found it harder and harder each succeeding year to make profits." The remark elicits a smile from the informed. The national banks of New York City earned 10.41 percent during 1924, while the other member banks in New York earned even more. For the entire New York Federal Reserve district earnings averaged 11.82 percent. Despite the bank president's lament, it seems that the banker has weathered the business depression better than any one else.

During the years 1921 to 1924 inclusive, which span the period of the post-war depression, all the national banks of the United States combined earned on the average 8.45 percent on capital and surplus. In the depression of the 'nineties these banks had earned an average of 5.06 percent during the four years 1894 to 1897. In the four worst years of the depression following 1873 they had earned 5.87 percent. In 1876 the national banks of New York City actually earned less than 1 percent on their capital stock and surplus. During the 'nineties they got down to almost 5 percent.

In the recent post-war depression they have never fallen so low as 9 percent in any single year. During the last four years the national banks of New York City have averaged 10.41 percent. This is a higher average than they had earned in any decade preceding 1900. The bankers remark must be set down to the innate modesty of that profession. For if one were boastfully inclined he could write a most flamboyant article on the efficiency of the New York banker in avoiding the consequences of business depression.

Elsewhere in the nation there are bankers who have true cause for lamentation. The Comptroller's report shows that all the banks in the western group

of states had an actual loss after making all charges. This includes Montana and North Dakota in the north and Oklahoma in the south. The national banks of Iowa, taken as a whole, also show a loss. The Minneapolis and Kansas City Federal Reserve districts both showed profits of almost exactly 1.75 percent for all their member banks combined.

The larger earnings of the New York City banks are not due to any permanent advantage attaching to the banking business in the centre of the country. Both the gross and net earnings of the national banks in these western states were higher than in New York in the two decades ending with 1920. During those twenty years New York earned 12.24 on the capital stock and surplus of all national banks, while the western group averaged 13.50 percent. The difference in their earnings during depression years is to be explained rather by the fact that the bankers in the east managed to avoid losses on both loans and investments more skilfully than did the western bankers. Thus the national banks of New York City, after paying their expenses but before deducting their losses, had left almost 15 percent on their capital stock and surplus. They charged off a little less than four percent in net losses. This left them profits of over 10 percent. The national banks in the group of western states had slightly over 11 percent before deducting losses. But their net losses charged off absorbed this entire amount and something more, so that the income account finally shows a loss.

The manner in which sound bank management as measured by the avoidance of losses operates to determine banking profits is well illustrated by the member banks of the Philadelphia Federal Reserve district. The gross earnings of those member banks are only 35 percent of their capital stock and surplus. As against this the members of the Boston district earned 45 percent. But the percentage of losses in New England was three times as high as in the Philadelphia district. As a result the net profits in the Philadelphia district was 10.97 percent as against 7.57 in the New England district. The national banks of the city of Boston suffered such heavy losses during the year 1924 that their net profits were only 3.03 percent. The highest earnings discoverable in the statistics are to be found in Jacksonville, Florida, and Birmingham, Alabama, both of which had profits of over 17 percent. In the latter city the amounts recovered during the year on losses previously charged off actually exceeded losses for 1924.

The following table shows how slight were the variations in net earnings before losses were taken care of; and how much the final net profits depend upon the amounts charged off for bad loans and in-

vestments. The figures are percentages to capital and surplus for all member banks of each Federal Reserve district:

	Net Earnings before deducting losses %	Net Losses Charged Off %	Net Profits %
Boston	12.30	4.73	7.57
New York	15.10	3.28	11.82
Philadelphia	12.65	1.68	10.97
Cleveland	12.14	2.50	9.64
Richmond	11.59	2.90	8.69
Atlanta	12.49	4.20	8.29
Chicago	12.91	4.30	8.61
St. Louis	12.52	4.80	7.72
Minneapolis	8.90	7.18	1.72
Kansas City	12.71	10.92	1.79
Dallas	12.68	7.27	5.41
San Francisco ...	14.26	5.51	8.75
Total United States	13.20	4.09	9.11

Among the items which determine the profits of banks one commands particular attention at this time. This is interest paid on deposits. For while the profits of all member banks amount to a little over 9 percent on capital and surplus, the interest paid to depositors comes to more than 15 percent. One of the reasons why the Minneapolis district shows such low earnings even before deducting losses, in the table above, is to be found in the fact that it paid its depositors interest amounting to 21 percent of its capital and surplus, while the other banks have paid only 15 percent.

During the fiscal year 1924 the banks paid almost exactly 2 percent on their deposits. Their net profits after losses amounted to only 1.2 percent of their deposits, and to 1.26 percent of their loans and investments combined. The interest paid depositors was more than twice as large as the dividends distributed to the stockholders of the banks. This item of interest on deposits is the banker's true cause for lament today. He cannot continue paying the interest which was paid during 1924 and

previous years, in the face of the declining rate for money which we have witnessed during the last six months. Unless the interest rate rises bankers must reduce the rate which they pay on deposits. In some cities the reduction has already begun. Call rates, time money on the stock exchange, and commercial paper rates are 2 percent below a year ago. If the assets of the banks consisted entirely of these items, such a decline would wipe out banking profits. But the banks have in addition many loans on real estate mortgages. Here the interest rate is higher and is fixed by contract for considerable periods. They hold large volumes of investment securities, also, on which the rate fluctuates comparatively little. While the business revival will doubtless raise some of these money rates, it is not likely that a serious fall in profits can be avoided except by cutting the rate paid to depositors.

The existing rates of interest on deposits came about as a result of the unusual profits which banks earned during the two decades from 1900 to 1920. The average earnings on capital and surplus combined averaged almost 10 percent over that entire period. They would have been even higher had it not been for the ever-increasing amount paid to depositors, for the gross earnings of national banks increased from 20 percent at the end of the last century to 52 percent in 1921. In 1900 banking profits amounted to almost half of the gross earnings. If this situation still prevailed, banks would be earning more than 20 percent on their capital and surplus today. The workings of competition among individual banks have kept profits at half this level. The other half has been driven into the hands of depositors by the bidding of the individual banks for the patronage of their depositors. If interest rates decline gradually over a number of years, as many financiers believe they will, interest on deposits will tend to fall. In the meantime it is more than likely that we shall see some decline in the level of banking profits.

DAVID FRIDAY.

Travelling in America

I SPENT but four months of the seven that I was in America in travelling, and I regret it, for I have never been in any country where the mere act of journeying from place to place was more seductive. Willingly could I, who have always imagined that I loathed travelling by land, have done nothing but wander on from town to town up and down the length and breadth of the United States. This is partly due to the genius of the place, but it is also due to the extreme comfort of American trains. It is true that they are all of them equipped with instruments of torture in the form of an apparatus known as the air-brake, which

works in such a way that every time the train starts there is a preliminary jar so severe that it feels as if not only every carriage but every individual had been struck a heavy blow with a club. The explanation is, I fancy, that the average American is so full of nervous energy that he can suffer this violent shock without the pain that we depleted and oversensitive creatures feel; but it may be that some slight measure of discomfort has to be inserted into the railway system to deter people from spending their entire lives on the train. I found myself sometimes regretting that I need ever step out of the Pullman car save to have a bath.

It is, you see, so exquisitely irresponsible from the very beginning. One packs one's trunks, in no particular hurry; it will do if they are ready an hour before starting. One gives them to the hotel porter, who in return presents one with checks. Never does one think of them again till one gives the checks to the express company at the station where one ends one's journey, and it delivers them at one's hotel. This, you will allow, is different from England where one has to keep watch on one's luggage as on a sick child. Thus disembarrassed, one goes nonchalantly to the train which, should one be in New York, starts from a cathedral. Europeans to whom I have said that the Americans are geniuses in architecture would be angry with me for having understated the case if I could show them the Pennsylvania station in New York. We in Europe have tried to treat the railway station in the grand manner. England made its great comic efforts in the cruet-stand Gothic of St. Pancras and the monumental mason's nightmare of Euston, and then gave up the attempt and relapsed into the formless chaos of Victoria and Waterloo. Germany kept up the struggle longer, but to no good. Leipzig Hauptbahnhof, vast as it is, is only remarkable because it produces, as one could not have believed that masonry could, the effect of obesity. One longs to advise it to give up bread and potatoes. But here, in New York, is a marvel of noble stone arching over an infinity of pearly light, with a certain ultimate beauty in its proportions which gives a solemnity to all that happens beneath. The crowds hurrying between the booking offices and the platform look dwarfed, yet for all that, more and not less significant, as processions of worshipers do in great churches. For some things—and those great and admirable things—one must go to America.

The Pullman car is too hot, but then every interior in America is. That is why one acquires on arrival the art of continually slaking oneself with ice-water. It has however every other advantage except reasonable temperature. There is abundant space round one's arm-chair. One's suitcase and attaché case are not exiled to a rack but stand openable at one's knee. Newspapers and books—quite good books—are sold on the train. One is encouraged to carry on one's correspondence by telegram. In the dining-cars there are meals that the Americans esteem but lightly, but which nevertheless are better than most meals one gets in quite good hotels in provincial England. And one is adopted by a Negro porter. For no extravagant recompense in the way of tips he is prepared to act as one's father and mother for the duration of the journey. He brushes one's clothes, he polishes one's shoes, he will even very respectfully draw one's attention to the fact that one is nearing one's destination and that one's hat is not on at quite the proper angle, and he does one a service deeper than these by showing one what life might be if one kept the heart of a child, and laughed aloud at happiness,

and drooped for not more than a minute when things went wrong. Sad he is fundamentally, for he is a strayed child, a lost child, who will never get back to his own nursery in Africa but must wander for ever in this grownup world of the United States, but he gets an exquisite infantile glee out of the simplest things. One morning, when I was traveling from Chicago to Omaha, I rose from my sleeping berth before the rest of the passengers had risen, and, going along the aisle to wash in the dressing room, encountered two Pullman porters in the corridor. One was polishing the patent leather shoes of the other, and the polishee was standing with his arms outspread, beaming down on the proceedings and chanting with the extremest voluptuousness: "Ah doan care about ma hands—and Ah doan care about ma face—but—Ah—do—like—clean—shoes!"

They have, too, moments of imagination by which the traveler benefits. Once, when I was traveling through the Rockies, from Salt Lake City to Pueblo, Colorado, the train halted at the highest point of our journey, and the Negro porter called me to the window and showed me a pool beside the railway track. Just a pool, just such a dark ditchful as one might see by an English railway line. But the darky's eyeballs rolled in his head, his glistening black hands waved impressively, his soft voice dipped and soared, as he laid before me the fact, which indeed thrilled me, that this pool was lying on the Great Divide. The trickle that ran from it at the one end became, in the long last, an arm of the Colorado river which winds away and away for fifteen hundred miles through the strangest country of cliffs cut by water and weather to shapes fine drawn as spires or fantastic as a dinosaur and are like a sunset sky, with splashes of scarlet and purple and emerald earths, till it reaches the warm Pacific. And the trickle that ran from the other end was the Arkansas river that tumbles down the boulders of the Rockies and becomes a slow silver stream that crawls over the green flat plains for a thousand miles and more till it joins the corpulent brown body of the Mississippi, and moves like a vast sliding lake on to the Gulf of Mexico. Here was a prodigious birth and beginning.

I was grateful to the Pullman porter for having the imagination to recognize the quality of that sight, for it was part of the pageant of rivers which to me is one of the most valid reasons why every one ought to visit America before he dies. Till one sees the Hudson river one cannot believe that for three hundred and fifty miles of New York state, as far as from London to Edinburgh—it runs through country as lovely as our Lake district. Hour after hour one travels past wooded mountains falling to quiet waters, as beautiful as the finest moments of Derwentwater or Ullswater. There is the Susquehanna, too, which is as lovely as its Indian name, broad and shining, with forests on each side that mount sugar-loaf hills and crown craggy

heights. Its tributary, the Julietta, runs through woodland as sweet as our own Exmoor valley. But even better than these is the Connecticut river in its upper reaches, running deep blue under a cloudless winter sky, a tangle of red bramble and amber grasses jewelled with frost on its brink, and the bare silver birches standing by like shapely ghosts. All these woodland rivers have a special beauty in the autumn and the winter that cannot be foreseen by the English imagination, for in autumn the foliage passes through a range of colors that is infinitely more varied than anything ever seen in Europe, and we have no conception of the golden clarity of their winter sunshine. Though the rivers of the Middle West are apt to be as tame as our East Anglian rivers since they run on the flat prairies, they have their character. With the coppices on their banks, and the marshes where the bullrushes grow, they look like the kind of places where small boys love to play; one thinks of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn and their not unworthy descendant, Booth Tarkington's Penrod. And in the Middle West there comes the greatest thrill in all this pageant of rivers. Who could look on the Mississippi without emotions? It is a hero among rivers, a watery Hercules. I first saw it one sunset in Minnesota, where it runs between Minneapolis and St. Paul. At the bottom of a deep trench whose walls were hung with flaming autumn trees, it lay in the shadow, almost tenuous, shining whitely, with shadows ribbed with the velvety bars of sandbanks. One could imagine Red Indians. I saw it again later, a day's journey southward, down on the Iowa and Illinois border. On each bank was a steel-colored rectangular Middle West town; east, west, north and south stretched the fallow prairies. On a grassy island in the river stood a white wooden house, evidently some sort of a public building dating back to the early nineteenth century or so, a beautiful example of the colonial style of architecture, with its classical colonnade and pediment all wrought in wood; like all the houses of that type in this country which was but recently so painfully claimed from savagery, its delicacy had an air of pathos, like a noble lady enduring poverty. Past this flowed a river that had lost its looks, that was nearly featureless, that was just a river, but that had a look of power. I saw it a third time, again a day's journey south, down by St. Louis. Even flatter there than the Middle West, and oozier of earth; on the dark fields stood the withered maize plants, as tall as men, and looking with their limpness and outthrust leaves, like men in attitudes of desperation. At the bottom of a clay cutting ran the Mississippi, mud-yellow, quite featureless now, and to apply a word that until then one would not have thought applicable to a river, shapeless. Just water running between two banks. It is odd that it was there, where the Mississippi is just water, that I realized that I would never be content till I had come back and known this river, and had taken a

journey on it by steamer, down between Missouri and Kentucky, between Arkansas and Tennessee, between Louisiana and Mississippi, all the way to the Gulf of Mexico. It is an absurd desire. Probably no such steamers run. But have you never been in love with somebody plain and probably unattainable? It is like that.

Really, it is just like that. America is a continent with which one can have innumerable love-affairs. I am not monogamous myself in my passion for the Mississippi. There are times when I think with as insistent a longing for a place named Bingham, which is in the state of Utah. It is a mining-camp. One drives in one's automobile on noble roads planted with poplars over a green and fertile plain (it was desert till the Mormons irrigated it) to a canyon that drives a wedge into the foothills of the snow-peaked mountains. There is one long winding street of wooden houses, paintless, dilapidated; some with verandas on which men in broad hats sit in rocking chairs, spitting slowly and with an infinity of sagacity; some with plate glass windows, on which the washed-off word "saloon" still shows as a pathetic shadow, which are eating-houses of incredible bareness and dinginess, some others with plate-glass windows that show you men on high chairs with white sheets round them being shaved, and tin cans everywhere. Then at the end of the street one comes on a mountain of copper. Just that, a mountain of copper. Pyramid-shaped it is, and cut into regular terraces all the way from the apex to the base, where lies a pool of water emerald as Irish grass. It sounds the hardest thing in the world, and the terraces have as sharp an edge as a steel knife. Yet it seems a shape just taken for an instant by the ether. One feels as if one were standing in front of a breaking wave of a substance more like cloud-stuff than water, yet like the sea; for the whole hillside is luminously and transparently pale, and reticulated with mineral veins that are blue and green like sea water. I want to see that marvel again, that mountain that is made of metal, that looks as if you could put your hand through it. I want to go back, just as I want to go back to San Francisco, which is a day and a night further west from Bingham. For that is like the Bay of Naples, but it is all done in the delicate pastel shades and the gentle greyness of Edinburgh. Sailing ships lie in the harbor, with their lovely rigging. There is a dead volcano looking over the Bay at the city, whose musical name is Tamalpais; she is shaped like Fujiyama, and I am enough in love to swear she is as beautiful. Round here are daughterly green hills running down to the indenting waters, their slopes blue and white with wild lupins. I love these places.

It is real love. One has been fond of European places, but the affection has been mild and reasonable. I have imagined that I loved Rome and Granada, but there they are, both within two days and two nights of London, for no undue expenditure, and I have visited neither for the last two

years. But I know that I am capable of getting up and going to have a look at San Francisco at a time when I ought not, though it means five days on the water and five days and five nights on the train, and many pounds and more dollars than I can afford to spend on merely going to have a look at anything.

This is the real unreasonable thing that is called love. And mind you, it is not only one that feels it. I am not telling you about myself; I am telling you about the American people. For this love that their Continent has the power to evoke is one of the most powerful factors in the moulding of their lives. It makes them wanderers. And that is the thing that marks them off from all other modern peoples. They are migrating. They are nomads. It makes their cities enchanting. For each of these marks an occasion when these wanderers have fallen so deeply in love with a place that for a time they abandoned their nomadism. This is a most romantic country.

It is at first hard for the stranger to realize how nomadic the Americans are, because one is apt to draw a false conclusion of stability from the facts that, in the towns at least, they have the best homes in the world, and that their women are incomparably the best housekeepers. But unlike the successful domestic women of other climes, the American housewife is not tethered to the cooking stove. She is astonishingly mobile. Of an evening, after dinner, should she and her husband be alone, the weather will have to be pretty bad before they will settle down before the fire. They are more likely to take the automobile out for a run of a length that would be considered a whole day's expedition in this country. If they live in Salt Lake City they will have a marvellous homecoming. Beautifully did the Mormons build on this perfect site that they found after their thousand mile trek through the desert, a city of broad lawny streets with a Capitol that stands out against the sunset on a ledge on a hill as finely as any building raised by the old Romans; widely stretches the plain that was desert till the Mormons came, that is green and plenteous because of their tillage and irrigation, in the East to the feet of the mountains whose arms are now blue with nightfall, in the West to the great Salt Lake where the last light lies rosy on the peaks of the unvisited islands where buffalo still roam. There is romance for you. You would go out and look at it if it were at your backdoor. Even if you lived on the prairies of Nebraska, that are as flat as the mud at Southend, you would still take that nocturnal ride. For here, as always on the plains, what one loses on the swings one makes up on the roundabouts. What the landscape lacks in interest, the cloudscape supplies. It is good to drive there by night, under bright stars that look as if they were nailed onto the dark roof of some not too elevated tent.

The mobility of the American housewife mani-

fest itself of course in much more startling ways than that. She will up at any moment and start out at a few hours' notice on an automobile trip of several days, up into the mountains or across the desert, and serve her family with a succession of meals that the English mind cannot conceive as being born of the casualness of a picnic. Lovely it is to travel on the Ridge Route from Los Angeles to San Francisco, high among the blue mountains with sharp spiney ridges that lie up against each other like so many vast lizards; or to cross the Nevadan desert and see the mirage change a peak as big as Ben Nevis to an island floating on a lake whose magic waters are drunk at their not-existing shore by horses never to be bridled by tangible riders. These are love affairs with the American continent that are worth having; there are other, more extensive ones, that she has. American summer holidays are longer than ours and run, indeed, to a full three months.

Then the American housewife takes up her house and lifts it any distance up to a thousand or fifteen hundred miles. The Salt Lake City woman will take her family up to the far North West in Oregon. The Nebraskan woman will find a summer home in the woods of Maine, in New England. There is a difference between these transcontinental leaps and our nervous August toddles to Newquay or Aldeburgh. And what is even more remarkable is the way that elderly people will leave the districts where they have lived all their lives and start over again in some strange place that has caught at their imagination. There is a town in southern California, Los Angeles, which is developing an enormous belt of suburbs that rather resemble one of our riverside towns like Maidenhead in their expanses of cheerful houses with flowery gardens. It is populated largely by retired farmers and their families from Iowa, which is in the Middle West. I cannot imagine a fashion springing up among Essex farmers for settling in the south of France or on the Italian Riviera; yet the distance is not more great.

They run up and down their continent, they run across it. They are wooing her beauty, they are seeking the adventures she gives them with both hands. It is in their blood. The history of their country is the history of that chase. Firstly there was the settlement of the East; then the more vigorous stocks pushed out for the Middle West. Then there was a double movement: of the gentler spirits who wanted to found an American culture, back to the East; of the bolder spirits, who wanted to extend the United States, out West. That adventurous spirit spills sometimes outside the cup; up to the gold-mines in the Klondike. It is a strong and beautiful thing, as lovely in its way as the English love of stability and a settled home.

I mean to go back to America again and again. I want to see more of these love-affairs between America and the American people.

REBECCA WEST.

Blood Money

THE cool half-million pounds exacted by His Britannic Majesty's government from that of the King of Egypt for the assassination of the Sirdar, following the more remote Corfu incident and the tidy little sum which our Department of State obtained from Persia on the occasion of the murder of Consul-General Imbrie at Teheran, revives with refreshing candor the ancient and honorable custom of the wergeld, or, to be crude, "blood-money."

The propriety of this survival from primitive times is beside the point. Morally there is much to be said for and against blood-money. When the Germans imposed it upon certain Belgian municipalities in the occupied territories during the war, we Allies found it a most excellent fodder for our propaganda. Yet the history of even our own lily-white foreign policy—if only in the instance of the Boxer indemnity—admits "blood-money" in practice, as a convenient and comprehensible form of retribution. With the disappearance of its companion practice, that of exacting hostages, whose noses, lips, ears and limbs could be amputated as a sign of diplomatic impatience and whose lives were forfeit to our interpretation of our enemy's intentions, blood-money is the sole relic of our glorious and unregenerate past.

What we must do, if only to vindicate our proud title to efficiency, is to equate our wergeld quotations on the basis of some internationally accepted common denominator. When that is done, the problem of the indemnity will be a mere matter of routine to be checked by public accountants; nations will not find it necessary to go to war for a dead drummer and, best of all, other nations will know the precise extent of their liability in murdering offensive foreign officials or tourists.

The lack of such a scientific rating leads only to confusion and consequent international jealousy. Why, for instance, is a British general twenty-five times as expensive as an American consul? Why is an American who went down with the *Lusitania* without commercial value in the light of recent negotiations between the German and American governments if he was almost worth going to war for in 1915?

Let us propose for our unit the lowest form of human life. In place of the reader's pet abominations—whether Rotarian, Parlor Radical, Babbitt or International Banker—let us take as our unit the New Hebridian negrito. There may be other humans more degraded. The author has never met them, neither has he met a negrito, but the principle is clear. Let the nations agree that the indemnity for such a unit shall be one dollar. With that as a starting point it will be easy to work up the

scale until we strike the delicate levels of officialdom, for which special formulae must be evolved. We shall find the scale running about as follows: Chinese coolies, Egyptian fellaheen, and Asiatic peasants generally, \$10.00; Asiatic factory workers, \$12.50; European peasants (exclusive of the Balkans), \$25.00; European industrial workers, \$35.00; European public servants, \$21.13; European professional classes, \$50.00; and so on. We should progress through the various strata of continental and British society, making appropriate notations for such figures as French counts and British jockeys, until we strike God's Own Country and finally attain the customary \$10,000 liability of American railroads and other homicidal agencies of a semi-public nature.

Such a scale would lead to many stimulating contrasts. One might find a Liverpool dock-worker, a Neapolitan barber and a Swiss bell-ringer bracketed with the average American alderman. An Oxford don, a French headwaiter and a Canton tea-merchant might be grouped with such capable persons as Tad Jones or Charlie Chaplin. The reader can amuse himself preparing his own categories.

The objection that such ratings would be so arbitrary as to render an international agreement out of the question is, unfortunately, sound. Would the Imperial Japanese government agree that it takes ten yellow men working in a rice field to equal one white American farmer cranking a Ford? The Imperial Japanese government would undoubtedly become sentimental over the subject of race-equality if so reasonable a contention were made. Would Zinovieff ever admit that three moujiks must be placed end to end in order to atone—even hypothetically—for one Parisian stock-broker? Zinovieff would call out the Third International and the ghost of Lenin rather than yield to so obvious a truism. And would not Costa Rica and Siam contend that one of their generals had a greater value than one-fourth of an Italian organ-grinder?

Yet another manner, and one less contentious, for arriving at a basis for determining blood-money claims would be to rate men at their economic capacity. No arbitrary valuations need be established here. Income tax returns in the countries where income tax is levied give a rough idea of a man's economic value. An international union, similar to the postal union, could arrive at mutually acceptable rates on a gold basis. And in a world of unstable exchanges we could experience the ineffable joy of picking up the morning paper and reading that Bolivian llama-herders had been at a heavy discount all day, that Danish churn-inspectors had advanced three-eighths of a point over yesterday's closing quotations, that American business men had

been steady on the whole, with occasional soft spots, and that Hindu irrigators had recovered from their recent depression and were the leading feature of an otherwise languid market. How our national pride would rejoice to see American dentists quoted above European cabinet ministers and how bitterly would we inveigh against the bankers who were playing up British novelists against American journalists.

In recapitulation, much of this proposal is utopian; obviously the world is still too anarchical to govern this matter reasonably; yet the necessity for some such regulation is obvious. If small, and as we always call them, "unruly" nations insist on the pleasure of murdering our nationals, and we insist on their paying for their fun, the only fair thing would be for those few nations which are in a position to exact blood-money to serve notice on the world of the precise value attached to particular individuals. In default of a general international instrument, drafted by a sub-committee of the League of Nations, each big power should prepare its own scale of valuations and prepare to enforce them. The value could be noted on each passport—either in cipher, so as not to offend the bearer, or in terms of unblushing cash. Then every consular and customs agent could note for himself the liability which his country was undertaking in issuing the requested visa.

For instance, such a notation might read:

Addison Sims,
Chamber of Commerce Building,
Seattle, Wash.

Liability: R E M Hs Su 20/10; which would mean: Rotarian (1) plus Elk ($\frac{1}{2}$) plus Mason ($\frac{3}{2}$) plus High School ($\frac{1}{10}$) plus State University ($\frac{1}{5}$) times \$20,000 (annual income), over ten.

The consul would then see, after a few calculations on his cuff, that \$6,600 would be the cost of lynching Mr. Sims. By prearrangement with insurance companies, a small sum could be added to the visa fee, sufficient to pay the premium on this man's insurance for that sum for the period of visa validity, and Addison Sims could go wherever he liked. The countries he visited would be secure in the knowledge that Sims had paid for his own indemnity and that the insurance company would make good; the American State Department, on receipt of the news of his assassination by some under-tipped head-waiter in the Tyrol or some Bulgarian comitadji out stalking Hellenes, would fill out the proper forms and applications and then await check and coffin by return mail. No national pride would be fractured and no warfare need ensue.

The same principle should be applied to officials. With them a simple system of multiples could be devised for application to the envoy's original valuation. Diplomats would use "x", "y" would serve consular officers, "a" and "b" would serve for cabinet officers and senators respectively. Minor vari-

ants could be used to distinguish different grades, as (x-3) for a simple secretary of legation, and (b-x) for a lame-duck congressman rewarded by a diplomatic post in Central America.

How much franker and fairer it would be when next the Administration seeks to discover whether its choice is persona grata to some luckless little country in South America or the Middle East, if the State Department would inform the government concerned that the valuation placed on the person mentioned for the post is \$500,000, a salute to the American flag, capital punishment for the murderers, and the temporary occupation of the principal seaport.

In that event the nation concerned might with perfect propriety explain that so expensive an ambassador was too serious a responsibility, and that they would prefer something cheaper, say something in the neighborhood of \$150,000, a military funeral and the rigorous suppression of anti-American propaganda, or what have you?

Should this system be even partially adopted, foreign relations would be put on a freer, healthier and at the same time more business-like footing, and the sales of American goods abroad would be increased fully eight and one-half percent in the next fiscal year. And besides, if we made it cheap enough we might rid ourselves permanently of several political liabilities by "framing" some small and "unruly" nation to shoot every minister we sent there, the indemnity to be subscribed by patriotic American citizens throughout the world.

JOHN F. CARTER.

Midsummer Sanity

Leave me. The water that mumbles and drones in my ears,
To you is a laughter running its golden trebles;
For you the flood of night which confuses my fears
Is only a blue stream washing a skyfull of pebbles.

Our lips meet. But there is no union—not even in dreams.
Deaf to the arrogant pulses, you hear nothing rude;
You hold your hand out to the fire because of the gleams,
Walking the world like a princess at home in her fairy wood.

There will be nothing, not even a trumpet, to shake you;
The walls of your castle will fall to the sigh of a flute:
The prince, in white satin, will always be coming to wake you—

For you there will only be beauty divorced from the brute.

Here, with your round, boyish head on my shoulder, it seems

That glow-worms can really be diamonds and every bright fly is a star.

Leave me—the fruit of my knowledge is less than your dreams.

My mind has been poisoned with truth. Oh, remain as you are.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Notes on Modern Literature

I.

WHEN Casanova went to call on Rousseau, they do not seem to have understood each other very well.

We found him [writes Casanova] a man of simple and modest demeanor, who reasoned with justice but was not otherwise distinguished either by his person or by the quality of his mind. Rousseau did not seem to us what is called a good-natured man and as he was far from having the manners of good society, Mme. d'Urfe did not hesitate to pronounce him vulgar. We saw the woman with whom he was living and of whom we had heard but she scarcely raised her eyes to look at us. On our way home, the singularity of the philosopher enlivened our conversation.*

This is all he reports of Rousseau except an anecdote of how the Prince de Conti snubbed him. But when Casanova goes to pay his respects to Voltaire, they get on together famously: Voltaire invites him to spend several days at Geneva and Casanova says he wrote down a record of their conversations most long enough to fill a volume.

Yet Casanova's own career had much in common with Rousseau's: like Rousseau, he sprang from the people; like him, he had had to live by his wits; like him, he had been a homeless adventurer and an impostor and knave. Yet Voltaire's fragment of autobiography is far more in the vein of Casanova's than Rousseau's Confessions are. In a sense, neither Casanova nor Voltaire takes his experiences very seriously; they are both disposed to regard life as a more or less enjoyable joke. And in doing so they become—in their separate spheres—two great typical figures of the eighteenth century. Neither cared very much for Rousseau—nor, apparently, had much faith in him: they thought him clumsy and dull. Yet they might have recognized in him the face of the future—for almost everything that was coming to Europe Rousseau already presented—sentimentality, equalitarian society and the sickness of romanticism. Casanova, though victim of the Inquisition, defended the prisons and the nobility; Voltaire, though the champion of liberty, lived in a world which privilege had made possible. But Rousseau, brooding on his ignominies and wrongs, had stored away the emotional power which was to explode the old machine. And his maladjustment to society had bred a new sort of sensibility: the woods and lakes among which he hid had somehow sunk into his emotions and become impregnated with them. In Rousseau's soul the chaos and the travail had already begun, and his autobiography is the record of its sorrows and its exaltations. But Casanova, when he came to retrace his life, remembered nothing but a thousand charming women, a thousand excellent dinners and a thousand amusing scenes. He wrote brightly about them and died and left the future to Rousseau; and the confused and awkwardly-recounted tale of Rousseau's grievances and illness, the interminable un-

loading of impressions from his overstocked sensibility, is not finished yet.

II.

Arthur Rimbaud was in some ways one of the most impressive figures of the nineteenth century. No one has expressed with more intensity than he the predicament of the human soul under modern civilization. He runs through a rigorous religious training, a passionate revolutionary enthusiasm and an eager study of modern science, to arrive at a deep dissatisfaction with them all. In the bare four hundred pages of his collected works he manages to sound in connection with these things almost all the notes which we recognize as being characteristic of our own time. *Une Saison en Enfer* is a masterpiece of the western mind at the centre of conflicting forces. And as Rimbaud felt the whole range of these emotions, he invented the language to express them: the individualized sensations of romanticism, which in Rousseau, though elaborate, are still comparatively straightforward, in Rimbaud have become complicated to the last possible degree—at which our poets, without ever having surpassed him, still stand today. It is only in remaining in this situation that they have not followed Rimbaud's example. For Rimbaud escaped from his nineteenth century world, whose institutions and morals oppressed him. In his last work, *Une Saison en Enfer*, he announces his intention of leaving Europe: "Priests, professors and masters, you do wrong in surrendering me to justice. I have never belonged to these people. . . . I am a beast, a savage. But I may yet be saved. . . . The wisest course is to quit the continent." And he acts upon his decision. After a number of frustrated attempts, he succeeds in establishing himself in Africa. He identifies himself, no longer with poetry, but with one of the really great modern powers, trade; but far away from the bourgeois society which trade has nourished in Europe and in which his brother poets rage and decay. He becomes a trader in ivory and incense and a leader of caravans. He wants his son to become "powerful and rich," an engineer. As for literature, he has announced that he will write no more and he keeps his word. "Je ne pouvais pas continuer," he says of his poetry, "je serais devenu fou et puis, c'était mal"; and when he hears that some of his poems have been published and are being admired in Paris, he flies into a rage. With the civilization of Paris, he has rejected the art to which it gives rise and left the formula he had discovered to Verlaine and Mallarmé and the rest. Too fierce and proud to compromise, he turned his back and escaped from Europe. His brother poets stayed behind and their complaints are our literature.

EDMUND WILSON.

Main Street in the Theatre

OH, the sweet taste of lemon in the mouth. Oh, dear inferiors, I simply eat you up. Dear Babbitt, you are so almost like me, come and step into view of my crooked mirror. . . . What a narrow escape! But don't go away. Stick around a while, to remind me of what nearly happened to me. Oh, blessed Nearly, Not Quite, Babbitt, good old scout, get into lots of books, climb into lots of plays; stay there, stay there, where I can throw things at you and point a finger at you, and help my neighbor point his finger at you. I scorn you, I spit upon you, I hand you the twelve cylinder raspberry; I misunderstand you, I hate you, because you are so far from what I think I am, and so terribly near what I might have been myself. And I need you."

So the bred-among-Babbitts, and the son-of-a-Babbitt, and the brother and uncle and nephew and employe of ten thousand once-removed and twice-removed and sixteen-times removed but not nearly far enough removed Babbitts and Babbittesses and Babbittinas, who in spite of this Main Street ancestry has emerged from the family woods, or into the Big City, or out upon a little street of his own, and discovers he is *Not Like Other Men*, Thank God, and finds friends in the same state of mind, and with them forms a Rotary Club, and lunches at noon sharp, or at half-past-Algonquin, and tells screaming stories about his home town, and pours forth quip, crank, satire, irony and wise-crack at the expense of *The Babbitt I Left Behind Me*, and sings in chorus, with great patriotism, *To Hell With Babbitt, And If You Think I Look Like Him, You're Another*.

Babbitt—the blah-blah drummer in the Pullman smoker, the glad-handed president of the local suspender corporation, the old gossip on the hotel porch—is to us what the native is to the Englishman, what the peasant was to the Russian. He is the offending and incomprehensible Multitude. He is the dark background and source of folk-lore. But with this obvious difference, that while the Native and the Peasant are alien, far away, and to be written about as one writes about curious domestic animals, Mr. Babbitt is one of us, or pretty nearly so, and while he can be and usually is written about with equal misunderstanding, he is not written about with equal detachment. He flows in our blood, and we feel the poison coursing through our veins; he stops us on the corner, and we are ashamed of our brother; he tells us his troubles, and we swear inwardly never to share our own; he passes on a good story, and we vow never again to Say-have-you-heard-this-one as long as we live; but we are sometimes ashamed of ourselves, and we have been known to dump our troubles on a friendly ear and we have retailed flat anecdotes, and so, after all, he is our brother, and oh how much the more we hate him for the closeness of that tie. We hate him, we take notes as we listen to him, we fry him in absence; into nearly everything we write about him (a great deal is being written too nowadays about him and his long, small street with the low rents and the tin garages) creeps something of that hatred, something of that gleeful sizzle as we hold him over the fire to fry.

He and his kind are the Modern Villain. In intellectual circles, the paste-diamond crook, the scheming financier, the corrupt mayor and rich hard-guys generally have been succeeded by our annoyingly harmless friend in the smoker.

In the silence of a book, enthusiastic hisses do not rise from its reader to applaud the author's portrait of his vil-

lain. When Main Street and its hairpin-calibre villain bleat upon us (in a deep armchair) from a book they are quite as likely to be simply boring as to live before us vividly as small town types. In a play, where villains always have a better chance, they too are likely to appear to better advantage. Their dulness can be made to bite as well as bark, their villainy, small-talk, selfishness, back-biting, and private aquarium poor-fishiness can come near raising in the audience that beginning of hatred which may end in a good old-fashioned hiss. When Main Street comes before us in three acts, it is easier to identify ourselves with the outcast the non-Babbitt, and thoroughly to hate the local population (This is always good fun. Try it on your victrola—beware, everybody has.) And so a play which is really a bore can manage to entertain us as a hatefest, particularly when the objects of hate are sufficiently, but not too recognizably, like ourselves.

There have been a number of plays within the last few years thrown up by the satiric fascination Main Street has for the intellectuals. Some—usually the best—have only skirted the theme, or borrowed the setting, or picked out here and there an individual, fantastically, perhaps, or good humoredly, or with an eye more to the situation than to the dreary street along which it unfolds. But there have been others, out of notebook by malice, written in the spirit of an ardent entomologist who hated insects. As a very near cousin of these same insects I wish to protest, not because great numbers of them ought not to be stepped on, but because the roach-powder impulse, when translated into the theatre, becomes far more an expression of personal dislike than a play about human life.

Roughly speaking, books or plays about modern American life can be divided into those with an insect view and those with a human view. Your author with a human view exhibits his fellow beings for what they are, mixtures of good and evil, and lets the quality of that mixture strike you, the audience, according to your tastes in human character and its good and evil, without letting on that of his character he despises one and admires another, without urging you to believe in and share his admiration or contempt. He has no morality, no preference of his own, to put over on you. Preference in human beings so strong as to verge on propaganda stamps its author as a moralist, who wishes his pictures of character to be agreed with rather than to interest or entertain. Your insectarian, on the other hand, at bottom is asking for agreement; he wants you to mark his characters on the same scale as his own, and if he has not managed to make obvious to you which persons in his play are insects, and to be given E in the scale of preferences, which others are valuable, or not boring, or kind hearted, or otherwise redeemable, he has failed. "Come with me to the ant-hill," he calls out; "I have found out which ants are black and which are white, which ants still crawl, forge, lie, gabble, and beat their wives, and which are worth saving before I stamp on their hill; you must repeat after me their qualities or disqualities—a very easy lesson really, because I had them all tagged beforehand."

One of the most striking examples of an expedition, fully equipped with tags, preferences, and self-conscious superiority, to the Main Street ant-hill, is *Close Harmony*, a play by Dorothy Parker and Elmer Rice (at the Gayety Theatre). Mr. Rice, in a play all his own, *The Adding Machine*, some time ago gave us a very interesting and original exploration of Main Street, piercing beyond the bromides and spiritual minimum-wage scale into the ve-

minds and hearts of some of its inhabitants. The tags were few, and not easily legible; the inner struggle and tragedy of one man was the thing, made memorable as a character by Dudley Digges's fine performance. The externals were formalized by devices we were taught to call expressionism; they were depersonalized, mechanized, which made the contrast between his surroundings and the intensely personal struggle within the man himself vivid, at times truly touching. The collaborators of *Close Harmony* set out to do, and accomplished, something quite different, but with a little of the same theme: a small man caught in his surroundings, a pathetic fly whose plight is all the more hopeless because the web in which he is caught is really so much feebler and poorer than himself. He is a commuter, he owns his own home, he has held the same job for years, he is content, to outward view; he has a nagging wife, a silly little daughter; an impossible sister-in-law invades his home. Next door lives a charming lady, formerly on the stage. Her husband treats her like dirt. The commuter nearly runs away with her. Not quite. He cannot quite shake off the heavy load of his own house and family. A neat situation, and quite a sympathetic character, which Mr. Spottswood acts with unusually restrained warmth and skill. But he cannot redeem the play to his own human value. For the flavor of the play as a whole is far from warm, sympathetic, human. What dominates it is Main Street, the nagging, the flatness, the stale tit-for-tat, the cheap furniture, the small talk, the pilloried bromides. Now all this disagreeable human scenery exists, and of this very thingy and raw material can be made plays photographic, satirical, humorous, destructive or kindly. These approaches can be used with a "purpose" in the back of the author's head, or with none. *Close Harmony* is excruciatingly full of the fingerprints of "purpose." At its worst, it seems to be a malevolent intention on the part of authors who once were terribly bored and irritated to get back at the people who so bored and irritated them. The first act, with its sweetly-nagging mother and her impossible sister, seems an essay in revenge. There is no character drawing, no lightness, no humor, no originality, nothing created in those deadly trip-hammer sallies, nothing apparently, save a repetition of the cry: "Listen to what this damned fool insect says. She bit me! I'll fix her."

And the audience ate it up. They recognized, not the character, but the nagging, not the people, but the stifling petty boredom; they too had been bored and nagged at, and it was fun to see the nagging insect spread out on the stage with a great big pin through it. They found the dialogue creamingly true to life, whereas it was only boringly true or scratches life had given them. They thought the unbearable mother real, but when people bore us unspeakably the only real thing about them is the fact that they are boring us. They revelled in the cross-patter of stale bromides, bromides so stale, so large, so legible at a thousand yards that they seemed to have been nursed to elephantine size in some Burbank hothouse of the mind. They opened their mouths eagerly for a slice of life, and, prepared by long experience with life's indigestibility, swallowed a slice of cold, sour lemon pie.

Our Jungle is the happy-hunting ground of novelists and playwrights, who keep coming out of it with a gun over their shoulder and showing us small game, stiff, dead, hamstrung and fish-eyed. Have another slice of life? Cold lump of commuter? Sister-in-law's knuckles? Sirloin from the upstate wife? Our Main Street is the happy-

hunting ground of the ill-willed camera. Picture ahead, Kodak as you go.

How many more pictures of this kind are there ahead of us? Are we in for several years of stuffed and mounted Babbitt, shrieking his tame wise-cracks and fetid bromides at every turn of the crank? Will the refugees from Main Street continue to endure cardboard jumping-jack caricatures of their former fellow citizens, human only in being detestable? Are we going on confusing satire with the ducking-board?

Yet Main Street exists, and exchanges platitudes, and breeds gossip, and talks about automobiles, and snaps at itself, and spawns salesmen, and speaks at the Rotary club, and fills half an old boiler with geraniums on the front lawn, and reads and writes our newspapers, and sees and makes our movies, and washes about the anxious shores of the little islands of cultivation we think we live on, a vast busy, mediocre ocean of life entirely careless of these islands. What are we to do with Main Street? Get away from it? Say we hate it? Share our hatred with kindred souls? Celebrate our narrow escape from it in books and plays that hang effigies of its citizens by the neck until dead, and then some? Roll its silly imperfections into types and put fabricated dialogue into their mouths? Shoot at it, stick pins into it at every opportunity, over and over again, until the ocean of peanut-hearted insects becomes ashamed, and dries up, and we are all one glorious dry island of cultivation?

Socially, perhaps, that is the only way. But artistically, Main Street is not It, it is They. Millions of human beings, all different. Hundreds of types, if you have the kind of eye that synthesizes live bipeds into types, but millions of characters. Types, lifeless progeny of the too-generalizing mind—how can they compare with characters on the stage? Yet while the stage is overcrowded with types, the woods are full of characters crying aloud to be put upon the stage. By focussing thousands into types we get farther from the American scene; by picking out characters we approach nearer and nearer to the heart of it. Plays like *Close Harmony* are going down a blind alley; there cannot be many more like them. On the other hand, plays like *What Price Glory* and *The Showoff*, which, each with its own kind of excellence, create characters, show how rich is the land for whoever will explore it character for character.

Exploration—but it must be without hatred if it is to ring true, without the taint of moral judgment, of superiority, of annoyance, of revenge. Irritation is the blind veil that falls before the eyes that would understand. Page Mr. Anton P. Chehov, who could draw marvelous portraits of the smallest and most ordinarily despicable people without sign of annoyance, if indeed he ever felt any. Page Mr. Ring Lardner, who is the best portraitist of Main Street because he is also the most irresponsible, good-natured and understanding.

Every playwright who is about to tackle Main Street, and who perhaps has it too much on his mind to expose a collection of feebly-impaled specimens of third-rate existence for us to snicker at, ought to be made to read *The Golden Honeymoon*, and learn from Ring Lardner's story, which is closer than any other to the heart of Main Street and America, the difference between understanding people and merely laughing at them.

For Ring Lardner, worse luck, doesn't write plays.

ROBERT LITTELL.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

The Beast in a New Form

SIR: Your readers may care to know that after the hardest battle I have ever had, even in the days of the Beast and the Jungle, when both political machines were against me because of the part I took in the exposure of the crimes of privilege, I have won out for the tenth time in twenty-five years. The particularly bitter character of the contest I have just passed through was due in large measure to the fact that I chose openly and actively to oppose the Ku Klux Klan, which became an active political factor in this state during the present year.

The Klan celebrated its first victory in August, with the election of a Klan mayor, whose recall had been attempted. I took part in that fight because I felt it was the beginning of Klan domination in this city and state. My further reason for taking an active part in it was what many of us considered a base betrayal of the city by the mayor's city attorney, who refused to except to a valuation of \$20,000,000 placed on the city's railroad property when the city's representative, Mr. Delos F. Wilcox, had shown that it was not worth over \$10,000,000. The failure of the mayor's city attorney to except to the valuation bound the city to it. It probably means an increase in fares in order to pay the dividend on excessive valuation made up largely of water. Thus, at the outset, I antagonized a powerful city hall machine and the most active of all of our utility corporations in local politics. . . .

The Ku Klux Klan has swept Denver like a prairie fire. It is said that this is the way of the Klan when it is first introduced into some localities and we certainly got our fill of it. It was like the stampede of the herd in full tilt and it seemed almost as useless to try to stem its mad head-on rush. There was no rhyme or reason in it. I was the only candidate for any office who bucked this rush by appearing at anti-Klan meetings. At some of these meetings the lights were put out or there were noisy demonstrations, cat calls, hisses, boisterous and idiotic laughter and every form of insult that could be devised to interfere with the right of free speech. The conduct of the women at one or two of these meetings cannot be likened to anything but that of women before the Tribunal at the French Revolution, demanding the blood of their victims.

In the twenty-five years I have been on the bench, I have had the honor, with the help of our people, to write and place on the statute books some fifty-two items of law for the protection of women and children. Among these laws is that changing the domicile and jurisdiction of non-support and desertion cases to the residence of the wife and child instead of that of the husband and father, the mothers' compensation law under which I have managed to keep some 5,000 children in their own homes, and the maternity law that has already saved hundreds of unborn children from the abortionists, and the mothers from these butchers. All of this service for women hadn't the slightest effect in stemming the fury of Klan women who appeared at some of these meetings.

I recall one woman who was screaming in my face and thus addressing me, "You cur, you dirty cur, you dirty cur!" I encountered this woman outside of a hall and I said, "Madam, why do you call me a dirty cur?" having in mind all that I had done and helped to do for women. She screamed in my face, "You are not one hundred percent American, you are not one hundred percent American, you are against the Klan." It was utterly useless to reason with such people. They had simply gone stark mad over the Klan. They had paid \$10 a head to hate somebody and they were getting their money's worth. Although I am a Methodist and a 32d degree Mason, I was accused of being a Jesuit and in league with Rome to overthrow the republic all because I would not keep silent about the Klan. . . . In no campaign have I ever seen such stark madness, such bitterness, such hatred. It was mostly working people to whose interest I have devoted so much of my life and whose children have profited most by our legislation, who became the victims and dupes of the Klan.

Of course they did not know what they were doing. They are the ready victims of that inferiority complex which gives them the feeling of exaltation with its accompanying delusions of grandeur when they read the Klan literature and are called "men of the most sublime lineage the world has ever seen,"—the only Simon pure one hundred percent Americans. They went into the Klan by the thousands and furnished the strength that enabled

the charlatans to capitalize their ignorance into money and political offices. They were able to capture the Republican name and organization at the primaries with a few exceptions.

Running on the Democratic ticket, I was compelled to buck the Coolidge landslide, which overwhelmed us with 125,000 majority, the City Hall machine, the utility corporations, the Ku Klux Klan with its 40,000 voters in this city, all sworn to their own ticket and the poison-squad of evil-minded women . . . as well as the accumulation of enemies of twenty-five years and two newspapers hammering me, morning and evening—the News and Times. We feel it is a great victory, and, having received a clear majority, it is a clean cut victory over the Klan whose monstrous un-Americanism I have no apology for opposing in the past, as I always will in the future.

BEN B. LINDSEY.

Denver, Col.

A Spelling List for Letter Writers

SIR: This curriculum-making business appears to be still in its infancy and liable to the mistakes of infancy.

A list of words used in letter-writing ought to face first of all the question whether you care for the words used by most people or for the words that a man who uses them uses oftenest. For instance, personal letters normally include frequent mention of the health of family and friends, sometimes even of others; therefore I should assume that the majority of letter-writers will in the course of their lives have to write "pneumonia," but few except doctors and nurses will have to write it often. On the other hand, most people can write letters all their lives and never have to write "jail"; but if the word does get into a man's letter-writing it is likely to get in over and over. So far as I know the compilers of lists have never discussed the question which of these types of frequency should be given greater weight, but have plumped for the word that came the greatest number of times in a collection of letters without inquiring whether it was grouped in a few people's letters or not.

Not that I care much. To train a child to spell all the words that he is likely to need would take more time than anybody today would think of giving to the subject. If it were done, as soon as the child was out of school somebody would introduce new words like "chauffeur," "antenna," "hooch," which he would need to be able to spell without having been taught them. What the school can do is to give him the habit of noticing the spelling when he reads a word, and writing it as he saw it; and the extant lists are probably good enough for this.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

Canadian Railways

SIR: Mr. Keenleyside, in your November 19 issue, observe that the Canadian National Railways, while showing a profit over operating cost, are not yet earning more than half their fixed charges of approximately \$64,000,000, "due entirely to the mismanagement and extravagance of private ownership."

This mismanagement and extravagance has not burdened the roads with fixed charges in excess of 4 percent on an investment by Mr. Keenleyside's statement, of \$1,620,000. (Presumably all these charges were incurred by the Grand Trunk & Canadian Northern systems, but these comprise 5-6 of the entire mileage.)

In a comparison with private ownership it should be borne in mind that capital could not be secured for this investment without a return of \$80,000,000 to \$96,000,000. Until the Canadian National Railways returns that sum in profits, in rate reduction or in some other forms, they cannot be called successful by the standards of private operation.

It is probable that under Sir Henry Thornton's management they will reach this point as soon as the country has caught up with the speculative enterprise of the builders. But management by an able and experienced railroad man "guaranteed a free hand" is not what is usually meant by or expected of government ownership.

WILLARD HELBURN.

Salem, Mass.

Rebels

The Boy in the Bush, by D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner. New York: Thomas Seltzer. \$2.50.

Humpty Dumpty, by Ben Hecht. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.00.

MR. LAWRENCE has grafted the familiar story which he has made his own on to stronger stock in the Australia of the eighties. It may be surmised that his collaborator has supplied the intimate knowledge of social conditions in the colony half a century after its settlement, the extraordinary confusion of a population sprung from the mixed blood of soldiers, laborers, adventurers, convicts, and natives. And let it be said at once that as a story of colonial life *The Boy in the Bush* ranks high. Among Australian novels, so far as I know, only *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney*, by Henry Handel Richardson, approaches it; and as a study of pioneer life it is to be compared with Olive Schreiner's *The Story of an African Farm*, for South Africa, with W. H. Hudson's *Far Away and Long Ago*, for the Argentine, with Miss Cather's *My Antonia* for our Middle West, and the work of Frank and Kathleen Norris for California. Undoubtedly Australia colored by Mr. Lawrence provides a more impressive physical background than any of these, with its desert; its bush, its wide flung farms, its ugly little cities set in the sand, burned by tropic heat and sluiced by tropic rain; and a more amazing social setting, the old vessels of society broken into shards and painfully stuck together again with a grim English determination to ignore the visible cracks. In this primitive world, women count for less, according to Mr. Lawrence's reckoning, than in an older civilization. The fundamental economic and social importance of the woman pioneer can be taken for granted, and though he finds a Monica Ellis, and, in his last chapter, almost by accident, a Hilda Blessington to match Urula Brangwen, he is able to concentrate attention on his hero. Jack Grant is Paul Morel of *Sons and Lovers*, and Will Brangwen of *The Rainbow*, seasoned by Australian life into the indomitable Nietzschean male, ready to crash through the walls of a jerry-built society to get what he wants, as his stallion breaks his stable to seek his mare. All Jack's adventures, his breaking of horses, his fighting with kangaroos and with men, his wandering and toil, his laying and his solitary flight in the waterless desert, his mastery of the world by gold—all lead to this. But the adventure is grandiose. Jack looms large as the giants of his forebear's killing, in the vast landscape which he needs, in which the rest of the human race with their fears and scruples and repressions are but pigmies.

If Mr. Lawrence's typical hero is the result of his own major frustration, in Jack Grant he has achieved a major compensation. And his triumph is presented with his old eloquence, won back after much feeble and slovenly writing. Jack's religion is taught him by the old matriarch of his tribe. "Trust yourself, Jack Grant. *Earn a good opinion of yourself*, and never mind other folks. You've only got to live once. You know when your spirit glows—just that. That's *you!* That's the Spirit of God in you. . . . God is y'rself. Or put it the other way if you like: y'rself is God." And Jack worships his Jehovah in the spirit of the patriarchs.

A little world of my own, in the North-West. And my children growing up like a new race on the face

of the earth, with a new creed of courage and sensual pride, and the black wonder of the halls of death ahead, and the call to be lords of death, on earth. With my Lord, as dark as death and splendid with lustrous doom, a sort of spontaneous-foyalty, for the God of my little world. The spontaneous royalty of the dark Overlord, giving me earth-royalty, like Abraham or Saul, that can't be quenched and that moves on to perfection in death. One's last and perfect lordliness in the halls of death, when slaves have sunk as carrion, and only the serene in pride are left to judge the unborn.

A little world of my own! As if I could make it with the people that are on earth to-day! No, no, I can do nothing but stand alone. And then, when I die, I shall not drop like carrion on the earth's earth. I shall be a lord of death, and sway the destinies of the life to come.

In *Humpty Dumpty* also the hero is already somewhat familiar to us. Kent Savaron is Erik Dorn grown older, his brightness faded, the gay cynicism with which he was wont to survey the human scene turned to bitter hate and his defiance ending in despair and defeat. Instead of the broad new land of Australia for a background, he has a society already formed and fixed, the Chicago of to-day; and this peopled world is too mighty for him. The Winkelbergs in Mr. Hecht's novel are like the Ellises and Georges of Mr. Lawrence's, except that in their grim persistence they triumph. Kent Savaron as he emerges upon his narrower stage is like Jack Grant, but his sensual pride contributes not to his victory but to his betrayal. To Mr. Hecht, as to Mr. Lawrence, women are the object and the symbol of victory. In the primitive world of Australia, Stella Winkelberg would have been the slave of her lord, but with pressure of a compact society and a family behind her she slowly masters Savaron. He loses his assertion, doubts himself, wavers, retreats, falls. His personality crumbles into fragments.

God, how sad he was! He was too deep for himself. There were too many masks, too many closets. He could only stumble around, diverting himself with new attitudes. He was like a room full of strangers continually borrowing his voice and his phrases and dressing themselves up in his soul. That was his biography—a procession of mountebanks. Creatures who made love, who wept with remorse, who went whoring after women, who stood laughing bitterly at the night. Idiots scampering across the stage of his brain, demanding his applause. Demanding he admire them all—as if he were someone else—an audience in the dark. One who looked on. It was this one who was talking now. But how could he know. Could he even trust the despair in his heart now? Perhaps he was still on the stage, gesturing poignantly behind the footlights for the audience in the dark. Still asking applause. Or was this he who laughed, the real one? What a muddle!

Mr. Hecht's world is dark compared to Mr. Lawrence's, without a gleam of beauty or light. His drama is merely domestic friction—the grinding of Savaron's personality in the family mill of the Winkelbergs. His characters are phases of his hatred of the sordid and filthy parasites who crawl upon the dunghill—a hatred of which the hero is an expression more sustained and more concentrated. Kent Savaron stands out with a certain dignity in his refusal to

crawl. But he pays the severest penalty of rebellion. He becomes obsessed by his own attitude and his mind turns ceaselessly about his protest. He becomes a satire upon himself of which we grow as weary as he does. Mr. Hecht's rhetoric cannot make Savaron a Byron or a Leopardi or anything but a sort of Sanin manqué.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

What Science Warrants

Contributions of Science to Religion, by Shailer Mathews, with the coöperation of William E. Ritter, Robert A. Millikan, Edwin B. Frost, Edward B. Mathews, C. Judson Herrick, John M. Coulter, Ellsworth Faris, Charles H. Judd, John M. Dodson, Charles B. Davenport, E. Davenport, C-E. A. Winslow, and Horatio Hackett Newman. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$3.00.

WHERE religion is involved the disposition of the scientists is to avoid the issue. When they can avoid it no longer, they make their escape by acknowledging its full validity, in its own field. Whether it has any field left is, fortunately, none of their business. The point is, they have all they can comfortably use, all, indeed, they will ever need for any possible expansion, to wit, the entire cosmos as far as it is perceptible and intelligible to man. Whatever lies beyond is the province of religion. Furthermore, being pretty firmly established in the possession of this field, the scientists are inclined to assume a conciliatory mien toward the "natives" whose lands they have so recently appropriated. Their attitude toward poachers and trespassers is benevolently temperate. Why should it be otherwise? Science has nothing to gain and everything to lose by controversy. Therefore peaceful penetration and the disavowal of hostile purpose is the universal rule.

The scientists whose papers comprise more than two thirds of Dr. Mathews's volume have doubtless not been asked to pass on questions of theology. Their contributions are simple, expository statements of what science is, what it has been able to accomplish, and what its present boundaries are. The physicist tells about the structure of the atom, the geologist about the structure of the earth, the astronomer about the structure of the cosmos, and so on.

But whatever the division of labor in a joint undertaking of this kind no contributor can do his work in complete unconsciousness of the common purpose. By mutual understanding the theological interpretation of science is left to the theologian. But each expository essay supplies material for that interpretation. Each writer knows that his picture, whether of plant life or of sanitation, is to be hung in the theological gallery. The degree to which his science is calmly impervious to its surroundings is significant, and any occasional acknowledgment of relationship to the title of the book ought to be especially illuminating.

It is. Let us call the roll. The opening essay, on the Method of Science, is distinctly self-conscious. The author is at particular pains to note, as against the preacher's suggestion that divine guidance to "all truth" means only "sacred" truth, that guidance to truth is guidance to science. He quotes scripture to the glory of them that love truth. He is quite explicit upon the unity of truth. There is no phenomenon beyond the reach of science. Nevertheless, "seeing God in the universe is no more difficult than seeing electrons there." The assurance is interesting and in-

structive. But we must pass on. The physicist allows himself one sentence of theology. Does transmutation of atoms go on in nature? "Perhaps in God's laboratory, the stars." The astronomer, however, makes no mention even of divine research. The geologist assures the reader simply and without argument that "geology does not lead to irreligion. Many, if not most, of the leading geologists have been truly religious." Without being compromised. The neurologist is silent. So also are the botanist and zoologist. The latter, though, allows himself to remark of evolution that so valuable an idea is "not lightly to be cast aside in case it fails to agree with one's prejudices." The sociologist makes only the reservation that an adequate social science waits not only upon human wits but "on the inscrutable movements of the cosmic procession whose outcome, being inaccessible to our knowledge, remains the goal of our faith." The psychologist avoids the issue. The physician asks if medical science should disturb religious faith, and answers, "Not at all." "The first origins of matter, of force and of life, seem as remote as ever from finding explanation in any laws or principles now known to us." Eugenics proceeds without divine coöperation. But agriculture claims partnership. "Next to religion and his own destiny, agriculture is man's greatest coöperative enterprise with nature." And further, whoever thinks of science "can but render thanks to Almighty God for His revelation of the laws of nature." Sanitation, however, omits grace.

This concludes the list. All that this group of scientists have cared to say in acknowledgment of their contribution to religion is included in these quotations. It is an impressive showing. Impressively meagre.

What science "contributes" to religion remains to be stated—by the theologian. In his brief introduction to the volume Dr. Mathews announces as the leading question whether religion has any claim to our confidence "in a degree comparable with the claims, let us say, of agriculture and preventive medicine." But obviously, in the author's mind, it has; otherwise the book would not have been written. The question is, what sort of religion? The history of religions indicates that it must be one that fits the present order of civilization. That order is ready to dispense with the whole panorama of "anthropopathic" divinity. But there remains—personality. God is the personality of the cosmos. Not an active personality; "one hesitates to speak easily of His will in the details of life." The object of worship in this view is simply the concept of infinite personality.

This, says Dr. Mathews, is the gift of science. Though of course he does not attempt to derive this notion from any scientific source, he alleges such a source. "Science," he says, "is giving new content to the conception of God," new "thought-patterns," and the like. But what science is actually doing is defining the limits within which theologians may think. Like other contemporary apologists this author is at great pains to point out that science falls short of omniscience. The electron theory has broken down deterministic materialism. The recalculation of spiral nebulae has opened up the cosmos. Somewhere an acre may remain for the theologian. But it is hard to find. When Dr. Mathews lays claim to human personality he encounters opposition in his own camp. The human being is not a machine, says he. "A machine is not capable of knowing that it is any particular sort of machine." But C. Judson Herrick, neurologist, deposes differently. "The living brain is clearly a machine." Furthermore, "some of the

functions of the cerebral cortex have the unique property that they are aware while they act." In short, the moment the concept of personality is taken to mean anything in particular it comes under the jurisdiction of science. The cosmic personality theory of religion is simply the orthodox-Hebraic European monotheism completely emasculated of all concrete meaning. "Its goal," says Dr. Mathews in his final, pathetic paragraph, "is not an explanation of the universe, but a life with that reason and purpose and personality which science increasingly warrants it in assuming in the universe," whatever "reason and purpose and personality" may mean as applied to the universe.

What science warrants is, apparently, a religion without intelligible meaning. Or are these "thought-patterns" symbols of science, pure and undefiled? "The love of a God of cosmic law," we are told, "is immeasurably grand." But why interpolate the "God"? Perhaps the contribution of science to religion is, simply, the superiority of science. Perhaps the scientist is the more honest theologian. The quotation of the opening essayist is a telling one: "They who know the truth are not equal to them that love it."

C. E. AYRES.

Talks With a Wise Sparrow

Conversations In Ebury Street, by George Moore. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

THE young writers of France have heard of George Moore; some of them say that they have met him. When you talk with them about English authors they will mention Moore. They will tell you this and that thing about him, describe his French or relate an incident of one of his visits to Paris. Their descriptions are friendly, and yet there is conveyed in them something which makes Moore seem slightly ludicrous. It is done with their best neatness. There is also a photograph of Moore which I have seen somewhere and there is something slightly ludicrous about that, too—I remember that he appeared as a sort of benign walrus, or a smooth, capon-lined butler. Then, further, there are the Confessions and the Memoirs and all the rest of that sort of writing which he has done and which go to increase the admixture of the ludicrous. Indeed these latter go so far on that path that I would even be willing to entertain a theory that Moore perceives his own ludicrousness and that he has made a conscious picture of it, a sort of Boswellian portrait of himself in the act of being silly for the sake of amusement and ideas, and for heavy men to be angry about and to use as a target for irritated words.

I have not mentioned impressions of the ridiculous in Moore for the purpose of writing him down, although my first paragraph, if only I could have written it perfectly, would have been an example of his own method. There is to be set against those impressions, the man who has created fine novels, well-nerved with thought, and the man who writes even his foolishness with a beautifully controlled technique. The point is that both these men show themselves mingled in the *Conversations in Ebury Street*. Here, in the midst of intelligent ideas, excellently put, there still hangs a strong flavor of the Aubusson carpet and the pet boa constrictor. This is personal writing, and in that genre Moore never quite leaves behind the naughty boy from Paris. Perhaps that is what enrages the heavy

men who do not wish to remember that Moore is one who knows, better than most, the trade of writing prose and who can create masterful portraits of his contemporaries. The five that he does here are remarkably fine; the scene in the jury of the New English Art Club is delightful; and the jilting of Sickert is light tragedy, exactly and precisely handled.

Moore most often begins his thought inauspiciously, in an atmosphere of bright smartness, where the ridiculous Moore gets in the way of Moore the thinking artist and gives an effect of sparrow, of pert and precious fellow. The gentle and lengthy toasting of Mr. Joseph Husband from Winnetka, Illinois, which begins the book, is an excellent example of an obtrusion of the sparrowy nature. Then there is the attack on Hardy, which is put forth in such a way that it is sure to be taken by many, even more than would be necessary, as a piece of rascally, useless impudence. Even the expected and thoroughly fine thought on Balzac is made a little precious by the inclusion of a lecture written in Ebury Street French.

The book, however, makes no pretense to be an exposition of a rounded aesthetic, it is conversation taking place in Moore's house, between Moore and others, or within himself. Conversation is not reasonable; it is a flow of half-reason, of prejudice, and of stimulating spurts of intelligence; and the book has that conversational tempo and form. The thoughts are not rounded, nor defended; but they are not fruitless, random arrows hurled into the infinite. They often linger in the air and drop gently and insinuatingly onto their object, long after the book is closed. If you consider Hardy a giant and Moore an impudent boy you may close your mind to the suggestive value of an attack which leads on to thoughts of the literary craftsman's relation and duty to his craft, or, having tried to close your mind you may still find the arrows drifting closer and closer to the target.

Imagine Moore stretching himself out on the sofa in his drawing room so that he might think more clearly. He lies there a while listening to the ticking of his "pretty Louis seize clock." Then he arises to take a pen and write with clear precision that Beaudelaire was a trashy sort of Rue de Rivoli aesthete. It is sure that Baudelaire had a childish view of himself as a sin-bedizened Satan; he saw himself as the Don Juan of his own sonnet; but he was also a poet. And it is Moore who arises from his couch to tilt at Beaudelaire, Moore who has himself tinged his own excellencies with the tones of a futile brashness. I assure you, it is exceedingly amusing to listen to this wise sparrow at his talk.

H. PHELPS PUTNAM.

Heliotherapy

Sunlight and Health, by C. W. Saleeby. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

SUNLIGHT has been known to be bactericidal since the days of Pasteur. Its efficacy in non-bacterial diseases such as rickets, demonstrated by Hess and others at Columbia University, reveals biochemical possibilities of unsuspected magnitude. Dr. Saleeby has made a careful study of the various institutions which have incorporated heliotherapy into their credo, particularly those dealing with the cure of tuberculosis. He describes in glowing terms the work of Dr. Rollier at Leysin, Switzerland. Here the

knife has been banished and tuberculous patients are cured by gradual and increasing exposure to the light of the sun. Rollier's explanation is that the violet and ultra violet rays of the sun are the most valuable and he offers as proof of the fact that those patients whose skin develops a bronze pigment shortly after exposure derive the greatest benefit from the treatment. It is true that pigmentation of the skin is a response to the violet and the ultra violet rays but if the general body response depended on these alone the treatment would be most valuable at very high altitudes since these rays tend to diminish as they descend to earth. In England and France, however, spectacular results have been obtained at sea level and these have been ascribed to sea bathing in sunlight by certain investigators. Indeed there are as many explanations as there are institutions. On one point all investigators have agreed: that it is the sun's light and not the sun's heat that is curative. The results of rash exposure to the sun's heat in a mistaken eagerness to hasten the cure have been drastic. Saleeby reiterates the warning against haste and against unintelligent exploitation of the idea. "Hasten Slowly" is the slogan. In *La Cure de Soleil*, Rollier gives full detail of the treatment. This has been translated into English with the title *Heliotherapy*.

Although the greater part of Dr. Saleeby's book is devoted to the use of sunlight in pathological cases, his first interest is in hygiene. One need only read his dismal description of smoke befogged London to understand his zeal. However, we, accustomed to turn the other cheek to our European visitors, may be a bit abashed by his enthusiasm for American progress. If his adjectives embarrass us the facts themselves cannot but be gratifying. Our "blue sky" laws have made our cities, with the exception of a few like Chicago and Pittsburgh, smokeless. Our mortality from tuberculosis has been cut down one-half in the period 1905-1919 according to a statement by Dr. Royal Copeland.

Milk is at once an excellent food for mankind and for microorganisms. It can therefore lead either to health or to disease depending upon its bacterial content. The sanitary regulations of New York are such that of an examination of twenty-eight milks fed to mothers attending Infant Welfare Centres in London, only one would have been permitted to be sold in New York. We still have our sunless tenements and our undernourished children: this statistical response to sanitary regulations should be an encouraging stimulus to further improvement. Dr. Saleeby's pictures of schools in the sunshine, sunlight dairies, and a Canadian fox-farm governed by sweetness and light stress the desirability of continuing until all possibilities of improvement have become realized.

LILLIAN SEGAL KOPELOFF.

Mark Rutherford in Old Age

Letters to Three Friends, by William Hale White ("Mark Rutherford.") New York: Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

The Groombridge Diary, by Dorothy V. White. New York: Oxford University Press. \$4.20.

BOOKS so intimate and personal as these concerning a writer so recently dead can hardly be discussed without some feeling of embarrassment and constraint. It is as if one had been prying into the family relations of some

not particularly close acquaintance. This correspondence and diary must chiefly interest the friends of Hale White or those who are very enthusiastic about his work; their appeal is personal. Were it not that we learn from these pages that reviewers are the "merest hacks," whose opinions are not of the slightest importance, and therefore may be freely offered, it would be more comfortable to put off this article for twenty years or so. Emboldened by the author's contempt, the mere reviewer may attempt to hack through the volumes now.

Hale White was an English puritan at heart. It is true that he early broke away from the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, but he retained the heretical spirit. His scale of values was almost entirely "moral"; the beauty he admitted was really a moral beauty. However much he might rebel against "sects and creeds," Christianity was immensely important to him, the Bible (which he read continually) something more than a collection of Hebrew literature. This puritanism shows itself in all kinds of queer and interesting ways; in a distrust of "Jesuitry and all the powers of darkness," in the conviction that a "Tory" must be someone stupid or wicked, in an admiration for little Nell ("my goddess"), in a curious nervous apprehension as if hell-fire were perpetually just round the corner, and in a still more curious but even more characteristic "desire to damp enthusiasm or joy." He had the puritan's longing for certainties and distrust of adventure and speculation; "my tendencies are all towards making everything secure; properly protecting lines of communication and covering the retreat." Carlyle, of course, was extremely important to him, but newer "prophets" did not interest him much: "I was told the other day to read Neitsche (is this spelt right?). Have you read him? I have not, but I have a kind of presentiment that his 'newer cognition' would do me no good." It was perhaps this kind of "presentiment" which made him feel that the opening years of this century were so "barren."

He belonged to a generation which took itself and life very seriously, the generation of Carlyle, Ruskin, and Tennyson. Although he found Renan an "immense help," he thought the French critic was "often disagreeable, especially about women." Levity, even in the very young, he disliked: "I should never permit the slightest levity in a child toward mountains, stars, the Bible, or anything sublime, nor towards anything beautiful." Not even a giggle at Abraham Lincoln's beard, and no parodying of "Twinkle, Twinkle." During the Boer War this earnestness became quite imposing:—

A more cowardly Government than this Government never existed, and it *therefore* bullies the Boers . . . Pray stir up everybody who has a conscience to protestation. Don't let Mabel swerve. Excuse my earnestness. All art, literature, seem to me a mockery now—mere trifling.

Is it mere perversity that makes one feel rather sympathetic towards Mabel and her apparent tendency to "swerve" about these matters of conscience which are so much more important than art and literature? These remarks and a hundred others in the letters or recorded in the Diary render White a rather distant figure, distant enough to be a little unsympathetic, yet not remote enough to be quaint and a discovery.

And yet this is only one side of Hale White; there was another and more attractive aspect. He often raps out an admirable phrase like this: "It is not understood that

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*And These Are Just Half the Contributors to the Number With Which
Scribner's Magazine Begins the New Year*

there are certain truths which justify expression in a dialect different from that of the House of Commons." His judgments on music are peculiarly attractive, especially his suspicions of Wagner's "metaphysics," his adoration for Mozart, and his delight in Scarlatti and Couperin. He is delightful, too, when he is explaining how much more he enjoys looking at a large cart-horse than at motor-cars filled with stock-jobbers' wives. His denunciations of "Respectability" and of the middle-class society of Crowborough are just and well expressed; "the demoralization of servant-girls is a favorite topic with the women, the wickedness of preferring Eastbourne and Brighton shops to the charms of the Villa. They do not see that this general movement is a thing not to be denounced but to be explained." But perhaps the middle-class society of Crowborough had a right to be explained as well?

The Groombridge Diary is not quite so easy to read as White's own letters, but it tells simply and without affectation the story of Hale White's last years and of Mrs. White's beautiful devotion and service to him. This was, of course, the great consolation and support of his old age; it is a charming and perhaps unique episode in literary history. The directness of Mrs. White's narrative is delightful, with such remarks as: "After dinner we talked of the Royal Family," or, "He has acknowledged to me this morning his strong instinct for trying to bring people round to his own point of view." Underneath all White's nervous apprehensions and stubborn puritanism there was something indefinable but attractive, something moral, no doubt, a mental rectitude, an absence of humbug. And there were strange yearnings:—

If I had my life over again I would perpetually urge and strengthen myself to admire and lose myself in pure beauty. I would teach myself to *worship* the beauty of the autumn, the skies, the sea. This worship needs discipline . . . I would give myself up more systematically to beauty than to reason; make the study of beauty a business.

But even that only proves how essentially White was a religious-minded man.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Isvor

Isvor, the Country of Willows, by Princess Marie Bibesco. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$3.00

THE mistress of feudal estates in Roumania leaves Paris to go back to her own land, drawn by a sort of mystic nostalgia to the people whose lives belong to her. She sets herself a year among them to decide whether to live there always, where she is in a sense rooted, or to renounce this land and live another, more personal life away from it. It is a question of her own harmony. The book, though it tells of peasants, is entirely subjective.

The peasants of Roumania are an old people in an old land. The Christian rhythm by which they order their lives is crossed underneath by a pagan rhythm, a sort of pervasive counterpoint that beats to the secret pulsing of the earth, and carries still a hint of Pan. It appears in their lives in ways they do not understand or even question, but which they follow spontaneously. They belong to the eternal race of peasants, and protected still from machine progress, they live as peasants have always lived, having intercourse with the Powers of the earth, propitiating

them by rites and magic to secure the harmony that their need. The lady of Isvor writes almost entirely about the feast days and rites and ceremonies of her peasants, and through her description one feels the depth of their traditions. She writes in soft colors of Arcadian freshness.

Although the story is about the peasants, yet in the end the book is a record of her own soul. The lives of simple people always produce in the sophisticated a sense of fatality, of the inexorable simplicity of the human cycle. And they produce envy, envy of minds that are constantly credulous of unseen beauties, and unbeset by doubt. The lady of Isvor feels the fatality of her peasants, but she is unable to give it, for she herself stands between, inevitably interpreting, straining, sifting their reality through herself, an alien mind that by its very nature is barred from expressing what it cannot be. She yearns for the life of these people, to participate in their strange religion, to belong to them. Yet she is barred by the impassable gulf that separates those who live on the land from those who own it, the rich from the poor, the conscious from the unconscious. She is a woman who loves but who cannot possess.

Outza says that those who have embraced each other during Easter night, will see each other again in the next world. And on the steps of the church they were all exchanging kisses.

But myself? None of them ventured to embrace me. I shall have nobody.

But myself?—that is the wistful cry of this book, the cry of a soul that has been set free and beats its wings on the outside of the cage. When at the end, the mistress Isvor decides to stay among her own people, she is dedicating herself to a lonely impersonal passion. E. V.

A CORRECTION

The attention of the editors has been called by the chairman of the committee of inquiry of the Association of University Professors to two inaccuracies of detail in the editorial, *The Geographic Eclipse*, appearing in our issue of November 26. We are grateful for this opportunity to correct them. (1) We stated that graduate work has been discontinued in six out of eight of the older departments of Clark University. The fact is that six out of eight "had been either discontinued or apparently marked for discontinuance by June, 1923." Since that time various circumstances among them the receipt of a large bequest for work in psychology from the estate of former President Hall, have led to the establishment of two of the eight. (2) We stated that geography accounted for eight percent of the "attendance." In fact, the percentage of students in geography was slightly over twelve; geography accounted for eight percent of the "elections."

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The Week

DURING the past two weeks the administration has taken a great deal of trouble to cultivate friendly relations with the Japanese government and to discourage the noisy propaganda in this country on behalf of additional armaments, directed against Japan. Its energetic demonstrations have had a beneficial effect and have helped to relax a condition of strain which, if it had continued, might have brought unpleasant consequences. We do not for one moment believe that the anti-Japanese Americans who were demanding additional armaments were any but an insignificant proportion of the American people. The state of mind of the United States is at the present time on the whole profoundly pacific. The great majority of Americans do not believe that the way to pre-

serve peace is to act as if war were probable and desirable. But a few military and naval propagandists can with the assistance of the newspapers make a noise as loud as a great host, and unless they are blasted by a forbidding official frown they may well provoke recriminations in Japan and excite the latent truculence which forms such an essential part of our existing moral conventions. An official demonstration against the militant agitation was, consequently, highly desirable and Messrs. Coolidge and Hughes went about it in a thorough-going spirit and performed a workmanlike job.

THERE remains, however, much still to be done if the coöperation towards naval disarmament which was started in Washington during the fall of 1922 is to be continued. The Washington agreements constituted a tentative and unstable compromise which unless they are extended and re-enforced cannot even be preserved. They permit a resumption of the old competition in certain important types of vessels and in many of the most effective devices of naval warfare. The time is clearly coming when the revision and improvement of the agreements will demand discussion, and it will be interesting to observe whether Mr. Coolidge will rise to the occasion. If he really wishes to discredit those Americans who are fomenting ill-feeling between this country and Japan, he cannot rest content with his oral and literary attempts to keep the spirit of peace. He will have to take the poison out of their propaganda by doing away, if possible, with the expedients which naval patrioteers can still employ to scare their fellow countrymen and to foment ill-feeling.

ALTHOUGH there have been no flaws in the handling by the Administration of American diplomatic relations with Japan, as much cannot be said of its naval strategy. The proposed manœuvres of the American fleet in the Pacific during the coming spring are shrewdly calculated and no doubt intended to cultivate apprehension and suspicion in Japan and naval vaingloriousness in the United States. In the event of war with Japan the American fleet will not be strong enough to operate in Asiatic waters and the Japanese fleet will not be strong enough to operate in American waters. The

kind of cruise which is now proposed cannot, consequently, prepare the fleet for the realities of future war in the Pacific. American naval strategy in the event of such a war would be defensive. The cruise is merely a bellicose and defiant gesture. The Japanese will feel about it much as we Americans would feel if a formidable and a threatening Japanese flotilla carried on war-like exercises in American waters and was hospitably entertained in Mexico and Canada. Any Japanese citizen can read in the Roosevelt records about the motives which prompted President Roosevelt to send on one former occasion a powerful American fleet across the Pacific and Japanese public opinion will naturally consider that a similarly threatening motive is responsible for the coming demonstration. President Coolidge will not succeed in improving the relations between the United States and Japan by speaking soothing words on one day and by pointing a few days later the spearhead of the American fleet directly at Japan.

WE trust, consequently, that at an early date and while Mr. Hughes is still Secretary of State, President Coolidge will summon a conference of the four governments which are most interested in naval armaments and which participated in the non-aggression compact of two years ago. There are political as well as military reasons for such a conference. Since the end of 1922 a kind of deadlock has existed in the relations between China and the foreign world. Japanese aggression has become less threatening than it was, but nothing has been done to promote the proposed reforms looking towards the increasing economic and political independence of China. There is on the contrary an increasing demand for renewed intervention in China—an intervention which will be disguised under the beneficent appearance of a Dawes plan. The questions which are raised by the existing condition of China in its relation to Europe and Japan are assuming a form which has no doubt already become a subject of international negotiation; and it is certainly better to have this most important negotiation conducted in public at a conference and as a part of an additional disarmament agreement than to have it discussed privately and separately.

THE British Conservatives have taken their overwhelming victory at the polls as a mandate for the introduction of the tariff policy which was once proposed by Bonar Law and was the chief cause for his ignominious defeat. The development as announced by Mr. Baldwin in a speech the importance of which seems to have been largely overlooked by the American daily press, is to be a gradual and cautious one. Domestic industries are to be protected one by one as they are able to demonstrate that they deserve such treatment; and only then to a limited degree and in an experimental fashion. The other and more important half of the policy, at least at pres-

ent, is a system of imperial preference. Among imports, goods from the Dominions are to be favored over those from other parts of the world: a scheme which is obviously an attempt to knit the Commonwealth of Nations more closely together, both economically and politically. However, Mr. Baldwin says frankly that British public opinion has not yet been educated to the point of accepting tariffs on foodstuffs, and these are therefore indefinitely postponed. Among immediate developments the chief will be the restoration of some of the post-war "emergency" tariffs which had been abolished by the Labor government.

THE United States, of course, is in no position to criticize the new British policy (which is, after all, not so new as it sounds, since Great Britain has not hesitated to lay duties in recent years whenever she felt they were desirable—as, for example, against imports from Germany). America is now the leading high tariff country of the world, and we cannot cavil if other nations choose to follow our example. At the same time, the new British policy may give us a painfully vivid object lesson as to the way in which trade is restricted by high tariff policies. Great Britain is an important customer of ours for manufactures, foodstuffs, and raw materials. The plans of the Baldwin government ultimately intend that the manufactures shall be produced at home and the foodstuffs, cotton, wool, etc., in the Dominions. We shall get more than a taste of our own medicine; and it is altogether probable that we shall not like it.

CHRISTMAS week has brought anything but peace in Europe. France is hysterically alarmed over the expectation, which seems to be quite groundless, of Communist uprisings in her chief cities. Germany is struggling with the difficult task of forming a coalition with enough power behind it to produce a government. Austria is in the throes of a severe business depression. In Italy Mussolini, faced by a rapid dwindling of his power and popularity, has taken action which is supposed to foreshadow a general election within the next ninety days. Albania, fighting border raiders who, she charges, are instigated by Yugoslavia has appealed for relief to the League of Nations. Fear of Bolshevik activities is producing a Pan-Balkan alliance among Yugoslavia, Rumania and Bulgaria which is announced at the moment when the Pope delivers an extraordinary blast against the Communists on the ground of their anti-religious activities. Russia itself continues to be agitated over the question of Trotzky, now cooling his heels in the Crimea. Add to this category of trouble the North African difficulties of Spain, England's dispute with Egypt, the continuing bad blood between Greece and Turkey, the quarrel between Turkey and Great Britain over the Irak boundary, resurgent Indian nationalism, the Chinese war, now only temporarily in abey-

ance, the tension between Japan and the United States—and you have as much gloom as the most confirmed pessimist could ask, with which to start the New Year.

ELECTION day did not end the Progressive campaign. The Conference for Progressive Political Action had already decreed that a later meeting should be held, whatever the outcome of the election, this meeting being for the purpose of deciding whether or not a permanent party should be attempted. A conference was held in Washington a short time ago, and decided that this question should be settled at a subsequent gathering in Chicago late in February. What action will then be taken it is of course impossible to predict. Some of the elements which participated in the LaFollette-Wheeler campaign are admittedly disheartened and wish to withdraw, this feeling being particularly strong among the railroad brotherhoods. Others argue that considering the small funds, the impromptu character of the national organization and the brief period of less than four months, a vote of four and a half millions, or about one in seven of the total vote, is an achievement of which anybody might be proud.

AMONG the problems particularly discussed at Washington was the future policy of Progressive women. Should they form a completely independent organization of their own? Or should they remain inside the general group, insisting on complete equality with the men?—something which they feel they by no means had during the campaign just closed. Both these points of view were strongly represented at the Washington gathering. Our own opinion is heartily in favor of the second course. The objects sought by the Progressives would benefit everyone, men and women alike. No such reason exists for creating a separate organization of women as lay behind the Woman's Party, or the National League of Women Voters. Indeed, equal participation and responsibility by men and women ought to be one of the principles of the Progressive party, if and when formed.

SAMUEL GOMPERS is dead, but his spirit goes marching on. William Green, Secretary-Treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America, who has just been elected President of the American Federation of Labor, is a rigid Conservative of the Gompers type. Not only did he oppose the endorsement of LaFollette in the late campaign, but his face is set against all commercial activities by labor unions, such as the labor banks, and the coal mining operations of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. While we regret the fact that the A. F. of L. is in for another term of strictly economic trade unionism, during which it will continue to be solely concerned with securing what benefits it can for the members of particular unions at particular

times, the event is neither unexpected nor unnatural. The membership of the A. F. of L., representing the best paid members of the skilled trades, is the most conservative wing of American labor. For the past thirty years the movement has been "on the make," and very successfully so. Such conditions inevitably produce the sort of policies which Gompers and Green have followed. That period, unless we are gravely mistaken, is nearly ended. But in the meantime, it is easy to understand why the attitude of a man like Green meets the approval of the A. F. of L. leaders, however wrong and objectionable it may seem to a minority of the rank and file.

THERE is now some hope that the Underwood Muscle Shoals bill may go over until the next session of Congress. The Progressives are lined up solidly against it; and since the last thing the administration forces want is a filibuster, they had rather have a postponement than to find their other projects for this session blocked. We believe it is wholly in the public interest that the Underwood bill should go over until next December. The more one considers this measure the worse it looks. Senator Norris charges that from the terms of the present proposal the development would almost certainly come under control of the General Electric Company, and that the latter organization is securing an enormous influence upon electric power resources in the United States. These are serious allegations and should be thoroughly sifted before irrevocable action is taken. It is further stated that the Underwood bill gives carte blanche to the lessee as to where and to whom it will sell its electric power; and seems to leave the whole project subject to no other restrictions than those which might be imposed by the state authorities of Alabama. There is not even an assurance that the limited amount of nitrates for fertilizer will be produced at a reasonable rate. The lessee would be limited to eight percent on each "turnover," which might mean very dear fertilizer indeed. At the same time, no limit is set on the amount of profit which can be earned in relation to the original investment. If the Ford offer was undesirable and deserved to be rejected, as now seems to be generally agreed, the Underwood bill is unquestionably just as bad and should meet the same fate.

THE dance of the statesmen over the question of French debts to Great Britain and the United States would be amusing if such important relationships were not bound up with it. Great Britain hears that the United States is considering funding the French debt on better terms than those under which the British debt is being paid off. Promptly she demands equality of treatment; and supplements this by the announcement that France must match every payment to the United States with one to Great Britain. Next, the cables carry the news that the

Baldwin government is offering highly advantageous terms to France if the latter country will get to work seriously on the question of her obligations. This time, the howl of protest comes from Washington. America demands equality of treatment with Great Britain. And so on, and so on. The whole debate, of course, is political in character and intended for political effect. The financiers know that France won't be in a position to pay anybody a penny for a decade to come. Even if she were, she will be in no hurry to discharge an obligation which seems to her unfair, since in her interpretation, the money was borrowed and spent in prosecuting a struggle "to save civilization" which was quite as much in the interest of her allies as herself.

MOREOVER, the French cannot fail to have learned something about international finance since 1918. They have discovered that debts between nations are uncollectible except by military force, and perhaps not even then. And military force costs more than any debt is worth. Therefore, payments must be voluntary; which means that the debtor, practically speaking, can set his own terms. Great Britain played the honorable part in arranging terms with America; and is staggering under the enormously heavy burden which was thereby laid upon her. Germany, feeling that her cause was hopeless anyhow, elected not to pay more than the allies could take from her by force; and it is altogether likely that she will escape without turning over any great additional sum. France is therefore at liberty to choose. She may voluntarily step into jail and serve a long sentence; or she may remain free and apparently be none the worse off for doing so. Evidently the ethics of capitalism need revision when they come to be applied to international affairs.

NOW we have four years of Republican rule ahead, are we not assured of four years of prosperity? The Cleveland Trust Company Business Bulletin publishes a comment in point. In the last forty years we have lived twenty-four years under Republican administration, sixteen under Democratic. There have been recurrent alterations of prosperity and depression; have they corresponded with the political complexion of the administration? No. Under the Republicans fifty-five percent of the months have been marked by prosperity, forty-five by depression. Precisely the same percentages hold for the Democratic years. Employment has been as satisfactory or unsatisfactory under the one party as under the other. On the heels of the Harding landslide of 1920, with its promise of high tariff, came the great slump of 1921. Politics has less effect on economics than the politicians—especially during a few months of every fourth year—would have us believe. The greater the pity that their propaganda is swallowed so readily.

The Christmas Holiday

THE two outstanding festivals of the Christian year are Christmas, the anniversary of the day on which Jesus was born, and Easter, the celebration of the day on which He underwent, in the minds of His humble followers, a second and more victorious creation. The two festivals differ profoundly both in their nature and in the meaning of the piously remembered event. It may be worth while to pause for a moment during the holiday season and consider what the difference is and what light it throws on the parts which Christianity plays in the lives of ordinary Christians.

The Christmas festival belongs, of course, essentially to the people and to the fireside. The churches hold services on the morning of December 25 in which there is probably more singing and less preaching than usual, but what the congregations mean by the holiday is not and does not need to be celebrated in any ecclesiastical building. Wherever there is lively, attentive and articulate good feeling within a family and among friends, there the fuel exists which gives warmth and light to the Christmas festivity. Those who share in the festival gather spontaneously around the fireside and express in acts of simple generosity their good will towards relatives and friends but particularly towards their children. They remember also the poor, but only as dependents towards whom they are benevolently disposed. The characteristic vehicle of Christmas benevolence is a personal gift—a gift which at its best expresses not merely the kindness and the generosity of the giver but an insight into the needs of the recipient. The person to whom Christmas brings the liveliest pleasure is the one who divines what other people would like and has the means to satisfy their wishes. In addition to this rare personal aspect of the Christmas festival there is, of course, a large ingredient of indiscriminate and abounding good fellowship which induces most men and some women to put their ordinary scruples aside and to present themselves with an abundance of good things to eat and drink.

On Christmas day, that is, the natural kindness and expansiveness of human nature find expression by the most obvious and least critical routes. Quite simply we give more or less freely to other people, not what may be good for them but what they are likely to want, and we satisfy these generous impulses particularly at the expense of children and the poor who do not possess the means of obtaining what they want for themselves. This natural kindness is released through vehicles which in origin are partly pagan and partly Christian. When the pagan wished to represent by some symbolic act his good will towards all his world and towards himself, he almost always waxed convivial. He ate and drank more than was good for him—sufficient at any rate to soothe his grievances and drown his sorrows. He used this perfectly natural

and appropriate way to proclaim how absurd and wonderful life is and how much more wonderful and impossible it would be if we could always satisfy all the desires of our hearts. Later Christianity grafted some of its own more sophisticated aspirations on this pagan stock. Benevolence bulks large in Christianity, and one obvious way to express benevolence is not only to eat and drink ourselves into a condition of cheerful stupefaction but to ease our own consciences and beguile the unrest of other people with burnt and unburnt offerings. Both ways of bringing down peace to earth and good will to men lend themselves to poetic expression, and both are responsible for a great deal of solid sleepy human happiness. In fact as it is celebrated Christmas represents about as much of Christian loving kindness as human beings today are capable without effort and without reflection of converting into the cash of immediate satisfaction.

Easter, as compared with Christmas, is an essentially ecclesiastical holiday. Although it is presumably descended from the spring festivals which were common to so many pagan peoples of temperate climates, it is much more officially Christian than is Christmas. The appropriate scenery for its ceremonies is a church, and the people who piously assemble would be lost without the comfort of a priest to tell them what they have assembled to be joyful about. They are celebrating not the familiar memorable fact of a cherished birthday but the spiritual project of a re-birthday. Those among the pious assembly whose own experience has hinted to them what regeneration is may experience during the Easter ceremony a far more intense and exhilarating joy than any similar feeling which they obtain from Christmas, but the great majority of Christians piously contemplate the symbolic drama of the Resurrection without undergoing any emotional enhancement which naturalizes the symbolic process in their own hearts. So, while they are perfectly willing to rejoice on a spring morning, they cannot associate their natural jubilation at the return of spring with the resurrection of Jesus Christ except with the help of eloquent exhortation. Easter is intended to celebrate the second nature which they may create as the result of discipline and aspiration. They can hardly be expected to welcome it with the same spontaneity and enthusiasm that they welcome a festival like Christmas which assumes that they can be good and happy merely by taking the trouble to be born and to give and receive according to the measure of their likes.

That Christians can celebrate at one season of the year the natural goodness and inexpensive happiness of human life and at another its tragic impotence and the necessity of dying and being reborn in order to be saved affords a sufficient indication of the adaptability of the Christian church. Both in its Catholic and Protestant incarnations it has in one way or another known how to cultivate side by side what appeared to be fundamental but

incompatible human needs. It has never for long allowed its absorbing affirmation of Christ crucified and resurrected as a symbol of redemption to become a sufficient excuse for alienating or disqualifying the spiritually less hardy members of the Christian body. It has always recognized the good standing in the City of God of those Christians who behaved as if they themselves and other people were naturally good enough and felt no impulse to pursue an artificial and costly search for salvation. While keeping steadily in view its characteristic project of regenerating human nature through a judicious mixture of individual discipline with the divine grace, it has conceded spacious standing room in the Christian sanctuary for the people whose chief ambition is to present themselves and other people with an abundance of cakes and ale and personal furniture. It has preferred to provide for these natural pagans as indifferent conformists rather than as blasphemous or defiant rebels.

The resulting dualism of Christianity is notorious and brings in its train losses as well as gains. The Christian church has considered the nominal authority which it has exercised over the beliefs and conduct of indifferent Christians by recognizing the double standard as a safer way of promoting popular Christianity than would be the more tense but more undisputed authority that it might obtain by insisting on the necessity of the arduous but exhausting obligation of a regenerate life. While this policy may have been justifiable in the past, it is likely to be less successful in the future. It looks as if the Christian church would soon need to seek a new balance between the assets and liabilities which its traditional compromise involves. But if its accountants should discover an excess of liabilities and should propose the substitution of a single Christian standard, they would only substitute one difficulty for another. The Christian church cannot dispense with a double standard unless its prophets can discover some formative activity in human nature which, if methodically cultivated, will start sincere Christians moving in the direction of self-regeneration with ardor and insight. This task Christian teachers were in a position to evade so long as common fundamental dogmas provided a sufficient bond of unity for the members even of Protestant denominations, but they cannot continue to evade it now that the last shreds of any community of conviction are being blown away by storms of controversy and now that non-religious activity and ends are competing more strenuously and methodically than formerly for the allegiance of serious people. Good Christians will, we hope, continue to celebrate both Christmas and Easter, but if Christianity is to retain its vitality the church will have to find some way of infusing into Easter a little more of the popular spontaneous feeling of Christmas and into Christmas a more popular understanding of what peace on earth and good will to men actually cost.

Another Lesson in Coal

MANY employers are rejoicing in the predicament in which labor has found itself through the controversy between John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers and Warren S. Stone of the Locomotive Engineers. Mr. Stone, in the course of his adventures into trade-union capitalism, acquired some months ago a bituminous coal property in the Kanawha district of West Virginia, known as the Coal River Collieries. This was organized as a separate concern, in which officers and members of the engineers' brotherhood were induced to invest over \$3,000,000. The project was widely heralded at the beginning as a commendable extension of union activities, and it was hoped that at last an element of reason was to enter the troubled West Virginia coal regions. Almost from the beginning, however, controversies appeared between the miners' union and the collieries. The quarrel has now developed into a deadlock so serious that the American Federation of Labor at its recent convention was forced to intervene on behalf of the miners and appoint an investigating committee. And the commentators are gleefully pointing out that labor leaders who become employers are just as unyielding as private owners and that labor is in for a salutary lesson in economics.

Both Mr. Lewis and Mr. Stone are strong personalities, trained to be stubborn in a fight, and their correspondence over the Coal River situation has been punctuated by bitter charges of the sort usually found in arguments between employer and employe. There is scarcely any form of misbehavior attributed to coal operators or unionists in the past which is not alleged to have been practised in this instance. Such scandal is regrettable and injurious enough to all concerned, but if that were all it would be unworthy of extended comment by friends of the labor movement. Labor usually liquidates its own internal squabbles in the long run, and is not helped in doing so by even the best meant advice.

It is by this time a commonplace that the bituminous coal industry is over-developed. The average miner is idle a good part of the time except in periods of abnormally high demand. It has been estimated that if about one-quarter of the better mines were worked regularly they could supply the market, with a saving of about 250,000 men. The over-development has been caused partly by market conditions, partly by inadequate transportation and storage facilities, but chiefly by the war boom and by the long strikes which have left non-union territory free to supply the shortage. The Coal Commission made certain suggestions, probably inadequate, to remedy this condition, and various other projects extending even as far as complete nationalization, have been put forward. But the permanent organs of government have done nothing. The officials of the miners' union itself, which is the chief

sufferer from the resulting evils, have neither entertained any suggestion for basic reorganization of the industry nor put forward one of their own. On the contrary, they have been content with denouncing as "revolutionary," or as unwarranted governmental interference, every proposal made by others.

At the end of the last national strike, in 1922, a collective agreement was reached, known as the "Jacksonville agreement," to which all union operators have been forced to subscribe. It was hailed as a victory for the miners because it retained the peak wage scale of 1919. The strategy of the miners' union since then has been to maintain this scale at all costs, and at the same time to use the respite furnished by the agreement in an attempt to extend its control over the hitherto unorganized fields. It was hoped that this strategy would keep enough mines out of production so that the union fields might hold the market and the rest might be permanently eliminated. In this way the over-expansion might be deflated and a thorough union control, necessary to any plan which could protect the miners' interests, might be established.

This was bold if crude strategy, depending for its effectiveness on the old and tried trade-union methods of organization and collective bargaining. In spite of the difficulties of extending the union furnished by the legal and extra-legal activities of operators, and in spite of the obstacles characterizing the battle ground itself, it deserved a thorough trial. But unless something unforeseen develops before the expiration of the agreement next summer, it will have registered a complete and possibly a disastrous failure. The demand for coal has not been sufficient to keep a major section of the industry busy. The union, instead of organizing new territory and keeping non-union mines out of production, has actually lost ground. The result has been just the opposite of that intended. Non-union mines, not only paying wages less than those specified in the Jacksonville agreement, but actually cutting them to the bone, have supplied a rapidly increasing volume of coal to the markets, and many mines paying the union scale have either been unable to get orders or have found it unprofitable to operate at the prices they could charge. The idle mines have been the union ones, and if permanent elimination is to follow it will be at the expense of union control.

The Coal River Collieries are in a field where non-union competition is heavy. Mr. Stone, of course, believes in unionization in the abstract, and in any case would be forced by his constituents to act as if he did. His objection is not to recognizing the union, but to paying the union scale. His case is stated when he writes:

Under the Jacksonville agreement of 1924, it costs \$1.63 per ton [to mine coal and load it on cars] without charging for any overhead or any return on the investment. The average price at which coal is selling

f.o.b. is \$1.50 per ton—not much incentive to open a mine or work it under those conditions.

And as Mr. Stone says, the union men who have invested their money in this enterprise "are entitled to some return on their investment." To which Mr. Lewis replies just what he has been replying to other employers, and just what his strategy forces him to reply:

The United Mine Workers cannot be responsible for problems of management in which they have no voice. The question of efficient management and low cost of production to enable you to remain in the market with competing coal companies is one that must be dealt with by your corporation. It is a problem that ever confronts one who elects to become a coal operator.

So far as Mr. Lewis is concerned, it is of no consequence if operators are forced out of the coal business. In fact, that is just what he desires. He cannot extend to the locomotive engineers any immunity from the harsh logic which he is attempting to apply to the industry as a whole.

Granted the position in which each man found himself at the beginning of the controversy, it is difficult to see how either could have acted differently. Mr. Stone is morally responsible for the safety of the \$3,000,000 invested at his recommendation. Mr. Lewis, if he once countenances a reduction of the union scale to accommodate a friend, must grant the same privilege to all operators. And once wage-cutting is started in a situation like this, there is no end to it until only those mines remain in production whose employes will accept a bare minimum of subsistence and whose other costs are on the lowest possible level. Three-quarters of these might easily be non-union.

There is no pat solution for a problem like this, but it would be a pity if the dramatic nature of the crisis did not cause both sides to reconsider earnestly their fundamental strategy before they become involved in far more serious trouble. Other coal operators will in the long run be forced to act with greater firmness than Mr. Stone. Would it not be wise for the miners to look more carefully into the possibility of other methods for restricting cut-throat competition in their industry than the one they have been so unsuccessfully employing for over two years? And union investments might easily drift into other enterprises where maintaining a fair return to the investors will necessitate decisions diametrically opposed to labor's just and essential demands. Would it not be forehanded for the labor capitalists to investigate thoroughly the broader economic and social consequences of their activities before becoming involved in important commitments? If use of the power of capital by labor is to turn out any better than its use by any one else, labor must devise such policies of industrial reorganization that employers may coöperate with employes and both may have their due.

The Opium Problem: Postponed

MANY Americans must have experienced a sinking of the heart last week when the news was cabled that the League of Nations' second opium conference had been adjourned for a month. True, optimists may argue that a Christmas recess was natural, and may point out that in the meantime committees are continuing to work. But the fact remains that the conference was close to a breakdown, and probably would have reached an actual impasse if its labors had continued much longer. And we cannot forget that the first conference, in which America did not participate, settled only two of the six points on its agenda; and that even the agreement embodying these two points has not yet been signed.

The Americans went to Geneva determined upon two things. First, they were resolved that the world's production of habit-forming drugs ought to be curtailed to what is actually needed for medicinal and scientific use, which is only a very small fraction of what is being produced today. In previous years, the waters have invariably been muddied by making the phrase read, "legitimate use," which at once opens the door for an unending discussion as to what uses are and are not legitimate. The second American demand was that among Oriental native populations which smoke opium, the traffic be brought to an end within the next ten years, by curtailing the production and distribution of the drug 10 percent per annum for a decade.

This proposal of course could only be acted upon at the first conference, composed of the opium-producing nations, of which the United States is not one. The conference rejected the suggestion decisively, on the plea that it is impossible for the great powers to move with such speed as would be necessary to follow the American schedule—an argument which can only be regarded as specious. The real forward step taken by the first conference, and one of much importance, was the declaration that the production and distribution of opium in the Orient must become a strict government monopoly. This action may ultimately prove of the highest importance. The wickedest government is not likely to be so debased in foisting the drug upon innocent victims as are the private individuals who now profit from creating additional users. This agreement, while it has not yet been signed, probably will be.

While this concession is important, it is the only one thus far made to the American point of view. The great nations represented in the two conferences are not yet ready, as their action clearly shows, to begin to do away with the use of opium among Oriental natives who are under their "protection." The usual radical statement that they hesitate to cut themselves off from the governmental revenue involved in continuing the traffic is

probably a good deal less than the whole truth. Far more important, on the whole, is the political aspect. In India, for example, the Nationalist leaders are bitterly opposed to the opium traffic; but among the mass of the population there are millions of users whose already high state of discontent and dissatisfaction with the white man and all his ways would be greatly increased, at least temporarily, if the drug were cut off.

China represents another enormously difficult phase of the problem. Most of the good work of the years preceding the Great War has been nullified lately because of an enormous increase in illegal poppy culture and opium manufacture in various provinces, where it is an important source of revenue for some of the Tutchuns. The size of the present traffic was probably greatly exaggerated in reports made not long ago; but it is true that large amounts of opium are now being produced and used in China; and that the traffic is beyond the power of either Peking or Canton to control.

Against these discouraging factors can be set only one reason for hope, but an important one. That is the development of world opinion against the drug traffic—a world opinion of which the United States is the forefront. A generation ago, the reformers were on the defensive; today it is the diplomats who feel they must apologize for their action in urging even a postponement of the final blow. Public opinion is a weapon on which it is of course dangerous to rely too completely. It is often less effective than it is supposed to be; and indeed, cynics are still to be found who deny that as an effective agency of reform it exists at all. Yet no student of history can deny that it has helped in the last century to abolish, or greatly to ameliorate, many evils; and it is already beginning to come to bear on the problem of habit-forming drugs.

Even during the first conference at Geneva, a month ago, it made itself felt. The ruling out of the American proposal to consider cutting off the opium traffic in the course of ten years by reductions of 10 percent each year created a storm with which Geneva is still reverberating. As a direct result, the question is to be put on the agenda of the second conference when it reconvenes. The mills of the gods grind so slowly that movement is sometimes quite invisible; but they do grind.

Doing Something for the Farmer

OF plans for helping the farmer we had a plethora, in the period just preceding the election. His credit facilities were to be improved. His efforts at coöperative marketing were to be encouraged. Something was to be done to relieve him from the burdens of taxation which weigh him down more heavily year by year. There was much

agitation for a general revision of freight rates, which should transfer part of the charges now resting on farm products to the more valuable products of industry. The St. Lawrence ship canal and the Lakes-to-the-Gulf deep waterway were advanced as indirect means of attaining the same end. Then there was the McNary-Haugen bill, with its plan of valorization behind the shelter of the tariff, to satisfy the extremists.

All these projects sound rather remote today. What survives is a general feeling that something ought to be done to help the farmer. Just now the concrete proposal that seems farthest on the road to execution is the erection of a world's temple to agriculture in Chicago. It is to cost \$30,000,000, have a convention hall seating 20,000 persons, a commercial hotel with 3500 rooms, and a broadcasting tower as tall as the Eiffel Tower in Paris. There would of course be ample provision for the exhibit of prize corn and wheat, chickens and ducks and geese, and whatever else symbolizes the farmer triumphed over by his material. Some temple! We forbear to emphasize the fact that the finest temples have always been erected in days of flagging religious feeling, to gods on the point of extinction. There is something monumental about a temple, funereally monumental. God save the mark!

What has turned the public interest in agriculture to trivialities like this is the rising price of agricultural products. A year ago wheat sold at less than a dollar and a quarter; today it is very near two dollars. Corn was under ninety cents; it is now nearly a dollar and a half. Cotton was twenty-two cents; now it is thirty-five. Most of the corn and wheat, to be sure—and much of the cotton—was sold by the producer at far lower prices. But the current quotations offer a promise for the future. Besides, other agricultural products, which have not all been sold out, like meat and milk, potatoes and vegetables, have risen in sympathy. Potentially if not actually the farmer is at least 50 percent better off than he was a year ago. Most people a year ago felt that the farmer's position needed improving, but scarcely anyone demanded an improvement in excess of 50 percent. Accordingly the present apathy toward the agricultural problem is natural, if not justified.

It is not justified, if we take the future into our calculations. The peculiar characteristic of agricultural prices is their extreme sensitiveness. What appears to be a minor cause produces immense effects upon them. A striking instance is afforded by the present upward flight of agricultural staples. As everyone knows, the world had a short harvest. How far did it fall short? The November estimates of the Department of Agriculture placed the world's wheat yield at 2738 million bushels, as compared with 3045 million bushels for 1923 and 2725 million bushels, the average of 1909-13. The shortage is only one percent as compared with a year when all agricultural prices sagged under the

plethora of wheat. There is a more serious shortage of rye, 702 million bushels produced in Europe as compared with 826 million in 1923 and 976 million in the normal years 1909-13. But the shortage in bread grains, taken as a whole, will fall well under 2 percent.

It may be said it is not only the falling off in supply, but also the increase in demand, due to the revival of European business, that accounts for the rise in farm prices. There can be no doubt that European business is improving gradually. But we defy any expert to produce figures of increased production, exports and imports that will appear sufficient on their face to explain the advance in agricultural prices. Those prices respond so sensitively to minor causes that they are, for all practical purposes, unpredictable. They are soaring now. Another year they are just as likely as not to collapse. Essentially they are a gamble. And every farmer who stakes his effort on the production of cash crops is forced to play the rôle of gambler, however unfitted he may be for that rôle, by temperament and principles.

It will be said that the farmer has always been exposed to the vicissitudes of the season and the fluctuations of prices. So he has, but this does not argue that no new problem has arisen. In our early history, as in the peasant economy of a great part of contemporary Europe, there was a large element of self-sufficiency in the farmer's life. He produced his own food and clothing and built or repaired his own house. Luxuries from a distance were few and taxes negligible. The farmer appeared on the market only with the surplus over his consumption; he took in exchange for it articles that were not strictly necessary to his existence. The terms of the exchange were important, but not vital.

Our American farmers of today are just as definitely dependent on the market as any other business men. Whether they prosper or go bankrupt depends on the prices they get and the cost of the things they buy. The unruly plunges upward or downward of prices affect them as farmers in earlier times and the peasants of present day Europe were not affected.

Other producers have found the fluctuations of uncontrolled prices too ghastly a care to be tolerated. They have proceeded even in spite of the law when the law appeared to be against them, to establish a fair degree of price stability. Thus while wheat has been behaving, through the last year, like a kite in a March wind, steel billets have been quoted at forty dollars, day by day, week by week, monotonously. We might as well call them legal tender and be done with them. Copper and tin and lead, materials very sensitive to economic fluctuations, have varied in price from 10 to 20 percent. Among finished manufactures few have shown so wide a range of prices.

All business is something of a gamble, but farm-

ing is the biggest gamble of all. Does anyone imagine that this is a desirable condition? Is it for the public good that the farmer should sow his crops next spring in hope, and as like as not harvest them in despair? Is it to be expected that we shall long maintain a healthy balance between agriculture and industry when the one presents no predictable relation between effort and reward while the other presents a high degree of security?

We need to get over our comfortable delusion that the farmer is well enough off, because good years balance bad, high prices balance low, in the long run. The farmer, like everyone else, is dominated in his feelings and action by the facts of the day, not by the probabilities of the long run. Insecurity is his bane, under the conditions of contemporary living. The high prices now prevailing are no solution of his problem. They are merely one aspect of it, of which the other aspect is the slump in prices that may at any time supervene.

A reasonable degree of stability in agricultural prices is essential to our national economic health. How that stability may be attained is a hard question to answer. That it is not unanswerable appears clearly from the fact that the forces of supply to be controlled are relatively small, in comparison with their effects. It would not be an operation of overwhelming magnitude for the governments of the wheat consuming countries to impound two or three percent of the supply in years of large harvests and release it in years made relatively barren by drought or flood. Equally costly undertakings of far less public importance are put through by the governments without flinching.

We ought to get over the notion that all that is required is to "do something for the farmer." The seasoned farmer will manage to rock along, and his sons will manage to find places for themselves in the city. What we ought to set about is doing something for the nation, by insuring the conditions of a healthy and permanent agriculture. For those who see the problem in this light, the farmers' cries of distress or murmurs of contentment are alike irrelevant. These vary with the season, but the national problem is always with us.

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France's Financial Predicament

SINCE the close of the war, and particularly from 1921 to 1924, Germany has been the center of interest for students of international economics. Inflation of currency, government bankruptcy, depressed trade, unemployment, and finally the Dawes plan, have made that unhappy country a place where economic and social phenomena displayed themselves in such bewildering variety and such great intensity as to attract and at the same time baffle the student.

Unfortunately, all is not yet well with the Germans, though there is some improvement. Unemployment has decreased, government finances are better, reparation obligations are being met by payments to the account of Agent-General Gilbert (albeit with the powerful aid of the 800 million mark loan), and the tension is somewhat relaxed. Problems galore are undoubtedly ahead, but for a time France may occupy world thought. Rising prices, new loans at home and abroad, and discussion of her debts to England and the United States are in our minds. Premier Herriot and M. Clemenceau may have undertaken the task too late, but their struggle is a heroic one. Without forecasting the outcome an analysis of what they are facing is possible.

First in importance is to realize that the difficulty is not one of general economic depression. French iron and steel production is greater than in pre-war days, agriculture is in good condition, and the textile industries are thriving. The output of coal is large. There is no unemployment, nor has there been any of importance since the end of the war. Reconstruction work in the war areas is largely, though not entirely, completed. This intense activity may be healthy and normal, or it may be a feverish and dangerous condition comparable to that in Germany during 1922, but its existence is not open to dispute. It is so generally agreed that French troubles are financial and closely identified with actual or prospective currency inflation that we need not attempt proof. We may, however, refer briefly to the signs of distress, since they are escaping attention in the United States.

Wholesale prices that fell to 319 in 1922 (1913=100) rose to 394 for 1923, to 483 in March, 1924, and then, after a temporary decline, again rose to 487 in August, 496 in September, and 507 by the end of October. An internal loan only now being floated shows that the government must pay about 8.60 percent for funds. The recent \$100,000,000 loan sold in America yields 7.53 percent to the investor who purchased at the issue price, and of course costs the French government considerably more. On the Paris market government bonds have steadily declined. The 1918 Fours which earlier in the year were at 60.50 were re-

cently at 50.55. The 1920 Sixes have fallen to 75 from a recent high of 88.15. The official index of 56 securities with fixed yield shows a level of 61.3 for August, 59.4 for September, and 57 for the end of October. Yet these depressing signs appear at a time when we are told that the budget is greatly improving, and while francs are rising on the New York market. Are these other indices of distress wrong? Are the weather prospects good and the trouble merely with the barometers?

Since current observation centres so much on inflation, it is well to remind ourselves that this much abused word and its companion, depreciation, may be used in three different ways. A currency may depreciate in terms of the standard money of the country; i. e., gold. This is reflected clearly in the price of gold in terms of the currency in case there is a free gold market. In the United States gold sold for greenbacks at 258 in 1864. In October of this year gold sold in London at 92 shillings per ounce, which may be compared with a "par" of 77s. 9d. That the French paper franc is thus depreciated is of course well known, although the extent of the depreciation and daily fluctuations are not a matter of record, since there is no open gold market.

A currency may depreciate in terms of the money of another country. This is reflected in the foreign exchange quotations, and in the case of the franc was particularly serious about nine months ago, when the quotation in New York fell rapidly to 3.42—to rise later to 6.84 and finally steady itself at about 5.25. Since the recent \$100,000,000 loan it has gradually risen to about 5.50 at the present writing.

Finally, a currency may depreciate in terms of commodities for which it is exchanged, a fact that is shown by a rise in the general price level. As already noted, this form of depreciation is continuing in France.

There are, then, three kinds of currency depreciation, but for only two of them do we have records. At present one—the New York quotation for francs—shows an improvement. The other—the French commodity price level—is unfavorable. What may we conclude? These two are closely interrelated, but they may and do possess distinct characteristics.

A rising franc in New York is not surprising. There is no reason to assume that short time fluctuations reflect with any accuracy sober judgments of the future of French finance. Over a long period they may and doubtless do reflect such a judgment, and if we examine these New York rates year by year the downward trend is evident. Such movements, however, may be controlled as was done by pegging during the war, by the extension of private

credits like the one for \$100,000,000 arranged with J. P. Morgan and Company last March, or by public loans like the recent one in America. Funds thus secured may be used directly to support the market, or may have a definite psychological effect, even though not used.

While the exchanges may be thus affected even over extended periods, the process is clearly one that is not in itself a permanent solution. The foreign debt of France is increased by the loans, and at later dates francs must be used to buy dollars in larger amounts than ever as interest payments on the foreign loans fall due. Such measures may be justified as a temporary relief, and may for an indefinite period strengthen the market. During this breathing space domestic problems may be met and solved, and then the foreign obligations may be considered. Yet the foreign exchanges are not and cannot be completely divorced from the internal financial problem. Although the franc is strengthened abroad and M. Clementel may now give his attention to domestic finances, he does so with a realization that if he fails the exchanges will topple.

The basic difficulties are serious, centering first of all about the budget. Much well meant advice about balancing budgets is futile, because it overlooks the fact that so large a fraction of the expenditure is for debt charges. These constitute 16,548,000,000 francs, or 48 percent of the total expenditures for 1924. This part of the annual burden cannot be lessened except by outright default or repudiation, or by an arbitrary reduction in interest rates which would be disguised repudiation. When to this heavy and irreducible amount is added the pension charges which likewise are hard to alter, the field within which economies may actually be effected is seen to be very much reduced. With each new loan it is still further narrowed, and whenever payments are begun on the debts to the American and English governments the percentage of debt charges and other fixed items will be larger than ever.

There is another factor that adds to the difficulty. Prices are rising and continue to rise. This means higher direct costs to the government for all materials purchased. Also the employes of the government demand higher and higher pay with which to meet the increased cost of living. Reductions in expenditure are not easy.

Suggestions for meeting the situation are numerous, but many of them are directed at symptoms rather than at causes. Such is the proposal that the people of France be encouraged to use checks rather than bank notes, thus copying the English and American practice. It is argued that a serious cause for present concern is the difficulty in keeping the note issues of the Bank of France within the legal limit of 41 billion francs, which has almost been reached. An authorization to raise this legal limit would probably be interpreted as a sign that further and perhaps indefinite inflation cannot be avoided.

The substitution of checks in the circulation might remove this danger at least for a time, but it would not stop the rise in prices, which is one of the basic problems. If there be any relation between the volume of circulating medium and the price level, the use of one medium (checks) rather than another medium (bank notes) would not affect this level.

Only a little less futile is the proposed forced loan. It has been suggested by M. Clementel that limited companies shall in future be compelled to invest their "legal reserve funds" in French public funds. That this would stabilize rentes by stimulating the demand for them is the argument. Yet such a proposal is nothing more nor less than a forced loan. It would encourage concealment of profits and the exportation of capital on a tremendous scale.

To some the stabilization of the franc or even the deflation of the currency would bring relief. But let us see. At present business is active, for prices are rising—the usual effect. Government receipts, though inadequate, are large and increasing because prices rise. Each manufacturer or merchant sells his product for a large number of francs, and so can pay a generous number of francs into the Treasury as taxes. If the currency is deflated, which means a fall in prices, each Frenchman will receive fewer francs for his product, and so can pay fewer francs in taxes. But the larger part of the government's expenditures are fixed in amount, and any decline in the number of francs received means still more trouble. Moreover, this deflation or even a stabilization of the franc at its present level would probably precipitate a business crisis with an extended depression, which also means lessened tax receipts.

Some think that Premier Herriot considers a capital levy. If the French would quietly assent to such a levy it might bring relief, but such acquiescence is not to be expected. Elsewhere such rumors or even considerable increases in ordinary taxes have caused the flight of capital, and similar results may be expected in France. Critics of such unpatriotic evasions, whether by Germans, English or French, should not forget that even Americans are not averse to such practices, and should remember the admonitions of the McKenna Committee last spring that the only way to keep capital in Germany is to make conditions there attractive for it.

To some there is hope of large payments by Germany—but this is not the dream of those who have followed developments in Europe during the last six years. Europe is a land of anomalies. For a time defeated Germany was a land of prosperity, while victorious England suffered from depression. France, with her ravaged areas, has been a country of intense prosperity and no unemployment. A Dawes plan, ostensibly to devise a way of securing payments from Germany, may prove to be merely a way by which the German economic equilibrium is

restored, but with no important aid for France and the other Allies. There is no doubt that most unprejudiced critics are convinced that the French problems must be solved with but little aid from reparation payments.

Scylla and Charybdis loom on either hand. Debt charges and other irreducible items threaten the Treasury on the one side, and are month by month growing more menacing. On the other side are rising prices. While they bring some relief in the form of increased revenues from active business, they necessitate larger and larger outlays for running expenses, and cause larger and larger note issues by the Bank of France. Business demands more

and more as prices rise, while the government always finds loans at the bank a possible relief from its distress.

For the French predicament we can have nothing but sympathy, and for their struggle admiration. Criticism of the past is futile, and assistance in the present is becoming as vital as it was for Germany. Yet aid based only on emotion may be worse than none at all. Help from America, if intelligently given, will be preceded by an analysis of the real nature and extent of the French difficulty. As yet there is no reason to believe that a real solution is in sight.

ERNEST MINOR PATTERSON.

British Labor's Lesson

THE experiment of a minority Labor government in England has provided material for several lessons which the Labor party must learn if it is to achieve any part of its program. So far, the leaders have shown much less willingness to learn these lessons than the rank and file. This is not surprising, since the mistakes of leaders have to be recognized if they are not to be repeated.

The characteristic defect of the English is supposed to be hypocrisy, but I should say that it is snobbery. In Labor leaders this takes the form of a desire to be regarded by their opponents as "gentlemen." There are in British politics a number of "gentlemanly" traditions which have been gradually moulded into a form in which they are admirably adapted to safeguard the income of "gentlemen." America and the British Dominions are socially democratic in a sense which is not true of England. The First Division Civil Servants in England are "gentlemen"; i. e. they have been educated at public schools and at Oxford or Cambridge; many members of the late government were not "gentlemen" in this particular sense. Incredible as it may seem, this gave them an inferiority complex in dealing with their permanent officials; which was the main cause of their failure. In many departments this did not matter, as the civil servants are in the main an admirably public-spirited body; but there are exceptions.

Undoubtedly the worst of the government departments is the Foreign Office. In the rest of the Civil Service, the test for admission is purely intellectual, but in the Foreign Office a man must be recognized as well-born before he is allowed to compete. The result is, of course, that the intellectual and moral standard is lower than in other offices, and this initial disadvantage is increased by the nature of the work, much of which is such as will not bear the light of day. Inevitably, imperialism, secrecy and chicanery are among the traditions of the office. This ought to have made it obvious that the older officials could not be trusted to carry out

the policy of the Labor party. But by pleasant manners and apparent zeal they won the confidence of Mr. MacDonald. When they published the supposed Zinoviev letter and Mr. Gregory's reply without Mr. MacDonald's knowledge, he was persuaded that they were acting in what they believed to be the interests of his policy. He ought to have taken the view that, if this were so, any man who could make such a miscalculation was obviously too stupid to be entrusted with an important part in the affairs of the country. But it is part of the gentlemanly tradition of British politics that a minister must not blame his officials. The result was, in effect, that Mr. MacDonald let down his followers at the crucial moment in the general election. If he had repudiated the unauthorized action of the Foreign Office, the supposed Zinoviev letter would have had practically no effect; as it is, it lost the Labor party at least fifty seats.

Throughout the Labor government, Foreign Office officials were left almost unchecked in questions not regarded as of the first importance. The handling of Mexico was a bad instance. One of the first acts of the Labor government was to sanction a loan to the reactionary Hungarian government without demanding that they should carry out their pledge to restore democratic institutions—manhood suffrage, secret ballot, etc.—as a condition of British support. A bill drafted under the Conservatives was introduced to devote the residue of the British share of the Boxer indemnity to "purposes mutually beneficial to Great Britain and China." British interests hoped, under the bill, to obtain the money for the building of a railway. It was only after a long and difficult agitation that the government was induced to stipulate that the purposes should be "educational and cultural." The bill was lost by the dissolution, and now, presumably, the money will be used for the railway. Again, at the Washington conference Lord Balfour promised that Wei-hai-wei should be restored to China; this has not been done, and the Labor government was

as immovable on the subject as the Conservatives. Prolonged inquiry revealed a probability that the Foreign Office had misled Mr. MacDonald as to the facts of the case. It would be easy to multiply such instances.

England has always been proud of her Civil Service, and has been apt to boast of her superiority to America in this respect. But experience seems to show that, if the policy of the Labor party is ever to be carried through, it will be necessary to have some men who agree with that policy working in the government departments, having access to all information and preparing briefs for ministers. Ministers have not the time to look up facts for themselves, and ought not to depend wholly upon men who dislike their policy.

There is a further difficulty which must be faced by a democratic party in a snobbish community. A minister, by the fact of his position, profits by social

inequality. He sees the King, he dines with rich men, he is exposed in a thousand ways to suggestion of a reactionary sort. Unless he is a man of very unusual strength of character, this makes him forget the poorer sections of the population, by whose votes he has climbed to power. Those who are at the top can hardly be expected to make very vigorous efforts to abolish or diminish social inequality. It is difficult to see how to deal with this problem except by diminishing the autonomy of leaders; but a party which has to fight must leave a good deal of initiative to its generals. The only solution seems to lie in the growth of a critical spirit towards leaders, making them feel that any betrayal of the cause is likely to lead to their downfall. Enthusiasm should be directed to causes, not to persons. But human nature is prone to hero-worship, and the worship destroys the hero.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

American Interiors

THE American wing of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, was opened just a little while ago: and it is superb, for the designers have taken the scattered objets d'art that used to range themselves on either side of long, dreary halls and restored them to something like their original setting. Here one no longer sees separate paintings, glass bottles, mirrors, bedsteads and what not united only by a card bearing the name of their donor. With infinite pains and exquisite understanding the Museum has restored, or freshly put together, whole rooms in such a way as to recreate the atmosphere of the seventeenth and eighteenth century American interior. It is not merely an exhibition of art; it is a pageant of American history, and so far as my acquaintance stretches nothing so complete and so tactful has ever been accomplished before by an American museum.

And yet and yet! One's enthusiasm for this achievement is tainted by the feeling that the lessons people will take away from these rooms are not precisely the lessons one would wish them to have learned. Where could I buy something like *this*? How could I copy *that*? These questions trip a little too easily from the lips of the visitors, and they show that for most of these people art is something that is done for, something that once existed and can now only be copied and reproduced or, by a fine piece of acquisitive bounce, "picked up." Frankly, the prospect fills me with foreboding; for the Colonial fashion has not merely been in full swing this last thirty years, but already among the swanky decorators it is being succeeded by the mid-Victorian fashion, with its ugly walnut contortions, its antimacassars, and its wax flowers, and there is no indecency which may not be restored once it becomes The Thing.

What is to keep us from harnessing machine-production to a sickly desire to counterfeit the past? I know of no other purge or preventive than understanding. So let us wander through these rooms and find out for ourselves what there is in American tradition that we can build upon; what there is which genuinely unites us with our past and promises a legitimate offspring in fresh art. How can we turn this spinsterly desire for ancestors into a virile effort to beget a new issue?

Let us begin with the rooms of the seventeenth century; and first, the massive beams of the old Church at Hingham, which forms the central hall of the top story, a relic of the days when oak was seasoned like iron, and used with similar rigor. The Capen House at Topsfield and the Hart House at Ipswich are both represented here, and their rooms bear the same simple elements as the church; the red-and-white chequered molding above the fireplace only accentuates the fine severity of the unpainted panels. There is nothing in these rooms that does not bear the marks of use; the forms are not merely good but, as Dr. John Dewey would say, they are good for something! And except for the great fireplaces there is nothing in these medieval rooms that visibly "dates." Were our forests not gutted out and were wood therefore not so infernally expensive, we might enjoy these panelled interiors again today; they are a hundred times better than the paperoid substitutes we are now pretty generally forced to employ. Even the small leaded windows are not as remote from our needs as we might imagine; most of our living rooms today suffer from an excess of light and this must be remedied by curtains that reduce the actual window opening to the area our ancestors provided at the begining in the medieval house. In fact,

skilful architects today reserve large window openings for sun-parlors and sleeping-porches, knowing that for the rest of the house the small window better keeps out the summer sun and the winter frost. Our original American precedent is excellent!

What shall we say of the postered bed, with or without the canopy and curtain? An emphatic no, for this is a relic of primitive housing conditions, when the servants and the children slept on pallets in or near the master's chamber, and the curtains are the first step in that desire for privacy which makes even the legally wedded and bedded demand separate bedrooms, if they can afford it. Let us leave the four-poster in the depths of the seventeenth century. The chests and the dressers, on the other hand, are usually good. The carving is in low relief, as it should be in oak, and the designs are conventional, and since woodcarving is an amusing art it would be well to have more of it. But Grand Rapids, with all its ingenuity, will not help us here, and unless we can do our own carving we had best be content with the unbroken surface.

Some of the seventeenth century chairs, and the smaller gateleg tables, will serve us excellently again, but I must add a warning. The gateleg table, like the table-settle, was a product of the crowded housing conditions of the seventeenth century cottage, which first contained two, or at most four rooms. Both these models are useful today because in spite of our boasted wealth the majority of us cannot afford as much housing space as a Puritan farmer; and so these early forms, like the Windsor arm-chair-desk and the modern daybed, meet a present need for compactness and economy of labor.

We must discriminate, however, between the essential form and the incidental decoration, particularly the wood-turning. Lathes were becoming common in the seventeenth century, and too much of its wood-turning is spoiled by the finger-exercises, so to speak, of the craftsman. Instead of using the lathe to carry the lines of the chair or table through its supports, he too often, alas, turned meretricious beads, v's, u's, and what not; and the tradition is so firmly established that we can scarcely think of turned wood without these bulges and depressions. What we need nowadays is a woodturner who can use his chisel as tactfully as the sculptor Brancusi, who, with a slight taper or a subtle indentation, will bring out the latent beauty of the form and the material. The use of beading or of turned wood split in two for external decoration, which one finds on some seventeenth century furniture, is atrocious taste, and it would be sad to see it come back again with the august stamp of tradition.

I am tempted to linger in these rooms of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century, because they seem to me to represent all that is serviceable in the American tradition, and because the forms rose out of conditions in some ways so curiously similar—but for what different reasons!—to those of our own time. Their austere quali-

ties are similar to those we find today in machinery: their beauty is the beauty of nice proportion, sound workmanship, keen design, and one finds more of this spirit in a little modernist German book, by Bruno Taut, on *Die Neue Wohnung* than one does in the pseudo-colonial houses that are being built up and down our land.

With the latter part of the eighteenth century "good taste" supplants decent necessity; and good taste means the elegance of ormolu mantels after Louis XV, the classic touches in moldings and cornices and chair-rails copied from the revivalists of Europe, and the conspicuous waste—always edging into vulgarity—which marked the social elevation of the planter and the merchant. Two floors out of three in the Metropolitan are given up to the period between 1750 and 1825, but it would be a pity if the influence over present day taste were exercised in anything like the same proportion. This period is the last seed of the real Renaissance; after this the impulse that turned men towards the classic past shrivels and decays. The artisanship of the time is perfect of its kind, the carving is meticulous, the inlaid cabinet work is sound and delicate, and some of the accessories, like table silver, are treated with great understanding. But there is nothing to build upon, the later eighteenth century carpenters do not suggest to us how we may be intelligently modern, whereas the seventeenth century artisans do. An exhibition of historical art is justified when it gives us the courage to make our own history. I do not think that the work of the Georgian and Federal periods provides this high and stimulating example. It is rather meant for imaginative ones who feel toward the furniture of 1789 the way that a member of the National Security League feels towards the Constitution. Heaven save us from D. A. R. æsthetics!

We are at a critical period in the development of American interiors. The level of taste, I think, is much higher today than it has been at any time since the Federal Period; on the other hand, this taste is in danger of being warped by a sentimentalism which attempts to glaze the effect of dingy tenement blocks and more or less necessary mechanical contrivances by breaking out in electrolier shades of georgette and lace, in brass andirons within five feet of the all-too-efficient radiator, and in obscene bric-a-brac. Unfortunately, the forms which are produced automatically by the machine are either afflicted with this sentimentality, or are still brutal and untamed: they are not merely made *by* machines but made *as if* they were *for* machines. To go forward, we must draw back again to fundamentals; and there is no better starting point for the necessarily rigorous art of our own today than the equally spartan art that was produced by the woodturner, the carpenter, the blacksmith, and—yes—the housewife in the seventeenth century. There or nowhere is our America.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Unedited Opinions

III. Religion in America

HAVE you had an opportunity of considering the state of religion in America?

It has been my chief concern. And I have arrived, I think, at some definite conclusions. May I hear them?

All that depends. In the first place, do you really wish to hear them (I don't, of course, mean you in particular)? And in the second place, can you hear them?

Well, try me.

I feel disposed to say as Paul said to the Athenians: in all matters of religion you are too superstitious; but with this addition, that your superstitions are reducible to a single root with many branches.

What is that root?

It is the unquestioned conviction that humanitarianism is goodness and that goodness is not merely next to godliness but is itself the essence of religion. In other words, you are in danger of substituting the worship of man on earth for the worship of God in heaven. Your highest values tend to become human instead of divine.

May this not be a matter of terminology simply?

That you should think it possible is almost proof of my point. You scarcely see any difference between God and my neighbor. Neighborliness and godliness are almost interchangeable terms. But, in fact, they are very different, and though each is necessary, neither taken by itself is religion. What I am saying is that you tend to take neighborliness as the whole of religion, to the exclusion of the other essential element.

But how, practically, do you distinguish them, and what is the evidence that we do not?

I should say that what differentiates religion from neighborliness, or godliness from humanitarianism, is a certain precise and positive element manifesting as an entirely different object of effort and, consequently, as an entirely different standard of value. In the one case, neighborliness is taken as itself the superior value and, hence the ultimate object: in the other, neighborliness is not set below godliness, but both together are subordinated as means to the special end of religion.

Which is?

Can you doubt it—the divinization of man.

I'm afraid the phrase means nothing very precise and positive to me.

Well, let me try to be precise, even if we cannot be positive. By the divinization of man I mean precisely what it appears to me all religions have as their essential aim—the development in man of relatively divine qualities and, particularly, of a relatively transcendent and divine state of conscious-

ness. The assumptions, implicit and explicit, of all religions are, first, that our present normal state of consciousness is not enough, however developed, to satisfy the demands of the perfect life; and, second, that there are special means or, if you will, exercises and modes of living, comprehended as religion, designed to enable man to attain a higher state of consciousness in this life. The distinction, in short, between neighborliness and religion is that neighborliness aims at the best use of our present mode of consciousness whereas religion aims at transcending and surpassing it. One aims at reformation, the other at transformation; one at humanity, the other at divinity.

But is this distinction really of practical value? Does it make any difference to the result whether we aim at reformation or transformation?

That is exactly what I regard as your radical superstition, the uncritical faith that, somehow or other, goodness will lead to godliness, humanity to divinity, reformation to transformation. And you hold this faith because it is easy and pleasant. To question it might raise too many embarrassing problems and, perchance, obligations. For example, suppose it to be true that religion requires not only the reformation, but the transformation of man, at once we are forced to inquire what, if any, are man's unrealized possibilities, whether we sincerely wish to realize them, whether or not we can even if we wish, and what, if any, are the means. So long as we take religion as included in neighborliness, all these problems and their possibly practical consequences can be shelved; but the moment neighborliness is questioned as a sufficient end or means, we are disagreeably obliged to think of them and to consider seriously where we are bound for. As it is, religion is regarded as the ultimate and inevitable fruit of neighborliness, growing naturally, so to say, on the same tree. But what if it is the fruit of another tree altogether? What if the divinization of man is not necessarily included in his humanization, but demands a technique of its own in which, perhaps, neighborliness is only one factor? You see the difference?

Clearly; but this makes religion more highly speculative than ever. About neighborliness the whole world is a competent judge. We know when a man is a good citizen and when not. There is a positive aim and a clear standard. But in your idea of religion, nothing appears to be certain. It is not certain that man has the possibility of a higher state of consciousness; we are not sure we wish it; we do not know whether we can attain it; we are ignorant of the means; and there are no competent teachers or

judges or standards of judgment. Religion, in this sense, seems to compare with neighborliness as the shadow with the substance.

So it seems, undoubtedly. And, in effect, what you do is to act on that assumption, with the consequence that you are practically non-religious at the same time that you faintly trust that your practical neighborliness may include religion. From my point of view, it would be more intellectually honest to declare religion to be a chimera of the imagination and to stick to your other chimera of neighborliness without great expectations.

Why do you call neighborliness another chimera?

Because though it appears to be substantial it is in reality quite as speculative as religion. In fact, we do not know what neighborliness is, whether we are truly capable of it, whether we wish it or what are the means. Nor is the world a competent judge. We assume too readily that what everybody thinks good is good: that, in short, our native likes and dislikes are reliable guides. But this is in passing. I am not proposing at this moment a critique of American neighborliness, but an examination of the state of religion in America. And my conclusion is that taking religion, as it always has been and must be taken, as embodying the aim of the divinization of human consciousness, America appears to me either to have forgotten it, or to assume that it will prove to be included, without special effort or attention, in mere neighborliness.

You will find it difficult, I think, to adduce the evidence for your conclusion in face of the well-known, not to say, notorious, curiosity of America in regard to cults promising new states of consciousness. Nothing is easier than to erect amongst us new altars inscribed to new unknown gods.

These are the branches, but the root is the same; namely, the faith that the improvement of man, measured in terms of happiness, health, prosperity and well-being, produces religion consequentially. All the religions, on the other hand, have declared that religion must come first, and the rest will follow. You put the cart before the horse. For instance, I have examined your popular cults, including Christian Science and Psycho-analysis, as well as some of the numerous obscure cults which profess to combine physical exercises for health with other exercises and practices for spiritual development. Their declared aim may or may not be the attainment of a higher state of consciousness, but their real aim, as proved by the criterion applied to the results, is the immediate attainment of a superior degree of health or happiness or prosperity. Should the pursuit of the religious aim of "divine" consciousness result, even temporarily, in impaired health of mind, body or estate, the method is condemned, proving, in brief, that all along the object was betterment of the existing state rather than its complete transformation at all risks.

But you would not say, would you, that the pursuit of the religious aim of higher consciousness is

necessarily incompatible with good health and all the other goods?

Certainly not necessarily. It may be possible to reach the South Pole without a moment of discomfort. Great things are theoretically possible *de luxe*. But if comfort and the common notions of well-being are to be the governing conditions, the chances that we shall adventure far are very small. And religion, in the true sense, is the most dangerous as well as the greatest adventure of all. Everything the world values must be risked; not, perhaps, lost, but risked. No risk no gain. Once again, it appears to me that you are not prepared to risk very much upon religion; or, at least for more than a short period. The returns must be quick or they must take the familiar form. Meanwhile the working substitute for religion in America has attained a high degree. There is no nation approaching it in the spirit and practice of neighborliness, individually and collectively. And there is no nation in which comfort is more scientifically pursued and generally disseminated. Your working hypothesis certainly works.

Could not most of all this be said of European nations? Has any Western nation pursued religion in your sense of the word? I do not see any zest on the part of your Europeans.

Nor do I; but the tradition lingers like the warm ashes of an old fire. An individual can still catch a flame from it. But I agree; Europe is rapidly losing what America has never had. The only question is whether America can snatch the torch before it is cold.

A. R. ORAGE.

Words

Tossing old capes across old shoulders,
Sniffing the market's hardier herbs,
Men of Verona loiter and gossip,
Laugh and curse on the plaza's kerbs.

Tucking furred chins into furred collars,
Stamping through grey frost-whetted air,
Men as hoarse as the crows in the Kremlin
Grumble and shrug through the snowy square.

Hearing the bells ring in the evening
Wind, on the temples of Thibet,
Tired men chew on tales like spices,
That wipe out grief as they wipe off sweat.

Dusk comes down over roofs and towers,
Lights leap up in city and tent,
Men lay words to their hearts for comfort,
Story and prayer and argument.

Troubling the night along the beaches,
At the smoking board, in the trampled bed,
With perishing breath they save the living,
And clothe with immortal words the dead.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

The Most Important Book

THE most important book in the world is that many-volumed anthology which gave us all our first—and most of us our only—taste of literature. The School Reader ranks even the Bible and Shakespeare. For it includes selections from both; and it is learned practically by heart, with profound conviction, at their most impressionable age, by millions who never again read anything but newspapers.

The compiler of such a book is a sort of literary Jesuit. Give him the moulding of a child's mind for the first six years, and he cares not who his successors may be. His work can never be undone. The best start that literature can have in its race for immortality—or at least for life—is admittance to the School Reader.

Consider poetry, for example. The Reader bards remain the sole bards of the masses. And even with the cultivated they win an unwarranted initial advantage. The Longfellows of literature, people divinely ordained for school books, can easily rout from the field of popular favor, with no other weapons than their foot-rules, non-juvenile singers, like Browning, of thrice their calibre. One Ella Wheeler Wilcox can repulse squadrons of Edwin Arlington Robinsons. Their strength is as the strength of ten because of the most important book in the world.

Not that the souls of babes are always transfused with enthusiasm for the school book versifiers. But when, in maturity, their poems come back to mind, gilding the very substantial pleasure of recognition with the glamour that now envelops far-off childhood, and adding perhaps the sentiment of dear and even sacred associations, they gain an advantage with us, specious perhaps, but more powerful than almost any other—more powerful often than that of extraordinary merit itself.

In the appreciation of poetry, as of all the arts, there are few mightier forces than the pleasure of recognition. It lends value to such devices as refrain, alliteration and rhyme. Working on another plane, it glours the recollected past. How often, moreover, the ether cone of glamour having been applied to the nose of criticism, do we appreciate that poem, not only at its full value, but at a little more? We forget to allow for the artificial radiance shed upon it by circumstance. The scenes etched upon our youthful minds by the Reader can easily win a lifelong advantage over reality itself. What current of dirty water creeping sluggishly under bridges infested by Italian beggars, may ever become for us so convincingly "Tiber, Father Tiber" as the fantastic crystal torrent wherein the eyes of our young fancy beheld the brave Horatius plunge, under the maledictions of false Sextus, and the encouragement of that excellent sportsman, Lars Porsena?

Impelled by such considerations, and by a real

curiosity to learn who were the literary Mellins and Nestlés of my infancy, I advertised in the Publishers' Weekly for a complete set of the Readers used in the schools of Cleveland during my early youth. They proved to be Appleton's, reinforced by Sheldon's Fifth.

The first thrill of recognition came from the blank leaves, front and back, which, in the aimless way of a child with a fly-leaf, had been scribbled up by hands unknown. True to the instinct of youth, their owners' names, printed by liberally moistened pencils, sprawled in block letters along the closed edges of the leaves. And the fatter volumes were extra-illustrated with exactly the same iris-colored transfer pictures of beasts, men and gods with which I once beautified my own books.

In the slender First Reader I found nothing familiar but the inevitable opening illustration of C-A-T, and the neatly moral tale of The Little Red Hen, who so early inculcated the advantages of that national initiative and zealous attention to business which has been characterized by Louise Imogen Guiney as *Hustlerium Tremens sive Americanitis*.

I recognized little in the next two volumes. They were filled with anonymous pap, mechanically turned out by horny-minded sons of literary toil, and calculated to insult the intelligence of any self-respecting eight-year-old. But the Fourth began with that memorable thing of Benjamin Franklin's about paying too dear for your whistle; and Mary Howitt's The Spider and the Fly.

They greeted me after all the years like steadfast friends. Here were real stories about worthwhile people like Gulliver and Grace Darling, Robinson Crusoe and Paul Revere.

And voilà, the first bit of verse I ever learned by heart: "The stag at eve had drunk his fill."

Soon memory seems to have attained its second wind and to have "committed" almost every poem it met. Here were the "mournful numbers" and the "barefoot boy" and the "spreading chestnut tree" for whose exclusive appreciation, as Mr. Carl Van Doren explains, youth is so fatally prepared by the protozoic metrical scheme of Mother Goose.

It is cheering to find that the more artificial poems are not so well remembered, as where Bryant elegantly talks of "the too potent fervors" when he means the heat, and states that under its influence the clover "declines its blooms."

But, turning to The Mariner's Dream by Dimond, my pride bites the dust. For I recognize precisely its worst lines:

Ah, what is that sound which now 'larms on his ear?
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
And the Death Angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave.

In those serious days of youth I could see nothing either funny or unpoetic about a sphere groaning or an angel flapping.

The worst of it was, our teachers said this sort of thing was good poetry. And doubtless the vast majority of us still consider it so. I think that a certain bit of astronomic doggerel out of the Third Reader once struck me with a more profound and pleasurable conviction than its adult version by Kipling does today. The new moon was to be used as a cradle:

We'd call to the stars to keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And there we would stay till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

At eight this was as attractive as, ten years later, I found the proposal to inhabit a "separate star" and "a golden chair," and "splash at a seven-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair."

Indeed, so strong is the persistent sorcery of childish impression, that at times one must consciously exert the muscles of maturity in order not to put the little red hen in the same proud coop with Chanticleer.

Here and there in the Reader gleams a specimen of the very bathos that used to compose the Sunday School libraries of our childhood. This is a gem from J. G. Holland:

And when they came to bury little Charley,
They found fresh dewdrops sprinkled in his hair,
And on his breast, a rosebud gathered early,
And guessed, but did not know, who placed it there.

In the department of humor, as well, we were wronged with slap-stick stuff like Confessions of a Bashful Man. He treads on his host's gouty toe, sheds ink on the carpet, and wipes it up with his handkerchief. At dinner, having knocked over everything within reach, he burns his mouth with pudding, inflames it with brandy and absent-mindedly mops his streaming face with his inky handkerchief. Exit amid howls of laughter.

Not that the Reader was wholly devoid of true humor. For example, it inoculated one of my comrades so thoroughly with selections from Alice in Wonderland that the habit of quoting her on all occasions has persisted. To this day he is sometimes accused of speaking with Alice aforethought.

These battered volumes recall an emotion long forgotten: the rapture of getting a new Reader. With what disgusted relief its too familiar predecessor was flung aside! With what greedy gusto was the new book gobbled up from frontispiece to appendix! Then, after about three weeks of gobbling, the despair with which we recognized that the new volume's resources were now exhausted as well, and that we faced another year of nauseatingly familiar diet. The most repulsive were stories like The Bursting of Ouseley Dam and The Prairie on Fire, after their full-puffed tire of suspense had been punctured and flattened by the tacks of repetition. The monotony was maddening. We wretched

youngsters were prisoners behind bookish bars, condemned for mental exercise to count the cracks in the cell walls.

After the first three weeks the illustrations were even more repellant than the text. The picture people of those days had dead white paper faces, monstrous eyes and silly, microscopic mouths. They were the real melodrama of illustration, the sort of art you find surviving on the news stands of today in the naïve ladies of The Police Gazette. Such art was not calculated to furnish pleasure, even to children, for five days a week, world without end.

Surely my misunderstanding of a little fun by John Godfrey Saxe entitled Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt was responsible for an early conviction (which died all too late) that China was a wholly farcical place. I believe this poem was the first and only thing I read about the land of Confucius while in grammar school. I was thereby convinced that all its people had gashes for eyes, noses of only two dimensions, club feet, nails "like an eagle's claws," pigtailed that swept the ground, and trick names like "Great Hang-yu and You-be-Hung." I felt sure that all Chinese ladies smoked pipes and devoured their pet poodles for lunch, and that every Chinese gentleman murdered his numerous wives in rotation, for which offence

His thirteen brothers were merely hung,
And his slaves bamboosed in the mildest way
For a calendar month, three times a day.

One wonders whether such misconceptions as these have not been fostered by the textbook of other nations as well. Are Chinese infants, for example, ever filled with equally fantastic notions about us? It would be poetic justice if some Saxe of the far East were allowed to bias tender Mongolian minds by putting into their Readers, as the sole information about America, some such doggerel as this:

Yankee Doodle of Main Street, Kans.,
Is the flower of American gentlemen.
He muddles his mats with leather-shod toes,
He pockets the fabrics that cleanse his nose.
Though the word of a female can cause him to quake,
He roasts his fathers-in-law at the stake;
And for this he is made a congressman
To rule the realm of the Setting Sun.

Of course, the School Reader of this our wiser day is vastly superior. Bathos and sentimentality have flown. Nothing more is heard of the flapping of death-angels, or dew-drops on little Charley's hair. The slap-stick has ceased from slapping. Foreign lands are not solely represented by nonsense verses, and some of our best artists furnish the excellently reproduced illustrations. Supplementary reading has scotched the snake of monotony. No longer is this the worst hated of all books.

But even so, it is not good enough. To live up to

its unparalleled opportunities it should be the best compiled book in the world. No expenditure of brains and time and treasure would be disproportionate to secure this result. We might set some such machinery in motion as Mr. H. G. Wells advocates for the making of his proposed Bible of Civilization. It would merely mean an editorial board of two or three hundred of the most brilliant living minds, backed by a fund of thirty or forty million dollars for salaries, printing and propaganda. Bearing in mind the Wellsian warning that the fate of civilization now hangs on the issue of a race between education and catastrophe, we might see whether the most important book in the world could not be made the best book in the world.

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

A COMMUNICATION

Child Labor and Liberty

SIR: Will you allow me to express my keen interest in the editorial in your issue of December 3, entitled *Child Labor, the Home and Liberty*, in which you do me the honor of referring to a letter of mine in the *New York Times* of November 18? The matter, according to your editorial, is quite simple: the proposed Twentieth Amendment does not confer any more power upon Congress than state legislatures now possesses; the question, therefore, is a question not of principle but of practice and "the economics of the issue" needs only to be brought to the front in order to refute the "fat business men and windy professors" who now prate about the sacredness of the home.

Thank you for making the whole thing so perfectly plain. Even a windy professor can appreciate the succinctness and lucidity with which you write. The only trouble with your very perspicuous exposition, I am constrained to think, is that it is not true.

"Does any parent in the United States," you ask, "now enjoy discretion beyond the possibility of legislative invasion in disposing of his children's time and labor that it is assured the Child Labor Amendment would destroy?" You answer "No." But the right answer is "Yes." The parents of the United States are now protected from legislative interference by the great "bill-of-rights" provisions in the Constitution of the United States, on the basis of which the Supreme Court invalidated, for example, the Nebraska language law which made literary education a crime. But this new amendment is to form part of the very instrument which contains that bill of rights. Its passage therefore could be held to interpret authoritatively (or set aside to the extent necessary to give effect to its provisions) those previous amendments. No state legislature, for example, now has a right under the Constitution of the United States to prohibit all labor of all persons up to eighteen years of age. Congress, on the other hand, under the distinct provisions of the new amendment would have such a right.

It has been maintained, indeed, by advocates of the amendment that the courts would never interpret it to mean what it says. We regard such an assurance as exceedingly precarious; and even if it were not so precarious, we

have grave misgivings about the notion which it involves as to the function of a court.

But even if we should prove to be wrong at this point, even if it were true that the proposed amendment merely confers upon Congress powers already possessed by the state legislatures, would the question of that transfer of power be, as you represent it, a mere question of detail to be decided by "economic" considerations of efficiency? We think not. Will you permit me to observe that at this point your conception of American institutions differs fundamentally from ours. We hold that the local autonomy of the states, far from being a mere matter of expediency, is at the very foundation of our American freedom. But under the proposed amendment that local autonomy would practically be destroyed. By far the most important half of life would be placed under the control of a centralized bureaucracy . . .

But from one point of view your insistence upon the "economics" of the issue is justified. The approval of the amendment would indeed be economically a very great benefit to one class in the population—namely to the vast army of federal agents and inspectors which any exercise of the powers conferred by the amendment would require. The federal agents would be economically benefited; but American liberty and the sanctity of the American home would be gone.

Finally, may I call attention to a slight inaccuracy in your reference to my letter in *The Times*. You make my letter refer to a vindication of the sacredness of the home which would be accomplished if the amendment were finally rejected by the states. But what I actually referred to was the vindication which has already been given by the enormous adverse vote in Massachusetts (696,119 to 247,221). There are hardly 696,000 "windy professors" even in a state like Massachusetts, where the proportion of professors to the rest of the population is notoriously high. It is quite possible, on the contrary, that the American people is at last making its voice heard. If so, legislatures may well take heed. The voice of the people, when it is heard with the decisiveness of that Massachusetts vote, is rather a majestic thing.

J. GRESHAM MACHEN.

Princeton, N. J.

Whether or not a State law prohibiting all labor of all children under 18 would be held unconstitutional as conflicting with the implications of the "Bill of Rights" has never been determined, nor it is likely ever to be determined, by the courts. In practice, however, the states have proceeded freely to regulate, limit or prohibit child labor in such form as the legislature deems undesirable, exactly as Congress would do under the proposed amendment. The state thus invades the "sanctity of the home" in the same sense that Congress might invade it. To be logical Professor Machen and men of his way of thinking ought to agitate for an amendment prohibiting state regulation of child labor. They ought to go further and seek to destroy other powers by which the state steps between parent and child, as in compulsory education, compulsory vaccination, restrictions upon child beating, etc. Either children are the parents' private affair, or they are also the public affair of state and nation. If the latter position is accepted, it becomes, not a question of liberty versus government, but one of state versus nation, essentially a question of expediency which cannot be answered in one way in all times and conditions.—THE EDITORS.

The Power of the Word

IN his volume of Impressions and Comments, reviewed elsewhere in this issue, Mr. Havelock Ellis discusses briefly the philosophy of obscenity and its place in life and art. He notes that in England, and most of all in America, it is difficult to be rightly obscene and "easy to be coarse and vulgar," chiefly because "the particular twist of our culture has impeded the manifestation of obscenity," and when the impulse has burst its bonds, has given it an artificial emphasis which in turn sets up "a natural reaction of disgust."

Mr. Ellis would have found corroborative evidence for these observations on the New York stage of the present season. The manifestation of obscenity which has suffered longest and most complete abeyance in Anglo-Saxon communities is a matter of words. Probably no circumstance of theme or plot, setting or acting, in any of the hundred odd plays presented in 1924 in New York, has aroused discussion equal to that caused by the appearance of three or four of the expressions—there are perhaps not more than a dozen altogether—which are supposed to be tabu in polite intercourse. What Price Glory was the first offender. Its freedom in reporting the speech of soldiers included three phrases since withdrawn with the explanation on the program that they are in use in the best families and by our noblest statesmen—which we can readily believe. It is worthy of note that the censorship directed against this play by the Secretary of the Navy was concerned with these words only. Apparently he did not fear the weakening of the people's will to war from a representation of that function far more disillusioning than in *Arms and the Man*, while he recognized the danger to his appropriations should the public become aware that the Marines habitually invoked the name of Jesus Christ in conversation, or alluded to comrades in terms denoting illegitimate or canine birth.

The emotion excited by these crude popular forms of speech is due to the long inhibition to which Mr. Ellis refers. On the stage that inhibition is a part of the history of the English drama. In 1697 the Rev. Jeremy Collier published his *Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage*, directed against the license of the dramatists of the Restoration, especially Dryden and Congreve. His protest was largely animated by the habitual representation of adultery and disrespect of clergy by these playwrights, but he took ample account of verbal outrages. "What is more frequent," he exclaims, "than their Wishes of Hell and Confusion, Devils and Diseases, all the Plagues of this World upon all Occasions by Heroes and Poltroons; by Gentlemen and Clowns; Love and Quarrels; Success and Disappointment; Temper and Passions must be varnished and set off with Oaths." He cites from Dryden's *Love Triumphant* the speech of Carlos: "Nature has given me my Portion in Sense with a P— to her," and adds, like a modern censor, "The reader may see the Hellish syllable at length, if he pleases." He objects that in *The Double Dealer* "Lady Plyant cries out Jesu and talks smut in the same sentence." When Cynthia in the same play says: "I am thinking that though Marriage makes Man and Wife one Flesh it leaves them two Fools," he gravely warns us "This Jest is made upon a Text in Genesis and afterwards applied by our Saviour to the Case of Divorce." One of his animadversions falls upon Lady Plyant's remark that "Jehu was a hackney coachman." One cannot help sympathizing with Congreve, who remained the

impenitent thief, in his innocent query why a hackney coachman might not be named Jehu as well as Jeremy. That most of the verbal sins to which Collier took exception are little or nothing in our lives may be gathered from a visit to the excellent revival of the *Way of the World* at the Cherry Lane Theatre, but the contemporary significance of his book remains one of the most interesting phenomena in the history of English morals. Whether it was the cause of the change or rather a sign that the change had already taken place in public taste, it is noteworthy that the theatre very shortly after reformed itself, and became one of the agencies, like the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, for promoting the sense of respectability and smugness which was a literary hallmark of the eighteenth century. Whatever the realities of life the representation of them on the stage was henceforth to shun grossness and vulgarity, not to say profaneness and obscenity of speech. It became the high tradition of English actors never to pronounce the sacred name of God before the footlights.

In the movement at the close of the nineteenth century to bring the English theatre abreast of the realities of life, it was speech which proved the most recalcitrant element. The dictum that the actor should abstain from words not tolerated in ordinary social intercourse has hardened into a tradition which tends to keep stage language behind that of actual usage as invoked by the management of *What Price Glory*. Obviously the stage is catching up. Taste in speech is determined by morals; and as the stage follows the behavior of modern men and women it is useless to protest that it must not copy their speech. There are some words which will remain tabu on the stage because the actions which they describe remain so in the lives of theatre goers.

Undoubtedly it is to be urged that there is a diction proper to the stage as there is a diction proper to the pulpit. The use of words so much at variance with the traditions of the institution as to arouse violent emotion may prove hostile to the success of the piece as to that of the sermon. No serious playwright except Mr. Shaw would dare to open his play with the riot which automatically takes place when the word bloody is heard in the British playhouse. On this point it was a matter of common observation that *What Price Glory* had a rather close shave. The critic of *The New York Evening Post*, for instance, could not see the wood because of the uncouth shape of a few of the trees. Again, granting that the use of one or more disreputable expressions may shock a desultory public into attention and discussion it should be remembered that the number of such expressions in English is very small. It is manifestly a waste to use more than one on a single occasion. The authors of *What Price Glory* seem to have hogged more than their fair share of these limited resources; and on ethical grounds we approve the economy of Mr. Sidney Howard who used only one, and, following the example of Mr. Ziegfeld with his more extreme sensations, withdrew it after the first night. But on the whole perhaps we should applaud the energy and enterprise of our playwrights of 1924. The existence of this buried treasure in the English language was bound to be a cause of unrest and temptation, all the more since the pirates knew exactly where it was located. It was bound to be appropriated and exploited one day or other, and now that this has happened we may all be glad, especially as the recovery of the treasure trove falls out within almost two years of the double centenary of Jeremy Collier's death.

R. M. L.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Question of Accuracy

SIR: Since I am the "Inquirer" who commented upon the news item of the Associated Press about the "watchman of one of the numerous Paris normal schools" who won the Filene peace prize, allow me to say a word in reply to the spirited apology of the A. P. representative in your issue of December 15th.

If the Paris correspondent, as it is contended, was told by the award committee, in advance of any official announcement, that the winner was a "gardien" of one of the "normal schools" of Paris, then that committee was at fault for giving the A. P. loose, misleading and even grotesque information. But if the A. P. man translated "surveillant general" by watchman and took the "Ecole Normale Supérieure" to be just one of "the numerous normal schools" then he knows neither French nor France enough to qualify as a specialist on either subject. His translation would be like that of a French correspondent (and they make their share of blunders) who would speak of an administrative official at Harvard as a "watchman in one of the numerous American colleges."

Now I am willing to acknowledge that readers quietly sitting in their homes, are apt to be too intolerant of minor offenses of newspaper men who work under trying conditions of haste and with an excusable ignorance of some special institutions of a special nature. But I have such a high opinion of the personnel and the equipment of the A. P., such confidence also in its accuracy and impartiality that I naturally gasped at this accidental lapse, and perhaps displayed undue severity.

I would not, however, have wasted this space on such a minor incident if it did not illustrate a need that I have often felt in reading American papers, the need, both in the news agencies and in the newspapers, of native experts who would, at first sight, detect egregious blunders such as this one and also dispose once for all, of certain perennial and periodic "misprints" of which I shall gladly give a list to the A. P. or to any one else—for the asking.

OTHON GUERLAC.

Ithaca N. Y.

Pensions in Pennsylvania

SIR: Will you not allow us some space in your magazine to present to your readers in Pennsylvania, especially those residing in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, a few public facts to which they are entitled as citizens of the state, but which were not conveyed to them by their daily news channels?

Early in October, the Pennsylvania Old Age Assistance Commission issued a call for a conference on the subject of old age pensions. This was a result of the recent Dauphin County Court decision declaring Pennsylvania's pioneer Old Age Assistance act unconstitutional. The commission invited all persons and organizations interested in the subject to attend. Following the announcement, every Philadelphia paper carried an item that the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce would send two of its leading representatives to oppose this legislation because, they claimed, in addition to its being socialistic and paternalistic, the act, if carried into effect, would cost the state at least \$25,000,000 per year.

The conference was held on November 13th at the Capitol. Nearly 200 persons from practically every county in the state, representing approximately thirty different organizations, including representatives of almost all church denominations as well as representatives from five other states were in attendance. The meeting, it was generally admitted, set a high water mark in public gatherings. The advertised representatives of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce did not appear. The only representative of the State Chamber of Commerce present not only took no issue with any of the speakers, but later congratulated us upon "the inspiring meeting we had."

At this meeting some of the most startling public facts were disclosed. Governor Gifford Pinchot, who signed the Pennsylvania Old Age Assistance law, in a most enthusiastic address pointed out that the basic Pennsylvania poor law today "is identical in principle and almost identical in language with the Elizabethan poor law adopted in England in 1601." He declared that there are nearly 3,000 laws on our statute books dealing with poor relief and that "for nearly 100 years every commission appointed

to study the subject urged revision of our poor laws." "Philadelphia city," he added, "is managed by six different boards of poor directors, while one ward in that city is under the jurisdiction of four different poor boards."

The chairman, in summarizing the Commission's findings as disclosed from nearly 3,000 applications of aged persons in the state, showed that, based upon as accurate and scientific figures as are now ascertainable, the Commission is convinced that even if every person in Pennsylvania, qualified under the law, should be granted assistance, it would not cost the state more than about \$5,000,000 per year. With this sum the Commission would be able to take care of two and one-half times the number now taken care of in the Pennsylvania almshouses at an actual expenditure of at least \$3,000,000 per year. It was also shown that while the administrative expenses under the almshouse plan in Pennsylvania amount to over \$60 of every \$100 expended, the administrative expenses under the old age pension plan, according to present indications, would not exceed \$6 or \$7 of every \$100 expended.

A summary of the above facts was submitted four days in advance to all the representatives of the big Pennsylvania dailies as well as to all the press associations located in Harrisburg. We have the avowed assurance of the representative of the Associated Press at Harrisburg that the story was sent out by mail; and furthermore that at least 700 words were released by wire during the day of the conference. The Pittsburgh office of the Associated Press writes us that the report was received from their bureau at Harrisburg and was part of the regular state service and "undoubtedly reached all Associated Press papers in Pennsylvania at the time we received it and in time for publication as designated." The smaller papers in the state carried fair accounts of the conference as sent them by the various press associations. However, of the six dailies in Philadelphia, only two deemed the meeting of sufficient importance to notice it on the inside pages in stories of a little over 100 words each, while an examination of several editions fails to disclose even one of the five dailies in Pittsburgh which mentioned the conference either on the day of the meeting or the following morning.

We know your Pennsylvania readers will appreciate these facts. Should they desire a more extensive report of the information disclosed at the conference we shall be glad to send them copies of the address delivered.

JAMES H MAURER,
A. EPSTEIN,

Old Age Assistance Commission.

Harrisburg, Penn.

Child Labor and Small Families

SIR: According to East, Mankind at the Crossroads, page 266, child labor laws decrease the size of families. When children are allowed to labor at an early age, and can thus contribute to the family income, families are large, so that the total family income may be large. When children are not allowed to labor, the cost of bringing to maturity is so great that families become smaller.

This seems to be an argument in favor of the Child Labor Amendment. Since the Census of 1890 announced the end of free land, there have been various indications that the United States is getting too full of people for comfort. The recent immigration bill is an example. If this is true, the limitation of families by this indirect method, a child labor law, will be desirable among other means for lessening the economic struggle in the United States.

STANLEY D. DODGE.

Chicago Ill.

Christmas, 1924

"Is there any room for us here in the stable?"

"No. Move on. You're good and able."

Another Joseph in the snow

And a Mary, asking where to go;

And now the place is crowded full

With painted wax and pasted fool.

WITTER BYNNER.

The Land of the Fathers

The Land of the Fathers, by Sergey Gussiev Orenburgsky. Translated by Nina Selivanova. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. \$2.50.

THESE are large cages belonging to 'The Land of the Fathers' against the bars of which the children hurl themselves with weeping and wailing. . . . But a new epoch has come. A spirit of flight has seized upon the children and they have fled from the cages in which they were confined by the customs of their fathers. . . . These words, in the early pages of the book, are not the only ones prophetic of what has happened since 1917 in Russia. Nor was Gussiev Orenburgsky by any means the only Russian writer who felt, in the early years of this century, that the foundation of the Empire was a bubbling quicksand of misery and revolt which would soon boil up to the surface and drown it forever, that the "immense retorts in which the labor and misfortunes of the slaves are distilled into the illusive well-being of the masters," would soon explode with a final and terrific crash. The uneasy, ill-repressed foreboding with which Russia quivered about twenty years ago was felt by nearly all, and expressed by many, but Russians remember *The Land of the Fathers* as the novel which, more than perhaps any other, gave a true picture of those seething years. It excited them, and roused a fury of discussion, because it seemed to answer the questions they most wanted to know, what is happening to us, and what is going to happen; because it described clearly the disease of their society, and foreshadowed, dimly, the crisis of the disease and a wild tremendous convalescence. They read it, probably, less as a novel than a social commentary. But now, after seven years of revolution, with everything upside down and the old order blown away like dust, it is interesting to us far more as a novel than a social document. Direct, flaming generalizations about misery and capital, the brief, abrupt intrusions of the author's own editorial comment seem incidental, and the illumination of a Russia on the eve of revolution appears rather as a by-product in a fascinating procession of scenes and characters, in the novel itself.

Some happy faculty most of the Russian writers seem to have had, of refraining from despotism over their material, of letting life in a measure subdue them and ride them at its own will. Often their own talents seem to be not of the first rank, save that one talent of letting life sweep them away, and the great thing that carries them away makes them greater than they really are. One of the curses that afflicts our novelists, an orderly, unrelenting, anaemic mastery over their material, a laborious turning of great living waters into little channels of the printed page, the Russians apparently are free from. They do not know too well where they are going, and are rewarded by accidental riches, discoveries, surprises. The path of Gussiev Orenburgsky's plot does not move mercilessly ahead cutting a neat ribbon through life, it swirls along on the tide; here it is completely stopped by the entrance and exit of an original character, there it circles in an amusing backwater, now it sinks entirely, and comes to its end leaving us careless of the course it has run, interested chiefly in what we have seen by the way.

Not a little of what we have seen reminds us of our own country. Might it not have been some town in the middle west where "a grain elevator proudly lifts its head,"

where "back of the granaries suburbs have grown up, which are dark and dirty and which even at the outset wore a starving and desolate aspect, but which have increased the population of the city from fifteen to thirty thousand"; a little town where

. . . the newspaper did not lack for correspondents. The townspeople began to write and they wrote about everything—about "unpaved streets," about "stray dogs," about "the immense number of strangers seeking work who had rushed here from God knows where," about "the growing numbers of vagabonds." Side by side with this they also wrote about "the inactivity of the police," about "the progress of crimes against private property," . . . about "the opening of the factory of the Bros. Kandaurov in the presence of county authorities, at which a solemn prayer was offered by the priest, Father Iona Monastirsky, who afterwards said a few heart-felt words about the rights of employers and the duties of employees. . . ."

And then, in a few pages, we are plunged into the heart of an entirely different country, among people eccentric, alive, three-dimensioned, who could not be found here, or if they exist, could find hardly anyone to describe them. Gussiev Orenburgsky is, by comparison with other Russians, not of the first rank, but he possesses, along with them, that knack for characterization which seems to grow in the soil. The characters are often briefly, tellingly described, but, what is so much more difficult and valuable, they describe themselves. They speak, and their words have not a trace of their author's accent; he does not put into those mouths words which should belong there according to his notion of them, the words come out, of themselves, as if from some stranger with whom the author was unacquainted, as if overheard and not invented. One searches the book trying to put one's finger on the trick, which at times seems simply magical, but without avail: here is the author, and there is his character, and how the one became part of the other, what is the creative connection between the two, remains a mystery. There are far more striking, more memorable, more real characters in Russian fiction than any of Gussiev Orenburgsky's, but if anyone were to conjure up from the American scene characters as remarkable and real as his he would step to the head of the line. A few Americans have done as well, still fewer have done better; why aren't there more? Some explanation may be in the difference of material: perhaps we are more alike, and reveal our essential differences one from another, the complexes that make up character, less clearly in word and action. The Russians may after all be more individual, more obviously different, more given to self-characterization, richer in living caricatures. But this is not enough.

One feels that the Russian talent, Gussiev Orenburgsky's excellent second-rank talent for example, could unearth unsuspected characters among us, and make them extraordinarily real. By what method? By no method—perhaps that is part of the answer. A too-conscious method, a too-skilful technique in characterization often leaves the mark of the author's hand upon his human creation. Leave the characters alone. Allow them to speak for themselves. Don't take them apart and put them together again—otherwise they smack of the author. Plant them in the ground and let them grow of themselves. It sounds easy, but it is infinitely hard to achieve. And perhaps it is native, and can never be learned at all.

ROBERT LITTELL

Impressions and Comments

Impressions and Comments, by Havelock Ellis. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$3.00.

THIS is the third and unhappily the last volume of this engaging series of note books—and, it may be confidently added, the best. Such personal records grow in richness as the soil which sustains them becomes deeper. Mr. Ellis is like a valley through which flows the stream of experience, physical, intellectual, æsthetic, which in its overflow leaves a constantly deepening alluvium. His well wishers, so discreetly quoted by his publishers, refer to him as “the most civilized Englishman living today,” and “the very flower of what civilization ought to be,” and rightly, for his later books are a sort of compendium of the resources of modern culture, the interests and pleasures which it provides. Havelock Ellis is an exponent of the good life as it is possible today. In *The Dance of Life* he imposes on his really vast reading of contemporary philosophy an inspiring if a bit fantastic scheme of the intellectual good life. In *Impressions and Comments* he records day by day the diverse matters which go to make up the natural good life of a wise man.

These experiences are of extraordinary variety. There is the joy of mere living, even in bodily weakness and pain, within sound of the sea in Cornwall, in the sunlight of the Midi, in the Pyrenees. Often the daily entries begin in such lilting fashion as “Every morning as I lie in bed on the hillside of this valley over the sea,” . . . or close with a full C major chord: “Then I fling myself down in the complete solitude of the hillside over the sea to bask full length in the sun.” At times the appeal of nature passes over into more exact appreciation of phenomena such as waves and spray, or wild flowers in June, or the songs of birds, especially the strophic ode of the thrush. The view of humanity in the mass is abhorrent enough to reason, but at Margate Mr. Ellis finds “this crowd of miscellaneous people who are occupied in raising mountains of sand, or playing at ball, or paddling in the dirty sea-water, or publicly cuddling their best girls, or reading the Daily Mail, or licking two penny ice-cones . . . a spectacle of unending exhilaration.” Individuals emerge from his pages: the girl seen on the train at Kenmare, “with the most dazzling eyes that I have ever seen anywhere in this world”; the old gentlemen met in the Tate Gallery who breathed the name Sir Joshua with veneration and took snuff with a fine gesture. “So many beautiful things happen to me,” murmurs Mr. Ellis. One of the most exciting was a flight to Paris, when the wind compelled a landing at Beauvais. He renews his delight in music at the Bach Choir Festival, a delight not dulled by a comparison of Bach and Beethoven, but so intense that the author came out from the hall feeling as though he were dancing along the pavements of Westminster. He has pleasure in the chateaux of the Loire; in sculpture from archaic Greek to Rodin; in painting and drawing, with special enthusiasm for the Victorians, Millais, Walker, Hunt, Whistler; in the long panorama of the world as unrolled by science; in great periods of human history—the seventeenth century in France as represented by Tallement des Reaux, or Elizabethan England as recalled in its drama revived at The Phoenix; in the dance, in poetry, in fiction, in the contemporary world of thought and action.

Havelock Ellis is catholic in all senses. Somewhere he

speaks with pity of those who have to empty themselves of one interest or satisfaction to make room for another. In the great Victorian conflict between intuition and reason, between heart and head, he is not neutral; he fights on both sides. He can enjoy both Flaubert and Proust. He recognizes that the supreme moments of life are those of mystical illumination, that an “intuitive revelation to æsthetic sensibility” transcends all criticism and is really of the nature of religious conversion, that “the Mystic is the æsthete of the Universe.” But this doctrine does not exclude the play of the mind about all phases of artistic effort, and his observations lead constantly into acute and enlightening criticism. He explains the superiority of *Wuthering Heights* to Miss Romer Wilson’s *Death of Society*. He corrects the religionists who canonize Dostoyevski by pointing out that “their saint could only rise to the divine from a human foundation that was perverse . . . Dostoyevski was the Saint of Sinners, and all his work . . . the Idealization of Perversity.” He attributes the superiority of Shelley to Keats as a poet of love to the fact that Keats “felt things less in their visual values than Shelley, more in their precise tactile values, and that constitutes the most difficult aspect of love to render in poetry.”

The completion of Mr. Ellis’s commentaries makes it natural to compare them with the notebooks of Samuel Butler. Both men are characteristic of the period, owing first allegiance to the scientific spirit but with absorbing interest in the finer processes of life as revealed in historic culture, in art, in music and literature, in personal experience. Both are critics with a realistic point of view which does not exclude manifestations which we call romantic. They start in their criticism of life from a common attitude in regard to the relations of the individual and society. To Butler “morality is the custom of one’s country and the current feeling of one’s peers.” From this it follows that “every discovery and, indeed, every change of any sort is immoral, as tending to unsettle men’s minds and hence their custom and hence their morals, which are the net residuum of their mores.” To Havelock Ellis “morality means the manners and customs, with the corresponding ways of feeling and thinking, of the majority of a community at any given time and place.” The extension of their thought leads both into utterances in regard to social behavior which have for conventional ears the note of paradox. Butler for example applies the Greek doctrine of moderation to virtue. “It is as immoral to be too good as to be too anything else. . . . Virtue is, as it were, the repose of sleep or death. Vice is the awakening to the knowledge of good and evil—without which there is no life worthy of the name.” Quite in accord with this Mr. Ellis, when meditating on the “philosophy of obscenity and its æsthetic place in life and in art,” finds that in England and most of all in America: “the natural play of the impulses has been checked; the particular twist of our culture has on one side impeded the manifestations of obscenity, and on the other side, when that impulse has burst its bonds, subjected it to our British tendency, to what Coleridge called *nimiety*, too-muchness, with the inevitable result that a natural reaction of moral propriety”; and concludes: “Without an element of the obscene there can be no true and deep æsthetic or moral conception of life.” Another passage quite in the spirit of Butler is that in which Mr. Ellis points out that the lunatic asylum is an instrument for spiritual castration; and adds: “If the lunatic asylum as at present established had existed three thousand years ago, we may or may not have had Greece and Rome—it is doubtful—but we should certainly have

had no Old Testament and no New. The Hebrew religion would have perished of anæmia and the Christian could never have been born . . . had there been a lunatic asylum in the suburbs of Jerusalem, Jesus Christ would infallibly have been shut up in it at the outset of his public career."

On one point Butler, if he were alive, would perhaps differ with Havelock Ellis. The former's famous doctrine of serving both God and Mammon might obviously be extended to apply to God and Moloch, and we can imagine his laodiceanism countenancing and counselling an acquiescence in the world madness of the War which to the latter is utterly abhorrent. On this subject appears the quality of Mr. Ellis's mind and style which separates him from Butler. He is tender-minded, where Butler is tough-minded. The passages in which he denounces the superior people who took on themselves the blood guilt of the war, and maintained their innocence with self-righteous pharasaism, and now sit complacently licking their chops with the saliva of hypocritical pacifism are the most eloquent which Mr. Ellis has ever written. In invective and in pathos they remind one of Ruskin, the chief of the tender-minded.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Introducing Intelligence

The Nature of Intelligence, by L. L. Thurstone. With ten illustrations. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.00.

INTELLIGENCE testing is now, presumably, in winter quarters, overhauling its ammunition and refilling its ranks after its recent bloody battles. In those encounters, brought on by the disposition of the more ambitious testers to treat the nation to the same process of grading that had been carried through so triumphantly in the army, both the methods and the results of intelligence testing were called seriously in question, and by no one more pointedly than by Mr. Walter Lippmann in the pages of the *New Republic*. In one department the testing corps was particularly weak. To the question, "What is intelligence?"—a fair enough challenge to the inventors of the Intelligence Quotient—no answer could be found. No one knows. Not only that; the fact is notorious that the representation of intelligence as a separate "faculty" of the mind is based upon a psychology that is fast slipping out of the vocabularies of particular people. When threatened with an attack of theory the testers were under the necessity of retreating behind a smoke-screen of correlation statistics.

Dr. Thurstone's study may fairly be considered as an attempt to strengthen the lines at this point. Its author is not without fame as a tester of intelligence, especially of college students. When, two years ago, the newly inaugurated president of Colgate University proposed to create a selected aristocracy of brains at Colgate, his faith was pinned to the Thurstone system, worked out at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. The account we are about to receive has, therefore, a certain authenticity. It springs from personal acquaintance.

The leading motive of Dr. Thurstone's theory is that "psychology starts with the unrest of the inner self, and it completes its discovery in the contentment of the inner self." All that the book contains, of sense and nonsense, is implicit here. The idea is that actions "begin" not with the things that happen to one but with one's own insides. One has a

want or feels an urge. What will serve its purpose? Not the securely latched front door, nor the miraculously warm radiators, but—Ah!—the succulent steak at this very moment sizzling merrily over the coals. Impulse would ravish it at once. But intelligence consists in holding the lid on impulse, thoughtfully broiling the steak to a turn and setting it on the table, nicely trimmed with parsley. Then one eats a sophisticated meal, and psychology fades out on a closeup of the well-filled paunch.

This sequence has a further theoretical significance. Dr. Thurstone remarks that the field of psychology is contested by three sectarian combatants: orthodox psychology, behaviorism, and psycho-analysis. Why not resolve their strife? Nothing seems easier. The same formula that allocates intelligence threads the three schools onto a single string as "the three phases of a continuum." The psychoanalysts have dealt with our insides. They are, then, our first. The orthodox psychology has dealt with the mind. It is our second. Behaviorism rules over actions alone. It is our third. The series is complete. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your kind applause.

Behind this sleight of hand are a number of perfectly sound conceptions. The description of intelligence as trial and error adjustment is sound enough and familiar enough. The slip-up comes of supposing that this casting about which constitutes intelligent behavior occurs at a certain moment of time, separable from other moments when other types of behavior are paramount, or, again, that one casts about with the "mind" but acts with the arms and legs. Suppositions such as these will not bear scrutiny for a minute. The variability of human behavior is quite incontrovertible. But it is not spasmodic. The human species, being endowed with a uniquely generalized organism, and at the same time with a uniquely retentive central nervous system, makes of its life one long, unending experiment which becomes constantly more complex because memory and habit gather up all that happens into an increasingly rich repertory of techniques. All behavior is intelligent because all behavior is experimental. And all behavior is similarly habitual. Whether any moment is a particle more tentative than any other is open to grave doubt. Certainly the off-hand assumption that "reflection" is all intelligence and no habit, or stimulus-response reaction, is quite untenable. Mr. Watson has made it clear that reflection is word-behavior. As such it consists all too largely of the mouthing of ancient formulas. Furthermore, to "stop and think" may be merely to give way to an anxiety neurosis.

Indeed, there could be no greater folly than to relegate psycho-analysis to a "preintelligent" phrase of experience. The whole burden of the Freudian theory is that it includes everything. Its chief contribution to science is certainly its demonstration that human personality is compounded of complexes in which the whole environment and the entire past, reaching back even beyond birth, are knit together into an organic unity. And this is the theory which Dr. Thurstone uses as an instrument for amputating impulse! The case is the same with behaviorism. The whole gospel of behaviorism is that all that we call mind can and must be stated in the language of the organism. Dr. Thurstone proposes to adjust this dispute with the old psychology by assigning the mind to one combatant and the organism to the other. The behaviorists will, no doubt, be very grateful for this penetrating resolution of their argument. Finally, to leave no confusion unconfounded, Dr. Thurstone repudiates the stimulus-response analysis upon which orthodox

psychology is founded. The "inner self" is aboriginal. This, once more, upon the authority of psycho-analysis.

In sum, Dr. Thurstone gives intelligence a commonplace definition which he proceeds to rob of all vitality by amputation. He then justifies the amputation by a general hypothesis in which the disjecta membra of the leading psychological schools are somehow strung together, the torso of each being lost in the scramble.

Under these circumstances it would be futile to talk of testing, which, accordingly, is not mentioned in the book. The administrative cause has not been advanced by this theoretical excursion. Supposing Dr. Thurstone to be right, one could test intelligence only by catching the subject in a moment of reflection or somehow inducing him to turn on the tap. But even then one could not reach the scene of intellectual action. The intellectual process occurs in "mind" which is both impalpable in essence and "prior" to stimulus in action. All the tester can do is watch and see what happens and decide whether he likes it or not. Which is precisely what we have always done.

C. E. AYRES.

Straws and Prayer-Books

Straws and Prayer-Books, by James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.50.

MR. CABELL is, after all, a genealogist. Those who used to note the titles of certain volumes on lineage and the like, which served to finish, some few years ago, the list of his books on front flyleaves, were inclined to view such interests as forming a "side line"—as supplemental, incidental, and soon to be left behind; for surely that family fondness which so often seizes upon the Virginian could not last on indefinitely. Quite the contrary, however, for the present volume, with a last coup de main, turns the author's whole oeuvre into a genealogy, with all centuries and all countries subdued to one intimate purpose. He calls it a Biography. He might as well have called it—in all its subjectivity—an autobiography. He does here, for his own life-work, what he does in the book's later pages for the life-work of George Moore, whose recent collective edition he appraises as "component parts of the one longish book which every sincere literary artist perforce composes and of which his various publications are each a chapter." Yes, the absorbing and indestructible Moi, touched up, idealized, made presentable. The Man of Ebury Street is for Cabell—in one of his two major manifestations—the type of the self-respecting artist. "George Moore" is an edited and considerably embellished effigy devised by "Mr. Moore." The self-idealizer (with his eye on his ego rather than on the repellent workaday world) will prefer to present himself to the general company "shaved, and bathed, and becomingly clothed, and judiciously inspirited with alcohol."

It is the plaint of Mr. Cabell throughout most of the present book, that the American public continues to remember him for his free fling in Jurgens rather than inclines to visualize him in his more flattering totality. And when it is recalled that Jurgens, in some sense, performs the function of an interlude in his general scheme—is an "alcove," as he would say, along his "corridor"—his plaint seems to have some foundation. Pity that a few brash brushstrokes should prejudice the validity of his generalized and multitudinous portrait.

Just as George Moore is made to defend one angle of

the Cabellian fortress, so Joseph Hergesheimer is brought up to defend another. "Why," asks Mr. Cabell, "does a man write?" Consideration of this question is in fact the backbone of his book. Yes, why write? Why spend twenty years or more in the production of some sixteen or eighteen volumes? The novelist, as Mr. Sinclair Lewis took occasion to remind us, after the completion of several of his bulky masterpieces, is cut off from the world of his fellowmen and chained to a desk. His brightest and best years gone, gone!—when he might have spent them raving on the stock exchange, or ranting at Rotarian banquets. Solitude is objectionable, certainly, to the gregariously inclined. But Mr. Cabell is not, so far as I am aware, gregariously inclined. Rather, he nestles in a library. He doesn't mind his solitary labors; but he does ask why he has undertaken them in a country and a society which has so little real esteem for work of that character. It is here that he brings in Mr. Hergesheimer as first aid. Hergesheimer, he reports, wrote for fourteen years without result. Without recognition and reward, that is to say. Mr. Cabell advances this fact to strengthen his contention that "the main and the all-absorbing purpose of literary art is to divert the literary artist." It is the "escape," as they say. The artist turns his back on a disappointing and hateful world, and his face toward a fairer one of his own devising. But this seems to assume that a man always writes about what he likes. Yet there is a choice; one may rush forth, with a Cabell, and yodel about the things he likes, or one may glue himself to his own province, with an Ibsen, and yowl about the things he hates. Not everybody can make the world at will an equivocal fairy vista, or can perceive it, with painter's eye, as a mere stage décor. Some have found it a thumb-screw, others a rack. They write, just the same. The thing familiarly, if pretentiously, called "the urge" explains the matter as well as any theory of self-entertainment, and rather more fundamentally. The force behind has to be taken into account as much as the picture ahead. Cabell himself knows the urge and its inescapable power, if any writing man of our day does. He can fool part of himself part of the time, but not all of himself all of the time.

Cabell has endeavored to bestride our narrow world like a colossus. He straddles the Channel from France to England, and the Atlantic from England to Virginia. He even widens the world by annexing Heaven, Hell, and other vague, equivocal quarters. He is as free with time as with space. He is mediævally Gallic; he is eighteenth-century Georgian; he is a busy denizen of the Henrico County of to-day; he can dip back into Greece for serviceable myths; and he can fabricate his own undated legends at need and will. Of course he must have a definite ethnic basis, which is Anglo-Saxon in spite of all. As one of our blood, he approaches his material, as has been implied by others, in the combined spirit of a Marlowe and a Congreve, uniting the free imaginative flights of an early Elizabethan with the somewhat insolent license and élan of a wit of the Restoration. To top off all, he puts on the headpiece of a fifteenth-century French clerk; and thus equipped he juggles with most of the human interests and passions. He seems like a thaumaturge who is graduating into a demiurge—a large order.

With some considerable capacity for making a world of his own, he has become less and less satisfied with the world actually offered for his inspection, approval, acceptance. It is for himself to say whether he turned from our world out

of disappointment and distaste, or whether he tried his hand at another because he found that hand equal to the work. The theory of "the urge" (which he, least of all men, has escaped) allows validity to the second half of the alternative. It seems to have swept all his generations of men into an ordered cosmos. Yet a more important consideration remains. With his world now finished, drawn together, capped by that topmost coping which is the present book, what is to come next? A creator idly folding his hands? Merely a long contemplation of the completed work and a reiterated declaration that it is "good"? A frowning look toward the rival record of Genesis I., in that "bilious and insolent spirit" recently sketched by Mr. Mencken? Truly, the future presents its difficulties. Thanks may be offered by those artists who function on a lower and humbler plane.

HENRY B. FULLER.

Madness in the Diaphragm

Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad, by Donald Ogden Stewart. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

MR. AND MRS. HADDOCK ABROAD introduces into the written form of contemporary humor that element of logical madness which illuminates the evanescent genius of a few of our vaudeville, revue and movie comedians. This madness, however, did not come from vaudeville to Mr. Stewart's book, but from the organic sources of modern laughter, sources to which he has almost constant access. Ring Lardner has brought in the same element in those short lunacies which he calls plays; but these excursions of Lardner's into the madder field has been too swift and abstract to compare with Stewart's book.

Nor can Alice in Wonderland be made to serve as a comparison. Alice's adventures are fancifully inconsequent and have no meaning in the character of Alice, or of anyone else; they are timeless folly. But the Haddocks, as they go on their crazy way, are definitely placed in time and space. They come at the present moment from that Middle West which has and is still furnishing the neo-Masters school of writers with material for uninspired bitterness. But Stewart is not bitter nor even satirical about the Haddocks, he encourages them to the full and is as much amused with them as by them.

James Joyce's *Ulysses* is perhaps the most direct clue to the form which has served to release Mr. Stewart into the sanely crazy world of his laughter, as it will probably become increasingly the clue to many things in many books. Joyce, in his brothel scene, dramatizes the drunken imaginations of Bloom and Dedalus. Strange distorted happenings, mad people who turn into others without warning—these and many more appearances serve Joyce to throw unbelievable lights on those two main characters, as well as to exhibit his own immense, perverse humor. So, on another scale and plane, with the Haddocks. If the steward who shows them to their cabin suddenly becomes a real estate agent who purs about southern exposure and sea view; if an attempt to reach the deck steward and hire chairs becomes a scene in which two foolish women hold up a line in front of a theatre ticket-window and end their folly in the maw of a mechanical white whale, while the South Bethlehem Tonkunst and Liederkranz Society sings the final chorus, Gott Ist Ewig; if the sight of twelve waiters in the dining saloon precipitates Mr. Haddock into first a jury trial

and then his own nomination for a presidential candidate; if a rising elevator in a hotel becomes a ride for life or death; it is not only because Stewart wishes to make these scenes into excellent vignettes of satire, but also because the Haddocks' souls are filled with the tag-ends of modern life and stuffed with the mythology of the daily papers.

But there is a purer madness in this book which leads to such refections as Mr. Perkins, the street cleaner who advises that the cuisine at the Ritz has fallen off and who hates horses, as the unwonted occurrence in the women's bath, as the captain of the ship who falls overboard three times, always "on purpose."

Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad is far better than any of Mr. Stewart's previous books and the next will be as much better again if he will become self-conscious enough to give his style more consideration, for the sake of pointedness and economy and emphasis. He needs that discipline; but I hope that in acquiring it he will not become so self-conscious as to spoil the quality of his wit, for he has the spontaneous, gigantic crudity which is essential to our native humor and one of its grandest distinctions.

H. PHELPS PUTNAM,

Sard Harker

Sard Harker, By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

SARD HARKER distinguishes itself amid the flood of autumn's books by unassailable evidence that it was written by a master of his craft; for Mr. Masefield pilots no unseaworthy talent, and his narrative answers to his will like a ship. The story of Sard Harker, first mate of the Pathfinder, who, unforgetful of the girl he loved when a boy in quiet England, pursues her through visions and dreams afloat, and through violent experiences on shore, is very frankly one of adventure. Mr. Masefield is a rare author who owns both an inspired imagination and a broad background of powerful life; and these combine to give a dreadful actuality to the otherwise fanciful country of Santa Barbara, to the town of Las Palomas, to the setting of a prize-fight incomparably seen and described, to the shadowy mansion, Los Xicales, to the sinister figure of Father Garsinton, with his black magic, and to the places and people and pictures that haunt Sard's tortured pilgrimage through the mountains. In richness of material, in sheer abundance, the book is an amazing one. Yet those whose pleasure resides solely in the excitement and passion of Sard's enduring struggle across the Sierras, must miss the greater satisfaction to be found in a perception of beautiful workmanship. By means of a minute attention to realities throughout this part of the book, to ores, pebbles, flowers, grass, trees, to the cries and colors of birds, to the sight and sound of water, to the smell and taste of wild meat, to the sky, and to the subtleties of secret and primitive ruffians, Mr. Masefield, while maintaining an emphasis on Sard, his hero, has managed to produce the orchestral effect of a sustained, powerful tutti which rises to a crescendo and falls to a quiet—and somewhat unequal—closing. Done casually, in Mr. Masefield's matter of fact way; yet none the less warily. He is a precise master of all the means; one minor figure, Tia Eusebia, is identified through description, "a tall old proud-looking negress . . . a big straw Gainsborough hat upon her head . . . very heavy old silver earrings in her ears, which were small . . . walked like an empress"; while the breadth of Captain

Cary is caught in the pulse of the conversation ascribed to him. The latter is also described by a sea chantey; but this is a graceful gratuity, as are the verses about Sard, and the sonnets that make Don Manuel and Sard's ship, *The Pathfinder*, charming and memorable. It takes assurance and temerity to produce a Sard Harker—dissected parts are certain to be assigned to every romance from De Foe to Conrad, through Hugo and Melville and W. H. Hudson. Though it derive from the authoress of the *Odyssey*: what of it? One must use a certain amount of commonplace stock to build even the most original of castles in Spanish America. It is the execution that counts. And no one could improve on what Mr. Masfield has done in *Sard Harker*.

HELEN GOODSPEED.

The Return of Elsie

Elsie and the Child by Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT could not find it in his heart to leave Elsie, the imperturbable brunt-bearer of Riceyman's Steps, at the end of that novel. Elsie was no ordinary character—she had suffered, she had known life, and though she wore for the most part a sort of unthinking brute stolidity, behind that front lay dewey spaces of emotion which even the trials of Riceyman's Steps could not entirely exhaust. Mr. Bennett found her good for half a book more. *Elsie and the Child* is not, as you might expect of the sequel to a book with a happy ending, about Elsie and her child, but about the passionate twelve-year-old attachment of Elsie's employers' daughter for Elsie. It deals with the upstairs and downstairs life in Elsie's employers' house, with the tensions and embarrassments and minor tragedies of a household, matters which Mr. Bennett enjoys with the honest pleasure of a man who knows what he can do well. With the fragile mesh of Elsie's feelings he does wonders of subtle analysis, but in the end Elsie takes on too many of the perceptions and sensibilities of Mr. Arnold Bennett. She suffers, the imponderable Elsie, from pathetic fallacy.

The stories which fill up the book are stories by Mr. Arnold Bennett—polished, inimitable, a little tired perhaps, but certainly all seconds from the best of light fiction.

E. V.

The Shirt

The Shirt, by Peter E. Wright. New York: George H. Doran Company \$2.50.

ONCE upon a time there was in the Republic of Caria a merchant who by successive acquisitions became owner of the greater part of its wealth. At his death it passed to his son Charles." So begins the melting of a wax figure which deceives no one. Mr. Wright pointed out once, when pointing was not polite, that the Supreme War Council was not above human frailties despite its magniloquent name. He has remained in this frame of mind. Now comes, in the form of a fable and a Gulliverism, a most suave, sprightly, neat, devastating disposal of the whole of civilization, or that part of it, at least, which is provided by Europe and America. The pseudonyms are a mere transparent trick for clearing the reader's mind of real implications. Crete, where most of

the action takes place, is England, and the Carians, "who stayed too late at the office to be bothered with even those habits which nature has implanted deepest in man," so that such as were born there "had the look of having been hastily begotten between business hours"—are most assuredly Americans. Safe in his pseudo-imaginary world Mr. Wright can simplify and exaggerate without dragging the ball and chain of actuality. It is the refuge of the serious cartoonist.

This book has the double merit of a mellowness, a sort of sophistication of satire, and a refreshing novelty. It is always entertaining and very often true.

T. V.

Red Dawn

Red Dawn, by Pio Baroja. Translated from the Spanish by Isaac Goldberg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

AFTER the rocket, the stick! In *The Quest* and *Weeds*, the first two volumes of his trilogy, *The Struggle for Life*, Baroja illuminated startlingly certain dark wastes of human nature. In this third volume, the vivid, grotesque, at times repulsive, pictures of life are crowded to the wall by long disquisitions on different phases of anarchism. There is no trace of plot (not even of an anarchistic plot); the new characters are principally specimens of anarchists; there is almost no movement in the series of disjointed scenes through which figures of types unknown to most of us mouth their theories; there is, indeed, still something of the atmosphere of Spain, but this is blurred by too free use of American idiom in the translation.

If the theme of the work, as a whole, is the futility of human effort, then the title of this last volume is magnificently ironical and its last words are symbolic—"It had grown dark." The greater the pity that a theme of such inevitable appeal should have been marred in its conclusion by dull expositions of theory. A work great in intention but of imperfectly realized art.

E. R.

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A. R. ORAGE, for many years editor of the English publication, *The New Age*, is the author of *Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism*, *Readers and Writers*, and *Consciousness: Animal, Human and Superman*.

BABETTE DEUTSCH is the author of *Banners*, a book of verse. ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER, poet and essayist, is the author of *The Musical Amateur*, *Magic Flame* and *Other Poems*, and *Fiddler's Luck*.

WITTER BYNNER is the author of *The Beloved Stranger*, *A Canticle of Pan*, *A Book of Plays*, etc.

HENRY B. FULLER, novelist and poet, is a frequent reviewer for the *New Republic* and other periodicals.

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THE etchers represented are outstanding leaders in their field. They are of no one school. They are neither all "modern" nor all "conservative." They were selected chiefly because of their Americanness and their wide range. The work of no one of them resembles that of another (either of this or of any other group). They are in the fullest and best sense, original and individual.

ERNEST HASKELL,

a master technician represented in this set by "Sentinels of North Creek" is perhaps the closest student of the art of etching in this country. We are extremely fortunate in having one of his latest plates, a marvel of clean line, economy of means of expression and rhythmic design. He frankly admits the debt he owes to Rembrandt and Leonardo.

PEGGY BACON,

in "The Promenade Deck" (the single dry point of the set), reveals herself as a most penetrating depicter of character. A shoe by her needlepoint tells the story of its wearer. There is wit and biting satire in her populous plate and a wealth of keen, kindly fun.

JOHN MARIN'S

fine contribution will inevitably offend, intrigue, startle and delight. It is a characteristic piece of work, defiant of academic standards, pulsing with desire, quivering with emotion, tragically sure and unsure at the same time. This plate is a synthesis of sensation—the artist's own and his contemporaries'.

HAYES MILLER,

one of the most thoughtful and thought-provoking of American artists, contributes "Play," a study of three nudes, a woman and two children. There is a stark profundity, a serene dignity, an almost austere sincerity about Hayes Miller's work that marks him as a kind of ironic modern Ryder, aloof, alone, mysterious.

EDWARD HOPPER,

whose "Night Shadows" is included in this set, is a finder of beauty in the seemingly commonplace. Robustly American, he knows how to make even the supposedly hideous, gabled house of the 70's sing with design. Light (as in "Night Shadows"—perhaps his finest single plate) plays an important part in all his work.

JOHN SLOAN,

lover of cities, Dickens-like chronicler of American life, also contributes a "best" plate, "The Bandit's Cave"—a Greenwich Village night scene, wherein hesitating maidens are being urged by their escort to enter the alluring door. This plate is not only a superlative example of etching, it is a rich harmony of design in characterization, in form, in depth and in feeling.



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The Week

THE European and American world, or that part of it which can afford the luxury of prophesying, is feeling somewhat less tense and apprehensive on January 1, 1925 than it did on January 1, 1924. The most important political events of the year have been the drawing up of the Dawes plan to settle the quarrel over reparations, the overthrow of the Poincaré government in France, the agreement between the new radical French government and the British Labor government to put the Dawes plan in operation, the adoption by the Assembly of the League of Nations of the new Protocol which proposes to outlaw war, and, finally, the victory of the British and American conservatives at the fall elections. The effect of all these events has been to increase the volume of business transactions and to create in the minds of influential people a larger measure of confidence. The problems of international politics and finance do not look quite so unmanageable as they did a year ago.

They are being disposed of not by Poincarés or MacDonalds but by cautious conservatives whom the world takes to be particularly safe and trustworthy.

IT remains to be seen whether they will justify their good repute. The most serious problem with which they will have to deal will continue to be the relation between France and Germany. During 1925 the French and British governments will have to reach two or three critical decisions, the result of which will be either to give the Dawes plan a measurable chance of success or else to condemn it to certain failure. They will have to decide whether they propose to convert Germany's continued default under a treaty which was impossible of execution into an excuse for the permanent occupation of the Rhineland. The British propose to remain in Cologne which they promised to evacuate on January 10, 1925, for some time longer on the ground that Germany is not sufficiently disarmed, but the government almost admits that the alleged reason is only a pretext. It does not propose to retire from Cologne as long as French troops occupy the Ruhr. If the British did, the French would move in, treaty or no treaty, and they assume that the Germans would prefer a British to a French garrison for the Cologne district. They are no doubt right in this, but the delay will create popular resentment in Germany and is likely to provoke recriminations which will increase the difficulty of evacuating the Ruhr in August. If the evacuation of the Ruhr is delayed, the Dawes plan will soon become inoperable.

FOR this and other reasons 1925 will be a critical year in the determination of the future relationship between France and Germany. From the Armistice until the acceptance of the Dawes plan the only theory which fully accounted for the facts of the French behavior towards Germany was that the French politicians had decided on the permanent subjugation of Germany as a necessary condition of the future safety of France. Since M. Herriot assumed power there has been a change of attitude, of which the two expressions were the acquiescence of the French government in the Dawes plan and its acceptance of the Geneva Protocol which

associated the security of France with a plan for the security of the other European countries. The question is whether the existing or subsequent French governments will continue to pursue a policy which will give Germany a chance to recover physically and morally, or whether they will return to the policy of preventing Germany from regaining independence or prosperity on the ground that if she is allowed to recover her revival would be equivalent to winning the war. It must be remembered that the French Nationalist politicians have not as yet surrendered any of the power over the future destiny of Germany which they obtained by virtue of the Versailles Treaty and the occupation of the Ruhr. Germany is certain to default under the schedules of the Dawes plan just as she cannot help but default under many other provisions of the Treaty. In the event of default the French government can finally select penalties which it will impose upon Germany. So long as France retains this power and Germany is disarmed, there can be no security for labor and property in Germany or for peace in Europe.

IN the course of the new year the French politicians will have to indicate clearly what their future policy will be. The recovery of Germany and her ability to pay some reparations does not depend merely upon the evacuation of the Ruhr and the administration of the Dawes plan in the spirit of a just consideration of the interest of the German people. It depends also upon the administration of other clauses of the Treaty—particularly on those clauses which deal with the occupation of the Rhineland. If the German territory which under the Treaty is to be progressively evacuated is not evacuated, and if it is not evacuated for reasons which would justify the indefinite prolongation of the occupation by Great Britain and France, the Germans will infer that the French with the connivance of the British government had no intention of permitting them to regain their security and their territorial inviolability. In that event they will work themselves back into the condition of desperation from which the stabilization of their currency and the Dawes plan rescued them for the moment. Sooner or later France will be forced either to ruin Germany or to give back her liberty and security. At present there is no indication that she proposes to do the latter and it is doubtful whether she dares or is resolved to do the former. Yet she cannot hesitate much longer. Before the end of 1925 the French government will have to decide whether it will pursue one or the other of these mutually exclusive policies.

GERMANY, which has been giving serious consideration to becoming a member of the League of Nations, has raised in that connection a point of genuine importance. Under certain conditions a member of the League may be called upon for military activity on behalf of the general peace; and this

obligation will be even stronger if the Protocol of Geneva should come into effect. Germany, however, is required by the Treaty of Versailles to remain perpetually disarmed; and substantially this condition exists, however much it may be denied by the Allies for their own political purposes, and however much the Nationalists may plot fantastic dreams of revenge. Germany as a League member would therefore find herself between the devil and the very deep sea. Disarmed, she can neither protect herself nor aid any general policing scheme of the League. But unless her neutrality is specifically guaranteed, any nation which was taking military action in defiance of the League could overrun the German frontier as Germany herself once overran that of Belgium. Clearly, here is an aspect of the present European situation which the League's officials have not yet thought out; and until they do so, there is not much use in expecting Germany to become a member.

THE internal struggle over the personality and policies of Trotzky does not prevent the Moscow government from continuing to be active in foreign affairs—an activity partly real and partly created by the lively imaginations of its enemies. Among its genuine achievements of late, must be listed an understanding with Japan on the long vexed question of the northern half of the island of Sakhalin. Press reports indicate that Russian sovereignty is recognized, but economic concessions go to the Tokyo government. Less reliable are the reports of an understanding among Moscow, Chang Tso-lin, now in control of the Peking government, and Dr. Sun Yat-sen of Canton, though such an alignment is by no means unlikely. From the Balkans comes a stream of obviously inspired propaganda declaring that the Bolsheviki are planning a series of immediate uprisings in all the Balkan states. The report is sufficiently improbable on its face to leave room for speculation only as to what the professional liars of the foreign offices really want this time. In this connection it is worth noting that the manufacture of artificial hysteria over an immediate communistic revolution in France has suddenly stopped. About the only political event of the week which has not been ascribed to Russian influence is the revolution in Albania, headed by Ahmed Zogu Bey, which has overturned the fledgling government of the Harvard-educated premier, Bishop Fan Noli. Russia escapes because of anxiety to blame the Serbs.

NO one needs to be told that one of the worst problems the American workingman faces is the housing question. In the large cities, particularly since the war, rents have risen until many thousands of families find themselves obliged to go without other supposed necessities in order to keep a roof over their heads; and even then their quarters are likely to be dark, small and airless, without adequate

recreation facilities for children or a decent degree of privacy for anybody. Thoroughly alive to this condition, four unions in the needle trades in New York City are today contemplating a step which may prove of the greatest significance and importance. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union, Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, Furriers Union and Capmakers Union are planning to build a series of "model" apartment houses, to be occupied by their own members. The project will cost not less than \$1,000,000; the architect, Mr. Andrew J. Thomas, is the most successful American builder of multi-family housing of an economical character; and the financing will be done by two of the labor banks established in New York not long ago.

IF the plan goes through—and there is every reason to believe it will—labor will have taken another and a long step toward freeing itself from the grip of the profiteering capitalist. The new enterprise will not be philanthropic; the banks will get a reasonable rate of interest on their money, and their investment is to be amortized in the course of a few years. Even with these charges, first-class apartments occupying not more than half the ground area, the other half being devoted to park and playground space, can be built in New York and sold on the installment plan at a maximum monthly rate of ten dollars a room, which includes all operating costs. Or the same apartments can be rented at a slightly lower figure and still produce a reasonable return on the investment. The difference between that rate and the fifteen or twenty dollars a room which the workingman now must pay for far inferior quarters, represents the difference between a coöperative enterprise financed by labor, and the fat profits which the private speculative builder demands and shares in turn with the big lending institutions which at present enjoy a virtual monopoly in providing new houses. The actual amount of relief provided by the new enterprise will not be important; but its value as an object lesson will be incalculable.

IS there any reason, asks the American Indian Defense Association, why the tuberculosis death rate of the Navajo Indians should be ten times that of the registration area of the United States; why there should be twenty-five thousand cases among two hundred and ten thousand Indians; why their trachoma patients should be allowed to go blind in the presence of known methods of prevention? There are, of course, plenty of reasons. The American Indian is a charge that has sat very lightly on the Puritan conscience of America. The shortage of decent medical service among them is by no means the greatest of the ills the Indians have suffered at our hands. Neither will the rectification of these conditions make amends for the wiping out of their civilization. But nothing could do that,

while immediate assistance will do something toward eliminating the most deplorable aspects of the present. Therefore the association is preparing to launch a comprehensive drive against the whole existing system of handling Indian affairs. The future may offer the Indian no alternative but what has confronted him in the past: extermination or assimilation. But even so, he is entitled in the present to the most humane treatment the "superior" civilization can muster.

GERMANY'S foreign trade returns for the first nine months of 1924 present a rather pessimistic picture from the point of view of reparation payments. Taken in millions of gold marks, German exports and imports of commodities (including precious metals) for that period compare as follows with the year 1913:

	Exports	Imports	Unfavorable balance
Jan.-Oct., 1924....	5,165.8	6,965.5	1,899.7
75 percent of 1913.	7,649.1	8,404.7	755.6

THUS the value of German exports in 1924 was only 67.4 percent of the 1913 figure, while the value of the imports was equal to 82.5 percent of the pre-war amount. The deficit in 1924 was two and one-half times the deficit in 1913. While these figures are not altogether accurate, because of the conditions in the occupied territory, they are sufficiently indicative of the existence of a marked deficit in Germany's foreign trade. The condition would have to be just the reverse to make possible a transfer of reparation funds from Germany to the creditor countries.

HOW Germany makes up the deficit in her foreign trade is a rather interesting problem. Her borrowing capacity abroad is practically negligible, while the balance of invisible accounts is anything but favorable. There seems little doubt that the deficit of nearly two billion gold marks in the trade for the first nine months of 1924 was made up out of the accumulations of German deposits abroad. This is one of the forms in which these liquid resources are being brought back to Germany. German purchases abroad are stimulated by the change in the price level between Germany and some of the other countries that came about as a result of her currency stabilization. Prices in Germany have been rising ever since the introduction of the Rentenmark, and the holders of money on deposit in foreign banks now find it profitable to bring it back to the country in the form of essential raw materials and food-stuffs. The increase in the importation of these categories of goods bears out this conclusion. But German deposits abroad are limited, while stocks of raw materials have a tendency to become exhausted. The outlook for foreign trade during the coming year is markedly worse than it was last year.

Why a Third Party?

THE opposition which developed at the recent meeting in Washington of representatives of the Conference for Progressive Political Action to the immediate organization of a third party was to be expected. Many times in recent American politics the progressives have during the excitement and enthusiasm of a presidential campaign cherished lively expectations of the subsequent organization of a third party which would be sufficiently strong to contest a national election with the two old parties, but with equal regularity most of the leaders, who during the turmoil of election appeared to favor a third party, later turned either indifferent or hostile. So it now is. It did not require three months ago any unusual shrewdness to predict that as soon as the voting was over and the decision digested, the enthusiasm for a third party would begin to evaporate. This evaporation would have taken place even if La Follette had polled twice as many votes as he did. The obstacles to the formation of a third party are associated with some fundamental characteristics of American political institutions and traditions and American economic and social life.

The interesting letter of Mr. C. A. Sorensen, published elsewhere in this issue, indicates what from the point of view of a practical politician some of these obstacles are. Mr. Sorensen believes apparently with sufficient reason that in Nebraska progressivism, unless it is labelled Republican, has no chance of winning elections. A progressive like Senator Norris running as a Republican is easily victorious. A progressive like La Follette, running as the candidate of a third party, is overwhelmingly defeated. The voters will support a progressive who is also a Republican, but they will not support a progressive who is not a Republican except occasionally when he happens to be a Democrat. If a progressive proposes to get elected in that part of the country, he must wear either one party label or the other. According to Mr. Sorensen, consequently, the way to make progressivism count in American politics is to dedicate the energy, money and enthusiasm which would be wasted in organizing a third party to winning and keeping control of the Republican party machine.

From the point of view of local practical politics, Mr. Sorensen's contention obviously has a great deal of force. It explains the extreme reluctance of progressives who occupy a position of prominence in either party to abandon their Republican or Democratic allegiance. All active politicians, progressive or the reverse, are primarily interested in electing themselves and other people to office; and at the present moment one of the two old party labels is almost indispensable to success in any local election. Political leaders like Senators Brookhart and Norris, who have little in common with their colleagues in the Republican party, find it necessary

to remain Republican, and Senator Wheeler, who as a Progressive candidate for Vice-President did what he could to discredit the Democratic party, announces himself, as soon as the campaign is over, once more a Democrat. Senator La Follette himself has an extremely difficult decision to make. If he consents to resume the name of Republican, he can presumably continue to control the political destinies of Wisconsin, whereas if he repudiates all allegiance to Republicanism and calls his local organization by some other name, as for the present he must and will, it will be more difficult for his machine to retain its existing supremacy in Wisconsin politics.

The reasons which Mr. Sorensen has advanced in favor of keeping progressive political agitation either Republican or Democratic are from the point of view of the practical politician unanswerable. If the paramount desideratum in American politics is to win local elections, a third party is an undesirable venture. But practical politics does not consist merely in winning the next election. It is because the New Republic does look at practical politics from a different angle that we consider the organization of a third party indispensable to the increasing power in American political life of a progressive outlook. Yet we agree with Mr. Sorensen that the kind of politicians who operate the existing party machinery, no matter whether they are progressive or conservative, will never have the patience and the faith to organize a third party. They will rally to it fast enough after it becomes powerful and try to make it as much like the existing parties as possible, but they will never take the risks nor know how to use the methods which are necessary to the creation of a partizan instrument of progressivism.

Where we differ from Mr. Sorensen is in our interpretation of the kind of party organization which is prepared to promote the success in politics of a progressive economic program. He compares the fabrication of a new party machine to the building of a second or a third railroad when one or two existing lines are fully competent to handle the traffic. It is more economical, he says, to take possession of an existing railroad and place good progressives on the board of directors. But the difficulty is that a political party, either conservative or progressive, is not or should not be merely a piece of machinery. It should to a certain extent form a community. The members of a party should possess a foundation of common interests and purposes. A voter who enrolls as a Republican should consider himself in substantial agreement with other Republicans about the kind of government which he would prefer for himself and his fellow countrymen. By enrolling as a Republican and sharing in a Republican primary, a conscientious man assumes some responsibility for the welfare of the party and for the actions and opinions of his associates. He should be willing to make substantial concessions in

order to coöperate with his fellow Republicans. If this is true, why should a progressive, who believes that the public welfare demands a thorough-going revision in the existing distribution of political and economic power, associate himself with a party which contains almost all of his conservative and reactionary fellow countrymen? If he and his progressive comrades should succeed in capturing the party organization, the conservatives would in the long run themselves secede or become Democratic.

Mr. Sorensen is arguing the question wholly from the point of a temporary condition in the politics of Nebraska and other western states. It so happens that in Nebraska, Iowa and the like, certain progressive leaders who would be defeated on a third party ticket can be elected as Republicans, and he considers it of greater importance for progressive voters to remain Republican in order to keep men like Senator Norris in the Senate than to compromise Mr. Norris's future success by organizing a temporary third party. But, desirable as it is to elect Senators such as Norris and Brookhart, they and their fellow progressives will after their election form a small minority in Congress, and without the support of a national party, they can never become anything like a majority in Congress. The conditions in the Eastern and Middle Western states differ sharply from those which prevail in Nebraska. In many Eastern and Middle Western states the majority of progressively inclined voters are as or more likely to be Democratic than Republican. In these states the great majority of Republicans are conservative. New York progressives who enrolled as Republicans in the hope of electing progressives to office would be comparable to a man who enrolled in the army of Napoleon in the hope of contributing to peace on earth. Republicanism in Nebraska may be and doubtless is more progressive than Republicanism in the East, but if so, as Mr. Sorensen himself declares, the Nebraska Republicans will remain progressive only by dissociating themselves from Republicans in other states. They would be secessionists within the party and in the end would, if successful, merely promote political confusion by preventing both conservatism and progressivism from creating trustworthy partizan instruments of government.

For many years now the two older parties have been steadily changing into coalitions of economic or sectional groups which possessed little unity of purpose, interest or conviction. They are machines for selecting and electing candidates for office, which in the event of victory are not sufficiently united to agree upon an effective common course of action. Since the Republicans returned to power in 1921, they have found it almost impossible to legislate upon domestic economic and political problems. Dissensions within their ranks paralyzed their efforts. Still sharper conflicts almost split the Democratic party during the sessions of its last national

convention. In the end the Democracy was obliged to sacrifice its momentum as a party to a merely formal unity by nominating a middle-of-the-road candidate in whom neither conservatives nor progressives could take any positive interest. When and how the Democratic party will regain its vitality is a matter of guess work, but in the meantime the Republican party has developed in a direction which will make the situation of progressives who try to remain within the Republican party ridiculous. Under President Coolidge's leadership it is coming to be less of an unprincipled machine and more of a political community, but it is a community which is consciously conservative, and which is tending to exclude progressives from its ranks as heretics and traitors.

For our part we devoutly hope that hereafter the Republicans will come to be more rather than less consciously and intelligently conservative. In that case it will be possible and comparatively easy to build up gradually a consciously progressive opposition party which will offer to the voters a positive alternative to Republican conservatism. But a progressive party will never be organized and populated by leaders who consider that the most important objective of progressive politics is the electing of the more progressive of two candidates to office. The substance of the new organization will have to be voters who believe that the existing economic system deprives them of any sufficient power over their welfare and who are convinced that they will never obtain this power until they create a partizan instrument under their own control. A progressive party composed of such raw material could depend upon a motivation no less strong than that of the conservatives for sticking together and for educating themselves to carry out their task. An attempt will be made early in 1925 to organize the La Follette voters into the beginnings of such a party. It may not be attended with much immediate success. It is doubtful whether there are at present a large enough number of American workers who are mentally prepared to support a workers' party. But they are steadily increasing, and sooner or later they will plan and build the necessary machinery. Until they do American progressives will have to struggle along without the protection and the comfort of an appropriate and weatherproof home. They may be obliged to live from hand to mouth and occupy for a few months at a time any available shelter. This they are in the circumstances fully justified in doing, but they are not justified in confusing such political subterfuges with a satisfactory organization of progressive politics. If a redistribution of political and economic power is as desirable, in fact as urgently demanded, as progressives think it is, and if national parties are indispensable agencies of American government, then sooner or later out of the sheer necessities of the situation there will arise a national progressive party.

The Joker in the London Protocol

THE protocol embodying the results of last summer's inter-allied conference in London now appears to contain a palpable joker. The agreement had for its purpose the institution of the Dawes plan. Yet, were the objectionable provision applied, it would practically paralyze the most important feature of the whole arrangement.

This provision has already precipitated one threatening incident. It has brought forth a significant ruling and a subsequent protest from the Agent for Reparation Payments. It is to be one of the chief points of discussion at the meeting of the Ministers of Finance of the former allied states, scheduled to take place during the first half of January, for the purpose of discussing the question of the inter-allied debts and a reallocation of reparation receipts.

The provision is contained in section C, Article 4 of Annex III to the Final Protocol. It reads as follows

The German government will pay over to the Agent General for Reparation Payments during the transition period such monthly installments as, added to the receipts above provided for (collections and charges levied in the occupied territory), shall place at his disposal each month an amount equal to one-twelfth of the first annuity under the experts' plan, less the estimated receipts during the month from the operation of the British reparation recovery act or corresponding measures which may be adopted by the other allied governments and the paper marks supplied to the armies of occupation.

The joker is contained in the reference to the deductions on account of the "operation of the British reparation recovery act or corresponding measures which may be adopted by the other allied governments."

At the time of the signing of the document both Great Britain and France had reparation recovery acts on their statute books. They were passed in 1921, in conformity with the London Schedule of Payments, drawn up in May of that year, one of the provisions of which was that a part of Germany's payments on account of the reparation annuity then fixed was to consist of a 26 percent levy on the proceeds of the German exports. The British and the French governments, by their reparation recovery acts, imposed a 26 percent tax on all German imports into their respective countries, with the understanding that the German exporters, who would thus be compelled to give up to the treasuries of these countries 26 percent of their proceeds, would be reimbursed in marks by the German government.

The British act was put into operation almost immediately after its adoption. It yielded the British treasury considerable sums through the second half of 1921, and through all of 1922 and 1923. Dur-

ing the first half of 1924 until after the London conference, it was applied less strictly and its yields were much smaller. But later it was restored to full operation, and during the months of September and October the proceeds of the levy amounted to about one and one-half million pounds. The French act remained inoperative for three years. Then suddenly, on September 21, 1924, the French government issued a decree, which put the act into full operation, as of October 1. On that date it began to levy a 26 percent tax on all German imports into France.

Thus when the Agent General for Reparation Payments and his Transfer Committee finally began their activities, they were confronted by a situation, in which the two principal allied powers were collecting reparation payments directly and on their own account. They were doing this presumably under the authority of the London Protocol of last summer, which recognized specifically the existence of the reparation recovery tax by providing for the deduction of its equivalent from the total payments required from Germany.

Germany resented the action of France in suddenly bringing into operation the reparation recovery act. Her government vigorously protested against the collection of the tax and refused to reimburse the German exporters who were thus deprived of more than a quarter of their proceeds. Her contention was that the imposition of the tax is hostile to the spirit of the London protocol. The French reply quoted the provision in the protocol to which we referred at the beginning of this article. The Germans then replied by a general protest against the reparation tax on the ground that it takes out of the hands of the Transfer Committee undivided control over the transfer of reparation funds from Germany to the allied countries, as provided for in the experts' plan, but expressed their willingness to coöperate in its execution provided they had formal assurance from the Agent General for Reparation Payment to the effect that an equivalent of the tax would really be deducted from the sums required from the German government.

In the meantime, there was no secret as to the real reason for the action taken by the French government. For months past the French government had been preparing for negotiations with Germany concerning a commercial treaty between the two countries, to take the place of the economic clauses of the treaty of Versailles which expire on January 10, 1925. Germany's position in these negotiations is decidedly stronger than that of France. The renewed energy of the reparation recovery act was intended, undoubtedly, as a means of giving an extra trump to the French.

The Franco-German conference, dealing with the new commercial treaty, opened on October 1. For the moment, the question of the reparation tax was set aside, as the conference centered its attention on other phases of the problem. In any event, the

tax problem, from that time on was dependent for its solution upon the action of the Agent General. This action was taken on November 14, when Mr. Parker Gilbert addressed the following letter to the German Minister of Finance:

In conformity with the provisions of the Experts' Plan to the effect that the use and withdrawal of monies to the credit of the annuity shall be controlled and regulated by the Agent-General and the Transfer Committee, I have the honor to inform you that the Agent-General for Reparation Payments will not credit the German Government on account of the annuity with any sums it may pay to exporters in reimbursement of deductions made from their invoices on and after December 1, 1924, because of any Reparation Recovery Acts.

Any sums that may be required for the foregoing purpose will be paid only by the Agent-General for Reparation Payments if, and to the extent, authorized by the Transfer Committee.

The Transfer Committee, at its meeting on October 31, 1924, authorized the Agent-General to make payments under the Reparation Recovery Acts until further action by the committee.

It is difficult to see how Mr. Gilbert justifies this ruling in view of the definiteness of the provision in the London protocol. Legally his position is weak. And there is no wonder that he bases his decision on "the provisions of the experts' plan," rather than on the protocol. From the point of view of the plan his position is more than sound.

The application of the reparation recovery tax by any of Germany's creditors, and a subsequent deduction of the sums thus collected from the amounts which Germany is supposed to hand over to the Agent General, constitutes an automatic and haphazard method of transferring reparation funds from Germany abroad. Yet the whole purpose in setting up the transfer committee is to organize this conveyance in such a way that German currency and the general economic stability of Germany would not be adversely affected by it. A tax of 26 percent, levied by individual governments upon German exports, so hampers the Agent General as to make that particular phase of his problem difficult, if not altogether impossible.

Mr. Gilbert followed his ruling by a letter, addressed to the Reparation Commission for transmission to the interested governments, setting forth his position in the matter. In the meantime his ruling has, in effect, changed the whole situation with regard to the reparation tax. If the Transfer Committee should refuse the claim of German exporters for reimbursement on account of the tax, then the proceeds of the tax would no longer be credited to the reparation account of the German government, and the tax itself would become merely an extraordinary tariff measure. It would hinder trade between Germany and her creditors, and probably bring reprisals by the German government.

From the point of view of the interests of both

Germany and her creditors, the tax ought to be abolished. It has never been equitably administered. Theoretically, its proceeds should have been pooled for the benefit of all of the Allied powers. In reality, they were retained by the British treasury. The continuation of this procedure is no longer tenable, if the Dawes plan is to be administered in the spirit in which it was devised. The question raised by the tax is really part of the problem of reallocating the reparation receipts, which is soon to come up before the conference of the Ministers of Finance. It is to be hoped that these gentlemen will see the wisdom of dispensing with it altogether. It is a device which properly belongs to Lloyd George's era, and is an anachronism in the Europe of the Dawes plan.

New Sources of Labor

NOW that another season of large industrial production is upon us, we may look for cries of labor shortage and efforts to relax the law restricting immigration. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States has already suggested that the bars be let down during periods of activity whenever, in the discretion of the Secretary of Labor, a need for foreign workers is felt. Before any such modification is made, however, it would be well to examine the experience of recent years.

In order that the subject may be discussed without prejudice, it is well to disclaim at the start any toleration for those practices of administration or those inconsistencies in the law which have torn families apart and resulted in bitter injustice to individuals. Likewise we are not concerned here with any of the biological or sociological questions having to do with the effect of racial intermixture. It is of advantage to leave such hotly contested matters aside for the moment in order to consider the desirability of immigration solely from the point of view of its effect on the labor supply.

The thesis of the employers is that the laboring population of the United States has been built up in the past largely from immigration, especially so in the unskilled processes, that a restriction of immigration cuts off the supply and will leave industry with insufficient workers during a period of expansion, and that this will injure every one through high wages, high costs, scarce commodities, etc.

The first comment on this argument is that the law has not reduced immigration. Or, to be more precise, the net addition to the population through arrival and departure of aliens for the fiscal year ending June, 1924, was 630,110, while the average for the seven fiscal years 1908 to 1914 inclusive was 581,408. Even if we compare with this the average of 1923 and 1924, we find a net addition of 551,465 per year. The influx was maintained by arrivals from Canada and Mexico, against which the restrictions do not apply. Even if the "boot-legging" of immigrants, which Secretary Davis has

charged exists on a large scale, were stopped there would be plenty of newcomers.

All this, of course, is beside the theoretical argument. Quite pertinent, however, is the relation between production and employment in the last business revival. When business started upward after the depression of 1921 employers complained of labor shortage. Arrivals were scanty in 1921 and 1922. Working forces had been dissipated by shut-downs. Nevertheless our basic industries succeeded, according to the statistics of the Federal Reserve Board, in producing 18 percent more by physical measurement in 1923 than they had turned out in 1920. During this period the population increased less than 5 percent. This indicates an increase in basic production per capita of the population amounting to over 10 percent in three years. Manufacturing production alone, according to the Department of Commerce index, was about 11 percent greater in 1923 than in the "boom" year of 1920. Yet employment in factories did not increase at all, but according to the best indices dropped 2 or 3 percent between the two years. This is a growth in physical production per employe of about 15 percent. And the growth of production was finally stopped not by lack of labor or by high wages, but by lack of market demand.

What seems to happen is pretty much the reverse of what the advocates of a larger immigrant labor supply expect. New inventions, more and better machinery, the advance of technique, bring about the possibility of a rapid increase in per capita production. The principal reason why this possibility is not fully realized is that the demand for commodities does not grow as rapidly as the ability to produce. Effective demand, whether for consumers' goods or for capital investment, depends in the end on the purchasing power of the general population. The wage-earners make up a large part of the population. A continual and fairly rapid increase in their real wages and standards of living is therefore necessary if demand on the market is to keep up with the increase of products. A shortage of labor during expanding production aids the workers in securing wage increases, which are tardy enough in any event. But the creation of a labor surplus through immigration delays or prevents such increases. It may for a while stimulate production by making it cheap, but in the long run it probably contributes to a more serious glut of the markets, by depressing the wage-earners' purchasing power.

There are almost illimitable means at our disposal for increasing the effective labor supply without increasing the population. We have already mentioned the effect of improved machinery and technique, which makes one labor-hour produce as much as two did before. There are in addition the large avoidable wastes in the time of labor itself. It has been estimated that fluctuations of employment in manufacturing industries are equivalent to the time of at least 1,500,000 workers con-

tinually idle. In coal mining there seems to be an excess of about 280,000 men. Fluctuations of employment in the maintenance departments of railroads create unemployment equivalent to the full time of about 155,000 workers. In building construction the toll of unemployment averages about 300,000. Making the conservative assumption that half of the above unemployment is avoidable, we have a labor loss of about 1,200,000. Similar estimates, into the details of which we need not here inquire, place the avoidable losses of man-power through labor turnover, industrial accidents and industrial ill-health at nearly another million. These estimates are conservative in the extreme. If such losses could be reduced at the rate of five percent a year, we should add to the effective labor supply the equivalent of 100,000 workers annually without a single immigrant.

The great advantage of this way of increasing the labor supply is that it adds producers to the population without adding any more mouths to feed. Therefore a higher standard of living is possible for every one. We might have either more goods or more leisure, whichever we want. We might, that is, if the process were subject to adequate control. But if productivity is increased without a comparable increase in wages, salaries and other components of the general purchasing power, we get either a depression or a proliferation of effort into all sorts of useless or harmful activity.

Those who are worrying about the labor supply might profitably turn their attention from immigration to the task of creating an ordered national economy, in which waste is progressively eliminated, productivity is increased, and the benefits are equitably distributed. In such an economy there would be neither labor shortage nor labor surplus, but steady employment in making as many things as we wanted to use, and as much leisure left over as the state of the industrial arts would permit. Under it, additions to the population would increase the volume of consumption as much as the capacity of production. All interests would therefore be indifferent to the effect of immigration on labor supply, and policy would be decided on other grounds.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Problem of Turkey

DURING the early part of one's stay in Turkey, one is haunted by the feeling that there is a thin but impenetrable veil between his vision and the realities of the country. There is an almost physical impulsion to hunt for some slight rents that may serve as a peephole, as there is a physical irritation at not being able to find it. What lies open to the eye is confused, obscure, ambiguous, inconsistent. One cannot escape the idea that close-by there exists a vantage point from which the facts would assume order and significance. And the resulting exasperation is increased rather than diminished by the realization that perhaps there is no veil, no concealed meaning; that the uncertainty lies in the elements of the situation.

One day a Turkish friend remarked that life in Turkey since the great war had been very hard; that it was almost impossible for a person with enough education to be aware of what was going on not to be a pessimist; that he was doubtful, although himself a teacher, whether the extension of education under existing conditions was desirable since the only happy persons were the fishermen and peasants who did not know enough to take cognizance of anything but their immediate surroundings and acts. "We are living in a fog. In no respect do we know what is going to happen, any more than we know how to bring to pass the things we wish to have happen. It is hard living when everything around one is so obscure that one cannot see his road six paces in advance!"

I do not know that this conversation gives the complete explanation of the perplexity of a visitor. But it so fell in with the trend of additional knowledge and observations that it seemed to be much nearer the heart of the situation than are the cocksure ascriptions of inexplicable and self-contradictory events to some definite policy on the part of those in control of Turkey's destiny. During the years of the war of independence the course of action was clear, once a few determined teachers like Mustapha Kemal had described and proclaimed it. To expel the invader, to abandon all ambitions which interfered with the unity and independence of Turkey, to assert, against every other nation, a l'outrance, the will of Turkey to be its own independent master in its own abode; such a course of action was as clear as it was urgent. But the achievement of this primary task brought to the fore all the elements of inner weakness and confusion, the heritage from the old absolutism of irresponsible religious and political power.

To the outsider accustomed to think of the war as now six years in the past, it comes as a shock to assist, as we have been doing the last few weeks, in celebrations of anniversaries of the events of the year 1922 which brought the three-and-a-half years'

war-after-the-war to a close. And the reminder of the nearness of the war struggle, a struggle literally for existence carried on against seemingly hopeless odds, renders one aware that the war-psychology, which has been growing dim with us and which we are glad to forget, still hangs on in Turkey. Indeed, during the first of these two post-war years, until the second conference of Lausanne, it was not certain whether the war might not be renewed. Hence it seemed necessary for Turkey to keep alive enough of the war spirit to meet the threatening emergency. When we think how much longer than one year the suspicions, animosities and fears of the war-mind persisted among us, in spite of our infinitely greater remoteness from the scene of combat and destruction; when we think of the stupid and shameful things we did under the dominion of this hang-over, we can perhaps begin to appreciate the state of mind which leads the Turks at present to do things which show both dislike of the foreigner and a short-sighted sense of their own interests.

Dread and dislike are always intensified by uncertainty and its accompanying impotency. The foreigner has much to answer for in Turkey, and this fact induces indiscriminating hostility to the foreigner as if he were a single collective entity, an antagonism shown in ways which are often more damaging to Turks than to those at whom they are directed. These acts are not so much the manifestations of a definite and consistent policy as they are expressions of an emotional condition that has nothing to do with that policy: as when the charge is brought against an American school that its buildings are painted blue and white—the Greek colors—or against a teacher in an American school that he spoke more highly of ancient Byzantine architecture in Constantinople than of later Turkish architecture—an appreciation which proves that he is dangerously pro-Greek! It is useless and harmful, I think, to seek for deeper motives behind such acts than such as actuated inflamed American patriots in the years immediately after the war.

Given a period of internal tranquility and such acts will cease as the emotions from which they spring subside. But the intrinsic uncertainty and obscurity to which they afford a momentary relief will not pass so readily. In certain respects, Turkey at present is more stable, both internally and externally, than any one of its Balkan neighbors. But the transformation of a military and theocratic despotism, whose interests required that its subjects be more barbarous than civilized, into a secular democratic state, a transformation undertaken in the midst of a terrible exhaustion following upon almost fifteen years of uninterrupted foreign wars, is no easy task.

Ever since the president of the new republic took up his seemingly hopeless task, he has been distinguished for a certain realistic facing of facts. In such speeches of his as I have been able to read in translations no note recurs so often as the warning against entertaining illusions. In a speech which he made recently at the anniversary of the expulsion of the Greeks from Brusa he said that much as the Turks had suffered from foreign foes, their greatest sufferings had been inflicted upon them from within and by their own rulers; and that the woes from which Turkey was now suffering were due to the fact that their ancient rulers had not been able or willing to lead their people into the society of civilized nations. In another recent speech, made at the laying of the corner-stone of a memorial to The Unknown Soldier on the ground of the final decisive battle of August, 1922, he said that difficult as was the struggle against the invading foe, that fight was much easier than the economic and social battle which must be won if Turkey was to become an integral part of the civilized world.

The two sayings define the problem of Turkey in its larger outlines. The Turkish state has been a military state in which the fighting spirit was stimulated and sustained by an unquestioned identification of the ambition of the ruler with the requirements of a blind religious faith. The power, the superiority, of the Ottoman Empire was one of arms, and its administration always relied upon the force of arms, fused with religious faith, to make good all its other defects. Now that the nation of Turkey has consigned the Ottoman Empire in both its political and theocratic phases to a grave from which there is no resurrection, it finds itself held back by the very traditions, military and theocratic, out of which it is struggling to escape. Is it any wonder that action is inconsistent, that tendencies are ambiguous, and that a fog hangs over the situation? No person of any intelligence expects such a problem to be resolved in the twinkling of an eye. But also no informed person has any doubt about the sincerity of those engaged in the struggle to effect the alteration. Their sincerity, one may say, is an accentuation of the problem; if they were not so sincere, their task would not be so hard. Of success or failure no mortal can speak with complacency, but I am sorry for those who have no inkling of the heroism of the effort that is being made.

The economic aspect of the problem is marked by the same inner perplexity. Turkey was long by turns the spoiled darling and the hapless victim of the European great powers. Money was loaned to her recklessly in hope of returns to come from concessions granted with equal recklessness. Turkey never had to face the questions of natural economy which every self-respecting independent nation has to deal with. Well might she exclaim that the way of the transgressor is made easy, while that of the repentant prodigal nation is lonely and hard. Owing to the constant quest of foreign nations for

concessions, Turkey, in the person of its authorities, has a somewhat exaggerated idea of the value of its natural resources and has still a tendency to seek some magic source for wealth, an arbitrary protective tariff and the elimination of the foreigner from industry and commerce being much in favor just now. It professes, and sincerely I personally believe, a great desire for foreign aid both in technical skill and in capital. But its inexperience in economic matters and its too great experience of foreign wiles, combine to render it unwilling to meet the conditions under which alone it is possible to secure capital and skill. If this meant a mere postponement of industrial development, it would not be serious. But Turkey is in a severe economic crisis which almost threatens the disappearance of the middle class. Its two greatest immediate needs, schools and a competent and honest civil administration, will require a marked economic revival.

Silly as is the comparison of the problem of Turkey with that of China, it is impossible for one who has known something of both countries to abstain from making it. The quantitative disparity, the slight population of Turkey compared with that of China, is in some degree offset by the strategic position occupied by Turkey, as the bridge between Europe and Asia, and between northern Russian Europe and the south. Both have the same problem of transformation, a change which can be effected only from within however much it may be required by external relations. But Turkey has a military and religious tradition which China lacks, while China possesses skill in industry and trade which is lacking in Turkey. The military prowess of Turkey has made it possible for her to protect her independence in the final crisis as it was not possible for pacific China. But the struggle for economic development and for culture in art, science and philosophy may well prove more taxing for Turkey than for China. The ultimate ground for confidence is in the fact that the Turks have that intangible something which we call character. They have virility, sobriety of outlook and sincerity of purpose.

The handicap imposed upon them by the old régime is enormous. It is double: part of it is real in the heritage of ignorance and of lack of economic ability; part of it consists in the reputation which Turkey acquired and which, by foreign ignorance and by the design of interested foreign powers, leads other nations to deny to present-day Turkey a genuine change of spirit and aim. If refusal to admit the reality of the change persists the refusal may do much to prevent Turkey from receiving the assistance it needs to make the change effective and permanent. In that case the belief of liberal Turks that the most powerful enemies of the modernization of Turkey have been the professedly modern and democratic states of Europe, will receive another confirmation.

JOHN DEWEY.

Ants, Grass and Men

A Sponge Theory of Population

CRUELLY high standards of living check the growth of population as effectively as ever did niggardly Nature.

In your community there are families possessing an automobile whose children are not properly clothed, or nourished, or doctored. Dressed to look like bankers' sons, young men stand on the corners of your streets in winter smoking cigarettes to keep warm, because they have no money for woolen underwear and top coats. The handsome coupé that flashes by your window on pleasant Sunday afternoons is not occupied as you imagined by a rising young attorney and his wife, but by a clerk from the department store; and painfully, week by week, he is paying something down on the coupé, as the price of his Sunday masquerade. He, poor fellow, has two reasons for putting off going to the dentist; we, smug souls, but one. Here then are bodies, overnerved and undernourished, offering lodgement for disease, lungs that fairly beckon the pneumonia germ; here are little folk to scold for catching frequent—sometimes fatal—colds.

Not purely human, however, is this problem of population; endless confusion has resulted from considering it—as it has always been considered—an entirely human matter. Fully grasped, the question is seen to extend to all life forms.

Here is a problem in population: Three or four ants are discovered tugging a crumb of bread toward a crack in your pantry floor. A few weeks pass and the pantry swarms; still later there are very few, an occasional marauder stealing forth when lights are out and cook has gone to bed.

You find a simple explanation: By way of the grocer boy's carrying box those first three or four ants joined your household. The little colony grew slowly. Reproduction went forward at a constant rate, established by the favorable and unfavorable accidents of millions of generations. But in your clean pantry the conditions of existence were rigorous. Food was scarce, and Cook's foot broad, and many perished. Then, one day, a glass of jelly "came apart" in some one's hand; the jelly was quickly wiped up—most of it. But, to an ant's eye, a jelly filled crack in a nice pine board is like seven days' fall of manna. The conditions of ant existence were importantly ameliorated, and the little colony became a great tribe. Then Cook, stimulated from without or within, applied strong soap and scrubbing brush. Into the cracks she daily poured potent liquids unfavorable to ant life. The population diminished rapidly.

A vacant lot, at the end of summer, will be bare of grass—perhaps here and there a random patch in

some protected spot. Workmen going to and from their toil, small boys playing games and the mid-summer drought have made it an almost barren place; unfavorable conditions have decimated the grass population. A few weeks later you pass by, and all is green. The owner of the adjoining property has bought the plot, thrown a fence around it, and early equinoctial rains have given it abundant water. Fixed by the experiences of a billion generations of grass, the rate of propagation did not increase; but the conditions of grass existence were ameliorated, and the survival rate enormously increased.

In some years certain waters abound with shell fish, other years there are almost none; the alternate abundance and scarcity of game birds comes readily to mind. Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but a theory of population seems now to be emerging. Let us call it the sponge theory of population. A sponge will soak up and hold just so much water; and, whether the subject be ants or grass, mice or men, given conditions of existence will soak up and hold just so much population.

In Great Britain, in 1820, there were twenty-one million persons; in 1920 there were forty-seven million. The United States had, in 1820, a population of ten million; by 1920 it amounted to one hundred and ten million. During the century the population of Great Britain doubled, but the population of the United States was multiplied by eleven. The population of Europe, entire, compared with that of the United States in these same years, would show a somewhat similar discrepancy. As an explanation of the astounding growth in the United States a greater propagating power will not serve; for its people were Europeans transplanted, and the propagating rate of all, fixed by the windfalls and misfortunes of a hundred thousand years, was not altered in the over night of a century. Immigration and emigration fail to explain; for had all the wanderers lived until 1920, this addition would cover less than half the difference. Again, there is but one adequate explanation: The conditions of existence in the New World were more rapidly ameliorated. Huge natural resources yielded with increasing abundance under a compounding supply of ideas and machinery. The conditions of human existence in Great Britain in 1820 were capable of soaking up twenty-one million persons; and the population was twenty-one million. By 1920 considerably improved conditions could support forty-seven million. In the United States in 1820 the great wilderness with its meagre, skirting fringe of civilization could soak up but ten million persons. The

laying open by transportation and machinery of the richest treasure chest of natural resources that ever came within the grasp of man made possible in 1920 a population of one hundred and ten million.

But a real difference exists between the human case and all other cases in population. And our theory must be amplified if it is to explain fully the problem of human population. Wealth (weal) to the lower forms of life means food—or, at most, food and shelter; while for man, wealth is of bewildering variety. To the lower forms an increase in wealth means an increase in provender and refuge; and that, as we have seen, means a corresponding increase in numbers. But human wealth may increase vastly without the slightest gain in life-sustaining essentials—a mere multiplication of the trappings of existence and no warrant for greater population. The standard of living of a spider, or a wolf, or a flower means food and shelter, and for hundreds of thousands of years it has been just that. The standard of living of mankind includes these and a great deal more in machinery and gim-cracks—and the standard is rushing dizzily upward. To meet the human case in population, we must include in our formula the force of this concept—the standard of living.

At first glance huge modern wealth seems to have lifted man above the reach of the iron claw of natural selection, but the burden of a towering standard of living bears him down. The family of the modern wage earner whose wants and worries include theatre tickets, "the car," satin slippers and radio outfit can afford little thought of physical examination, or of the oculist or dentist. A servant girl stands on the street corner exposed to an icy February blast, her figure showing through her Thursday afternoon silks like a drenched cat. "I'd as soon freeze to death as not," she says, "if I thought I looked right." . . . Drifting with the herd before a blinding swirling snow a weakened doe stumbles, falls; the herd drifts on, the snow drifts over, she is covered and forgotten. . . . So with this girl.

A soaring standard of living kills as directly as niggardly Nature. More, it cuts two ways: It strangles to death the unfit, and it drives the rest to late marriage and small families. The squirrel in the treadmill cage runs furiously—and gets nowhere: We humans have created a magnificent per capita flow of wealth, but we are constantly raising our standards of living—or craving.

Under given pressure a sponge will soak up and hold just so much water; under a given pressure from standards of living the conditions of human existence will soak up and hold just so much population.

In China there are four hundred million persons and little weal (wealth); in the United States there are but one hundred and ten million and great weal. And these facts, that would have seemed so devastating to our unmodified sponge theory, are girders

of strength to the theory as it now stands. For in China a family may live an entire year on the worth of one hundred dollars, but in the United States the standard of living is higher; seventeen hundred dollars, we are told, represents for a family of five the minimum of subsistence. Were the people of the United States to become content with a Chinese standard of material existence, the present annual flow of wealth (could it be converted into simpler forms—food and other fundamentals) would support a population of one billion seven hundred million. If the Chinaman, on the other hand, were to raise his standard of living to our luxurious level, but twenty-two million Chinese persons would survive—unless, of course, the annually available wealth were also increased.

Now we have our formula complete. Let us state it in so many words:

The size of a population varies directly with amelioration of the conditions of existence, and inversely with the level of the prevailing standard of living.

EZRA BOWEN.

A Short Walk

She passed me on the street, a woman
Who looked at me as though to say:
"Under your rib that was too human
Is dark that will not wear away.

"I think I see there on your left side
A twisted thing shaped like a bell
That is your heart and has a cleft side
And a hurt sound you'd never tell."

She passed; it was as though she added:
"With wool and fur your rib is gowned,
Yet it is not so deftly padded
But what I hear that broken sound."

HAZEL HALL.

Seal

Beauty's a stallion plunging in your mind
With hoofs of ice and spine of steel.
He sweats hard crystal and his mane is twined
On prongs he cannot feel.

He rears and staggers on a glacial crag,
His tail spread out all briary, gold,
With jaws hung splintered on a starry gag
And stony haunches cold.

His ribs are trellis for a vine of light
That cracks and shatters when he plunges,
With shins flung back above his belly tight,
He bounds and rakes and lunges.

Beauty's a charger vaulting up a void
With veins all checked in rigid spasm.
He hears no timid foal, with entrails cloyed,
Neigh in the flowery chasm.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

Strains on Canadian Confederation

THE political situation in Canada needs to be reconsidered in the light of recent developments and impending contingencies. Since December, 1921, the Liberal party, led by Mr. Mackenzie King, has enjoyed a troubled and precarious tenure of office at Ottawa and has only maintained it by a policy of compromises and avoiding some deeper issues which cannot be perennially shelved.

It has, in fact, come to occupy a position parallel to that of the Democratic party in the United States. The political solidarity of a territorial bloc, French-Canada, assuring control of one-third of the seats in the federal Parliament, gives a firm foundation for a party and leaves the Liberal leaders the fairly simple task of carrying another fifth of the constituencies in order to secure the necessary majority in the House of Commons. But, since there is no such sternly conservative community in North America as French-Canada, the dead weight of its influence sterilizes the Liberal party as an instrument of reform.

Under Mackenzie King's premiership its record in office has been singularly futile. To placate extreme nationalist elements it has nagged intermittently at successive British governments on points of procedure in the effort to promote the economic recovery of Europe and incidentally to restore Canada's best market. It has brought back in an unwholesome measure the old curse of patronage whose abolition had been accomplished in a fit of national idealism during the war years. Its efforts to carry out the fiscal pledges of its platform have been feeble, and its failure to terminate wasteful pork-barrel expenditure in the face of declining revenues will confront the country with a serious deficit and the prospect of increased taxation at the end of the present financial year.

In practice, it has been sustained in office by the grace of the Progressive party, organized in 1919 by radical elements, chiefly agrarian in character. These were convinced of the futility of both the historic parties and resolved to create a new political instrument. This new party, although handicapped by inadequate leadership and parliamentary inexperience, has extracted a few reformative concessions by levying periodical "blackmail" on the King government. But the inability of its titular chieftains, for the most part ex-Liberals, to discard a certain feeling for their old faction, has prevented its being a vigorous, independent party of protest and constructive radicalism. In disgust at these feeble tactics which were undermining the party's strength in the country, the more courageous radical element of the Progressives, declining to serve any longer as a sort of foreign legion of Liberalism, withdrew before the end of last session to a sep-

arate tabernacle in the expectation that any temporary impairment of the party's effectiveness would be offset by a revival of morale and a general consolidation in the constituencies.

The troubles of the other parties have offered a unique chance of profit to the Conservatives; but internal dissensions have prevented the seizure of the opportunity. Their leader, Arthur Meighen, is admittedly the ablest and most experienced figure in Canadian public life; but French-Canada cannot be induced to forgive him for his part in the conscription controversy; and the financial and industrial mandarins of St. James Street, Montreal, which is the Canadian counterpart of Wall Street, detect in him unseemly progressive proclivities and a deplorable lack of the proper pliability with the result that their newspaper organs have been assiduously crusading against the continuance of his leadership. Recent by-elections, therefore, indicate that while Conservatism has made some recovery from the débacle of 1921, its prospects of securing at the next general election a majority, which would bring it back to power, are not roseate. Meanwhile there is a wide and growing dissatisfaction with the King government and a serious disquietude about the future of the Dominion. It has enjoyed three successively good harvests, the 1924 crop in Ontario and Quebec being unprecedented. The prices of agricultural produce, the main buttress of the Dominion's economic life, are unexpectedly high. But the prosperity of the pre-war years does not return. Taxation is almost at its war peak, yet revenues are falling and an unreduced debt burden plus a large annual deficit on the state-owned railways is a grievous load. A southward exodus on a vast scale to a land of lighter taxes and milder climate is not balanced by a thin stream of immigration, and yet in all the industrial centres the unemployed this winter are numerous. Export trade figures are artificially buoyed up by the high price of wheat and the demand of American papers for Canadian newsprint and pulpwood, which is really a severe drain upon a capital asset, but the cost of living mounts and savings bank deposits have declined some 50 million dollars in the last three years.

It is therefore little wonder that the people of Canada contemplate the greater prosperity of their nearest neighbors with a certain envy and try to ascertain why they cannot emulate it. And in the light of the circumstances Mr. Mackenzie King's nervousness about the general election which is expected is quite intelligible. He has devoted a part of the parliamentary recess to a western tour during which he has made a succession of plaintive appeals for a Liberal-Progressive alliance as the only insurance against a Conservative victory. Three months ago the conditions were distinctly favorable

for the success of such an appeal. Now, however, they have been suddenly changed by the emergence of one of the vital issues which the Liberals would gladly suppress.

Transportation problems have always been a staple ingredient of Canadian politics. The simplification produced by the consolidation of the railways into two great systems has not eliminated them. Away back in 1897 the Canadian Pacific Railway in return for a substantial cash subsidy from the federal treasury agreed to keep in perpetuum its western freight rates. These applied to a long list of commodities, produced and needed by pioneer settlers, below a maximum schedule then set forth. These rates allowed the railway adequate revenues up to 1915 but were suspended in favor of a higher schedule to meet the exigencies of the war years when operating costs had been enormously increased. Last July, however, when the management of both the C. P. R. and the national systems protested that the special rates fixed by the 1897 agreement were quite inadequate for their needs, the King government, under pressure by the western Progressives, permitted their restoration by allowing the suspensory legislation to lapse.

Since the national system, burdened with an appalling heritage of fixed charges through the folly and greed of private entrepreneurs and their political allies, faces a chronic deficit the issue involved for it is not desperately serious. But the Canadian Pacific Railway has a sacred cow, the ten percent dividend on its common stock, and the discovery that its life was menaced by the lower rates has spurred it to prodigious efforts at legal and political surgery. Not long ago its embattled counsel induced the Dominion Railway Commission to decide that, having been created subsequent to the special agreement and having been armed with full discretionary powers about railway rates, it had authority to override the covenants of the past. It has fixed what it regards as a just and equitable tariff of rates. But the West, now mulcted each week of an extra \$250,000 for freight charges, denounces this as a flagrant violation of its vested rights and ruinous to its prosperity. Beyond the Great Lakes partisan strife has for the moment been suspended in favor of a general demand that the King government exercise its power to suspend the decree of the commission and assert the supremacy of Parliament which had given legislative sanction to the special agreement. But the C. P. R. and its allies in Montreal and elsewhere have persuaded Eastern opinion that the West is unjustifiably seeking to perpetuate one of those special privileges which its radical politicians have so eloquently assailed. The government, in the meantime, fears to move.

The western attitude, ably voiced by papers like the Manitoba Free Press, is that as a result of the economic depression which has befallen Canada since the war, affecting the prairie regions with spe-

cial severity, all classes whose incomes are not fixed—farmers, merchants, professional men and wage-earners—have been compelled to submit to unwelcome reductions of their earnings. The West maintains that there is no reason either of equity or public policy why its handicaps, already heavy owing to its distance from its chief markets, should be aggravated to spare a rich and powerful corporation like the C. P. R. from bearing its fair share of the common sacrifice. Here looms up a very serious issue: What Canadian Brookharts describe as the great Nonpartisan League of Montreal is determined that its will in this matter shall prevail and the West is equally resolute in the contrary determination. It is prepared, moreover, to take heroic measures if a deaf ear is turned to its demands.

In recent years local agrarian associations in the West have frequently passed resolutions advocating secession from Eastern Canada, but they were regarded as merely passing signs of rural peevishness. Now, however, there is evidence that a serious movement, promoted under respectable auspices and not frowned upon by all the conservative elements, is taking shape to segregate the western provinces as a separate Dominion under the British Crown if the East hardens its heart. The strain of keeping within the same economic hoops a community which has reached the industrial stage of Eastern Canada and another which is still in the pioneer stages of agricultural settlement, must always be difficult. The vast unpeopled wilderness between Sudbury and Winnipeg accentuates this by producing a real geographical and mental cleavage. The westerners are confident that political and commercial connections with the East are not indispensable to their existence. Last year 50 million bushels of this wheat found an export via Vancouver and Panama. The completion of the half-finished line to Hudson Bay, which, they allege, is being thwarted by eastern selfishness, would offer an alternative route. And ability to make their own fiscal arrangements and regulate their own transportation rates would in their opinion effect a vital improvement in their economic fortunes while the East would be left to repent of its selfish greed. So runs the argument and it receives wide and accumulating support.

There is also discontent with the economic results of confederation at the other end of Canada. Fiscal barriers now existing have cost the maritime provinces their best market, the New England states, with the result that they have been stagnant for almost two generations. They have been bled of the best of their population by emigration to the United States. In these provinces party fealties are deep and strong and in 1921 the Progressive campaign made no impression. Now, however, Mr. F. B. McCurdy, a millionaire financier who was a member of the last Conservative government and is leader of his party in Nova Scotia, has unex-

pectedly begun an outspoken assault upon the present protectionist system. He declares that this system, highly profitable to the two great central provinces of Ontario and Quebec, is fraught with ruin to his own community. He counsels his people to lay aside their partisan prejudices and combine for the formation of a solid political bloc which will work to secure redress of their fiscal and other grievances.

Here, then, is a promise of substantial reinforcement for the Progressive party. The challenge, directed against the existing order, may force an early combination of the protectionists in the Liberal and Conservative parties for a defence of the economic status quo. Since they could carry Ontario and Quebec, the ensuing cleavage would reduce Canadian politics to a bitter sectional conflict and could not fail to threaten the whole structure of confederation.

From such a peril the Canadian people will assuredly seek to find some way of escape and the eventual solution may be found in a general economic and political reorganization of the British commonwealth which is now overdue. There is great confusion and strain in its diplomatic arrangements. Its retention of five or six separate compartments for its economic life not only handicaps it in international trade competition but is largely responsible for its failure to yield its citizens the material prosperity which its aggregate resources ought to offer. The British Conservative party, which has just been returned to power, is eager to act as the *deus ex machina* in such a reorganization, but its prospects of success are very dubious. It has professed a great interest in the Dominions, but the feeling is not exactly reciprocated.

The British Dominions, indeed, are full of elements which have an abiding and unshakeable distrust of British toryism; the Dutch cannot forget the South African War, the French-Canadians cherish an inveterate suspicion of British imperialism in any shape or form; the Irish cannot bury the past in oblivion and a vast contingent of overseas Britons, whose devotion to the motherland is firm and sincere, associate British conservatism with harsh economic and social disabilities from which either they themselves or their forebears fled. It is therefore unlikely that at the invitation of British conservatism the Dominions will agree to abate the rigid nationalism which has always proven the fatal obstacle to any schemes for the consolidation of the commonwealth. But the Conservatives may do some useful spadework. Eventually the British Labor party, freed as it is from all suspicion of class ascendancy, might, if it chooses to evolve in opposition a bold commonwealth policy, turn the trick and simultaneously repair its own fortunes.

At its last annual conference a useful beginning in this direction was made when a resolution, urging that the British government enter into arrangements with the Dominions for the purchase of food sup-

plies and raw materials in bulk was unanimously endorsed. There are today some very promising coöperative movements in Canada and the other Dominions and the next step would be to offer substantial preferences in credit facilities or special terms of storage and distribution via state-owned elevators and abattoirs. If the coöperative movements in the various British countries could thus be linked and the channels of commerce between them cleared of toll-gates now established by shipping combines and other selfish interests, free trade within the bounds of the Commonwealth would soon become a matter of practical politics. The way would then be paved for as healthy a form of international rivalry as William James could ever have invented to satisfy the combatant spirit of mankind. The United States could be allowed to persevere with the full-blooded capitalist system, which is so dear to the heart of its present rulers. The British peoples in the meantime could turn their energies to the creation of that coöperative commonwealth which their noblest spirits from Robert Owen to "A. E." have dreamed of and worked for. If they succeeded, Canadian fissures would disappear in the larger and more fruitful unity which would be achieved.

J. A. STEVENSON.

Nightmare by Day

There was no track
In the new snow.
Where could I go
Except go back
Where, row on row
The trees stood black.

This, then, was peace.
Yet something said no.
Something below
The whispering trees
Made the warm flow
In my pulses freeze.

From where I stood,
Ten yards or so
Into the wood,
I watched it go—
A trail of blood
Deep in the snow.

Nothing to show
Where it began.
No trace of man;
No other foe
More deadly than
One chuckling crow.

What was this dream?
I do not know.
But still I seem
To wait for the blow
And the red stream
Upon the snow.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Pegasus in the Paddock

CAN ability to judge poetry be measured? If some one should tell you that he can weigh your judgment of poetic merit, set it alongside of somebody else's and grade it, would you believe him? Or would you reply indignantly that your sense of poetic values is your own, that it is indeterminable and personal, and that it can no more be subjected to a measuring process than the depth of a father's love or the race of the wind on an unknown sea?

Bring Amy Lowell, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Louis Untermeyer, Elinor Wylie and Witter Bynner into a room together. Give them a set of four verses, each verse expressing the same idea in poetic form. Ask them to select one of the four as the "best poetry." Will they unite in choosing the same verse? Will their experienced and cultivated tastes run quickly to one as definitely better than the others? Will their poetic judgments agree?

If you are in an experimental mood, try the same game on other groups. Try it on a class of pupils in a public school. Try it on college students. Try it on a group of critics and editors. Try it on University teachers of English. Try it—if you have an interest in the perverse—on Calvin Coolidge, Charles E. Hughes, Herbert Hoover, Harry M. Daugherty, Jack Dempsey and the Prince of Wales.

Teaching the arts in schools has lately been justified on the ground that it leads to critical appreciation. It has been contended that the study of an art should enable people to know good things from bad and that this is as true of poetry as of other forms of expression. Moreover, it has been contended that such study should be followed by a preference for the good. Not only in the enjoyment of classical verses has it been contended that this result should follow, but in spontaneous discrimination among new and current forms of verse. Has this cause produced this effect? Has there been an improvement in poetic appreciation? Above all, is it possible to detect such improvement by a measuring rod, and is it possible to tell whether one person is a better judge of poetry than another?

Two enterprising teachers of English have decided that it is. They have devised a measuring rod for measuring the ability to judge poetry. One of these gentlemen is Allan Abbott, associate professor of English at Teachers' College, New York City, and the other is M. R. Trabue, professor of education at the University of North Carolina. They are persuading other teachers to use their test.

These gentlemen set about their task in a methodical and novel way. They began by selecting a large number of poems, or parts of poems, that would in their opinion be universally agreed upon

as good, or at least as possessing merit. That perhaps was the least difficult part of their job. Among the poems thus favored were selections from Mar-
mion, the dirge from Cymbeline, lines from Paradise Lost, Tennyson's Bugle Song, Amy Lowell's To a Sea Shell, Robert Frost's House Fear, Burns's My Bonnie Mary and lines from Browning's The Ring and the Book.

Having done that, they proceeded deliberately to try to spoil these. They spoiled them in three different ways. In one version they disturbed the rhythm, bungling the meter. In another they reduced the imagery of the poet to what they thought was a more commonplace level, introducing cheaper or more trite figures of speech. In the third they cheapened the emotional feeling, replacing the poet's expressions with insincere, gushy or sentimental elements. At first glance it may be thought that this, too, was not difficult, but to disturb a poem only so much and no more, especially to disturb it in some one respect and leave it intact in other respects, is perhaps a job that not every one could do satisfactorily.

These devisors of a new poetic test thus produced a large number of sets of four poems each, each set comprising some poet's original and their three spoiled versions. They now desired to eliminate from these sets those in which there was any doubt about the greater excellence of the original. How did they know that they had not unwittingly improved upon some of the poems they had selected? They were not poets, and in their bungling they might have produced greater excellence than that of the original masters. That would be to vitiate the whole performance. So they submitted the originals and their revisions to a jury of twenty-five poets, critics, editors of magazines publishing poetry and professors of literature. Their purpose was not to test this jury of specialists, but to get the specialists' judgment on the results of their own labor. The replies were interesting. One critic exclaimed "Alas, poor Swinburne!" thinking that the revisors had improved upon that poet's work, and another wrote "Would to God Robert Frost could see this!" On the whole, the revisors had to reject more than a hundred sets in which the originals failed to stand the test of the jury's choice; in these the bunglers had not done their work badly enough and the originals did not come through unscathed. There remained, however, twenty-six poems in regard to which the twenty-five selected specialists were substantially unanimous in considering the original as superior. These the revisors divided into two series of thirteen each, calling one series X and the other Y, and they had their test.

The next question was to see what would happen to it in use. They submitted it, as a test of the

ability to judge poetry, to various sorts and groups of persons. Among the groups selected were pupils in grades five to eight of the elementary schools, high school pupils, students in the first and second years of college English, those in Junior and Senior elective classes in literature, and graduate students in English including many teachers of English. The object was to see how many right choices a person would make out of each series of thirteen sets; in other words, what mark he would get on a basis of having thirteen chances to select the original as best in each instance. This is an entertaining pastime, and can be done by anybody who will take the trouble to write to Professor Abbott or Professor Trabue and ask for copies of these sets.

There being four versions in each set, it is obvious that a person who merely went through the series at random, marking some one version in each set as best without attempting to exercise any discrimination, would by the law of averages be right in twenty-five percent of the cases. In other words, the average score of people who did it in this way would be three and a quarter right choices out of thirteen.

Now, how did the test stand up in practice? To begin with the lowest grades, the elementary school pupils made just about this chance score. Those in the fifth grade averaged 3.87, those in the sixth grade 3.68, those in the seventh 3.99 and those in the eighth 4.08. Apparently pupils in the elementary schools are not very good judges of poetry, if this test is accurate and if these pupils, numbering more than nine hundred, are representative. The marks get better as we go to persons of greater age and more maturity. In the first year in the high school pupils made an average score of 4.66, in the second year 5.11, in the third 5.24 and in the fourth 5.98.

By the time we reach college the percentage of right choices exceeds half. First year students in college English averaged 6.80, second year students 7.07, and persons taking third and fourth year elective courses in literature scored 7.96. As might be expected, graduate students, including teachers of English, made the highest score of all, attaining 10.47 right choices out of thirteen. Even this is only a score of 73 on a scale of a hundred. Of the 261 graduate students taking the test only twenty-five made a perfect score.

How do you think you would come out in this test? Here are the four versions of Sandburg's "Fog." Find the original:

A

The fog comes
On little cat feet.
It sits looking
Over harbor and city
On silent haunches
And then moves on.

B

The fog is as
Quiet as a cat.
It comes creeping over
The city
And stays there quietly
until the
First thing you
Know it is gone.

C

The fog is like a maltese cat,
It is so gray and still,
And like a cat it creeps
About the city streets.
How gray it is! How
cat-like!
Especially when it
steals away,
Just like a cat.

D

Who sends the fog
So still and gray?
I fondly ask
And Echo answers
"E'en the same all-seeing
Eye
That sends the still,
gray cat."

It is impossible to quote the longer poems used by the revisors. Here is a rhyme from Mother Goose, inserted for its poetic quality:

A

As I was going over eggs
I lost my legs;
I crooked my toes,
And over I goes.

B

As I was going to sell some eggs
I met a thief with bandy legs;
Bandy legs and crooked toes,
I tripped up his heels and he fell
on his nose.

C

I broke an egg
And a thief came out.
Bow legs! Bow legs!

D

As I was going to buy some bread
I met a thief with bow legs;
Bow legs and crooked toes,
I knocked him over and down he went.

There are plenty of people to whom a test of this sort will be nonsense. They will say that you cannot set up objective standards in any art, that there is no way of going behind the statement that "that poetry is good (for me) which I like." There are others who will say perhaps that "good" and "bad" poetry do exist, that there is such a thing as critical discernment, but that you cannot teach discernment. The revisors of these versions have no doubt themselves that their measuring device has much validity, and the poets and critics whose opinions they sought generally agreed. But the inventors do not claim all things for it. The two series as given are worthless, they think, as a test of ability to judge poetry in the elementary schools. The series begin to have some significance, they think, in the upper part of the high school, and are most useful with university students and specialists in English. The tests "separate fairly well," they write in a Teachers' College bulletin, "the adequately prepared English teacher from the teacher whose standards, in poetry at least, are no better than those of her students." And the tests are perhaps of some value, they believe, as teaching devices. That is, a teacher might talk for half an hour on the beauty of rhythm in a given

poem without much result; but by contrasts in these revisions the value of rhythm could be almost instantly revealed.

Interesting conclusions may emerge in time from the use of such devices, in regard to what kind of defect in a poem is most generally disliked. Are more people disturbed by metrical bungling in a poem, or by cheapening of the imagery, or by effusive sentimentalization? Among young readers probably metrical bungling is most offensive. Yet the authors deplore the acceptance even by college students of crude sentimentalization:

"When one considers that these sentimentalized versions include such lines as 'Tender, tender Sea Shell,' 'The happy brook frisked in the breeze, And sniffed sweet odors from the trees,' 'Sweet coal, I hear thy tender croon,' 'The sweet peas look too sweet to stay,' 'The roseate morn the cats doth chase,' 'The all-seeing Eye that sends the still, gray cat,' the marked preference even in college for this silly gush over real poetry reveals a weakness in human nature, or in English teaching, or both, that demands serious attention. Granting that it is the nature of adolescents to express emotions over-intensely, to prefer exaggeration to restraint, their souls might at least be taught not to 'throb and thrill' over sheer idiocy, like sea-shells 'neath tropic trees,' or 'fell in a faint on the floor inside.' Is it possible that further study might reveal a tendency in schools to inculcate the liking for absurdly false sentiment—perhaps an emphasis put upon it, even, by the text book or teacher?"

Children, say the authors on the basis of results achieved by the tests, prefer verses without subtlety, objective in mood, easy to understand, and in simple, strongly-marked rhythms. Vigorously expressed feeling, on the other hand, is the demand of the middle years—upper grades, high school and early college. Restraint and under-statement are not for them. "My soul revolts at many things" is to them much stronger than "My mind lets go a thousand things." What about the general appeal of poetry as a whole? There would appear to be some significance, say the authors, in the fact that so many of these poems, and practically all of the best of them, win recognition only from the college groups, and sometimes only from the graduate student of English and from expert literary groups. Is modern poetry, they ask, so specialized in its substance and in its technique as to be the cult of a highly selected and highly trained few? Should poetry therefore be kept out of the schools altogether, as something "too bright or good for human nature's daily food"? Or shall we say that the poetry that separates itself from the larger public becomes thereby minor poetry, and that the world can afford to let it go unheeded, while attending to the voice of poets who speak for, and to, the whole of humanity? These questions the authors do not attempt to answer, but only suggest them for further study.

WINTHROP D. LANE.

Call It a Year

THE dying year found Elmer Durkin, vendor of printed matter and tobacco, taking stock of the affairs of Woppington, America and the Solar System with the aid of his old friend, J. T. Riland and his young friend, "Dink" Hubbell.

"It hardly seems possible that it's over already," remarked the old editor. "I never knew one to fly so fast."

"That's funny, Mr. Riland," said Dink. "I was thinking it just crawled along."

"Relativity stuff," Elmer chuckled. "And running true to form. Dink steps on the gas to make time fly and it stalls on him; J. T. slams on the brakes and it busts the speed limit. If you want the straight dope come to Papa. Fair, fat and forty—that's me."

"No kiddin', are you as old as that?" asked Dink.

"What do you mean, old?" demanded Riland.

"Boy, page Mr. Einstein," laughed Elmer. "It's like those wise cracks Rube Goldberg used to pull. 'It all depends on the point of view.'"

"Handing out a little philosophy tonight, I see," said the editor of the Woppingtonian.

"That's all I got left to hand out. Believe me the old whiskered geezer went through my clothes like a vacuum cleaner. All the news I've heard for three weeks is 'gimme.' If a yeg breaks into this joint tonight he'll step into debt. How about you, J. T.? Any Coolidge prosperity in your works?"

"As a good Republican, Elmer, I hate to admit it, but every morning when I get to the shop I'm relieved to find that the sheriff hasn't nailed anything on the door."

"Dink, you only have one mug to feed. Are you nursing any nickels in your Kampus Kuts—this isn't a touch, just a third degree."

"Well, I was laid off quite a little this year and besides I set myself back for a five-tube set on installments, so—"

"Say no more. Everybody I know is flat, but just lamp the ads in the big papers and the dizzy prices they get away with. There must be oodles of kale splashing around. Those that have got it, have got it good and proper. The income tax figures had me groggy; I didn't know there was so much jack in the world."

"Neither did Mellon," chuckled the editor.

"Far as I can see, it's that way all over the map. England's running on low but the scenery is all hung full of millionaires. And even in Germany where they think a potato is real chow, some of those Heinies are just wallowing in the stuff."

"Still, wages are good here," said Dink.

"Sure, when the ghost walks it looks like regular dough, but by the time old H. C. L. gets through with the envelope, there's about enough left for a pound of liver at the Elite Market."

Washington Notes

"You got no license to talk," said Dink, "charging fifteen cents for a little paper of smokes."

"You're paying for a couple of colleges, that's the answer."

"I didn't order no colleges."

"I've got a hunch that's what puts the skids under us—paying for things we never ordered. How about it, J. T.? You're a darb at finance, even if you're a flat tire, personal."

"There's a good deal in it," the editor admitted.

Elmer played with this idea for a while. "So Dink here," he concluded, "is probably chipping in on a fund of five thousand fish to buy a mink coat for some jane he never saw, and I just made a small payment on a Rolls Royce for a total stranger in Toledo."

"Involuntary contributions," said Riland.

"This year," Elmer went on, "we come-ons blew ourselves to a lot of expensive corruption, F. O. B. Washington, with costs of investigating same. We dug up for high duties on everything and came across with campaign jack to keep the system going. We're running a high-priced navy to use in case of trouble and a Secretary to talk us into trouble. We hire a President to give orders to Congress and a Congress to give him snippy backtalk. We're kickin' in billions for things we don't want and then we're due to give three cheers because Coolidge went to Chicago in a regular train.

"If I'm any judge, 1924 was an awful flop."

"The year is dying, let him die," said the editor.

"Can't we say anything for the poor old skate before he cashes in?" asked Dink.

"Better prices for grain," suggested Riland.

"Yes," said Elmer, "and crossword puzzles. There's one grand thing for the news butcher. Not only that, but there are three daily papers in New York now for people who can't even read large print. That helps the turnover."

"Radio machines got better this year," said the young optimist.

"But their line of entertainment got worse," the editor replied.

"Well, the movies didn't get any worse."

"No; they couldn't."

"Automobiles got cheaper," persisted Dink.

"Also life," Elmer added.

"You're a couple of crapehangers," declared Dink Hubbell. "I'm going to beat it. See you next year."

Elmer ceremonially took down the old insurance calendar and threw it on the fire.

"And I hope everything will be Jake with you both in 1925," said that genial pessimist. "Me, I'm going to put \$2.47 in the ice box, chuck some sixteen dollar coal in the stove, turn off the electric juice, for which I am in Dutch on the October bill, lock the door on this mess of Confessions, Zippy Stories, Ambitionaries, Movie Morons and Radio Nuts—and call it a year."

FELIX RAY.

IN a good many ways, this administration differs from any previous one. For one thing, its incredible dullness sets it apart. In sheer dreariness it is really unrivaled in Washington.

Himself a tight-lipped, unsmiling person, Mr. Coolidge's closest companion and friend, the new Senator from Massachusetts, is wholly and completely joyless. He is by nature gray, grim and austere. There is about the third member of the trio, the pious Mr. Stearns, at times, a certain spurious gayety, a curious forced geniality, utterly different from the real thing. Essentially, he, too, is a morose and melancholy soul, whose moments of merriment are infrequent and hastily suppressed. They form an unusual combination, these three mournful men from Massachusetts, who constitute so conspicuous a part of the White House circle these days. Wholly aside from their merits as men, and without touching upon the, perhaps, debatable question to their calibre as leaders and statesmen, it is certainly not exaggeration to say they are an unexhilarating group. In fact, they lend to the White House an air of depression which flavors things all down the line. Lightness and laughter seem out of place, and a joke has a short and dreadful life in the vicinity of the executive offices. They are—these three serious, solemn fellows—endlessly engaged with details. That is the great White House game of the period—attention to details. Never before has the work been so well kept up. Letters are answered more promptly and more fully. More callers are seen, more editors lunched, more Senators breakfasted, more delegations presented. But it is all work, all detail, not play, and no one has much fun.

As to the unfortunate Slep, he leads a dog's life. The great question is, how long will he stand it? It is no secret that neither Mr. Butler nor Mr. Stearns delights in his society, and, if the extreme peevishness with which Mr. Coolidge addresses him at times is an indication, the Presidential love for him is anything but warm. No one thinks Slep is as deep in the Presidential confidence as a man in his position has a right to be. It is the sort of situation that could last only a short while with most men. How long it can be strung out with these is uncertain. They are all so different.

It is not a very pretty comparison, but the attitude of Bernard M. Baruch toward the Democratic National Committee inevitably suggests a shark hungrily swimming around a boat waiting for an upset. In other words, his interest in the Committee is largely contingent upon its willingness to be swallowed. Not in all its history has the Democratic organization been in such desperate financial need. There is reason to believe that Mr. Baruch, who has both leisure and money in immoderate, almost immodest, quantities, would under certain conditions not only be willing but eager to pull the Committee out of its hole and place it on a solvent and sound basis. There is no question of his ability to do this. It is not, however, reasonable to expect him to do so solely for the joy of giving, and without ulterior or selfish thought. There is a feeling that, years ago, Mr. Baruch would have financed the Committee if he had been permitted to take over the machine and run it—not run it personally, of course, nor in the open, but back of the machine, by proxy and really. Those who have most closely observed Mr. Baruch's in-

terest in politics and noted the lavish way in which he spreads money around the country, among Democratic Senatorial and Gubernatorial candidates, particularly noting the wide territory covered by these free will offerings, have long held the belief that what he yearns for is recognition, what he craves is power. About all there is left in life for this man is public honor and some sort of public service. He has far too active and keen a mind not to tire of unrelieved playing, and the mere accumulation of more money means literally nothing to him. He wants to play the big political game, to be in a position not only to make nominations, but decide policies and map out strategy. He would love that, and he would be very good at it, too.

The great trouble is that the Democratic party is so constituted, its leaders are so numerous, its factions so bitterly wide apart, its policies so vague and its principles so utterly indefinite and unstable, that it is in no position to place itself unreservedly in any one man's hands for rehabilitation, even though those hands happened to be as willing, as capable, and as completely dollar lined as Baruch's.

A man as clear headed as he knows these facts without being told, and it is, therefore, unlikely that Mr. Baruch will assume anything like as much of the Democratic debt as some people would like to see. Nor, here in Washington, is there much faith in the Franklin Roosevelt effort to reorganize and rebuild the party through an exchange of views as to what should be done to salvage the wreck, among eleven hundred delegates who attended the New York Convention. As these were the people who broke and buried the Democratic party in July, it may, logically, seem to be their duty to resurrect it now, but few persons other than Mr. Roosevelt would be optimistic enough to consider them qualified for the job. It is not likely, either, that Mr. Roosevelt, in his noble "get together" campaign, will be able to secure whole hearted coöperation from either the practical men who control Democratic primaries in the States, nor from the Chadbournes, Baruchs, Watsons, Ryans, and others who furnish the money for Democratic fights. Coöperation outside of these two classes will not mean very much nor get very far. Mr. Roosevelt's intentions are, undoubtedly, high minded, not to say noble, but a more futile idea would be hard to conceive. The acid Mr. Glass has it right—what the Democratic party needs is luck, and a lot of it.

The obviously calculated consistency of the support given Mr. Coolidge, almost from the start, by the entire Hearst press, presents one of the most significant and remarkable political phenomena of the period. That Mr. Hearst, whose journalistic talons have been deeply sunk in the back of every national administration, regardless of party, since he became a figure in the publishing world, should turn his twenty odd newspapers into almost pro-administration organs, and have the brilliant Brisbane regularly and frequently anoint and glorify the President, instead of assailing him with his customary ferocity, is an interesting and amazing thing. When compelled to differ with the President, the Hearst papers do so apologetically, and with protestations of their belief in his essential goodness and wisdom. It is a new key in which Mr. Hearst sings. If there is an adequate and satisfying explanation, it has not yet been advanced. A number of suggestions have been made, the most plausible being that Mr. Hearst was caught last spring, like most of the other wealthy newspaper pro-

prietors, by the fascinating lure of the Mellon bill, and turned to the support of Mr. Coolidge as the one way to reap the obvious advantages that would follow the enactment of that measure. But that is not like the Mr. Hearst of other days. It is easy to understand the flopping of the average publisher back of the Mellon bill before the provisions of the bill were printed, but hard to reconcile that sort of thing with Mr. Hearst. Usually, he has bolted in exactly the opposite direction to his brother publishers. This time, and for the first time, he fell in line; and he has been keeping step with the New York Herald-Tribune, the Public Ledger, Mr. Munsey, J. P. Morgan and Big Business generally. Something has certainly happened to Mr. Hearst. That, of all Presidents, Mr. Hearst, with his record and views, should have picked the ultra-conservative Coolidge to support, continues to be the great unexplained journalistic and political development of the year.

In a number of characteristic ways, Mr. Coolidge has shown he is neither unaware nor unappreciative of the Hearst support. The most recent was the inclusion as a Presidential Mayflower guest of one of the principal Hearst editors and advisers—and his wife—along with several other journalistic and radioistic Coolidge eulogists.

Practically everyone in Washington agrees that, as a Cabinet officer, the present Secretary of the Navy has not been a shining success. In some cynical quarters, he is referred to as a net loss. Certainly, much of the gilt has been rubbed off him since he came out of California, and he has been anything but the conspicuous ornament to the national service so enthusiastically predicted by his press agents. In administration organs of the first rank, forecasts of his retirement have been frequently made, and various ideas of shunting him out of the Cabinet, without embarrassment to the President, or hardship to himself, have been advanced. The most recent is the suggestion that he will remain at the head of the Navy until the first vacancy occurs on the Supreme Bench, and will then receive a Presidential appointment to that lofty and restful haven. This may or may not be the President's purpose. No one is in a position to know, but, if it is, there will certainly be great difficulty in carrying it out. The mere rumor around Washington has been sufficient to bring from Senators, outside of the Progressive group, fervent declaration that they would fight the confirmation of such appointment. It is doubtful whether the administration could get it through the Senate—and the fact that such doubt exists makes it reasonably certain the appointment will not be made. There is in Mr. Coolidge no disposition to hunt a fight on this or on any other matter. Those who have had superior opportunities for observation of the working of the Presidential mind are convinced he will do nothing at all in the Wilbur situation, but wait for it to work out. That is the characteristic Coolidge thing to do. Action is not his long suit. If Mr. Wilbur voluntarily resigns, all will be well. If he does not, Mr. Coolidge will do nothing about it. All through his career, the Coolidge custom has been to meet embarrassing situations by preserving a silent inactivity just as long as possible. That is exactly what he did in the Boston Police Strike, and on a number of other occasions. Often, time solves his problems without effort on his part. Perhaps it will this one.

One thing that can be said for the new leadership in the Senate is that it functions. Not only that, but it is the

CORRESPONDENCE

No Third Party

SIR: A large proportion of those of us in the Middle West who supported La Follette cannot support the plan of organizing a national third party.

In a state like Nebraska, for example, with its 450,000 voters, there are probably one hundred thousand who vote the Republican ticket regardless of who the candidates are or for what the party stands. There are probably sixty thousand who bear the same relation to the Democratic party. Had George W. Norris run as a third party candidate, he would in all likelihood have been defeated; but on the Republican ticket, nothing could stop him. In other words, a third party is all right for educational purposes, but it is not a workable method by which to elect men to office. The progressives must recognize the political inertia of at least one-half of the population. Our method of political operation must be such that we will either have the benefit of that inertia or at least that it will not count against us.

Political parties as such are neither good nor bad; they take their color and character from the men in control. Parties are much like automobiles, they are the means by which we get somewhere. When one buys a second-hand car he does not inquire whether it has previously been operated by a bootlegger; his only interest is whether or not it will do the business. So it is with the Republican party in the Middle West. It is a political automobile with a good engine and capable of high speed. Political bootleggers and porch-climbers may have been using it. But what of it? We have the power to kick them out and take hold of the steering wheel ourselves. The Direct Primary is the method; it makes the voters the owners of the parties.

The situation may be illustrated in another way. A farmer from time to time ships his cattle to Chicago over a railroad. He dislikes the management; the rates are high and service is bad. What should he do? Proceed to build a new railroad to Chicago? No; public or coöperative ownership and management he thinks is the solution. Using the illustration, we do not like the management or the service of the present political railroads to Washington. Shall we proceed to build a new railroad? Or shall we through the Direct Primary bring about public ownership and control of the existing political common carriers?

The latter plan is practical politics. If we will contribute an equal amount of energy, money and enthusiasm, as some have used in trying to organize a third party, we can by means of the Direct Primary put the progressives in control of the Republican party. We do not contemplate moving out of the country because organized wealth may be in control. The stars and stripes is still our flag, although its custodian may be an enemy of the best interests of America. And so with the Republican party. It has fallen into bad hands; but it deserves a better fate than to be abandoned to the mercy of Smoot, Butler and Dawes.

If we will, we can take the party out of the hands of those who seek to use it for personal gain; we can make it a party of all the people for the interests of the many, a party which Lincoln would be proud to join. The rank and file of the Republican party in the Middle West have elected Norris, Borah, La Follette, Howell, Capper, Frazier, Brookhart, Couzens, Norbeck and Ladd to the Senate. That is more than a third party could do in a quarter of a century. There are men around which to build a greater Republican party. In this new Republican party, Borah and Norris shall be its apostles and Smoot and Dawes the heretics. Excommunication will then be the fate, not of La Follette, Frazier, Ladd and Brookhart, but of Fall, Denby, Daugherty et al.

In that party no caucus or convention-chosen leader will have the right to dictate to members of Congress. The Senators from Nebraska will be responsible to the people of that state for their votes and conduct, not to the caucus of their party. Bolting one or more of the party's candidates will be punishable only by the voters. It will be recognized that the party belongs to the people and not the people to the party and independent thinking and voting will not be a crime punishable by political ostracism. The young man, the man in overalls, the farmer and the country banker will have a voice in the party. The business interests of the country will have an interest in the party, but not a controlling one, for the party's motto will be the most good to the most people and special privileges to none.

Lincoln, Neb.

C. A. SORENSON.

only leadership the Republicans have had in the Senate in a long time that has functioned. Under the late Lodge, the Senate machine was a feeble and futile thing. Mr. Lodge's personal intolerance and his contemptuous indifference toward the local legislative troubles of his colleagues, made his leadership ineffective and the Republican forces under him lacked cohesion and spirit. While he could be, at times, utterly charming and attractive, the Lodge manner was often repellant and brusque.

The Curtis methods are wholly different. Suave, friendly, and shrewd, an adept in log rolling, patient, plodding, tireless, Senator Curtis, as the new Senate leader, will exhibit no brilliant qualities, but he is fairly sure to get better results than ever Mr. Lodge did.

Of course, there are going to be no results to speak of at this session. The administration has practically abandoned any except non-controversial measures, and is waiting until the next Congress assembles, with its regular Republican majority in both branches, before putting the program to the test. It may, or it may not be successful then, but there is not the slightest doubt its chances of success have been improved by the change in leadership. Curtis, as the leader, Jones as the whip, and Wadsworth at the wheel of the steering committee, not only work in complete accord, but they work. If with a machine thus managed, a regular organization majority in House and Senate, and thousands of Federal plums to distribute, Mr. Coolidge is unable to get his party to follow him in the next session better than he did in the last, it will be a surprising thing. It is almost impossible to see how he can fail.

About the most absurd assumption that has been made by administration spokesmen and correspondents in the last few weeks is that failure to consult Senator La Follette's wishes in the matter of Wisconsin postmasterships, is in the way of punishment to the Progressive leader. To read the inspired dispatches in some of the leading Republican organs on this subject, one would imagine that Mr. La Follette's political power and prestige centered around these Wisconsin postmasters, and that Presidential refusal to permit him to have a say as to these appointments is a crushing blow. Mr. Coolidge is represented as "firm and unyielding" in his attitude, and as having definitely shown by this "determined step" his purpose to back up the Republican Senators who recently read Senator La Follette and other Progressives out of the party. The characteristic solemnity with which this situation is treated by administration writers is hard to exaggerate. It is just about the summit of absurdity. Of course, the fact is that not in years has Senator La Follette been consulted in the matter either of Wisconsin postmasterships, or any other residential appointment to positions in his State. Neither in this administration or the last, has Senator La Follette made any recommendations for Presidential appointments, either in his own or any other State. The ridiculousness of taking away from a man what he has neither had, asked for, or desired, does not seem to impress the administration organs, which have teemed with editorials congratulating Mr. Coolidge on his firmness. It is on a par with the action of the regular Republican Senators in deciding not to invite La Follette to the Republican caucuses, which for years he has regularly refused to attend.

T. R. B.

Washington.

A Great Journalist

Joseph Pulitzer, His Life and Letters, by Don Seitz. New York: Simon and Schuster. \$5.00.

WHAT did Joseph Pulitzer want from life? He must have wanted something; few persons have made such a vigorous, concentrated and sustained assault on the world as his. Did he seek money? He was enormously successful at acquiring it; but if I read him correctly, the financial reward was always an incidental by-product of activities pursued for their own sake. Was it fame? He kept himself as completely anonymous as he could. Power? What human doesn't wish it?—yet I find no evidence that he had any interest in controlling other men save as it helped him spur them on to serve a cause for which he himself sacrificed his eyesight and half the strength of his body.

His one true object, so far as one can discover from reading the books about him, of which Mr. Seitz's is the latest and largest, was adventure: the face in his dreams was always the bright face of danger. The Freudians would tell you that the desperate abandon with which he spent his body and soul in building his newspapers was an escape from something else, some deeply-rooted unhappy preoccupation, which gave him no peace. Perhaps they are right. At any rate, we have the recorded fact of a life which, after several false starts, found a labor upon which it concentrated so passionately, so unreservedly, that the familiar simile of moth and flame for once seems legitimate.

Most people have heard at least a little of the story of the Hungarian-German boy who came to America in 1864 and swam from his ship to the Boston beach in his eagerness to get ashore and join the Union Army. After the war he suffered—as a German-speaking, drifting ex-soldier in St. Louis—those hardships which American taste prescribes for the early years of one who is to become great. The qualities which marked him all his life, brilliance and colossal power for effort, showed themselves as soon as as he went to work, and in 1871 the proprietors of the paper on which he was employed, the *Westliche Post*, sold him a part interest on what he afterwards described as “very liberal terms”—which probably means that they gave him a block of stock, to be paid for out of his share of the profits, not an uncommon method by which a newspaper seeks to hold a good man.

Shortly afterward he sold his interest for \$30,000; and secured \$20,000 more by a shrewd purchase and resale of another paper with a precious Associated Press franchise. In 1878, after he had spent most of this capital, he bought the St. Louis Dispatch at a Sheriff's sale for \$2,500 cash; merged it with another crowbait paper, the *Post*; and promptly made the combination the huge unvarying success it has been ever since. The fortune which thereafter began to pile up was for Pulitzer only a springboard; in 1883 he bought from Jay Gould the moribund New York World for \$346,000, and from that day until his death in 1911 this paper, and above everything its editorial page, was all his life. In 1887 the *Evening World* was established. In that year Pulitzer confessed to a friend that the earnings of the morning edition during the previous twelve months had been “over \$500,000.”

As a permanent phenomenon, of course, conscientious editors do not exist. They all die young. A newspaper offers such a limitless field for human activity that any man who tries to do all the things which present them-

selves as needing to be done merely signs a promissory note for his coffin. Pulitzer's early years of intense activity had already strained a somewhat frail physique; and particularly his eyes. Hardly had the *World* been fairly launched before he slipped down into a semi-invalidism which kept him away from the office practically all the rest of his life. In 1890 his eyes gave way entirely, and thus stricken he was forced to withdraw, technically at least, from his position as editor of the *World*.

Then began the extraordinary twenty years' fight to surmount the affliction of blindness. Possessing a huge income, more than sufficient though he dispensed like a rajah, he would not lie back and be a wealthy invalid. Surrounding himself with a staff of intelligent young men who, as secretaries, were to be his eyes, he lived (mostly on his yacht, the *Liberty*) a feverish wild life of fierce though hopeless struggle against an insuperable handicap. The *World*, usually the morning edition only, was read to him daily; and daily he poured out to the staff a stream of comment, criticism, suggestion, warning—sometimes a few faint pipings of praise. Now and then this came by word of mouth, but mostly it was in the form of notes and memoranda to various individuals. He wrote virtually nothing else; in fact he excluded himself deliberately from human contacts, believing seriously that the honest journalist must not let his naked blade get tangled in the silken threads of friendship. Mr. Seitz quotes generously from these missives to the men who made the *World*; and they form a picture of their author too complete and fine for me to foreshorten into a reviewer's paragraph.

It is fair, however, to summarize his ideals for the *World*, as he repeatedly expressed them. Above all else, he wanted the paper to be fearless and free. No vested interest must ever have any strings on it, and particularly must this be true of his own interest as a wealthy man. Characteristic of many admonitions on this point was a remark he made in 1907 to Frank Cobb, editor of the *World*:

I am, as you probably know, a large owner of stocks. Some of them are bound to be affected by public action. I am not sure of myself when I see my interests in danger. I might give way some day to such a feeling and send you an order that would mean a change in the paper's policy. I want you to make me a promise. If I ever do such a thing swear that you will ignore my wishes.

Despite this passion for impartiality, Pulitzer was by no means a radical, and his papers were and are not often found crusading for lost causes. His was that rarest form of fairness—the fairness of strength which insists that weakness shall have full hearing. That spirit, still surviving in the pages of the *World*, many of its readers believe to be its most precious asset.

In the dulled coin which goes as gold for the public mind, Joseph Pulitzer is known as one of the fathers of yellow journalism; and the bare statement is cruelly false. It is true that not he, but men in his employ, some years after blindness had smitten him, participated in a race with William Randolph Hearst to see whether the *Evening World* or the *Evening Journal* could break out in the mere violent rash of big type—a disease which, in its worst phase, was as brief as it was violent. It is also true that all his life Pulitzer had a genius for hitting the nail of popular interest squarely with the hammer of journalistic enterprise. But yellow journalism as we know it today Pulitzer

would have abhorred as an abomination. From the point of view of those who make and buy a typical "picture tabloid," for instance, he would have ranked as a hopeless highbrow. His own public writings, while always clear and simple, took for granted in his readers a minimum degree of intelligence and culture far higher than most newspapers—even good ones—assume today. He believed heartily that one could and should state any thought so simply that plain people can understand it; but there was the all important difference between his attitude and that of today's yellow journalists, that while he compromised on manner, he never did so on matter.

For Don Seitz, writing this book about a man with whom he was intimately associated so many years has clearly been a labor of love; and it is with reluctance that a reviewer records the fact of an only partial success. He has worked conscientiously, the information is all there, but the differences of temperament between biographer and subject are visible on every page and prevent the book's being as interesting, by a long way, as its hero. The busy journalist, impatient publisher, dictatorial invalid, luxury-loving millionaire are properly paraded; but the essential man behind these facets of a career remains blurred if not obscured. The character is far more completely set forth, for instance, in Alleyne Ireland's story some years ago of the experiences of a Pulitzer secretary. In fairness I should add that Mr. Seitz's book makes no pretensions to the perfection, the lack of which I deplore. It is a simple, candid story of a rather great man; one which newspaper workers will read with avidity, and all students of character will find well worth looking into.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Some Recent History

Recollections of Imperial Russia, by Muriel Buchanan. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$5.00.

The Collapse of Central Europe, by Karl Friedrich Nowak. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$8.50.

The Defeat in the Victory, by George D. Herron. Boston: Christopher Publishing House. \$2.00.

Those Europeans, by Sisley Huddleston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

The Revival of Europe, by Horace G. Alexander. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$2.00.

Our Foreign Affairs, by Paul Scott Mowrer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

HERE is a ten-inch shelf of recent history, representative if not exhaustive. You have something of the Europe of which war was a natural product; of Europe crashing down on its sapped foundations after four years of war; of the sham structure of peace erected on the ruins and now palpably shaking; of the men who ruled Europe in war and rule it in peace; of the frail hope for a regenerated Europe embodied in the experiment at Geneva; and lastly, of America, the lusty war baby, and its relation to the other nations. From one angle of vision and then another you look at the world as this generation has known it, and you come out at the end not without confidence. A world that can survive such experiences under such leadership is invulnerable against anything short of natural cataclysm.

It is the daughter of the last British ambassador to Tsarist Russia who writes her recollections of pre-war Russia, and she is more Tsarist than her father's own memoirs

reveal him to have been; more Tsarist, indeed, than most of the Russian people and many of the Tsar's court.

Miss Buchanan's first Russian recollection is of an opera at which she sat in a box adjoining the one occupied by the Tsar. She was but eight or nine years old and at a loud explosion on the stage closed her eyes and clung tightly to the rails. When she opened her eyes "the Emperor had turned around and was smiling at me." Not that alone but he told her mother "he quite understood" that she was frightened at the noise and added; "Please tell her that I hated it, too." She was "overcome with pride and delight." And though she did not know it then and does not even now, from that point forward her views on Russia were fixed. So it becomes possible for her to record solemnly her remembrance of an Imperial ball at which the Grand Duchess Olga actually "danced every dance and enjoyed herself as simply and whole-heartedly as any girl at her first ball." And she "a Grand Duchess."

This being what Miss Buchanan remembers of the old Russia, you know that the present form of government in Russia is something crouching, a grey wolf on the crumbling ruins with bared fangs and red-rimmed eyes," a government created and maintained only by a "handful of Jews and foreign outcasts" who "teach their children to defy laws and morality." And you can imagine what she must think of Ramsay MacDonald.

On a different mental level is Dr. Nowak's account of the collapse of the Central European coalition in the last year of the war. This is a book that no student of the history of the war can overlook and that no layman who likes his history written with a sense of dramatic values, as well as authoritativeness will want to overlook.

Here is shown how Austria carried within itself the seeds of its own destruction on the day it declared war against Serbia and how time militated unconquerably against Germany, aided by the blindness of the German leaders. Austria went to war a house divided against itself. Under the strain of fighting on two fronts and hunger at home it fell apart, shattered by the undermining of the hostile subject nationalities as much as by attack from without.

Full eighteen months before the armistice Count Czernin, the Austrian foreign minister, warned Berlin that Austria was near exhaustion and must have a negotiated peace. The German Command was drunk with success and would have none but a peace of dictation. It remained drunk to the end. When Ludendorff finally appealed for an armistice it was too late for anything but surrender. It is a legend throughout Germany to-day that the Empire was laid low by the "stab in the back." It was, but what stands out vividly in Dr. Nowak's work is that the thrust was dealt, not by the socialists, as the legend now runs, but by the ruling classes.

The Defeat in the Victory, by George D. Herron, is the familiar story of the great betrayal by the Peace Conference, told by one of the original Wilson apostles, one of those who, hating war, yet threw themselves into the last war as a crusade to regain Paradise. This is a record of disillusionment, written with all the more bitterness for being in the nature of confession.

Without seeking to excuse Mr. Wilson for his surrender, Mr. Herron, who was attached to the peace mission in a semi-official capacity, blames Mr. Wilson himself less than the "regency of Colonel House . . . a mind so essentially inferior . . . who served the imperialisms of

England and France with such acceptable if blind fidelity," and on the staff at the Hotel Crillon, an "extraordinarily incompetent if not fatuous assemblage . . . filled with conflicting egoisms." What Mr. Herron tells has already been told by many others and generally in a less revivalistic tone, but it cannot be told too often.

Those who read more of foreign affairs than the first three paragraphs of the news cables will know everything that is to be found in Sisley Huddleston's sketches of Europe's leaders, but those who read only that will learn much that they need to know. It is a collection of journalistic pieces giving the externals of Ramsay MacDonald, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Poincaré, Mussolini, etc., etc., with Anatole France thrown in for some unfathomable and incongruous reason. Mr. Lloyd George is an apt improviser rather than a student. M. Clemenceau has a mordant wit, as illustrated by some of his most familiar mots, Signor Mussolini is a master of stage effects, Anatole France is an ironist. You are told these things, together with some equally external facts about contemporary Europe in the it-is-earnestly-to-be-hoped editorial-writer manner, but it is doubtless better that even externals be told in any manner than nothing at all.

Mr. Horace G. Alexander has written something unique in the literature of the League of Nations. He is frankly an advocate of some form of internationalism and of this League as a concrete beginning, but with an intellectual integrity that is singular in the treatment of a subject on which men are either fanatically for or fanatically against, he emphasizes the League's sins of omission even more than its few virtues of commission.

When there is set down without bias a balance of the League's achievements and failures, only the firmest or blindest faith remains unshaken. The League has been unhesitant in the proclamation of abstract ideals or of far-reaching measures to which only the second-class nations of Europe and Central and South America have subsequently subscribed. It has been fair in judgment of disputes involving minor Powers. It has evaded every important crisis since the war or used it to further the interests of one of the Powers that dominate the League Council. Mr. Alexander touches the vital point when he says that the League "will remain an ineffective instrument until one of the great Powers voluntarily accepts a decision of the League that conflicts with its own interests."

Amid all the welter of League propaganda this book stands out in refreshing contrast. For those confused by this propaganda and yet desirous of unprejudiced evidence, this book is invaluable. It is far the best on the subject. And the few nice hits in passing at American self-complacency make it healthy reading for Americans.

Mr. Mowrer believes that America must abandon its provincial isolationism and cooperate with the rest of the world. When he cites as the two great supports of isolationism America's belief in its inherent moral superiority and its fear that contact with foreign nations lays us open to "being harmed, or tricked, or evilly tangled," one is tempted to agree with him. Temptation cools when one reads further on, that neither peace nor trade can now be assured by any other means than cooperation and that foreign policy should henceforth be directed definitely "in our own enlightened interest, toward world-peace and economic expansion, by the device of fearless, courteous and whole-hearted cooperation with other predominant Powers." Mr. Mowrer argues cogently and fairly, but he

would be more convincing if more questioning. If, for instance, he did not make such statements as that "Democracy, our first and most persistent ideal (meaning America) has conquered the earth," and that "the finest thing about our American press is its ideal of public service."

NATHANIEL PEPPER.

T. S. Eliot and the Seventeenth Century

Homage to John Dryden, by T. S. Eliot. The Hogarth Essays. London: The Hogarth Press. 2s. 6d.

THIS small volume contains three essays on seventeenth century poetry in Mr. Eliot's best vein. The discussion of English literature has suffered peculiarly from a lack of well-informed and independent criticism outside its official historians, who as a rule accept the same scheme of rankings and hand the same phrases on to one another. It was the great merit of George Moore's imaginary conversations with Edmund Gosse that they attempted to disturb this system. Mr. Moore, reading many celebrated English novels for the first time rather late in life, complained, as a novelist, that the actual artistic qualities of these works did not fit the conventional accounts of them; and Mr. Gosse, who had come to guard the treasures of English culture with almost as little over-exercise of the critical sense as the Beefeater who watches the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London, was represented as rather hard put to it to make a satisfactory defense. So Mr. Eliot, who has the advantage over Mr. Moore of having studied his subject as thoroughly as any compiler of text-books, becomes bored with the cliché reputations of the English poets: he is tired of hearing about Ben Jonson's "comedy of humors" and the "quaint conceits" of the "metaphysical" poets and the superlative lyric excellence of Wordsworth and Shelley. And he sets out to find what artistic realities are laid away in these parroted phrases.

One of the features of Mr. Eliot's revaluation is a dissatisfaction with the nineteenth century and a corresponding enthusiasm for the Elizabethans and the seventeenth century. I am not sure that, in his reaction against the vulgar conception of English poetry as coming to its fullest growth in the romantics and Victorians, with Milton and Shakespeare as lonely oaks out-topping the barbarous undergrowth of earlier periods, he has not sometimes fallen over into paradox in urging the claims of the comparatively neglected. Does he not, for example, exaggerate a little when he says that Dryden's "powers were, we believe, wider but no greater, than Milton's," as if implying that they were as great, and when he describes Marlowe—with all his merits—as "a man of prodigious intelligence"? And I should also like to protest against his use of a certain passage from Dryden's *Secular Masque*—which has already been used by Mrs. Colum in an essay of her-own for the same purpose—as a proof of Dryden's poetic genius; this passage when taken by itself may be made to sound quite exciting, rather like something in Mr. W. B. Yeats, but it seems to me difficult to continue to regard it as impressive when one has looked it up and found out what it actually means in the essentially interesting form in which it occurs. Mr. Eliot has a curious weakness—in his own poetry it appears as a gift—for finding in isolated passages of this sort effects which they were evidently never intended to convey.

Another example in this book is to be found in the turn he gives to certain lines in Bishop King's Exequy on His Dead Wife: here, he says, "there is that effect of terror which is several times attained by one of Bishop King's admirers, Edgar Poe." It certainly is possible by quoting these lines separately to lend them an effect of terror; but I doubt whether anything of the kind was intended by King or that any one but Eliot would have thought of it. It is the poet Eliot and not the poet King or the poet Dryden who expressed his temperament in these selected passages—the poet who has already given a new color and meaning to lines taken out of their context from his predecessors by embodying them in his own poems.

These minor exaggerations do not, however, impair the force of Mr. Eliot's excellent case for the superior artistic seriousness and success of the seventeenth century poets over their eighteenth and nineteenth century successors. "The difference," he writes, "is not a simple difference of degree between poets. It is something which had happened to the mind of England between the time of Donne or Lord Herbert of Cherbury and the time of Tennyson and Browning; it is the difference between the intellectual poet and the reflective poet. Tennyson and Browning are poets, and they think; but they do not feel their thought as immediately as the odor of a rose. A thought to Donne was an experience; it modified his sensibility. When a poet's mind is perfectly equipped for its work, it is constantly amalgamating disparate experience; the ordinary man's experience is chaotic, irregular, fragmentary. The latter falls in love, or reads Spinoza, and these two experiences have nothing to do with each other, or with the noise of the typewriter or the smell of cooking; in the mind of the poet these experiences are always forming new wholes." And in another connection, "When we come to Gray and Collins, the sophistication remains only in the language, and has disappeared from the feeling. Gray and Collins were masters, but they had lost that hold on human values, that firm grasp of human experience, which is a formidable achievement of the Elizabethan and Jacobean poets. . . . The effort to construct a dream-world, which alters English poetry so greatly in the nineteenth century, a dream-world utterly different from the visionary realities of the Vita Nuova or the poetry of Dante's contemporaries, is a problem of which various explanations may no doubt be found; in any case, the result makes a poet of the nineteenth century, of the same size as Marvell, a more trivial and less serious figure."

Perhaps the most interesting discovery in the book is the resemblance which Mr. Eliot finds between the seventeenth century poets and the Elizabethans, on the one hand, and Baudelaire and the French Symbolists, on the other. A "telescoping of images" and "multiplied association" is characteristic of both. They both possess "a mechanism of sensibility" which can "devour any kind of experience" and their poems are equally complex. They perform the function of the poet indicated by Mr. Eliot in the first of the passages quoted above—that of "amalgamating disparate experience." That is why Webster and Donne have come back into fashion in America and England simultaneously with the belated English symbolistic movement which derives its original inspiration from Rimbaud and Laforgue. Young people no longer object, like William Archer, to the absurdity of Webster's plots nor, like Bernard Shaw, scoff at his intelligence. They know that he is a poet trying to convey special effects of feverishness and apprehension rather than a dramatist like Sir Arthur Pinero, and that he succeeds

where a modern symbolistic dramatist like Maeterlinck fails. Mr. Eliot has profited in his own practice as a poet by the discovery which he here expounds and this is one of the facts which has given him his importance in contemporary literature. He has carried on the French tradition of Symbolism in English—unlike many other English-writing Symbolists—by working from the English tradition of "wit" and "metaphysical poetry" which came to an end in the seventeenth century.

EDMUND WILSON.

The Mystery of Religion

Primitive Religion, by Robert H. Lowie. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$3.50.

SCIENCE is a delicate instrument. Its edge pares through the opaque rind of unintelligible fact with cleaner and more revealing strokes than men have ever made before. But like any delicate instrument, it must be used with meticulous care. In foolish or unwary hands it may be applied so maladroitly that its edge is turned and hopelessly blunted by material it was never meant to cut. That famous remark of the astronomer that he had searched the heavens with his telescope and found no God, for instance, is bad theology but worse astronomy. Hunting for God with a magnifying glass is scarcely less silly than seeking Him in the inter-stellar spaces. The machinery appropriate to the observation of a solar eclipse is as ineffective as the playthings of a child for penetrating the secrets of the heart. Indeed, these principles, the recognition that the limitations of any science are as sharp as the cutting edge of its analysis, are so obvious that their reiteration would be quite unjustifiable if they were not so continually denied or overlooked. Our knowledge increases, but the confusion of our most fundamental thoughts has not been proportionately abated. The useful formulas of one research are continually being thrown across into another analysis with the effect of a wrench in a dynamo. Theoretical consistency is as difficult as ever.

No source of confusion is more potent than religion. The reason is apparent. Religion is, in a certain sense, the synthesis of life. In it human thought and feeling reach a focus. Here no partial view, no limited conception, is satisfactory. Where religion is concerned the problems reach across the boundaries of sciences and require the application of finite instruments to transcendental problems. Confusion, therefore, is inevitable. A student of anthropology, like Professor Lowie, is better equipped than any one else for observing all the manifestations of the religious sentiment and all the embodiments of religious faith. He is, so to say, a historian with a difference. Instead of being limited to the collations of the articulate records of the law and recent literary peoples he necessarily roams at large among all the cultures of civilization. Furthermore, he roams alone. The economist prefers to handle only the complex pecuniary organization of modern culture. Even the sociologist finds the constellation of contemporary institutions more satisfying to his taste for social problems. Where primitive society is concerned no departmental fences have been put up. And most human history is the history of primitive society. Nevertheless, even the anthropologist suffers from theoretical limitations. He can deal with whole civilizations, but he is still, perhaps, only a collector, the curator of the sticks and stones and broken bones that are to be seen

in his museums. His technique is that of historical classification. At interpretation he is still no better than the next man.

This, accordingly, is the weakness of Professor Lowie's interpretation of religion. When he draws his pictures of the religions of primitive society he shows a breadth of understanding and a catholicity of interest which none but an anthropologist could muster. But when he attempts analysis, when he sets out to isolate the "central," or "fundamental," or "indispensible" element of religious experience, he is hacking at a theoretical problem with instruments not at all adapted to the purpose.

Compare the ensuing result with Professor Lowie's achievement in an earlier book also, in a sense, directed at a theoretical issue. *Primitive Society* was a discussion of the question of what is the fundamental law of historical development, just as this one inquires what is fundamental in religion. That study, like the present volume, represented a critical reconsideration of the classic doctrines of anthropology in the light of the facts which recent field workers have established. But—and this makes all the differences between success and failure—*Primitive Society* was agnostic where *Primitive Religion* is dogmatic. Confronted with the question whether the classic theories (Tylor's and Morgan's theories) of social evolution were sound or not, Dr. Lowie used his material critically. At the very outset, indeed, he protected himself from compensatory error, from criticizing Tylor by leaning in the opposite direction, by raising the question not whether Tylor's laws were sound but whether the data justify any law of social evolution. The data which he then massed about the nineteenth century theories in so professional a fashion served first thoroughly to disestablish the overhasty evolutionary generalizations of the earlier generation and then to protect present writing from similar though contradictory assertions. His case was a crushing one: the "unilineal" theory of social evolution was untenable not because another similar hypothesis had been established but because no such generalization could be supported by the facts.

But in *Primitive Religion* a contrary logic is employed. Nowhere does the anthropologist doubt that religion has a "fundamental" element. He attacks Tylor's theory that religion springs from animism, Frazer's theory that it grows out of magic, Durkheim's proposal of a fundamental differentiation between sacred and profane. In each case the facts of primitive life, in which Professor Lowie shows the proficiency of a leading authority in a science in which America has never been behindhand, serve to build a quite conclusive case against each various polarization of religious life. But never does he doubt that there is still such a pole.

The "solution" which Professor Lowie accordingly allows himself to suggest is a simple one. Probably it is proof against most of the facts which have annihilated his predecessors. But that may be only because it is too tenuous to be objectionable. His belief is that the core of religion is the presumption of the Extraordinary and the sentiments which it straightway engenders or invokes. It would probably be difficult to deny that there lies very near the center of religion the conception of a break in the day's occupation, the notion of a transcendence of the usual order of things. Religion, that is to say, is extraordinary, even peculiar, perhaps unique in the affairs of this world. This may be true. But this does not explain it. Lowie's hypothesis is weaker, at this point, than those he has been attacking.

After all, the proposal, say of Frazer, that religion appeared as a historical derivative of magic does at least attempt to account for its appearance. This Lowie is unable to undertake.

Professor Lowie is usually scornful of psychology. In this book he allows himself only a digression of a few pages in which to dispose of the "sexual theory" of religion. Without mentioning psychoanalysis he is clearly intending to rob it of any potency for the attack upon these problems. But the case is not so simple. Even Professor Lowie's theory leaves the human appetite for the Extraordinary an inexplicable thing, an inexplicable thing which psychologists attempt to understand by probing the interior of human personality. Indeed, just about the time Professor Lowie was signing the preface to his completed work another volume issued from the press which attempted to find in the secret places of the heart the clue to the conundrum of the Inexplicable, Everett Dean Martin's *Mystery of Religion*. If, perhaps, religion is a matter of the human heart, and many religious men have held it so, the dogmas of anthropology are little more than a fresh confusing of the issue. One cannot find God, either, in the archeological collection.

C. E. AYRES.

Philippine Problems

The United States and the Philippines, by D. R. Williams. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$3.00.

PHILIPPINE questions have never been able to obtain intelligent discussion in the United States. The great distance of the islands, the unfamiliar character of their problems and the uncertainty in many minds as to the general direction of our foreign policy have debarred them from the right kind of consideration. Rarely does any item of news bearing upon the Philippines receive more than a few lines in the daily press. One result has been that Philippine discussion has been carried on almost entirely through magazine articles, government reports and books. It has suffered especially from the fact that most of the publications relating to it have been the product of men with a one-sided or biased point of view. Thus during the past twenty years a number of volumes have been produced by Philippine administrators of varying political parties, others by agents of business or financial groups desirous of maintaining their position in the islands. Only an occasional contribution has come from a traveler whose point of view was truly individual or personal, and without group bias or commercial prejudice.

Mr. D. R. Williams adds another volume to the long series of group or class discussions of the Philippines and he writes it from much the same standpoint that has been characteristic of earlier works on the subject. Its attitude is essentially that of the representative of a particular element with its one interest to serve. The group which he thus represents includes broadly speaking the American business population of Manila, especially that part of it which is convinced that under independent Philippine government it would be impossible for business to flourish or for life and property to be safely protected. So far as the present reviewer is aware, this point of view has never before been presented in book form and Mr. Williams' volume is, therefore, of distinct value as reflecting the attitude of a well

organized and coherent political element. Of its three hundred and thirty-five pages about two-fifths are given to a review of Philippine history and of the conditions under which the islands passed into the hands of the United States. This is doubtless valuable for the sake of the convenience of new readers, although greatly expanded and overdrawn, but needs no discussion since the facts are substantially well known. The second part of Mr. Williams' volume, comprising about one-eighth of the total, furnishes a short, violent arraignment of the government of the Philippines as conducted by Francis Burton Harrison, who was sent to Manila by President Wilson, and the remaining third portion, rather more than two-fifths of all is an argument, based upon economic, political and legal grounds, against Philippine independence. It is with these last two features of the work only that the reader is likely to feel most interest, and it is with them that the present review concerns itself.

Mr. Williams's survey of Governor Harrison's term of office is entitled, "The Wrecking of a Government," a caption which, in itself, gives the key to the point of view of the author. It is enough to say that nothing that was done under the Harrison administration can possibly receive Mr. Williams's approval. First some old and discredited stories about official discourtesies to Mr. Forbes are retailed. Then the first work of the Harrison administration is jeeringly reviewed. A Collector of Customs who served faithfully for several years without blemish to his reputation and with undoubted credit to himself is described as a "queer importation from the states," while similar disparagement is lavished upon almost every person even indirectly connected with the administration at the time. Mr. Harrison's term is described as a period of weak concession to the natives unaccompanied by any redeeming quality and involving serious deterioration of business and physical plant and of the general conditions of living. Absolutely unfounded statements about financial and other conditions are offered as the unqualified truth. Detraction and bias could hardly be greater. But when Mr. Williams comes to review the administration of Governor General Wood, who succeeded Mr. Harrison, all his resources of praise are insufficient to do justice. That officer receives unqualified commendation and his differences of opinion with the people are spoken of as merely the inevitable outgrowth or aftermath of the faults committed by his predecessor. When Mr. Williams takes up the question of independence in the abstract he can hardly find terms of adequate strength in which to impugn both the capacity of the natives and the good faith of those who propose any such plan and he emphasizes the general world dangers involved in our leaving the Philippines. Most of what he has to say in this connection is indeed familiar and really needs no repetition. Some of it is true, much exaggerated and more absolutely false. The experienced reader, however, will not quarrel fundamentally with the argument involved though he must essentially differ with the point of view before he has gone far. Thus he finds himself mentally unprepared for the final questions to which the whole Philippine issue is eventually reducible:

Would the islands be better off without us than with us; and, is there any material consideration which does or should impel us to retain control of the Philippines in our own interest?

Both these questions are frankly discussed and frankly answered by Mr. Williams. He believes that in every respect the general masses of the people would be worse off

if governed by their own race than if governed by Americans, while the main force of his argument is devoted to showing the folly of our people in surrendering so "rich" a territory. It is just here, of course, that suspicion is likely to enter the mind of the sincere reader, since it would appear that if the wealth of the islands is the main reason for keeping them, fears about the condition of the people may easily be given a subordinate place or be made to play a purely theoretical part in the discussion. This has always been the stumbling block of our imperialists. Do they want to retain the Islands because of the conception of duty involved in the notion of the "white man's burden," or do they want to stay there because there is a better chance to make money with our own people in control? The answer "for both reasons" is logical enough in itself, but arouses suspicion none the less particularly when there is too much emphasis upon social defects and lack of ability for self government. As a matter of fact the argument on these latter grounds is sadly inconclusive save upon the strict "white man's burden" theory, and Mr. Williams's.

Not the least interesting thing about the volume is its status as a piece of psychological self-revelation. Mr. Williams has lived twenty years or more in the islands. He still thinks in the terms of McKinley and Roosevelt imperialism. Occasionally he starts from his Rip Van Winkle sleep to recognize that Republicans now control our national government and that it is they who are planning action on independence. But this is only momentary and he is soon back in his somnolent or reminiscent state of mind, condemning "the Democrats" for anti-imperialism and attributing all independence plans to Democratic influence. The book is as enlightening to the initiated as an X-ray photograph of a defective tooth is to a dentist, but it does not bulk large as an "exhibit" of literary or descriptive art.

H. PARKER WILLIS.

Dialogues and Spotlights

Distressing Dialogues, by Nancy Boyd. Preface by Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00.

The Literary Spotlight, edited by John Farrar. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

THING may be right enough in one place, yet not so right in another. To apply this truism specifically, a string of pieces may do well enough in a monthly periodical, yet rather less well in the pages of a book. A closer application still: these Dialogues might very satisfactorily have been left uncollected and these Spotlights unfocused.

"Nancy Boyd" is understood to be another manifestation of Miss Millay herself. In the pages of *Vanity Fair* her brief bits produced an effect—they were sprightly and tricky, even if now and again a trifle earthy. Between covers they are less to be relished. Miss Millay is, of course, capable of exhibiting herself in various phases. Depending on her milieu, which might be a woman's club, a bourgeois drawing-room, or an assembly in the "Village" or in Montparnasse, she has appeared to different observers in different lights: as an angel child, as "a chorus-girl on a holiday," as a "society girl" outdoing society itself, or as the languid and morbid product of a decadent civilization. The present collection permits the unsympathetic to view her as an impish vulgarian, and the loyal to regret the capricious and irresponsible exercise of a high talent on a lower plane. Everything is cleverly done—even here and there with

spurts of the inexplicable thing which must be called genius; yet one would be as well pleased if it hadn't been done at all.

The dozen or so writers shepherded by Mr. Farrar of *The Bookman* display wide differences in age, taste, equipment and discretion. The volume shows little unity of texture or of tone. Mr. Farrar's contributors are a discrepant lot: they rise to real criticism; they fall to mere gossip; they sink, far too often, to dubious personalities. The book, while varied and readable, by no means attains a distinguished average, and often displays more knowingness than taste.

Both these books, to tell the truth, are lively and entertaining enough. But the country is suffering from a surfeit of youthful spirits, facetiousness and facile chatter. The skittish and the jaunty do well enough on occasion, but ought not to be depended upon much longer in our formation of a national attitude.

HENRY B. FULLER.

Outlaws or Classics?

James Joyce: His First Forty Years, by Herbert S. Gorman. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$2.00.

D. H. Lawrence: An American Interpretation, by Herbert J. Seligman. New York: Thomas Seltzer. \$1.75.

OUTLAWS both from the hedged-in paths of Victorian literature, Joyce and Lawrence have for years been regarded by some critics as high priests of a new order of fictional art. Both writers have had part of their work suppressed. I suppose that all Mr. Lawrence's novels are now procurable with more or less difficulty; but Mr. Joyce's *Ulysses* is so rare and so prohibitive in price that it is known to most of his admirers only in the first sections that appeared in the *Little Review*.

And now both these wanderers from the safe paths of tradition are undergoing the first stage of conversion into classics by the publication of interpretative studies of their work.

Reading these studies together, I am impressed, first of all, by the remarkable parallelisms between their subjects. Joyce derived from an Irish Catholic county family, and Lawrence born in the cottage of a Derbyshire coal-miner—they began life far enough apart; but environment strangely shaped them toward a common art purpose. Both are largely self-trained; both suffered hardship before they could find opportunity to bring their work before the public; and both are still suffering obloquy at the hands of the public. But from the beginning, with the instinct of highly original minds to slough off old forms of thought, both plunged to the neck in the waves of psychoanalysis: Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* (1913) and Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as Young Man* (1915), fundamentally different as they are in style, in technique, and in the temperaments they reveal, are alike in the determined effort they show to give the subconscious, which plays so large a part in life, a dominant place in fiction.

These books made two great splashes, the circles whereof seem to be widening still. Undoubtedly the first sense was of shock. But startling as these self-revelatory efforts are, the more so as an autobiographic basis is clearly traceable in both, they are not to be denied as literature of a high type. Lawrence at his best writes prose as fine and imaginative and musical as any written to-day; and Joyce, with his eccentricities, is able at times to get wonderful effects not before attained in literature.

For these reasons the two studies under consideration

serve a useful purpose, although they are unequal in length and in thoroughness.

Mr. Gorman's book shows clearly what Joyce is trying to accomplish. With due allowance for panegyric, high-keyed and insistent, one is still able to infer from his presentation an extraordinary gifted temperament, ultra-sensitive to environment, urgent toward expression of the impressions received, and deliberately seeking new molds of form, thought, and language. That Joyce really stands on the pinnacle of achievement where this critic places him it is too soon to say; but the careful exposition of each of his works and especially the long quotations from the parts of *Ulysses* not generally accessible, enables each reader to determine for himself something of Joyce's remarkable qualities and his probable influence in the shaping of our new literature.

Mr. Seligmann's book is a much slighter effort to comment on Lawrence's work under the three captions Poems, Prose, Philosophy and Criticism. His observations are disorganized, if not haphazard. They are of value as supplementing scattered criticism and perhaps to some extent correcting misapprehensions, but of very little use to the reader who knows nothing of Lawrence's work.

Useful features of both books are the bibliographies and notes at the end. Mr. Seligmann gives a brief biographical note on Lawrence and a list of his published works. Mr. Gorman does more for Joyce. His bibliography lists various editions and includes a select number of critical articles on *Ulysses*. An interesting portrait of Joyce serves as frontispiece.

EDITH RICKERT.

In the *New Republic* for Dec. 10, 1924, a letter was published under the title, *Two Sides to the Under Dog*, signed with the initials J. G. L. The *New Republic* wishes to state that its author was Mr. J. G. Lyne.

In the issue of Dec. 31, the article *Another Lesson in Coal* stated that the "Jacksonville agreement" expires next summer. This was an error. The agreement continues in force until 1927.

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The Week

SENATOR BORAH once achieved a great success by being the first to demand such a conference on reduction of armament as was held in Washington in 1921. He now seeks to repeat his coup by suggesting that President Coolidge ask for another conference to discuss both armaments and economic questions. The President has promptly let it be known that he is in favor of such a conference, which is no great news, since he has been saying so for many months. He doesn't want economic questions discussed, however. That phrase might drag in the sacred white elephant, the Allied debts to America. The Senator from Idaho intimates that this reservation is satisfactory. Despite the proposed resolution, the President of course will take no action until he knows what Europe will do about the meeting this spring which is contemplated by the terms of the Geneva Protocol. The success both of this Protocol and of the conference under it are still gravely in doubt.

WE heartily applaud the desire of any government official to engage in so laudable an enterprise as a

conference on limitation of armament. We recognize, too, that almost any meeting of the powers which does not end in flat failure is better than none. Even the Washington conference, the concrete achievements of which were so partial, so much confined to a type of war machine already semi-obsolete, resulted in an enormous degree of highly desirable "moral disarmament" in the Pacific. At the same time it is impossible to look the facts in the face and hope for any substantial success for a conference on land armament called by America and meeting under conditions prescribed by our general policy in foreign affairs. For reduction of armament is absolutely dependent on creating an alternative means of national security. There is no such means except a comprehensive and continuing plan in which most or all of the chief powers participate, for outlawing war and settling disputes by legal methods. America is still unwilling to play a life-sized part in any such plan. With all the serious imperfections in its present text, there is ten times as much hope for world peace in the Geneva Protocol as in any conference President Coolidge can or will call.

THE foreground of international affairs continues to be filled by the French debts to England and the United States, and our insistence on sharing in German payments under the Dawes plan because of our claim for occupation costs and other damages. The French evidently feel they have gone too far in recent statements of inability and reluctance to pay their debts. All such suggestions, it is now explained, were purely unofficial. The "real" French position is contained in a note to Washington, somewhat hastily drafted, and not made public as we go to press. It is supposed to suggest a ten-year moratorium and payment of the debt over the ensuing eighty years, with a very low rate of interest. More definite is the Chamberlain note to Hughes, denying that we have any legal claim under the Treaty of Berlin on payments made by Germany under the Treaty of Versailles which we refused to sign. This of course sounds more formidable than it is. The British like the French and Americans are trying to establish the strongest position possible as a bargaining ground in the negotiations which must presently begin. In the long run, England would be

glad to have us share in the Dawes plan payments—in exchange for our reconsidering and moderating the terms under which she is paying her debt to us. France would pay something on her debts to England and America—in exchange for approval of her policy of paying only as Germany does, and in lesser degree. America would reduce the size of the French bill—if our public opinion were educated up to this action, and if we had reason to believe that the smaller total would really be paid. Under the circumstances, the meeting of Allied Finance Ministers in Paris which is beginning as we go to press, and is attended for us by Ambassadors Herick and Kellogg and Colonel Logan, is like the meeting of boxers' representatives at which articles are signed. The real fight is yet to come.

THE Mussolini government is evidently in sore straits, despite the effort, through an ironclad censorship, to keep the facts from the world. As we go to press, the Fascist dictator has vaguely proclaimed two kinds of martial law—that of the police, and another variety enforced by his black shirt cohorts, whose business it evidently is to terrorize all opposition into inaction. Every paper which refuses to sing the praises of Father Benito has been suppressed. Threats of personal violence against the leaders of the opposition are frequent. Unless all signs fail, publication of the Cesare Rossi memorandum, which proved that Mussolini was personally responsible for the two years' campaign of outrages which culminated in the murder of Matteotti, has given the Fascist régime its coup de grace. To be sure, it has had something to its credit: it ran the trains on time, suppressed open banditry and petty thievery, and brought government income and outgo together. There is such a thing, however, as purchasing these blessings at too high a price. The people of Italy have evidently decided that they have paid quite enough.

IT looks very much as if the crusade against Bolshevism as a criminal conspiracy against social and moral order which was preached with such fervor in 1919 and 1920 would be revived in 1925. It will be revived for two reasons. There are evidences of serious dissensions in the inner circle of the Communist party in Russia. Whether these dissensions indicate a development or a decadence of the leadership which brought success to the Bolshevik revolution we do not know, but any sign of apparent or real weakness in the present Russian government will encourage the Russian émigrés and their friends in Europe to recommence counter-revolutionary plots and agitations. The western European governments have, moreover, been moving recently in the direction of conservatism not to say reaction; and the temptation for conservative governments to charge radical opponents with Bolshevism seems to be irresistible. It is, of course, the more irresistible just in so far as the opposition

is powerful and justified. There are several precarious governments in middle Europe resting themselves on violence which will represent an attempt to overthrow them as an explosion of revolutionary socialism. This is particularly true of the Balkans and some of the succession states which are betraying many symptoms of impending convulsions.

HOW completely the present anti-Bolshevist campaign in the Balkans is a mere cloak for more sinister purposes is clearly shown by the action of Yugoslavia. The Croatian Peasant party headed by Radich has been banned, on the flimsy ground that it is linked with the peasants' communist group at Moscow. Its leaders are being arrested as fast as they can be caught. Under this excuse, however, all other opposition parties are also being suppressed. No political meetings of any kind are permitted, and the press is under rigid censorship. As in Italy, this is a sign not of strength but of weakness in the party in power; and the same explanation holds good for the other states in the pan-Balkan anti-Bolshevist alliance. The cock-and-bull stories from Vienna that Czecho-Slovakia has lost the moral leadership of the Little Entente to Yugoslavia—stories which probably have an Italian origin—doubtless have this much foundation: that Masaryk and Benes, possessing the confidence of their people, do not need to trot out a Bolshevik bogey as an excuse for a semi-dictatorship, and therefore refuse to participate in an international league of reactionaries for such purposes.

AN interesting and authentic forecast of what the next war will be like was given in New York City last week at a luncheon of the Foreign Policy Association by a group of close students of aerial and chemical warfare, headed by Brigadier-General Lord Thomson, late chief of the Air Ministry in the Labor government of Great Britain. The consensus of the experts was that in the next war the airplane will be the chief weapon both for offense and defense; that the only real defense will be to attempt to raid the enemy's capital before he raids yours; and that civilians, particularly those living in large cities, will be the first and perhaps the chief casualties. These experts were careful not to indulge in any wild, Sunday-paper sensationalism; but they made it very clear that in their belief trench warfare between professional armies is as extinct as the cross-bow. The future military aim will be to demoralize the enemy by wrecking his chief cities, and particularly his capital, at the earliest possible moment. "A burning charnel house" is the expressive phrase by which Lord Thomson described a city which had been the scene of a successful operation. Reliance will not however be exclusively on gas bombs, the present state of poison gas warfare being somewhat less advanced than is popularly supposed. To kill or disable the whole population of New York or London from the air as things now

stand, would take a great many planes and a considerable period of time.

[I]n the coming aerial warfare, gas, incendiary and explosive bombs will all be used. The explosives will wreck buildings, killing many persons in the process. The incendiary bombs will start immense fires which cannot be put out, thereby destroying many more buildings and wrecks of buildings and killing additional members of the population. As to gases, several are available which can be used separately or in combination. Some of them are fatal one hundred percent of the time if they remain on the clothing or skin long enough to burn through and get into the blood stream—a period of a few minutes. Others cause persons who come in contact with them to go blind, either temporarily or permanently. Still others induce unconsciousness over extended periods, or insanity which is usually temporary but in some cases permanent. To be sure, methods of protection against poison gases in general exist. Masks, if used by well-trained soldiers, are fairly adequate, though they would afford no protection against Lewisite, rained from the sky, and there is no safeguard against mustard and other heavy gases of the sort which collect in cellars, subways, etc., except to abandon any place drenched with them for a period which may be as long as a fortnight.

BUT even against ordinary chlorine, which is now regarded as antiquated for military use, it would probably be impossible to protect the inhabitants of a large city. The very minimum requirement for safety is that every inhabitant be provided with an efficient gas mask with replacements from time to time, drilled until he is an expert in its use, and required to have it always available so that it could be adjusted on a few seconds' notice. It is doubtful whether any existing government would be brave enough to advertise its expectation of attack by taking these steps in peacetime—and unless taken then, they would be useless. Even if it were willing, the task is probably humanly impossible. A percentage of the population would be too stupid, or too indifferent to its own welfare, to take the necessary precautions. How large this percentage would be, no one can say; but in a city like New York it would assuredly produce many thousands of casualties in every raid. Even if it did not, the business of life would be almost completely suspended. No one has enough physical strength to go about his affairs wearing a gas mask. Transportation lines would be halted for days if not for weeks. Most effective of all would be the condition of absolute, hysterical terror, to which the whole population would be reduced—a terror which, experience shows, is shared by soldiers from the trenches, and is increased, not diminished, with successive experiences of the same sort. It should be remembered that the conditions herein described are not in the slightest degree the

product of anybody's imagination. They are based on inventions already made, and well known. It is in fact likely that the various governments have among them new gases or explosives even more effective. No one knows, because surprise is half the value of any new weapon, and the chemical services of the leading powers guard their secrets with the most desperate care.

A DEBATE has been in progress for some time in military circles as to whether gas warfare is or is not more humane than the use of ordinary high explosive shells, shrapnel, etc. So intelligent a man as J. B. S. Haldane has entered the lists (in the January issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*) to argue that the proportion of casualties is smaller from gas than shells, that effective gases are possible which leave no permanent ill effects, and that therefore gas warfare does not deserve the bad name which it has received partly from old-fashioned army officers who can't or won't adjust their minds to the new technique. Such discussion seems to us worse than useless, since it diverts attention from the real issue. For some 2100 years, in all wars fought by white men a distinction has been made between belligerents and non-combatants, and of the latter women and children in particular have been safeguarded so far as possible. As the war of 1914-18 grew in bitterness, this distinction was wiped out. In November, 1918, the Allies were preparing to bomb all of the inhabitants of the chief German cities with poison gas. The next war between any two or more of the great powers will undoubtedly begin where the last one left off, or reach that point in a few days' time. Even if gas were only one-half as deadly as shrapnel, the fact that it will be applied to women, children, all stay-at-home civilians, completely alters the old situation. It is all very well to say that such a prospect is so horrible that it will put an end to war, or that the new peril of non-combatants will be an inciting cause to the statesmen to insure peace. We know more today than we did ten years ago about the ability of humankind to endure the unendurable. And we are painfully aware that statesmen usually lack the brains and character to avert catastrophes even when they see them dead ahead. In the face of the facts, it seems the grimest joke of the ages that "pacifism" is still a thoroughly unpopular doctrine and that any man who tries to warn the people of their danger is more than likely to be laughed out of court.

A RECENT ruling of the Bureau of Internal Revenue with respect to the liability to the income tax of certain classes of municipal employes has the appearance of being extremely arbitrary. Hitherto all municipal, like all state, officials have been treated as exempt from federal income tax on the general ground that the power to tax is the power to destroy. It was considered destructive to the federal Constitution to allow Congress to im-

pose taxes on citizens who were the necessary agents of state governments. The reasoning upon which the exemption of municipal and state officials from the income tax is based is from the economic point of view most doubtful. No tax levied by the federal government on the incomes of state officials would have the slightest tendency to injure the state governments unless it subjected state officials to a tax from which it exempted federal officials and private citizens. The exemption of the income of state and municipal employes has, however, never been successfully disputed. Never that is, until the Internal Revenue Bureau recently decided that Congress could tax the incomes of certain classes of municipal officials. All employes of city-owned services, such as water, light and street railway departments, are subject to federal income tax on their salaries. They have been liable since 1918, and they will now be compelled to file returns and pay taxes for these intervening years.

EMPLOYEES of a city water or electric light plant are under the foregoing ruling subject to an income tax, because the city is defined as behaving with respect to such activities in a proprietary rather than a governmental capacity. On the surface this ruling looks like an arbitrary attempt to distinguish between the economic and political functions of a municipal corporation. If the reasoning which is supposed to justify the exemption of state and municipal officials is valid, the ruling means that Congress can tax out of existence municipal economic activities but not municipal political activities. While the decision will form a vexatious complication in the lives of thousands of municipal employes, it will have little economic effect. In all probability it will not avail to discourage the undertaking of municipal activities. Nevertheless it was probably prompted by prejudice against municipal trading. A municipality is a public corporation and the quality of contributing to the public interest appertains theoretically to all its activities. If it is undesirable to prevent Congress from taxing the salary of a policeman or health official, it is equally undesirable to prevent Congress from taxing the salaried officials of a department such as that of water supply, whose operations in the opinion of the municipal authorities are no less necessary to the safeguarding of public health and welfare.

ADMIRAL PALMER, head of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, is trying to put the American merchant marine on a business footing. He believes that he should be given a free hand in the management, operation and disposition of ships and his view is shared by President Coolidge and Senator Jones of Washington, chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee. The President was so anxious to promote this change that he requested the Shipping Board to pass a resolution divorcing itself entirely from the management of the government's shipping affairs. Two resolutions have been passed, one last

January and one a few days ago. Neither accomplishes the purpose. Apparently both President Coolidge and Senator Jones have now convinced themselves that it will require an amendment of the Jones Merchant Marine act of 1920 to confine the Board's activities within the limits of general policymaking and to give the Emergency Fleet Corporation unrestricted authority to manage its own business. Consequently the President recommended such a change in the law in his last message to Congress and Senator Jones is drafting the amendment. Why the Shipping Board declined to pass a resolution in the form suggested to them has been explained by Chairman T. V. O'Connor and Admiral Benson. To have done so, Admiral Benson says, would have meant shifting responsibilities and delegating powers which Congress had fixed in the Board itself. It would have violated the trust imposed upon the Board by law, consequently it would have been illegal. Apparently Senator Jones did not know that he was recommending an illegal action when he wrote his memorandum last January.

THE business-like policy President Coolidge has adopted for the merchant marine completely reverses President Harding's. That policy was made by Albert D. Lasker as chairman of the Shipping Board. With him, everything was subordinate to getting a ship-subsidy law passed by Congress. The accepted rules of business were brushed aside. Instead of soliciting freight for the vessels operated by the Board, he announced that the Shipping Board vessels would only carry what was freely offered them. The sale of ships was likewise conducted in such a way as to make an extravagant deficit inevitable. Mr. Lasker ran the whole show, frequently with only a pro forma consultation of the Board, working tooth and nail all the while to get the Ship-Subsidy Act passed. When Congress refused to accede to his demand, which was backed up by President Harding, Mr. Lasker apparently lost interest in the shipping business and shortly after President Coolidge took office, he resigned. The new President reversed the policy of his predecessor. He decided the business must be built up and the deficit cut down pending the time when the whole business could be sold out as a going concern. The Emergency Fleet Corporation is now operating some vessels at a profit and others at a comparatively small loss in the United States Lines. Admiral Palmer figures that the average loss per vessel on all ships operated is \$25,000. Representative Edwin L. Davis of Tennessee, whose knowledge of the Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation probably exceeds that of some of the Board's members, figures that the operating loss of the merchant fleet is now reduced to \$5,000,000 a year, and that the other \$50,000,000 appropriated has been expended on administration expenses, expense of the laid-up fleet, reconditioning, repairs and other not a part of ship operations.

THE safety of coal miners is an excellent subject for a governmental new year's resolution. "The frequency of coal mine explosions," says the Associated Press in a recent despatch, "has brought officials to the conclusion that the federal government might properly seek the coöperation of the states in promoting greater safety to coal mine workers." The fact is that coal mining is still a distinctly dangerous occupation. The review of the American Association for Labor Legislation has recently called the attention of its readers to the fact that eight "major" explosions of 1924 took 445 lives. In 1923 265 miners were killed in five such disasters. In 1922 a series of eleven explosions caused the death of 264. The toll for the last decade totals more than 25,000. Some danger is, no doubt, inevitable in the mining of coal. Yet the fact remains that the adoption of safety devices the efficacy of which is recognized by all insurance companies, in particular the use of rock dust, required by law throughout England, is resisted by the mining companies and neglected by state governments. The national conference soon to be called by President Coolidge according to arrangements made by the Bureau of Mines, will pay its way if it does no more than demonstrate that most of the hazards of coal mining are unnecessary.

Mr. C. E. Ayres and Mr. George Soule have joined the editorial board of the New Republic.

When is a Debt not a Debt?

THE French Finance Minister's frank expression of the way in which Frenchmen actually regard the French war debt to the United States has provoked some plain speaking in Washington. It looks just now as if the American government might in the end discourage further borrowing in the American market by the citizens or the governments of all countries which had not offered to fund their debts to the United States on acceptable terms. But whatever the final result the disagreeable incident has precipitated a more attentive consideration of the problem of the inter-allied war debts. It is surely desirable that such a consideration should take place. There are many conflicting interests to be adjusted, and it will take a long time to adjust them. The economic and political problems created by these debts are almost as difficult as the problem of German reparations. The anger, the bitterness, the obloquy, the misunderstanding and the recriminations which are aroused by their discussion is born of an analogous discrepancy between imperative human needs and the economic values and institutions of modern civilization.

According to the prevailing legal and ethical principles property is property without very much regard for the purpose which it serves, and a debt

is a debt no matter what the conditions under which it was incurred or what the consequences are of paying it. France and Italy incurred their debts to the United States and Great Britain for the purchase at inflated war prices of war material which was immediately consumed. It is obviously unsound finance to spend borrowed money on consumers' goods purchased at high prices. If modern capitalist nations propose to indulge in war, they should on their own principles pay for their extravagance by conscripting wealth and labor and by manufacturing goods just as they manufacture soldiers. Instead they borrow in any way that they can, bringing about inflation and profiteering as the result of borrowing, and impose on the future productivity of their people the burden of paying for their misfortunes or mismanagement. The evils of financing wars by loans are grave enough when the money is borrowed at home, but they become intolerable and impossible when the money is borrowed by one government and loaned to another. Such obligations are embarrassing to repudiate. France has already written off a substantial part of her internal debt by inflating the franc. Considering her difficulties it might seem fair to scale down to the same extent her debts to the United States and Great Britain, but the matter looks different from the point of view of the American and British governments. They are paying the full interest on these debts to their own domestic creditors. Repudiation would impose on British and American industry and labor the burden of partly feeding and munitioning the French people during the war irrespective of how egotistically the French government used the power which victory conferred upon it.

The difficulty of a settlement between France and the United States is much increased by their differing relations to Great Britain. The latter country is both a creditor and a debtor with respect to her associates in the war. It was in Great Britain's interest to strain every nerve to pay her debts for two reasons. If she did not pay, she could not hope to collect, and neither could she hope to regain the international financial standing from which she had profited so much in the past. She could not afford to lose the reputation of a scrupulously honest merchant. Consequently she signed a contract with the United States which was equivalent to paying in full. Her financial policy previous to and during the war, which had been much sounder than that of France and Italy, provided her with the means of paying. It was a costly but a magnificent act of economic statesmanship, which was soon effective in restoring British prestige. Yet it actually increased the difficulties of a general adjustment of the inter-allied war debts. For it encouraged American politicians to believe that they could negotiate a bargain with France and Italy almost as good as that which Great Britain accepted; and it imposed on France the alternative either of promising to pay more to her creditors than she is capable of paying

or else of accepting the humiliating position of a second rate financial power with doubtful credit.

France will have to make her choice soon. Unless she offers an acceptable settlement in the near future, the next Congress will undoubtedly force the issue; and in forcing the issue it will probably act for the good of both the French and the American peoples. There seems to be no other way of enlightening them as to the realities of their financial relationship. France cannot pay, does not seriously propose to pay and in our opinion is justified in not paying, but she will not admit any of this if she can help it, and there is now much to be gained by forcing the admission from her. The disagreeable confession is necessary to the ultimate emancipation of France from the impossible obligation and to the future curtailment, in our opinion desirable, of her prestige in Europe. It is time for Americans to recognize that France cannot and does not intend to pay any but a small proportion of her debt to this country and for Frenchmen to accept the consequences of their default. At present the interest on the original debt is rolling up and it will continue to roll up until the two governments reach a settlement. The more it rolls up the more it dissipates the value of the whole reckoning. At present also both the French government and minor French public bodies and corporations are borrowing money in this country. The interest on these new loans will necessarily absorb French balances abroad which otherwise might be used for paying something on the original debt. It is desirable that this borrowing should cease. France cannot have it both ways. Assuming that she cannot pay the debt, she is justified in pleading incompetence and in asking to have her liabilities reduced. But in that event she can hardly expect to borrow more money abroad until the reorganization of her domestic finances is complete and until she gives her creditors some indication of how much she proposes or feels able to pay.

The proposal by M. Clementel that the principles of the Dawes plan be applied to France is itself a confession of bankruptcy. It is an admission that France's legal obligations exceed her ability to meet them and that she requires at least an extension of time from her creditors. It is an admission, also, that even though France could collect sufficient taxes in francs to pay part of the interest on the debt, she might not be able to transfer her francs to London or Washington without depreciating her currency—a consideration which renders it very undesirable that she should for the present increase her indebtedness. Of course M. Clementel is asking for delay on another pretext. German reparations constitute a considerable part of French assets, and until France learns how much she can collect from Germany she has no way of calculating how much she can pay her own creditors. This is true, and it furnishes a perfectly valid reason for demanding a moratorium and for delaying a final settlement un-

til experience indicates the size of the crop which the Dawes plan has planted. But if the French ask for and obtain these concessions, as they should, it is only fair for them on their part to recognize that they have already partially repudiated their obligations. They have not only partially repudiated, but they are proposing to make future payments contingent, not on exceptional exertions or sacrifices on their part, but on their ability to collect from Germany. Although they are justified in claiming these exemptions, they are not justified in claiming immunity from the consequences of their own default.

If a private corporation asked for a similar extension of time on the ground of inability to pay and the necessity of realizing slowly on its assets, its creditors would throw it into bankruptcy and administer its affairs. That is the real meaning of the Dawes plan as imposed on Germany. The plan implies not only the emancipation from any liability to pay more than she is able to pay, but also the acceptance by her of an experimental financial receivership which will set up an impartial tribunal to decide how much she is able to pay. Of course, M. Clementel, when he suggested a Dawes plan for France, was not proposing to confer on any non-French commission the right to say how much France can and shall pay. No nation would propose or accept such a limitation of its independence except as the result of utter helplessness. But if her creditors must and should grant a prolonged moratorium to France for the ostensible purpose of allowing her to realize on foreign assets in which they also are interested, they are surely justified in taking probably effective precautions to prevent those assets from being dissipated.

According to dominant British and American opinion, it is French policy towards Germany which more than anything else has in the past diminished Germany's ability to pay. If that policy is continued, it is certain within twenty years to embroil Europe in a war which will make it impossible for European governments to meet either their domestic or their foreign obligations. The only method which the creditors can use to bring pressure to bear on France or to modify her policy is to fasten on her the consequences of her default and discourage her from further borrowing. France cannot really afford to play the preponderant part for which she has cast herself in Europe. She will have to pay for her continued performances of it with borrowed money. We trust that money will not come from America. It would be deplorable to collect from the French against their will any part of their debt to the American government, but it would be no less deplorable for American finance to do for France what French finance before the war did for Russia. The most effective way to discourage French imperialism is to deny to the French access to the American money market until she makes some attempt to pay the war debt and until she allows Germany a chance to recover.

Progressivism and the Democrats

OFFICIAL returns for last November's election have now been published. They show that Mr. Coolidge received 15,718,789 votes, Mr. Davis 8,378,962 and Senator La Follette 4,822,319. Mr. Coolidge's margin over his Democratic opponent was therefore 7,339,827, larger by 334,980 than was Mr. Harding's in 1920.

Studying the La Follette vote and comparing it with that of Mr. Roosevelt in 1912, the *New York World* comes to some interesting conclusions. It finds on computing the percentage of the total vote obtained in each case, that

bolting as Mr. Roosevelt bolted, and carrying the Socialist endorsement which in 1912 favored Mr. Debs, Mr. La Follette in 1924 polled less than half the share of the national vote that went to Roosevelt and Debs in 1912. His percentage of the total is 16.7. Roosevelt and Debs had 33.9 between them; Roosevelt alone, 27.8 percent.

The *World* then goes on to show that the new Progressive party exhibited its strength in the same parts of the country where the old one was strongest and that La Follette ran far behind the Roosevelt percentage in every section. Moreover, the *World* charges that the La Follette vote was so "spotty"—ranging from 9.9 percent for New England to 23 percent in the wheat belt and 32.9 on the Pacific Coast—that 1924 progressivism stands revealed as

a movement making its appeal essentially to local blocs and on local issues . . . to date there is not the structure of a national party here. There is only a grand alliance of congenial factions.

We have no wish to minimize the seriousness of the situation the *World* sets forth regarding the smallness of the La Follette vote. We were disappointed with the showing made by the Progressives in 1924, and that disappointment is not lessened by careful analysis of the final result. We believe it is unfair, however, to compare the La Follette results with those achieved by Roosevelt in 1912, and argue therefrom that Progressivism has necessarily lost ground in America in the past twelve years.

For the Roosevelt vote in 1912 was by no means made up exclusively of genuine progressives. If no other evidence existed, the support of men like Frank A. Munsey and George W. Perkins would be sufficient guarantee of that fact. Roosevelt was the most popular political personality of a generation, if not indeed of our whole history. His popularity was only very partially based on his progressivism—real or imaginary. Undoubtedly many thousands of those who proudly called themselves Bull Moosers in 1912 regarded the La Follette campaign of 1924 with horror as being ultra-radical. The 1912 split in the Republican National Convention came over personalities, not issues; and in the

Roosevelt ranks were included all—and they were numerous—who had any reason to be disgruntled with the Taft machine, from any point of view.

To his personal popularity Roosevelt added two other advantages neither of which was available to La Follette. He had been President of the United States for nearly eight years, and possessed both the great prestige which inheres in that office and the nationwide organization which every President automatically builds up. He had also very large financial resources, while the La Follette-Wheeler forces in 1924 were badly handicapped by poverty.

To these factors which help account for the good showing made by Roosevelt in 1912 must be added at least one which accounts for the comparatively poor showing of La Follette in 1924. The Progressivism of 1912 was after all a pretty mild variety. The platform called for the direct primary, woman's suffrage, the initiative, referendum and recall, a lower tariff, restrictions on injunctions in labor disputes, a parcels post system, and the like. Roosevelt did not receive the Socialist support, likely in America to prove a deadly incubus. The Russian communist experiment still lay in the future and the Bolshevik bogey, which the reactionaries find so convenient, had not yet been invented. Economic pressure such as was applied to thousands of workingmen in 1924 to force a vote for Coolidge was used little or not at all. When we consider all these factors, for La Follette, under the handicaps he suffered, to poll more than one-half the percentage secured by Roosevelt can only be reckoned as a very considerable achievement.

There is another aspect of the question raised by the *World* which deserves thoughtful consideration. That paper has long and steadfastly urged that since a third party has "no hope" of winning an election, persons of progressive views would be well advised to enroll under the Democratic banner, capturing command of the party if they can. We have no desire to adopt a *tu quoque* argument; but certainly neither the immediate record of the party nor its history during the past fifty years gives any reason to be optimistic over its future ability to enroll a majority of the voters.

From Roosevelt to La Follette represents a decline in percentage from 27.8 to 16.7; but from Wilson in 1912 to Davis in 1924 also represents a decline in percentage, from 48 to 28. If the solid South be eliminated as it fairly may since much of the Southern Democracy does not represent a political conviction but an hereditary quarrel, the percentage becomes: Wilson 38, Davis 25. Mr. Harold Rountree has pointed out that since 1860 the Democratic party has never had a majority of the total vote and has had a plurality only once, in 1912. The almost steady decline in the proportion of the total vote of the party (exclusive of the solid South) is most striking. In 1876 it was 47 percent. By 1884 it was 45, and by 1900, 42. Thereafter it reads:

	Percent
1904	34
1908	40
1912	38
1916	46
1920	30
1924	25

The weakness of the Democratic party in 1924 is even more clearly revealed if the vote for Davis be analyzed sectionally. In the far West, he received less than two-thirds as many votes as La Follette. In the Middle West, his vote was still slightly smaller, in the East it was about twice as great. La Follette ran second in California, Idaho, Iowa, Minnesota, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington and Wyoming. Davis ran third in each of these states and also in Wisconsin where he got less than 10 percent of the vote cast. If we must still admit the existence of a solid South rigidly devoted to the Democratic party, we must also admit that there is a solid West in which that party is today only a vestigial remnant. To be sure, a party can sometimes come back. Conservative Republicanism in 1912 secured only eight electoral votes—those of Utah and Vermont—and yet lived to achieve 404 in 1920. What reason is there to believe that the northern Democracy will not some day be able to equal this achievement?

We have already hinted at the reason. It is because the real issue dividing the American people today creates an alignment which leaves the Democratic party no battleground. The division is between conservative and progressive, and the Democratic party is in fact neither—or rather, in its membership, it is both. Thousands of northern Democrats voted for Coolidge because Davis wasn't conservative enough for them. Thousands more voted for La Follette because Davis wasn't progressive enough for them. A comparison of the Coolidge figures with those of Harding in 1920 in the states west of the Mississippi and north of the fortieth parallel of latitude shows that the La Follette campaign drew many more votes from Democratic than from Republican sources.

The northern Democratic vote, in other words, and especially its more active and intelligent element, is splitting two ways. Its conservative wing is tending to join the party which has now become the real seat of conservatism, the Coolidge Republicans. Its progressive wing has already begun to go over to the group which was headed by La Follette in the late campaign. That movement, we believe, will be accentuated in the future.

Naturally, there is a temptation for liberal leaders in the Democratic party, such as the New York World, to urge all progressives to get together, capture the Democracy, and give battle to the conservatives with the aid of a conscript army from the solid South—that South which provided even Mr. Davis with 1,900,000 votes. Such an alliance seems

to us extremely undesirable, and for two reasons. First, it would be founded on a lie. The South is not progressive. It actually gave Mr. Coolidge 900,000 votes, nearly a third of its total, in 1924. Its industrial development which today is strikingly like that of New England seventy-five years ago, is rapidly breeding men possessing the same general type of conservatism. And in the second place, capturing the party is impossible. Its national conventions have at least the merit of being, except for the northern delegations, unbossed. It chooses its leaders on its own terms, and whether they are progressive or not is an accident or an after-thought, with the chances all against it. After June, 1924, it takes a rash man to talk of capturing the party. In that year, the Democrats had it in their power, as they very well knew, to say whether there should be a third party movement. Yet they hardly gave the matter a thought but plunged ahead, producing a platform and candidate of such a character as to make the election of Coolidge a certainty, even if it had not already been so.

The beginning of a progressive party which now exists in this country is, we concede, small. But at least it is genuine. As honesty goes in politics, it is unusually honest, and will be more so when it has freed itself of some minor extraneous elements by which it is still hampered. Perhaps it will need to fight for a long time before it becomes a majority party. That is not a calamity; the curse of American politics is the itch for immediate temporal power. An aggressive minority group in opposition can accomplish a great deal, sometimes even more than if it assumes office. Such an opportunity to exert moral pressure would be thrown away if an unreal and equivocal bargain were made with the Democrats, the only object of which would be to secure office at once, under circumstances which would make effective government almost impossible.

The Unhappiness of Dr. Butler

AT some future time when the world has grown wiser, the hundred neediest cases for whom aid and sympathy are asked at the Christmas season, will not be composed of those suffering merely material and physical ills. It will be realized that spiritual misery is the truly heart-rending form of need, and that its victims have the greatest claim upon human sympathy. When that time comes, it is probable that the name of Nicholas Murray Butler will head the list of the world's greatest sufferers. It would be impossible to find better proof of the callous harshness of the world than the fact that his cries of anguish arouse so little compassion, even though they appear annually at just the season when the rest of the world is exchanging merry and happy greetings. Think what it must cost his overburdened soul to expose its spiritual woes, and then ask what reception attends the exhibition! Com-

ment, yes; commendation, by all means; occasionally, even criticism. But sympathy adequate to the spectacle? Never.

The call for pity has rarely been uttered with less reserve than in the annual report of the President of Columbia University just released to the press. Here are its elements baldly stated. On the one hand, there is the University itself. During the last year of his incumbency it had a student body of thirty-two thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine human bodies—would that one could say souls! And this after conscientiously deducting almost three thousand names for double registration. Since Dr. Butler has been president, some fifty-five million dollars have been added to the funds of the various corporations included in the University; the present resources of these institutions are almost one hundred million dollars; the budget appropriations for the last academic year were over six millions. A facile and superficial public, impervious to the annual warnings and rebukes of Dr. Butler, might suppose there were in these facts some grounds for good cheer.

But in truth they only furnish the dark frame for a picture of gloom. For the situation of the universe is one of "colossal and steadily increasing ignorance. The endeavor of education to keep pace with the rapidly growing ignorance appears to be quite hopeless." "If Abelard came back" (the caption of one section of the report, and what a title for a movie!) he would be "confronted with the spectacle of countless numbers of men and women, all hugely pleased with the brightness of their own intellectual illumination, whose minds are blocked to the progress of reason by the barriers of prejudice and fanatical prepossession." Dr. Butler is here, even if Abelard cannot come back—unless the American Magazine should take up his case—and he is confronted by this spectacle. As a vicarious Abelard, even worse things meet his vision. Abelard conquered scholastic realism in vain. "There is a whole scheme of social and political philosophy and an elaborate program of social and political action based upon the ancient fallacy" which he thought he had destroyed. What this philosophy and this scheme are is not specified; it is held that there is a common good and interest which is not that of the individuals who make up a given community. So it is probable that this is a veiled thrust at the protective tariff policy of the party to which the worthy and sad Doctor nominally belongs.

The more one "confronts" the growing number of students and the amount of money devoted to education on one side and the rising tide of ignorance on the other, the sadder will one be, especially if one is the head of the institution doomed to conduct such a losing fight. There would be some relief to the gloom if Dr. Butler could find consolation by withdrawing from the world without into a different world within University walls. But, alas! consolation is not found that way. Those who con-

duct these institutions—their teaching staff and, it is to be feared, the administrators of other universities—"live in a state of unstable intellectual equilibrium, without appreciation or cognizance of those ideas, those institutions and those ideals which unconsciously and silently shape and guide the action or inaction of men." Most of the teachers cannot even speak good English. A "ruling tendency of modern democracy is to wage war upon excellence and to give preference to the commonplace and ordinary." Witness, one may add, the majority given to the candidate of the party to which Dr. Butler is fated to belong.

We have touched upon only the elements of the pathetic case. The superior man is always lonely, but rarely is there one as lonesome in his loneliness as is this modern Abelard, confronted as he is with an ignorant and uncomprehending world. The more numerous the students, the fewer who can read anything worth reading, or who can write anything "except in forms of exceptional crudeness and vulgarity." There is only one thing above the horizon which, as far as we can see, can mitigate the anguished heart. Since "the ability to perform the simplest mathematical operations is, to all intents and purposes, confined to teachers of mathematics or to specialists in that subject," it is fortunate that Columbia University can still command the services of a few persons sufficiently educated to keep track of its mounting millions, and, in figuring the number of its students, to make proper deductions for double registrations. In spite of increasing ignorance the world will not always remain, we believe, cold and indifferent to such spiritual suffering. The least that can be done at the present moment is to appoint a committee of psycho-analysts who will discover the inner source and meaning of these annually recurrent complaints and yearnings. We content ourselves with one suggestion. Only a world growing constantly in complacent ignorance and preferring mediocrity to excellence would confine the activities of the superior man to mere university administration when the universe at large and the United States in particular are in such dire need of masterful leadership.

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The Plea for States' Rights

BETWEEN 1870 and 1912 the Constitution of the United States escaped amendment. During the eight years 1912-20 it was amended four times. Each of these amendments brought a major change in our government. One allowed Congress to levy taxes on incomes. Another shifted from state legislature to electorate the duty of choosing United States senators. One conferred national citizenship upon women and one brought within the province of the federal power the duty of enforcing prohibition. Each has in greater or less degree resulted in aggrandizing the nation at the expense of the states. Together these amendments would probably terrify any father of the Constitution who might turn up to hear about them now. They reveal a tendency at work in the country for transforming our government from a federal union into a national state; perhaps not in form but certainly in reality.

Since 1920 this tendency has continued at work. There are now pending the Child Labor and the Equal Rights Amendments. For the present the tendency, although it has never, of course, been unopposed, has encountered more than the usual obstacles. Mr. Coolidge stood on a platform in which promises for reduced expenditures outweighed the promissory support given to the Child Labor Amendment. Newspapers otherwise as far apart as the *New York World* and the *Chicago Tribune* have spoken repeatedly against federal interference in private affairs. During the late campaign, the cry went out, seemingly from every hamlet, for lowering the taxes and for halting the trend towards centralization.

This opposition to the expanding power of the national government is perhaps the outstanding feature of political thought in the United States of 1924. If all important political theories are the outgrowth of actual conditions, what are the conditions that explain the current state of mind? First, the hostility of men of wealth to proposals for benefitting the farmer and railroad workers through federal action—action to be financed by taxes on large incomes. Hence arises a double-headed attitude among the very well-to-do—their insistence upon reduced taxes and their emphasis upon states' rights in order to prevent taxation of hitherto exempt state bonds. Second, the anti-prohibition sentiment, with its revival of the local-self-rule plan. And again, the propaganda of the child-employing manufacturers pointing out that the states may lose their heritage of self-government if they yield control over local factories to Congress. These are not the only forces working

against the centralizers, but they are, perhaps, the main ones, the ones most effective at the present time.

What is the prospect for returning to the conditions which made the doctrine of states' rights a valuable one for its time? During the past forty years a national consciousness has been replacing the old-time popular loyalty to the states. One cause of this change is the new mobility of life led by most Americans. So much moving about as is done in the American family does not enable people to form deep attachments to state governments, and causes them to feel that they are too temporarily settled to warrant their becoming acquainted with the intricacies of state politics. This is not a small matter when it is remembered how migratory is the laboring class in the United States, and how many people work for corporations which move them about from town to town as if they were players on a chess-board. The prospect for advancement to thousands of Americans means changing their place of residence; we have to choose between permanent homes and better positions. The latter at present have the stronger pull with most of us. The change in city housing that has come with the triumph of rented apartments over homes is a significant recognition of the accelerating mobility of American life.

Another effect of the economic changes is worth a moment's notice. A principal feature of the lives of most Americans is that their experience is no longer conformable to special local patterns, but instead to a national pattern. The people of the various states as a whole no longer have peculiar ways of doing things—peculiar customs and amusements. In occupation and profession the processes of production are so standardized that a workman from Georgia may go to Iowa and continue his labors without inconvenience. The food that people eat, the clothes they wear, the things they read, the entertainments to which they turn are no longer home-made, having a peculiar local flavor, and distinct from those in other localities or states. Now these things all come from great national plants, and life is lived in California as it is in New York. This appalling standardization of all the articles of consumption—physical, emotional and intellectual—is having a tremendous effect upon the consciousness of the American people. It is breaking down their provincialism, destroying their awareness of existence in separate communities, causing them to lose pride in their state attachments.

Why should a person be peculiarly proud of Illinois when people are living in the same way in Ohio, Indiana and Missouri? They eat the same kind of food, go to the same movies, read essentially the

same papers, wear clothes of the same style, and what not. The consciousness that develops from this similarity of habits and conditions is not local; it is national. Only at the national boundaries does the manner of life change and only here can Americans see that they are different from their neighbors. Seemingly, it requires contrasts and peculiarities before a group of people will feel politically self-conscious. Before the days of rapid transit and large circulations, the state was the group which bound Americans together; now the nation is the unit, and states are tending to lose their former marks of distinction.

Even before the time of the economic revolution, forces were at work to make the United States over into a unified nation. A principal one of these forces has been the influence of states added to the Union since the early part of the nineteenth century. These states were carved out of the public domain; they started their careers as but infants in wealth and population; they drew their settlers from other parts of the United States, and in so doing attracted men who did not lose their attachment to the Union during the period when they were without affection for their newly-adopted state. These states have been younger than the nation; they have been weaker, they have lacked traditions, history, and self-consciousness; and in the absence of state legacies they made the glory of the nation their own. The nation has so far overshadowed the single state in the West that the power and importance of the latter, even to its own inhabitants, have always seemed small compared with those of the former.

Thus the economics and the psychology of our time threaten the vitality of popular loyalty to the states. The actual facts of the modern world are changing our attitude and our habits—are weaving the many state types and traits into a national pattern. Is this transformation likely to stop? Not unless we forget the secret of the locomotive, of the wireless, of the cinema, and of the printing-press. Not unless the progress of science is arrested and we go back to the habits of our grandfathers.

What then, is the plea for states rights really worth? Many concerns of life may best be regulated by community action—and the state provides a convenient grouping of the communities for general supervision. Education, sanitation, justice—these and many other things are primarily local in character. The schools and the law courts for instance are isolated, self-contained units. Each one of them in a given locality may and indeed is very likely to have some relation with similar units elsewhere, but its very life is not dependent upon that relation. If the schools of New York were to close up for a year, the schools of Wisconsin would not be gravely affected. Since these detached institutions do not affect other like units

in a vital way they do not call for a national plan of control.

But the economic threats of a community do not end at its borders; they are national in their extent. The dependence of localities upon the outside for markets and raw materials or food is a settled condition of modern America. This dependence arises from diverse locations of natural resources and from a haphazard distribution of the motive power which is used for turning these resources into finished products.

Broadly speaking, there are these two kinds of human concerns—one self-sustaining within a given community; one dependent for its vitality on outside conditions and contacts. The former are simple in character, and may be supervised by local agencies; the latter are complex and may be best regulated by national machinery. The state supplies a convenient area for grouping the independent social units so as to procure the economy and interchange of ideas that come through proper coordination and central control.

But the state is not well fitted for regulating the economic concerns of its citizens. This being the case, no other reason exists why the states should be made the agents of economic control. They have so far declined in the popular affections and estimation that they are no longer the means by which the people can best express themselves politically. Their one-time vitality as governing units sprang from popular interest in their traditions and loyalty to their authority. As that loyalty and that interest have declined—to that extent has the reason for emphasizing their rights in opposition to the federal power been weakened. If we, as a people, are being moulded into a national type, and are losing those peculiarities that spring from life in detached localities, we will not be likely to express ourselves politically through instruments which cannot cope with our hardest and most vital problems and which do not hold the first place in our affections.

Assuming that this is true—then the question of political control of economic practices is whether the nation is to exercise the control or whether such regulation should be attempted at all. The national agencies, by reason of their extent and because of the nationalistic tinge to our political emotions, are the logical agencies for the work. The effort to prevent national regulation on the plea of states' rights is really an attempt to perpetuate *laissez faire*. The decision lies, not between state regulation or national regulation, but between national control or no control. If *laissez faire* is the best policy, then well and good, but it should be adopted by the nation directly and openly, and not on the deceiving supposition that we can return to state control, and go back to the days before rapid transit and standardized production on national lines.

CURTIS NETTELS.

Seelye of Smith

COMMENCEMENT time, 1924. Hundreds of women, many white-haired, fantastically dressed, stand gaily ranged on either side of the walk laid in the green of the campus. At the end are massed the waiting seniors—graver than the alumnæ—in black caps and gowns, carrying each a long-stemmed rose. Hush: and slowly, oh, so slowly, with slightly uncertain step, comes down the walk a slender, dignified figure, the noble, aged face shining with inner light, and turning to his “beloved alumnæ” the smile which blessed their youth. “President Seelye, hail to you!” The song wavers down the line. Many are crying. He is reviewing for the last time, as was feared, as it proved, his College daughters. . . .

A graduate of the first class of 1879 is in that welcoming line. On that day, eleven young women, in the staid costume of the period, had received their diplomas in the staid old Social Hall. They had listened to a Commencement address by President Eliot; and, truth to tell, had not liked it very well. For the president of Harvard, then as now a notable personage, gave hesitant approval to the brave experiment: proffered doubts as to the reaction of studying Greek on the health of young ladies; as to their power of studying it, anyway. President Seelye, in whose mind that address always rankled a little, must have enjoyed showing President Eliot the College at the inauguration of President Neilson.

For it is a great story, that of Smith College, and Dr. Seelye was a great educator. He never had the advantage of intimacy with our latter day theories. I don't believe his mind ever delved into psychologic intricacies in quest of educational methods or ideals. To him as to most men of his day, education involved much imposition of disciplines, and he would have been startled at the idea that it consisted mainly in the removal of inhibitions. But vital education will always be better than its own idea of itself. President Seelye acted on Browning's words:

To know

Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.

Perhaps some modern teachers hardly realize the sternness of the process by which that deep splendor can be released from the pettier impulses which choke it. Dr. Seelye saw education demanding a firm hand from the teacher and much submission to the distasteful and the boresome on the part of the student. But his faith in that inward splendor was all sustaining. Confident that every human be-

ing possessed it alike, he did a simple thing, big enough to occupy the life of one man. He devoted himself, with a singleness of purpose which as his successor said at his funeral, is a rare source of strength in these complicated days, to removing the obstacles from the mental life of women. Happy in his professorship at Amherst, he had hesitated to accept the call to the Presidency of the imperfectly equipped nascent college. His decision made, there was no faltering; and one need only read the quaint and varied objections to his aim and method which were presented from various sources in the early years, to realize what sense of knightly adventure inspired him.

He turned away deliberately from educational experiments, and brought women's education, for the first time in New England, sharply into line with that of men. “No way to disabuse the popular mind of the impression that a women's college must be of an inferior intellectual type seemed more effectual than to adopt the prevailing requirements for admission in the New England colleges.” Later, he went on, modifications might prove wise; but “no differentiation could safely be made at the outset in the intellectual work demanded, if the college standards of scholarship were to be respected and maintained.” He gave women the chance to keep pace with men on men's own ground, and they promptly proceeded to take advantage of their opportunity. Probably he was right in thinking that not to initiate but to equalize was the need of the hour; to attack that task as he did took doughty courage and perseverance.

What pleasant trails they were, those old ones long trodden by masculine feet, which girlish footsteps now explored! President Seelye was strong on the classics: “The study of the Latin and Greek languages will be pursued as extensively as in any other college,” ran the prospectus. And the inaugural: “Let us have less grammar and more Greek, less writing Greek verse, and more study of Greek poetry, but let us not in our higher institutions of learning give up the study of that language which more speedily than any other ushers us into the best thinking of the ages.” To a girl of those days, the study of Greek was as thrilling as escape from the classics is now. “Enteuthen exelaunai . . . parasangas eikosi,” the cryptic words sent a shiver down her spine, sign to her that she was no longer shut out from the sanctuary of learning.

President Seelye bravely started the college without a preparatory department, and stood firm while applicants were few. Only sixteen for the second class, and the first year the entire college could go over to South Hadley in an omnibus! But before long, faith was justified. And the policies as the college developed were finely liberal. A free elective

system, in line with that at Harvard, was a distinct advance on the old hard and fast curricula; when a more correlated scheme was needed, it was worked out flexibly. Smith has been singularly little oppressed by the dead hand of its own traditions. If the foundations of the college were laid on an accredited base, the structure could be enriched indefinitely; and here came in the chance for innovations. Art, music, had honored places from the first; though it was only in the first decade of the college that Oxford took the bold step of welcoming a Professor of Fine Arts named John Ruskin. The social sciences entered Smith early. Those were days when the much abused adjective "social" was identified with "sociable" in people's minds; but when President Seelye in 1881 introduced the young teacher, J. B. Clark, fresh from contacts with German scholars, he opened to students a new field which speedily proved to have bewildering possibilities and problems. Philosophy under Stuart Phelps and presently under Gardiner was well abreast of modern thought. The President's Bible lectures, though irreverent youth scoffed at them, are seen in retrospect to have been unusual for the time in their frank presentation of criticism which he often did not himself accept. No one ever found these lectures disturbing—perhaps because they were delivered with the suave and precise intonations that always marked his delivery.

It is a great advantage for a pioneer to have, so to speak, a conservative personality. That advantage was Dr. Seelye's: his very presence bore unconscious witness to traditional values, and he did audacious and unconventional things in a scrupulously conventional manner. An old-time courtesy, imparting almost an eighteenth century flavor to his address, was in piquant contrast to his forward-looking mind. There was something at once delicate and virile about him: he moved, with the distinction of the aristocrat, in an atmosphere a little remote, despite his friendly simplicity. This same peculiar charm, one learns, was his even as a lad; but he was of that fine type which is most at home in middle age. The cheerful informalities of a later generation would have been impossible to him; he did not inspire fear, at least as he mellowed with the years, but he did inspire reverence. His English was exquisite. "I abruptly avow," said President Eliot in that famous Commencement address, "that I find recognized but one mental acquisition as an essential part of the education of a lady or gentleman—namely an accurate and refined use of the mother tongue." There is not much point in telling young people that, but there is point in exposing them to beautiful speech, and the pure, individual and musical cadences of President Seelye were perhaps the chief asset of the College. It was a treat of which one never wearied to hear him read the Scriptures, or to listen to the ever-recurrent phrases, of his own coining yet litur-

gical through repetition, in which he led the College devotions. The prayer offered at his funeral was one of his own.

"Gentlewomen" was a word he loved, and nobody was hurt by hearing it often. Disciplines in the old days were rather intellectual than social: there were rules, of course, and in these self-governing times students would be nervously engaged in tinkering them. But we, being firmly governed, were extremely free in our minds, and it didn't fuss us much to go to bed at ten, though sometimes we calmly didn't do it. It was taken for granted that one would be a lady, and one was. There came a terrible episode, to be sure, when the President sent a girl home from that sedate "walk-around," the Washington's Birthday festivity, because she was "dressed too low": and frankness recalls the edict, later revoked, when Amherst boys came to serenade, that maidens in fascinating negligée must not lean from lighted windows showering flowers: wherefore those serenaders were greeted by darkness and silence. But grievances were few. The President and his faculty proceeded not by edict but by assumption. They created an atmosphere of gracious culture, not by what they ordained but by what they were.

Meanwhile, the man who provided this rich, flexible and spontaneous living was as shrewd a financier as ever occupied a Presidential chair. Students were as unconscious of financial matters as plants of the soil in which they grow, but the President was paying a great deal of attention to them. And the College flourished amazingly in material ways. His story of its growth—rather a chronicle than a history, as he truly and modestly says—records the gifts which contributed to this development, but cannot suggest the confidence he inspired, his admirable business sense, his honorable acquisition and able handling of funds. For what could not be said of Wordsworth's *Dion* was true here:

Him only him the shield of Jove defends
Whose means are pure and spotless as his ends.

His career, never touched by cynical impeachment, refutes fears lest successful business methods be of necessity incompatible with nicety of honor. President Seelye's fine unworldliness, his sense of the higher realities, was in no wise impaired by his brilliant financial achievements. The whole man was luminously one, an integrated personality. For this reason if for no other he deserves a shining place among the educators and the citizens of America.

But what the alumnae will remember longest is his voice, in morning prayers and in the Commencement Scripture: "So stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved. . . . Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice."

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

Delacroix

SO impressive is his position in the history of modern art that it is difficult to judge Delacroix on his merits. Undeniably they are great; yet I cannot rate them quite so high as they are rated by contemporary French opinion. He seems to be a good but hardly a great artist. On the other hand, he is certainly one of the pillars of nineteenth century painting; while at the age of thirty, or less, he was recognized by friends and foes alike as chief of the romantic school. This honor he neither coveted nor enjoyed: to the end of his days he disclaimed the title of "romantic," and so far was he from ambitioning the rôle of chief that he refused even to open a studio.

If I do not call him great, that is because his pictures do not move me as do those of the great. Maybe my sensibility is at fault; all I can say is that to me his forms and colors never give what those of Ingres or Courbet or Renoir or Matisse, for instance, give often—the grand thrill of ecstasy and surprise. They seem to lack that magical beauty, implicit perhaps in the forms of nature, but only to be evoked by great artists—that beauty which, without the revelation of the masters, had remained to most unknown, that always surprising and never quite explicable beauty which works of art alone can offer, and which, whenever experienced, adds a new and exciting ingredient to that queer mixture men call life. The pictures of Delacroix seem to add nothing; they do but refer the mind back to things already experienced. That these things are of the subtlest and most exquisite goes without saying; but the appreciation of them is a work of collaboration, not the enjoyment of a divine gift fallen mysteriously from the skies.

Delacroix's art is essentially literary; for literary qualities it was admired during his life, and for them in my opinion—an opinion which will vex I fear some of our best critics—it has been admired ever since. When I say that he was literary I do not mean that he was coarsely so in the manner beloved of the people. Look at that picture in the National Gallery of the Magdalene setting out to visit the tomb by Savoldo. It is fine painting, as is most of Delacroix's work, but its appeal is not purely, nor mainly even, plastic, not chiefly for its line and color is it so greatly, and so justly admired. The Magdalene is unmistakably a "fille repentie." An instinctive coquettishness appears beneath the decent grey cloak which instinct, lying inoffensive but alert, has arranged so prettily; while the gracious gesture with which she holds it up betrays a refined but unsubdued temperament. Also, though she is going in all reverence and humility to the tomb of her divine master, one cannot but feel, as one is meant to feel, that she has something the air of going to a rendezvous. The theme could be elaborated were elaboration to the purpose: it is

not, because here I am concerned only to illustrate what I mean by the better sort of "literariness." Such literariness, unless I mistake, is the quality in which Delacroix excelled, and for which he was, and is, most admired.

His magnificent champion, Baudelaire, was, though he tried sometimes to conceal the fact from himself, in his heart under no illusions. Always it is for subtle literary qualities that he praises his hero most convincingly:

Another quality, very great, very grand, of M. Delacroix's talent, and one which makes him the painter best loved by poets, is that he is essentially literary. Not only has his painting travelled, always with success, over the field of the highest literatures, not only has it visited Ariosto, Byron, Dante, Walter Scott, Shakespeare, but it knows how to reveal ideas of a higher order, finer, and deeper than most modern paintings.

He adds that at the master's funeral, the chief mourners were men of letters. Goethe's fine compliment was provoked by the literary qualities of his illustrations: "I must admit," says the sage to Eckermann on November 29th, 1826, "that myself I had not represented the scene (Faust and Mephistopheles galloping past the gibbet) so perfectly." He goes on to opine that the genius of Delacroix is manifest in the fact that he compels the reader to conceive the scene as he (the artist) imagines it; and adds, "M. Delacroix has surpassed in intensity the pictures I had made in my own mind even." For once Goethe's art-criticism is to the point: Delacroix's most remarkable gift being a power of transposing literary conceptions into a visual medium. On a small scale he did for the ideas of poets and novelists what Shakespeare did for Plutarch and the English chronicles. Only, whereas one transposed literature into good painting, the other converted history into supreme poetry.

Delacroix had the character and temperament of a man of letters, and that remarkable journal of his, published in 1893, is, especially in its later and more elaborate parts, the work of a careful writer rather than of a painter jotting down his fancies and reflections. He was witty, fastidious and cultivated, fond of argument and brilliant in argument, utterly contemptuous of "les gens de métier"—the painters who understood their job and understood nothing else. Incidentally, he was in youth something of a dandy, one of a little band which made it its business to import the latest English fashions. He was profoundly sceptical, noting in his journal (1849) "Je crois . . . qu'on peut affirmer que le progrès doit amener nécessairement, non pas un progrès plus grand encore, mais à la fin négation du progrès, retour au point d'où on est parti." And in his tastes, especially his taste in books—with which in view of his rather stay-at-home habits we may suppose him more extensively acquainted than with pic-

tures even*—he was classical. His admiration for Virgil, Racine and Boileau, for Raphael and the Greeks must have puzzled sorely his romantic followers to whom these names were anathema.

How then did he come to be chief of the romantic school? To answer that question completely one would have to discover what, about the year 1830, was meant by romanticism—matter of itself for an essay. Here we need observe only that, though Delacroix was undisputed chief of the school, he never admitted that he was romantic. To be sure, the chief of a school rarely is of that or any other school. He is himself. Schools are for those who have to be someone else. One groups artists on account of similarities; the more personal and original the more will they tend to escape classification. The qualities which a score of artists have in common are not likely to be the most interesting that they possess; and most of those held in common by the romantics were not only uninteresting but horrid. If Delacroix must be put to school at all it should be with Constable and Géricault in the school of colorists—a school of which the common characteristics were at any rate artistic and honorable. In that school he acquired two excellent habits which differentiate all he did from Davidian productions. He learnt to substitute mass for silhouette; and he learnt to conceive of composition as a balance of movements rather than as something static. This was to fly full in the face of Wincklemann's beau idéal, to break sharply indeed with the frozen calm of the Greeks and Romans.

Delacroix was against the neo-classical school or, at any rate, the school was against Delacroix; by that fact alone he became a romantic, as romanticism was understood in the days of Charles X. "Quiconque," says Huet, "quiconque ne faisait pas des Soldats de Marathon était romantique." Everyone who has read a word of history, who has read the papers for that matter, knows that under a crushing tyranny—and the tyranny of the school was crushing—all shades of dissident opinion—whig, liberal, radical, socialist—tend to merge in a common opposition. After the death of Géricault, Delacroix was the most eminent of opposition painters; by the opposition therefore he was saluted "chief." Was he not abused more violently than anyone else by the officials? How he was abused! "C'était un sauvage, un barbare, un maniaque, un enragé, un fou. . . . Il avait le goût du laid, de l'ignoble, du monstrueux; et puis il ne savait pas dessiner. . . . Il jetait des sceaux de couleur contre la toile, il peignait avec un balai ivre—ce balai ivre parut très joli et fit en son temps un effet énorme." (Gautier: *Histoire du Romantisme*.) It would seem incredible that the established critics, the bigwigs

and high functionaries of the profession, should have used such language of the second painter of their age, had not the same people said the same things about every original artist who appeared during the nineteenth century; had we not heard them with our own ears bellowing comparable nonsense at Renoir, Cézanne, Matisse and Picasso. (See *Three Papers on Modernist Art*, American Academy of Arts and Letters, New York, 1924.)

Delacroix stood for liberty—members of persecuted oppositions generally do. Even socialists are in favor of free speech until they get into power. Delacroix was consistent and honest. He defended the rights of Courbet, with whose art he had very little sympathy, before the jury of the salon; and Jules Breton tells us how superbly impressive he was when he spoke of individual liberty and the duty of respecting unfamiliar tendencies. We have no news of that sort from Russia, I think. So, though Delacroix may be claimed for the romantic movement on account of his descent from the revolutionary colorists, and on account of his early subjects, often dramatic, not to say violent, and drawn mostly from modern (i. e. non-classical) history and literature, it is above all on account of his passion for artistic independence that he belongs to "the left." It is this firm and passionate belief in individualism which, above anything else, makes him not only a master but a hero of modern painting.

CLIVE BELL.

The KKK for Boredom

I paid ten dollars for the right
To be a hooded Ku Klux Knight;
I'm sure it must be something grand
I wonder if I understand.

THE poet of the New York World, at least, is reviving from his Ku Klux Klan scare. If writers for other newspapers and periodicals would let their sense of humor aid their reason in contemplating the works of this order, warnings of the menace it presents might be less current. Instead, we continue to hear that the Invisible Empire is in control of the political machinery of a number of states, and is threatening others.

In the list of those completely under the sway of the dark and sinister force, the name of the State of Oklahoma is seldom lacking. Not only have all the usual charges of whippings, burnings, and intimidations been laid at the door of the Klan there, but it has been guilty—and capable—of the impeachment of a governor. Not only has it impeached a governor, but it has hoodwinked an unsuspecting public into passing a constitutional amendment to allow it to do so. Alas! when the Klan can change the Constitution and remove the public officers of a state at will, slight hope can be entertained for democracy there.

* Delacroix never visited Italy, Spain or Holland. His expeditions to Morocco and England are classic; he once made a flying visit to Brussels and Antwerp.

To one brought up in Oklahoma, and well acquainted with politicians, political influences, and political tactics there, such a conclusion is nothing short of ridiculous. If the national strength of the Klan can be judged by the power it wields in Oklahoma, then democracy (so-called) need have no fear, and politicians need worry no longer that this indeterminate element will upset any dope-pots.

The spirit which makes the Ku Klux Klan the popular organization that it is in Oklahoma is not a lust for political power nor a desire for political reform. The Klan is neither a political organization nor a political tool. The recent sensational events in governmental affairs in the state cannot be truly charged to it. Oklahoma's political history has always been colorful, and the same spirit is responsible both for this color and for the Klan—a hangover of the adventuring, gambling, freedom-loving days of '89.

Thirty-five years ago, Oklahoma was a land of Indians, government agents, and cowboys, with a few rum-runners and traders thrown in for fire water's sake. A few years later, "squatters," lured by the Arabian Night tales of the bootleggers and traders, made their appearance. The power of the cattle kings vanished. The urge of those who sought to win fortunes and freedom from legal restraint in this glamorous promised land could not long be denied. The territory was opened for settlement. Cattle ranges were cut up into small farms. Bark villages became towns overnight. In scrambling and struggling, gambling and defrauding, Oklahoma, the white man's land, was born.

Farmers flourished, horse traders likewise; coffee and calico merchants, bankers and real estate sharks, none were disappointed. The state yielded up to its promise. Towns were gay, money was easy, life was worth living. Everybody was taking his chance, and everybody was winning.

Such a heyday could not last long. Coal and oil were discovered. Land became valuable. The struggle was on in earnest. No longer a country of live and let live, but a state of grab and grab and grab, by fair means or foul. Claims, town lots, Indian allotments, and state school lands, were swallowed up in the battle for acres. Eastern capital came in and secured goodly sections while yet the real wealth was unknown. It is rapidly acquiring the rest.

Thirty short years have sufficed to "develop" the state. Where only hope and freedom lived, now poverty and disappointment reign. A land of small businesses and free farmers is transformed into a state of owning interests and dependent laborers. Tenant-farmers, with all their families, work from six in the morning till seven at night, milking the mortgaged cows, tending the mortgaged crops. Coal miners and oil field workers, sons of once independent farmers or merchants, plod through their never-ending toil for an existence wage. Ex-cowboys and ranchmen keep the hardware store or

garage books, and regret the dreariness of the new order of things.

The gayety of the '90s has passed, and nothing has come to take its place. Stupid conventionality and dull morality hold their rigorous sway. Dancing and playing pool are regarded as questionable, as are a great many other amusements. Conformity is the rule; it may lead to advancement in the social scale, and dullness is the result. Religion is not an issue. Shrewd merchant-traders, desirous of finding a bolster for a reputation suffering in the matter of honesty, serve on church boards and argue over ways and means of raising a seven-hundred dollar salary for the minister. A handful hear this minister on Sunday mornings, and on Wednesday afternoons the ladies of the church meet with the minister's wife to embroider centrepieces and go over the town gossip. Art literature and music, are "highbrow" subjects indulged in by eccentric unknowns. Culture is fostered for its own sake only in the ladies' Delphian Clubs, through the study of Stoddard's Lectures. The movies! Yes, the movies, the sole relief from nothingness, from days of work with no prospect of anything but work.

One group of settlers alone retained any of the early adventurous spirit and freedom of action in the process of development—the politicians. And they retain it in minor matters only. When small-farming and ranching proved an unprofitable enterprise, a few of the more independent cowboys and claim-owners sought a place of responsibility and an avenue of freedom in politics. During the years that have followed, it is these men who have remained in nominal control of the politics of the state. Mine owners, oil operators, and landlords have been too busy manoeuvring their fortunes to take an active hand in political affairs. They have been content to let these more enthusiastic scions of the early days carry on the actual work, while they merely directed from behind the scenes. So politicians have gambled and scrambled over offices, contracts, and "rake-offs," even as they gambled and scrambled over claims and businesses thirty years ago. And politics have been full of sensation and excitement, even as was all Oklahoma not long since. But the sensations and the sports have been of personalities only, never of principles, for important political decisions are now and have always been made in big business men's offices, not in politicians' chambers.

But as has been said, only a few of the early adventurers and free-lances have been able to get into politics where they have even a limited amount of freedom. The others are chained to the dreariness, monotony, and stupidity of a routine job in a barren village.

Across this scene of dullness and disillusionment flashed, not long since, the fiery cross of the Ku Klux Klan. Mystery, novelty, action, equality—all this the order had to offer. Hale fellows of the early days were the first to leave their columns to don

the white robes of secrecy. Here might be found excitement comparable to that which they cherished in memory. Disconsolate ministers, discouraged clerks, disappointed lawyers and adventurous mechanics, flocked to the new organization. In it they saw an escape from the all-pervading boredom; a secrecy that gave them a sense of self-importance, a regalia that disguised inequalities and set successful and unsuccessful, rich and poor, owner and laborer, all on one plane. The membership rolls of the Klan grew lengthy. Night rides took place, parades were held, mysterious donations were made, and the K K K was in the public eye.

Crimes were committed by masked men. These were laid at the door of the Klan. Was not this the historical character of the order? The Klan was not punished, hence it must control the courts. This reasoning seemed sound. As a matter of fact, in the majority of cases, Klan members were not punished because they were not responsible for the crimes charged to them. Oftentimes gangs of local loafers, hiding behind the mask of the Klan, perpetrated these offenses. In other cases, the crime was only the whipping of Black Jones, a tenant, by his landlord and others, as a warning to these niggers that they had to work. In days before the Klan became the fashion, this "atrocious" would have been committed in broad daylight and caused no comment whatsoever. Still other crimes laid at the door of the Klan have been rumored to be the acts of public officers themselves, acting on the instigation of financial interests which control them. In these instances, henchmen are punished for "turning a deal" to another concern, or for like acts of personal independence.

Newspaper blazonings of whippings in secluded places, of tarring and featherings, or of anonymous letters, take no note of these other sources of such activity, but reap the glory of adding this atrocity to the record of the Ku Klux Klan. Those who gain their information from newspapers grow fearful of the lawlessness and the power of the Klan. Those who live where the Klan is in action are amused at the press scare stories, and wonder if people actually believe that the Klan is so bad. They know that the members of the Klan are their friends and their neighbors, and that the Klan cannot make them into demons, so are not disturbed. They further know that if the Klan as such were responsible for many crimes, its punishment would not be far off. For courts and legislatures, and the incumbents of judicial and legislative offices, are controlled by one power and one alone, in Oklahoma—money, and not the Klan. It would be a great day, indeed, if a loosely organized body of discontented excitement-seekers could overthrow the entrenched political interests in Oklahoma. The Klan might bring anything but salvation, but at least the new possibility would furnish ground for hope to more deserving constituencies.

LLEWELLYN NELSON.

Washington Notes

THE more this short session of Congress is pondered, the more completely absurd it seems. It is as drab and depressing a spectacle as has been seen in Washington for years. A more listless lot of legislators has not gathered here in a generation. The extreme droopiness of things under the Capitol dome is rapidly reaching the point of a joke among those members whose sense of humor has not been wholly atrophied by the atmosphere. Of course, this melancholy situation is a reflection of the solemn inaction and inanity at the White House. Backed by his seven million plurality, it would seem reasonable to expect the newly elected President to have something in the way of an affirmative idea or desire. If he has any such, he has most successfully concealed it. That his avoidance of anything resembling an administration program for this session, his obvious anxiety to avoid conflict with Congress and his present opposition to an extra session are in accord with the desire of the big business interests so solidly back of him in the last campaign, there is not the least doubt. If an extra session is called it will be because these interests are unwilling to wait until 1926 for their surtax cut—and for no other reason. Except for that they prefer indefinite inaction. That is what they like, and certainly they have picked a President who can give them that. He has an extraordinary talent for it.

The most conspicuous lame duck in Congress is the dashing Medill McCormick, who will very soon be an ex-Senator from Illinois. There is an interesting story to the effect that Senator McCormick, who lost the election by about 1,000 votes, was really defeated by a speech made over the radio by his charming and talented wife the Saturday night before the election. Mrs. McCormick, the story goes, talked on the subject of prohibition and said things that did not go well in the great wet sections of Chicago. In any event, the gallant Medill is about out, and he wants, for a while at least, to succeed Kellogg as Ambassador to Great Britain. It is no secret that Senator McCormick is not particularly popular among his colleagues, nor is there any personal bond of sympathy between him and the President. In fact, there are those who, prior to the Illinois primaries, had discerned a disposition upon the part of Mr. McCormick to patronize Mr. Coolidge slightly. There is no such discernible disposition now. It will be interesting to see whether the Chicago Tribune influence is sufficient to land the appointment. The general feeling is that it is. It is not a bad place for Medill, and Medill is not a bad man for the place. Beside a taste for living abroad, he has the necessary financial equipment, lack of which cut short the Harvey diplomatic career and compelled the Colonel to go to work. Medill is beyond such compulsion.

There isn't the slightest doubt that President Coolidge made the Washington correspondents the "goats" in the Jusserand incident. Not since Mr. Roosevelt was the occupant of the White House has it been done quite so rawly. From Roosevelt, it was the sort of thing the correspondents had come to expect, but from the calm and conscientious Coolidge, it was a real shock—and it still rankles in some of the less hardened journalistic bosoms. What the President did, in effect, was one day to express to the correspondents his extreme displeasure over some of

M. Jusserand's public remarks, and, on the following day, when it seemed he had made a mistake, to issue a statement repudiating the stories correctly sent out by the correspondents and inspired by himself. Why a group of men of the class and calibre of the Washington correspondents let even a president treat them like that without showing resentment, is one of the mysteries of journalism at the seat of government.

It does seem that some acute politics were played by the administration forces in the matter of the presidential veto of the postal pay increase. Some weeks ago, it looked as if both House and Senate would override. Then the Sterling bill, increasing rates on second class mail matter, was evolved—and at once enormous additional weight in favor of sustaining the veto was brought into play. A situation was created by which it became plain that if the increase in wages is granted, the newspapers and mail-order houses will have to foot the bill. As soon as that fact sank in—and it did not take long—there was a tremendous commotion. Whole regiments of arguments were presented to show the terrific injustice of imposing this burden on the press and the evil effect that would follow. Unquestionably, the mere threat of the Sterling bill strengthened the President's prospects of sustaining his veto. It is an interesting fact that while the fight has been made in the open by the newspapers the mail order fight has been largely under cover. This, however, has not made the mail order opposition any the less effective, and the pressure exerted by it on local senators has been very great. The judgment of those best posted is that the Sterling bill is marked for oblivion at this session, and that, regardless of the commitments of senators and House members, it is not possible to override the veto in both houses. The postal employees are out of luck. They may fare better next year, but at this session little short of a legislative upset will give them a look in. That is possible but not probable. They have been outplayed.

The assault of the New York Herald-Tribune upon the intrepid Colonel Harvey for daring to intimate that the gallant and glorious French have no real intention of paying their war debts is just about as interesting and important as that clawing and kicking match some days ago between Senator Harrison and Senator Bruce over which was the better Democrat. It does, however, revive memory of the extreme sensitiveness of those two noble New York publishers, Mr. Reid and Mr. Munsey, on the general subject of the French. Let there be so much as a hint that as a nation or as individuals they do not embody and typify all the virtues, and those two gentlemen who were decorated by the French Government after the war for their services on this side, at once fly to arms.

In this particular instance the Herald-Tribune editorial writer closes his denunciation of Colonel Harvey by referring to him as a "muddle-headed editor." Even this violent description by the admitted authority on muddle-headed editors, however, has not crushed the Colonel. Along with a good many others, he continues to believe that the day we get a real dollar, even in interest, from the French, will be an exceedingly cold and distant one—notwithstanding protestations of their desire and purpose to pay, and regardless of the "kind but firm" pronouncements of such Mellon spokesmen as Senator Reed of Pennsylvania. Loucheur was right.

It does look as if Hearst had frightened the President away from the Underwood Muscle Shoals bill. At least, that is the modest intimation one gathers from the Hearst papers.

Certainly, Mr. Coolidge was for the Underwood bill three weeks ago, and word to that effect went out to the administration leaders. Just as certainly, he has withdrawn that support now. The only apparent reason is because it looked like too stiff a fight and he has no stomach for a fight at this session. One distinct misapprehension about the Underwood bill is generally held—that the farming interests which were so ardently back of the Ford offer are against the Underwood measure. That is pure propaganda. The farm organizations are behind the Underwood bill and may save it, in spite of the cooling of Coolidge. It is not, however, likely. The prospects now are there will be no Muscle Shoals legislation this session. With it and the Sterling bill both on the rocks, literally nothing but the routine appropriation bills will get through this time. It will be the most sterile session on record.

T. R. B.

Washington.

A COMMUNICATION

The Child Labor Amendment

SIR: The December 3d issue of the New Republic contains an article on the Child Labor Amendment to the federal Constitution which in my judgment overlooks the most serious objection to the amendment existing in the minds of many citizens of liberal social outlook. It is true that the propaganda of the organized opposition to the amendment is of an indefensible and superficial character, but it is disappointing to find one of your editorials which purports to summarize the situation following suit.

The real question regarding the child labor amendment is the same as that upon which judgment as to the wisdom of the Eighteenth Amendment depends. This question is primarily one of enforcement. It is a question of the limits of effective legal action in the face of groups of hostile population. After the thorough discussion with which your contributors on topics of legal and social jurisprudence have favored the readers of the New Republic in the case of the Prohibition and Civil War Amendments so far as the latter affects the civil rights of negroes, it is rather surprising to find this aspect of the problem of the Child Labor Amendment omitted from your current discussion.

The present writer favors an age limit prohibiting child labor as high or higher than that today imbedded in any state statute. Nevertheless he is not persuaded that the best way to secure the adoption of a high standard in all states is by the short cut of a constitutional amendment. The labor of educating opinion in the southern states to an acceptance of a social standard deemed even a suitable minimum by prevailing opinion in the northern states may be a long, arduous, and expensive task. One fully appreciates the desire of all social reformers to attain quick results. But putting a law into the Constitution and supporting it by congressional enactment is not the same thing as achieving the final result in practice. The longer way around of local persuasion and education may in the end prove to be shortest way across, as well as avoiding unanticipated complications and by-products in the way of governmental corruption and disrespect for law.

If the dominant political sentiment in large areas is hostile to a new policy, federal hortatory legislation is not likely to effect a change. On the contrary, matters may be made actually worse. For outside forces, having attained the enactment of a law, are likely to lessen their educational propaganda. Local pride and indignation are likely to be stimulated to increased resistance against governmental coercion and alleged invasion of personal liberty. This is already evident in the case of the Child Labor Amendment by the newly aroused propaganda against invasion of the home and of the rights of parents over their children. This all might be summarily dismissed if it were restricted solely to the northern states, but the situation is more serious when entire states express their opposition by failure to enact legislation and by hastening to vote adversely on the submitted amendment. If the federal law is finally enacted, local enforcement officers in these states will, as in the case of prohibition and the enfranchisement of the negro, continue to be dependent upon local political influence for their appointment with resulting nullification of the law.

It is of course true that the Child Labor Amendment now before the country is entirely permissive so far as federal legislation is concerned. To this extent it is superior to the Prohibition Amendment. But the proponents of the new amendment frankly state that its enactment will be followed not only by legislation prohibiting the shipment in interstate commerce of the products of child labor but that its passage will be further construed as a popular mandate for an enactment against the use of child labor in the manufacture of products to be consumed entirely within a state. This fact may well cause some cooling of enthusiasm on the part of those who would otherwise fully sympathize with a gateway amendment to the Constitution which would take control of an important sphere of social legislation from the Supreme Court and place it with Congress.

This I believe to be the strongest argument that can be made for the present form of the amendment, namely, that the powers of the Supreme Court over social legislation would be diminished in favor of the supremacy of Congress. It then becomes possible for an individual to support the Child Labor Amendment without favoring subsequent hortatory legislation in the face of hostile local sentiment. This is a conclusion which any individual who would avoid the wrath of the "liberal hundred percenters" must earnestly desire to arrive at. And by taking this position now one lessens the force of the argument which will be subsequently made that the amendment is a mandate for legislation going beyond the regulation by federal power of the interstate shipment of the products of child labor. Whether ultimately it will be desirable to enact federal legislation controlling child labor engaged on products consumed entirely within the state of manufacture will depend upon the growth of popular sentiment within such state or states, and upon practical experience as to the feasibility of interstate restrictions without control at the source. As in the case of international opium regulation, control at the source may be the only means of effective control of any sort; legislation based on a distinction between goods designed for domestic and for interstate shipment *may* be impracticable in practice.

These are properly considerations for Congress and not for the Supreme Court. But the entire question of states' rights versus federal encroachment is at bottom determinable by similar practical considerations in any given case. And if in any field the supremacy of the Supreme Court

over Congress remains unimpaired it is in the field of the separation of powers between state and federal government. Talk about the fundamental and inherent rights of childhood or of the inalienable right of the nation to a sturdy manpower mean little in this controversy in the face of the utter failure of opinion in many important political subdivisions of the nation to comprehend the nature of these natural rights. As in the case of prohibition, one may personally sympathize with the effort to raise an issue to the higher plane of morals or religion, but until the standard is generally accepted in principle, the problem remains in the sphere of politics. Talk of inherent and natural rights sounds doubly strange in the mouths of those whom one had supposed were the high priests of the newer sociological jurisprudence.

It is of course equally strange to find a President of the United States who was elected as much as anything on the issue of the supremacy of the Supreme Court favoring the present form of the Child Labor Amendment. But that was before the overwhelming termination of the election, and already in this quarter a trimming of the sails to catch new political breezes is apparent. Inasmuch as the present writer is opposed to the supremacy of the Supreme Court over Congress in all spheres, he is not inclined to quibble over the issue whether it would not be franker to face that larger issue directly rather than under cover of sentiment for childhood. He is quite willing to take what he can get in the way of even this piece-meal relaxation of the grip of the Supreme Court on the political and economic development of the nation. But for the sake of his own intellectual honesty and the record in the case, which may not be without future significance when the question of congressional action arises, he wishes to dissent from the analysis of those with whose general point of view and specific conclusions he is usually happy to find himself in accord.

ARTHUR FISHER.

Chicago, Illinois.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Spingarn's Position

SIR: This is not an answer to Dr. H. M. Kallen's lengthy review of *Criticism in America* in one of your recent issues, which I have just seen and read with relish. It is not an argument for the things in which I believe. It is a protest and a blast of defiance against all the writers who have done me the honor to discuss my work without doing me the honor to read what I have written. A few of your readers will, I think, be interested to know what I do *not* believe, if for no other reason than that these things are exactly what some of my critics (including Dr. Kallen) have supposed me to stand for:

1. I am *not* an advocate of "aestheticism," in criticism or anything else. I have tried to make it clear that I regard "aestheticism" as an even graver critical vice than "moralism."

2. I am *not* an advocate of "impressionism." I have tried to make it clear that I regard impressionism as no less inadequate than the dogmatism traditionally opposed to it.

3. I do *not* believe that criticism is "expression" in the sense in which art is expression, or that the critic who merely expresses himself serves the true function of criticism. Mr. Mencken may or may not have deduced this from my books, but the very reverse is explicitly stated by me. In one of my essays I have elaborated the arguments of an imaginary impressionist who holds such views, but only to confute him.

4. Naturally, therefore, I do *not* believe that criticism is an art in the sense in which poetry or painting is an art. On the few occasions on which I have referred to the "art of criticism," it is apparent, I think, that I am emphasizing a side of criticism in which its kinship with art is most direct and real, that first stage of the critical process in which the critic attempts through his imagination to recapture the creative vision of the artist.

5. I do *not* believe that great writers are or need be without profound convictions. In a letter read not long ago on a public occasion, I put it thus: "I know some people think that an artist is a man who has nothing to say and who writes in order to prove it; but not in this way have the great writers conceived of their art."

6. Finally, I do *not* deny that everything man does is subject to a moral judgment; I merely doubt the relevance of such a judgment at a given "moment" of the spirit. Every act of man may also be subjected to an aesthetic judgment (is it or is it not beautiful?), but there are moments of the spirit when it is irrelevant and impertinent. When a modern French writer conceives of Napoleon as essentially a great lyrical artist—that seems to me an irrelevance. And when one of the older writers of New England, John Quincy Adams, says he reads Shakespeare "only as a moral teacher" and conceives it to be the purpose of Othello to prove that it is a crime for a white woman to marry a negro—that also seems to me an irrelevance!

J. E. SPINGARN.

Amenia, N. Y.

Ethics of Capitalism

SIR: Mr. Schwenning's review of Judson Rosebush's *Ethics of Capitalism* would have been more convincing had he not committed the unpardonable sin of imputing motives to the author. The introduction to Mr. Rosebush's book is a "personal word" in which he frankly reveals the stake he has in the present capitalistic system that his ethical judgments may be evaluated with full knowledge of the natural bias of his interests. It is not the act of a gentleman to deny this, Mr. Rosebush's avowed purpose, by claiming that his statement of business activities is "to impress his readers duly with the fact that he is a man of parts." It is undoubtedly true that Mr. Rosebush is very conservative in his economic theory, but as I read his book I get a different notion of his spirit than that imputed to him by his reviewers. How can we expect to make progress towards mutual understanding and agreement as to what is truth in this controverted field if our critical interpreters are unfair?

Another charge against Mr. Schwenning. He deplores the fact that the book is published by the Y. M. C. A. Press, as thereby its influence on them is increased; in particular that that Y Secretaries will be perverted and that organization "will become more reactionary in its industrial program than ever." It is an interesting fact that a book that vigorously champions certain of the economic reforms most anathema to Mr. Rosebush, a book that he names at least twice (pages 41, 161) in protesting against these ideas, is published also by the Y. M. C. A. Press. I wonder how many liberals and radicals are familiar with The Church and Industrial Reconstruction, and whether they regard an organization that makes free use of this sweeping protest against the wrongs of our present social order in its discussion groups as being altogether reactionary and controlled by privilege. Evidently the Y. M. C. A. Press believes in being fair and printing things worth while on both sides of the problem. It is only as that spirit prevails that a solution can be found.

HALE SUTHERLAND.

Belmont, Mass.

A Morel Memorial Fund

SIR: It is hoped to raise a fund in memory of E. D. Morel, his work for the liberation of the Congo and for International Understanding.

E. D. Morel gave the best years of a remarkably active and beneficent life in the service of humanity. He consistently put in the second place not only his own interests, but even the interests of those dependent upon him. His emoluments had been for many years very much below what he would have been able to command had he chosen to work for money. He knew that his life was very insecure and he must have had faith that his family would not be allowed to suffer because of his disinterestedness. We would like the fund to reach dimensions which would ensure this.

It is proposed to hand over to his family any sum raised, deducting only enough for a memorial tablet in the cloisters of the "Garden of Peace" at Golders Green.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Secretary, E. D. Morel Memorial Fund, Orchard House, Great Smith Street, S. W. 1.

H. Baillie-Weaver, Raymond Beazley, E. N. Bennett, E. W.

Birmingham, Margaret G. Bondfield, H. N. Brailsford, Fred. Bramley, Charles Roden Buxton, Noel Buxton, J. R. Clynes, Kate Courtney of Penwith, C. Birch Crisp, Hamilton Fyfe, G. P. Gooch, Charles Gore, Arthur Henderson, J. A. Hobson, Thomas Johnston, J. M. Kenworthy, George Lansbury, A. Susan Lawrence, H. B. Lees-Smith, J. Ramsay MacDonald, Hector Macpherson, P. A. Molteno, Oswald Mosley, Henry W. Nevinson, Marion Phillips, Arthur Ponsonby, A. Maude Royden, Bertrand Russell, G. Bernard Shaw, F. J. Shaw, Robert Smillie, Herbert Smith, Philip Snowden, D. M. Stevenson, Sophia Sturge, H. M. Swanwick, E. S. Talbot, Charles Trevelyan, Robert C. Trevelyan and Israel Zangwill.

London.

Goose-Step and Golden Eggs

SIR: The implication in your article in your December 24th issue, *The Goose-step and the Golden Eggs*, that Mr. Eastman has only supported "institutions that are well established and flourishing" scarcely corresponds with reality. In fact his contributions practically meet your desire that millionaires support only new and worthy ventures that would otherwise fail.

His gifts to education have always been to those departments that most needed help; for instance, gifts to the Mechanics Institute in Rochester, the Department of Physics at the Rochester University and for technical education at the Massachusetts Institute. Rochester University could scarcely have been described as a "flourishing" institution; nor could Massachusetts Institute of Technology until Mr. Eastman had contributed large sums to it. His endowment of the School of Music and Motion Picture Theatre in Rochester is surely both necessary and novel, since it not only encourages musical appreciation by the motion picture public who have not hitherto had symphony music here. Then the establishment of a Dental Dispensary where all the children of the city whose parents' income is below a certain amount can have free dental and nose and throat service, and the establishment of a big Medical School in conjunction with the Rockefeller Foundation cannot be described as supporting things which would have flourished without help, for, unaided, they would possibly never have come into existence. You surely do not suggest also that the donations towards negro education (to which Mr. Eastman has contributed for many years past) were not required and are not exemplary to other rich people?

The addition of the big Medical School of the University put other citizens of Rochester on their mettle, and they recently had a drive for the College of Arts when they secured pledges for \$7,500,000. This was entirely independent of Mr. Eastman, but he is said to have been influenced by this success in making his last large gift, a large part of which is specifically allocated to the Music School.

As to wanting the Kodak Company to be controlled by university trustees, the idea could only occur to some one entirely unacquainted with Mr. Eastman's opinions, for short of government control nothing I imagine could be more repugnant to him. Moreover, the shares donated are to be sold; since writing your article you have probably noticed that, in fact, a large portion of them has already been sold.

I cannot help thinking that you are less likely to encourage that "rare bird the experimental millionaire" when you misunderstand and deprecate a current which, while not going so far as you might like, is at all events in the right direction, and a notable record for others to equal or surpass.

A. J. NEWTON.

Rochester, N. Y.

[We are grateful to Mr. Newton for the service he has performed for the readers of the New Republic by presenting a more detailed picture of Mr. Eastman's benefactions than we were able to do. That picture adds greatly to the clarity of the distinction which we have tried to make between established educational forms and innovations. When we spoke of the schools endowed by Mr. Duke and Mr. Eastman as "well established and flourishing," we had in mind, of course, Trinity College and the Rochester University. Relatively speaking the designation appears to be accurate. What we described as beyond the pale of this munificence was "sports, the new, the unusual, the experimental." Mr. Newton's presumption that the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the schools of medicine and music, the institutes for negro education come under this designation is indeed an interesting commentary.—THE EDITORS.]

American Documents

Memoirs of the Notorious Stephen Burroughs. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. \$4.00.

The Journal of Nicholas Cresswell. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. \$5.00.

IN his preface to the *Memoirs of Stephen Burroughs*, Mr. Robert Frost, to whom their republication is due, places his discovery on the shelf beside Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards, to reassure us in regard to the human nature of our ancestors, to prove that there was enough wickedness among them to salt their young society. Undoubtedly it was as an antidote to virtue that the *Memoirs* enjoyed their early popularity, which testifies to the insatiable appetite for rogue stories even in New England. The present edition follows the text published at Albany in 1811; and includes a preface from an Amherst edition of 1858. To maintain the reputation of the book for nearly a half century many other editions must have intervened. We can readily imagine that to New England in its decaying Puritanism the book offered a moral release as emphatic as *The Pirates' Own Book*.

Stephen Burroughs was born about 1765, the son of a clergyman of distinction in Hanover, New Hampshire, against whose Presbyterian principles he reacted with the full measure of his "volatile, impatient habit of mind." His early exploits were of the sort familiar in picaresque stories, practical jokes with a flavor of cruelty. Like Bunyan's Mr. Badman he progressed from theft to Sabbath breaking. His first enemies were the schoolmasters, and it was a sign of his triumph over the disciplinary resources of preparatory school and Dartmouth College that at the age of seventeen he left his father's house to begin his wanderings. After several false starts and recoils he fell into an adventure the fame of which spread over New England and gave him the first claim to his description as the notorious Stephen Burroughs. On leaving home he had taken with him a number of his father's sermons, and thus provided he assumed the style of clergyman and was engaged to preach for four Sundays at the town of Pelham, Mass. Before the last of these, however, his imposture was discovered, and he was chased out of town by the indignant parishioners. In Pelham he had made friends of some persons engaged in counterfeiting, and on attempting to distribute the product of their industry at Springfield, Mass., he was arrested, tried, found guilty and sentenced to three years imprisonment, this in 1785.

As a prisoner Burroughs fixed his mind on the idea of escape, and devoted himself to its realization with unconquerable ingenuity and persistence. At first confined in Northampton Jail he repeatedly attacked the walls in attempts to dig himself out. Transferred for greater security to the Castle in Boston Harbor, he was the leader of a jail delivery which included the capture of one of the guards, the seizure of a boat, a dangerous passage to the mainland, and a flight through Dorchester until the convicts were overtaken in a barn where they had sought rest. After another and even more desperate attempt to overpower the military force on the island, in which Burroughs's companions deserted him at the moment of attack, he gave up and served out his sentence in sullen submission.

On the expiration of his sentence Burroughs turned from preaching to teaching as his basic occupation. He was engaged as master of a small school at Charleton, Massa-

chusetts, and there married his cousin Sallie Davis, by whom he had three children. He confesses to the seduction of one of his pupils, a crime which was exaggerated into three charges of assault with intent to commit rape. Once more tried and found guilty he was sentenced to receive one hundred seventeen stripes on the naked back, to stand two hours in the pillory, to sit one hour on the gallows, and to be confined in prison for three months.

He received part of the corporal punishment and while awaiting the remainder he was released from jail by what he describes as a forcible intervention of the community on his behalf, and after an agonizing flight across Connecticut he finally reached Long Island. Again employed as teacher, he quarrelled with the principal men of the village including the clergyman; and after further legal battles he beat his way to Georgia, where he resumed teaching, drifted into speculation in land and became the agent of Robert Morris, the financier of the colonies in the Revolution. He subsequently returned to Hanover, and after his father's death removed to Canada, where he wrote the account of his tumultuous life.

Crime in every environment takes its color from the morality of which it is the antitype. Thus the exploits of Stephen Burroughs reflect the ideals of religious and civic virtue which prevailed in New England at the close of the American Revolution. It was the exceptional position enjoyed by the clergy which led Burroughs to choose preaching as the line of least resistance for his wits, and his encroachment upon sacred prerogatives remained as the greatest of his offences in the sight of his fellow men. Again in the years of revolution, when the limits and seat of the authority of the state were uncertain, private coinage seemed to be a legal but not a moral breach—somewhat like bootlegging today. In view of the current revolutionary enthusiasm for liberty it is not surprising to find Burroughs claiming its principles as applicable to himself. "How is this, said I to myself, that a country which has stood the foremost in asserting the cause of liberty, that those who have tasted the bitter cup of slavery and have known from hence the value of liberty, should so soon after obtaining that blessing themselves, deprive others of it?" In regard to sexual morality Burroughs maintains the pudicity of a New Englander. Of the single occasion on which he acknowledges himself at fault he writes with delicacy: "A number of circumstances happening to throw a certain enjoyment full in my view, the temptation was too powerful. I fell before it. The fatal moment was past. It could not be recalled." Thus we have in Burroughs a type true to his period and country, a Puritan picaro, with little in his composition to justify comparison with Cellini, Cagliostro, Casanova, and other rogues made in Italy.

It is as a document of eighteenth century New England that the *Memoirs of Stephen Burroughs* deserve publication, a fine example of colonial variation from the parent stock. Burroughs begins his narrative in the dry matter-of-fact manner of Smollett. His accounts of youthful practical jokes read like the early exploits of Roderick Random and Peregrine Pickle. But Burroughs was susceptible to another literary influence of the eighteenth century which succeeded in point of time the hard realism of Smollett. His quarrel with the clergyman at Bridghampton occurred over the selection of books for a public library for which Burroughs had collected funds. One of the books which he wished to include was Henry Brooke's novel, *The Fool of Quality*; and it is clear that the ideals of virtue and feeling

which Brooke exemplified with such eloquence and emotion were those of Burroughs himself. Burroughs wrote his Memoirs for a friend who had formed an impression of his character as including "an uncommon share of sensibility" and "an equality of mind which is uncommon, particularly in the midst of those occurrences which are calculated to wound the feelings." It is clear that this is the pose which Burroughs assumed, and which he sought to maintain throughout his self-revelations. On the one hand he is never weary of asserting that in his character as loving son, husband and father, and at the same time as criminal, prisoner and outcast, he suffers a variety of mental torture beyond his reader's experience. On the other hand, he is equally voluble in maintaining the dignity of mind which rises superior to all physical misfortunes. Classic examples of fortitude are reinforced by philosophical observations in the eighteenth century manner. "No state or condition in life, but from which we may (if we exercise that reason which the God of Nature has given us) draw comfort and happiness." Truth to period is enforced by the quotations, in chapter headings and elsewhere, of eighteenth century moral poetry, chiefly from Young's Night Thoughts.

The Journal of Nicholas Cresswell is the notebook of a young English farmer who left his home in Derbyshire in 1774 to examine the prospects for successful settlement in the Colonies. He landed in Virginia, and traveled westward by way of Fort Pitt and the Ohio river as far as Illinois, and north to New York. Cresswell writes laconically, with nothing of the color of adventure or amplitude of discourse which distinguishes Burroughs. His literal jottings carry their own comment. For instance, take this for therapy: "Drank a quart of sea water which operated both ways very plentifully and did me great service"; or this for æsthetics: "The State of the Earl of Chatham is still standing unhurt in the attitude of an apple woman, dressed like a Roman Orator. I am not a judge, but don't think it clever"; or this for wordly wisdom: "Mem. Never to have anything to do with my Relations. I know their dispositions only too well."

Cresswell offers corroborative testimony to the manners and morals of the colonials outside of New England. "Have been genteely treated, and am now going to bed drunk" is a note frequently repeated, always followed by a punctilious record of after effects. Cresswell's journey coincided with the years of political disturbance which we like to call the American Revolution, and of which he took an unfavorably realistic view. "The people in this Colony and the province of Maryland are in general greatly in debt to the Merchants in England, and think a revolt would pay all." As an ardent royalist he had trouble with the local authorities. According to his account the pre-war state of mind in February, 1775, was parallel to that of 1917: "The Committee act as Justices. If any person is found to be inimical to the liberties of America, they give them over to the Mobility to punish as they think proper, and it is seldom they come off without tarring and feathering. It is as much as a person's life is worth to speak disrespectfully of the Congress. The people are arming and training in every place. They are all liberty mad."

These documents out of the past, recovered by the happy enterprise of Mr. MacVeagh and made into beautiful books by the Dial Press, are among the notable features of the present publishing season, and deserve the attention of those who gather books of distinction.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Idealism on Demand

Things and Ideals; Essays in Functional Philosophy, by M. C. Otto. New York: Henry Holt and Company, \$2.50.

THE function of philosophy is to define the function of philosophy. This is, indeed, its hardest task. Other disciplines deal with learning, which is only recollection, and research, which is only intellectual hide and seek, whereas philosophy deals in understanding. And it requires philosophy to know what understanding is. One thing is certain: it is not an emotional attitude. No amount of warmth of feeling for higher things will serve for wisdom about their meaning. This is the tragedy of the understanding. Many are called and all are chosen, yet it were easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for any mortal man to resolve the confusions of his own heart. A prophet never lacks for followers. When Jesus appeared, says Professor Otto, men and women tramped for days together in growing crowds over hot, dusty roads to see him, to hear him, and if possible, in ecstasy to touch him.

There was something so engaging yet noble in his bearing, something so simple yet profound in his thought, something so poetic yet vital in his speech, something so sad yet healing in his smile that, presently, turning to one another, they whispered, "Never man spake like this man." Which is by no means to say that they understood him.

The external universe and the human soul itself seem to be in conspiracy to rob man of understanding. These very feelings by which men are drawn out of themselves seem to divest them of their wits. No sooner had Christ announced a new era, based upon the principle of human equality, to continue the quotation, than men "forthwith fell to wondering and then to disputing which of them should have the chief advantage from the revolution." Or take such a soul-blasting experience as the recent war. Men are profoundly moved. Their ancient faiths are shattered. Their conventional acquiescence in an omnipotent Creator of a most perfect universe is melted away by the fires of the human inferno. But what, then, do they arrive at? Upon the evidence of the literature of war theology they create only limited monarchies presided over by Invisible Kings after the fashion of George V, or "cosmic bell-boys" whose function it is to run errands for The Good, self-effacingly, as becomes the Indefinable. Understanding, is not, apparently, bought at the price of an international jag.

Upon the presumption that all men think together for good, the tremendous extension of scientific knowledge through the course of the last few centuries should have led to greater understanding. Perhaps, indeed, it has. Yet that result is not automatic. The scientists themselves, who should manifest such changes as might be expected to accrue immediately from the "penetration of the secrets of nature," are, on the contrary, an idle and a perverse generation. The sharpening of their senses in one direction seems only to dull their vision in another. Either they close their eyes obstinately against all the facts of the distinctively human universe, or they squint at it through a blear or prejudice all the more naïve for being unsuspected in a scientist. Of the two, the mechanist is certainly the better fellow. At least he stays in his laboratory. Whatever arrogance he exhibits is confined to his own household. Elec-

trons explain atoms; atoms explain molecules; molecules explain cells; cells explain tissue; tissue explains function; function explains behavior. It is all true enough. If it fails to illuminate the character of the old lady who wished to get home that night, the failure is a clean one of omission. She has not been mentioned.

When, however, scientists come down from their scientific Sinais with tablets of stone bearing inscriptions for the direction of human life, and these the revelations of those who have seen the Lord Himself pass by, they are not only not a great help to understanding; they are a very disagreeable obstacle indeed. Unfortunately this has been the growing habit of scientists of late. A pope exercises but a puny and vascillating omniscience compared with that of the periodic crop of Nobel prize-winners. As Professor Otto notes:

Men of science, have won deserved recognition for persevering dedication to the search for objective truth, and they must be credited with having devised the most accurate methods of investigation as yet achieved by men; yet in the present-day movement to re-define the higher life their influence must be counted on the side of emotionalism and obscurantism. There are scientists of whom this cannot truthfully be said, but the great majority of those who have attempted to exert an influence have taken this uncompromising position: they have stood unswervingly for the elimination of every form of obscurantism from science, while they have not only been willing to retain, but have insisted upon retaining obscurantism and subjectivism in the moral and religious fields. Perhaps this has seemed necessary to them in order to "sell" science to the public. If so, the bargain may turn out to have cost a pretty price.

By science we gain the whole world and lose our own souls. The scientist forgets the soul, or he remembers it, reminiscing in archaic mood.

The philosopher, of course, would neither remember nor forget. He would, simply, think. The deepest insights of the present day, as of every season in the philosophical calendar, are the simplest. Whatever neglect they may suffer at the hands of physicists and anatomists, the truths of the spirit are still the bread upon which we chiefly live. Neither is it an imaginary bread, sublimated away into a shadowy universe of Perfect Being, or Absolute Personality. The difficulties which beset the understanding are the same in this age as in any other. The highest truths and the dearest causes appear to our imaginations in the picturesque metaphor that always ekes out understanding, and the metaphors are not strictly true. What, then, shall we believe? That these realities were an illusion? That they can be conserved only by still more soaring metaphors, still wilder stretches of the imagination which shall place them beyond the reach of critical intelligence? That is our temptation. Yet we know that what we treasure in our ideals is their actuality. They are at work. Understanding is not won by fleeing from this world, nor by cynically forswearing all ideals. We crave, always, a *deus ex machina*, a perfect metaphor, potent in the affairs of life, which none the less intelligence can never sully. But what we crave does not necessarily exist. What does exist is both actual and suffused with human interest and human idealism. This is what understanding seeks to grasp.

Professor Otto, whose first book is here presented to a

general public, is certainly one of the clearest philosophic minds now living in America. In *Things and Ideals* he has not sought to be original. It is not the business of philosophy to be original. The immanent idealism of which he writes is the philosophy of John Dewey and William James, of Kant and Hume, and, I think, of the great Greeks. That is, it is no special dogma, but rather a clear-eyed realization of the togetherness of all things not in Heaven or Hell nor in an intellectual Elysium of absolute reality but in their most ordinary guises of annoying and illuminating actuality. In short, he is one of "those who do insist that the ideal and the real are dynamically continuous," and therefore, if this dictum of James's, quoted on the fly-leaf of the book, be true, one of those "by whom the world is to be saved."

C. E. AYRES.

Points of View

Points of View, by Stuart P. Sherman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

IF this latest collection of Mr. Sherman's essays and discussions does not quite reach the unity achieved by some of his preceding volumes, his general fabric still offers a few familiar guiding strands. The younger generation is again present, whether in the shape of the western college student or of the eastern literary Mohawk; and that servicable antagonist, Henry L. Mencken, submits his proud chest for a frequent blow, direct or indirect. Above and beyond all these considerations one perceives, of course, an earnest, persisting endeavor to moralize life and to establish some firm basic rule for its conduct in this our America.

In the immediate future the sophomore will engage Mr. Sherman's attention rather less, and the Mohawk rather more: a new environment determines that. Even more clearly than before will our author view the advanced young writers of the East as a pack of Hallowe'en hoodlums, with their eyes too firmly fixed on the present fleeting moment, and with scant outfit as regards chronology and perspective. Besides being rather bumptious and disorderly, they tend to be rather foolish and funny. Just how foolish and funny, it will take them twenty years or so to find out—at the time when they begin to pass along these epithets (unless manners mend) to the succeeding generation of self-expressers.

As for Mr. Mencken, now so much nearer at hand—he is too fruitful an adversary to be dispensed with. The controversy will wax—and may even end in an accord. For the two men are not so unlike as they suppose. If the essence of practical Puritanism resides in such an excess of moral energy, originally applied to the control of one's own conduct, as shall provide a considerable surplus for positive application to others, the two are not a world apart. Mr. Mencken is as much concerned over his Methodists and Rotarians as Mr. Sherman is concerned over his undergraduates and his gamins of the literary highway. The one, no less than the other, can give liberally from his store, in the hope of truths that may bring the patient rather nearer the individual heart's desire.

Mr. Sherman shows in more places than one his firm belief that the personality of a nation and its advantageous direction depend alike upon its writers: a pleasant notion, this, but perhaps of higher validity in a country like France, which is highly socialized and highly regardful of the arts,

than among the English-speaking people, with whom the arts are secondary, and the artist himself a "sport," or even a predestined victim, rather than a representative of his race. Yet our people, after all, read immensely, and are doubtless influenced beyond their own consciousness of influence; and Mr. Sherman goes so far, in his consideration of censorship, as to suggest that the critic may replace the censor. We do move and have our being in an endless atmosphere of spirit, and "to modify the controllable part of environment in the interest of public welfare" is work at once for criticism and statecraft. Possibly another means might be suggested: make the people so morally robust that they will be able to withstand the inroads of the nastier and more insidious of the artistic germs. A few Fieldings might aid here—if they were not drowned in outcry before their sanative powers came to be recognized.

Mr. Sherman ends his volume with papers on Samuel Butler, Disraeli, and George Sand in correspondence with Flaubert—matters not bearing on the immediate American scene, but dowered with a burning quality, all the same. It is worth while to be reminded that a "burry" old bachelor turns his back on the pieties and amenities with loss rather than with gain; that even a tawdry-seeming climber may entertain his own private ironical view of the society through which he ascends; and that between the Sandesque disposition to love all and the Flaubertian trend to loathe all there exists a wide field for reasonable living and for compromise between the extreme claims of an ecstatic optimist and of a dour pessimist. And imbedded in the middle of the volume is the well-written pamphlet on the greatness of Sinclair Lewis. It reads as well as ever.

HENRY B. FULLER.

Capital Punishment

Man's Judgment of Death, by Lewis E. Lawes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

THIS little book by Lewis E. Lawes, Warden of Sing Sing Prison, is important for two reasons. In the first place, being an attempt to determine the value of the death penalty as a deterrent of crime, it has the merit of timeliness. We mean of course, that it follows close upon the Leopold-Loeb case, which probably made more people pause to consider what they thought about capital punishment than ever thought about it before. The theories which form the basis of penal law may be summed up as retribution, reformation, deterrence and prevention. The first of these is of theological origin and has long since been discarded in law. And yet a majority of those who ardently wished to see the Leopold and Loeb boys hanged, were thinking of what they deserved, and not of how future murders of the same kind could be prevented.

Of the remaining theories one, deterrence, is the preoccupation of this book. The author believes that public sentiment against capital punishment, always a factor in the gradual lessening of the domain of its applicability, is at the present time strong enough to warrant believing that it will eventually be swept away. In the slow evolution of opinion regarding it, among the arguments and appeals which have been made in behalf of abolition, one very important approach has been overlooked. No attempt has thus far been made to find out whether capital punishment, from the point of view of a deterrent, really works. No one, apparently, has ever tried to find out whether there exists a

body of evidence which might make possible a scientific answer. This lack explains why, in the second place, Mr. Lawes's book is so important. It is an attempt to deal statistically with a problem which has heretofore known only assumption or generalization based on sentiment.

The method cannot be too warmly praised. The greater is the pity therefore that it should be applied by one who understands it so little. Mr. Lawes has a single criterion. He has collected from the various states of the United States statistics relating to the number of homicides and the number of death sentences and executions, and has sought to show that where the death penalty has been abolished the homicide rate is lower than where it is retained. But when he compares Minnesota and Michigan, two "abolition" states, with Ohio and Indiana, two states retaining capital punishment which are "similar in general character and geographical location," and finds the homicide rate in the last two noticeably larger than in the first two, is that an end to the matter? We cannot but doubt it. And when we find Mr. Lawes saying, on page 44, that the large number of Italians given death sentences in New York State since 1889 is "especially significant in view of the very low homicide rate in Italy where capital punishment has been abolished for more than thirty years" our doubts as to Mr. Lawes's statistical equipment deepen. Is no account to be taken of the enormous factor of transplantation to an alien country, and the many complexities which such an adjustment involves? In this instance at least Mr. Lawes seems to us to be satisfied too easily with a correlation which is coincidental rather than causal.

The instance cited is an arrow pointing to what is wrong with the book. The statistical method is essentially an analytical method and there has been no preliminary analysis to serve as a skeleton for the figures. Yet there is ample evidence that the author knows at least some of the elements of his problem. Time and again throughout the book he turns up the most exciting clues, apparently without knowing it, and then rushes off again in his chosen direction. For example, one would expect somewhere in the book, preferably in the beginning, an attempt to classify criminals in order better to classify punishments. Has Mr. Lawes attempted a classification? No. However, on page 48 he says:

Murderers may be divided roughly into two groups. First, the usually normal, dependable type, who in a moment of great mental stress commit the crime and who are, except for that one moment of their lives, normal individuals. Second, the abnormal type, including those really insane, the border line cases, the defectives and moral delinquents and those with low mental development. Many of these latter have a mentality as low as that of a six-year old child.

But on page 53, he speaks of a new class—the "born killer" type. What in the name of science is that, and where are we now?

Again, after a discussion of the large number of convictions for indictable offenses in Canada and England as contrasted with the United States where the proportion of convictions to offenses is relatively small, Mr. Lawes sums up in the following admirable manner:

My own opinion, which is borne out by statistics, is that the comparatively small number of homicides in Canada and England and in France is due to the ac-

curacy, the certainty and the celerity of justice as administered in those countries rather than to the form or severity of the punishment. We cannot avoid the conclusion that the sureness of detection, reflected in the number of prosecutions in proportion to crimes, the certainty of punishment reflected in the number of convictions, the celerity and accuracy of punishment, reflected in the few appeals, are the determining factors in the very low proportion of homicidal and other crimes rather than the severity of the punishment which is meted out.

But he makes no further use of this very profitable line of attack, and returns at once to a recital of homicide rates in the United States.

What after all can one expect of a man who uses statistics as Mr. Lawes does? Ten-year groups are compared with five-year groups, four-year groups appear in the same table with two-year groups, and in one table giving homicide rates, etc., for New York and Massachusetts there is this naïve little note at the bottom: "In connection with this table it should be noted that New York has a population approximately 2.7 times that of Massachusetts." The strain involved in trying to follow figures which do not follow each other must be obvious.

The strange thing is that the figures themselves reveal the presence of factors which start one to wondering.

A sudden rise in the homicide rate of a state, followed by a pronounced decline, certain parallelisms between abolition and non-abolition states, indicate that homicide rates have more behind them than the presence or absence of consequences feared. Why, for instance, do certain states consistently maintain low rates even though they haven't abolished the death penalty? If Mr. Lawes had been curious enough to seek the wherefore of those things, his book might not have arrived at its present conclusions, but his conclusions would at all events have given him more security. For until we know more about homicide rates and what causes them, we cannot rely on the simple guide he has chosen for himself.

The form of the book reveals its weakness at a glance. There is no orderly arrangement of material save paragraph headings, which instead of helping, rather emphasize in large type the confusion which prevails throughout. Yet the attempt is important, because Mr. Lawes has projected a method of studying the death penalty which is without emotional prepossessions, and which may therefore lead to answers which cannot be challenged. What the answers are, however, remains as undetermined as before.

M. D. F.

Music of the Past

Music of the Past, by Wanda Landowska. Translated from the French by William Aspinwall Bradley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

MANY are the stout weapons with which Wanda Landowska practises her defense of the music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. First, she seats herself at the harpsichord and reproduces Lully and Couperin with utter skill and unanswerable charm for the benefit of many hundreds of hearers. Next she assembles her wide learning in their behalf in her book *Music of the Past*. Third she summons a sharp but genial literary style to flutter

over the centuries with mocking antennae. Lastly has she found a deft translator and a sympathetic publisher to make the eight edition of her *Musique d'Autrefois* available for and attractive to the American public.

Thus equipped for the fray, Mme. Landowska steps up to the defense. What is her plan of campaign? She will show how history repeats itself, how every age dates the birth of music to the antecedent century, how music of an earlier date has always been damned as quaint and charming, how one generation will revel in its own vast orchestras and choruses as greatly typical of a great epoch, and laugh over similar demonstrations in the past as mere circus music.

Smiling over the first flush of a victory that her spirit of gentle irony has brought about, Mme. Landowska takes the offensive. "There is but a single style in music," she declares. The "truism of musical progress I consider the principal cause of the ignorance of our past and of all the errors in the interpretation of the old masters."

With but a slight stretch of the imagination we hear the author already dictating the terms of her peace: "Upon every concert program shall there be at least one piece of Frescobaldi, Buxtehude, or Kuhnau, and the words 'classic,' 'primitive,' and 'contemporary' shall be driven from the land."

In all this brave front, so blithely taken, there lurks, however, one weakness, one potential breach. Mme. Landowska may know more from her wide knowledge as to how Bach and Rameau sounded to their hearers than the rest of us do. She may understand the old instruments, she may have measured the old concert halls and combed over the manuscript scores. But where can she find for us a pair of seventeenth century ears?

Play Debussy after Beethoven and he will sound rare and strange. Play Debussy after Ravel and he will have become sweetly repetitious. If a few minutes of contrast can so alter the effect of the original illusion, what is to be done with the influence of two or three intervening centuries? May it not even be probable that our best chance at reproducing the effect first made on its hearers by Beethoven's symphony is by playing to a modern audience not Beethoven at all, but rather some such composition as Scriabine's *Poems D'Extase*? The reactions of their first auditors have been reported in much the same words.

Mme. Landowska's opponents—and the temper of her book excites a friendly and interested antagonism—do not necessarily hold that musical progress means progression from something less to something greater, they do not even use the words maturity or sophistication in upholding the idiom of today. They maintain that the idiom is necessarily different, that the musical language, like the current vocabulary, is continuously changing in response to the changed moods of expression. Some of the greatest masters, like Bach and Shakespeare, have been able to create a speech that survives many generations, but even with Bach and Shakespeare, subtle changes have crept in and our relation to the text has altered.

Mme. Landowska would have it that there is one music, contemporary to all ages in so far as it is great. We must answer her that this is true only on paper, that on the car-drum there are many musics, music of today, tomorrow and yesterday, and we must thank her for her exposition of what we still must call music of the past.

MARY ELLIS OPDYCKE.

Grown-Ups and Children

When We Were Very Young, by A. A. Milne. New York: E. P. Dutton Company. \$2.00.

DADDY, when you go to the office, may I play with my toys?"

It is the same thing, of course, with really good children's books—they are monopolized by grown-ups. There is a distinction, though, between the children's books for children and the children's books for grown-ups (though the grown-ups like both).

Here is a new book, which you can tell is a grown-up's children's book by the title, and by the fact that most of it came out in *Punch*, and by the introduction, which is written in what corresponds in Mr. Milne to Mr. Kipling's Just-So style. But that is really nothing against it, for it is a great book. It is a little like *A Child's Garden of Verses*, and a little like *Peacock Pie*, but mostly like nothing at all but Mr. Milne and Christopher Robin—with seductive illustrations, in lovely lippety metres and splendid crispy rhymes. Some of it is good sound nonsense with a Mother Goose flavor, and some of it is more sophisticated (but not much), and all of it is charming.

A lion has a tail and a very fine tail,
And so has an elephant, and so has a whale,
And so has a crocodile, and so has a quail—
They've all got tails but me.

It is written, obviously, by one of those persons who doesn't, all of him, grow up. That, says Mr. Milne (in the introduction) is Hoo, "one of those curious children who look four on Monday, and eight on Tuesday, and are really twenty-eight on Saturday." We hope that in the circulating library of Heaven other children like that, named Charles Kingsley, or Lewis Carroll, or Robert Louis Stevenson, have seen to getting their names down on the waiting list, for it is just the sort of book they will enjoy.

E. V.

The Indian Mind

My Brother's Face, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.00.

EVERY book published with the object of reconciling the oriental and occidental philosophies of life seems but to reiterate with increasing emphasis Mr. Kipling's aphorism. Mukerji's *Caste and Outcast*, after its poetic and beautiful presentation of Indian life, expressed only the irritation aroused by a necessarily superficial judgment of western ideals. E. M. Forster, in *A Passage to India*, has achieved an impressive attitude of neutrality, a detachment apparently almost perfect—its only flaw being a disposition to damn both sides. Mr. Mukerji's latest volume practically abandons odious comparison, and presents, even more beautifully than before—with even more poetry and depth of color—Indian life and thought as revealed anew to him after thirteen years' absence in the Occident. He returns sufficiently "tainted with western materialism" to realize what the westerner would find most difficult to grasp, most grotesque even, in the Indian

ideal. The complete repudiation of rational processes of thought in oriental "wisdom," based on the notion of reality as illusion—a philosophical axiom to the oriental—is incredible if not utterly ludicrous to the average occidental.

The education of a child by its mother—the ideal method according to eastern opinion—proceeds by means of fable and folklore, exclusive apparently of any specific information. The child's questions are never answered directly, but always figuratively, by parable, poetry or myth. The entire emphasis is laid on the development of imagination and the insignificance of facts, which may account for much in the oriental character hitherto bewildering to the literal-minded westerner. If one conceives Truth as uniquely the finding of intuitive "knowledge," it follows that wisdom consists in the cultivation of mental states favorable to "revelations," and "holiness" becomes a state of personal salvation by revealed truth, having nothing whatever to do with conduct. The account of the holy man whose salvation was imperilled by his succumbing to the temptation to relieve the suffering at his gates is simply an occasion of somewhat scornful mirth to the western reader, trained in the belief that the love of God is best manifested in self-forgetful service of one's fellow men. There is always, however, the story of Mary and Martha to disconcert the Christian upholders of good works as against faith—objective vs. subjective religion.

Religion we are obliged to recognize as the primary and universal interest of India—whether or not we consider this desirable from a practical point of view. Politics appears to be the subject next dearest to the heart of the educated Indian, and the Brother of Mukerji's narrative combines with his profound mysticism a militant nationalism which makes the story of his insurrectionary adventures exciting reading. He sums up the British-Indian situation with a concision and clarity of vision that revives the most tantalizing element in a western attempt at comprehension of the Indian mind. It is this recurrent flash of "insight," like the provocative promise of a unifying principle, which orientals reveal just as one despairs of any possible meeting-point of view. Mukerji portrays them, with a truth which even westerners feel intuitively, as so enormously worth understanding, if any one could translate their principles into our terms. If Caste and Outcast both fail, all we can fervently hope for is an enlightened and fluent Half-caste!

DOROTHY BACON WOOLSEY.

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The Week

NOT in many years have such numerous changes in government personnel taken place as were announced last week. Secretary Hughes has resigned to return to private life and Ambassador Kellogg is to succeed him. Alanson B. Houghton, now at Berlin, will probably succeed Mr. Kellogg at the Court of St. James's. Justice McKenna, of the Supreme Court, has also resigned and Attorney-General Harlan F. Stone has been nominated to take his place. President Coolidge has selected Charles B. Warren of Detroit, former Ambassador to Japan and Mexico, for his new Attorney-General. Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt who, as Assistant Attorney-General, has made so many enemies among politicians by her attempt to secure honest enforcement of the prohibition law, is being considered for a federal judgeship in California.

Secretary of Labor Davis is almost certain to resign in the immediate future. We are glad to add that the similar reports about Justice Holmes are without foundation. Apparently they originated in quarters where the wish was father to the rumor.

THE resignation of Secretary Hughes seems to us less surprising than some Washington dispatches would indicate, though it is true that he had supposedly planned to remain another year in the hope that an armament conference would be held in Washington this summer—an expectation now seen as unrealizable. Doubtless several reasons impelled the Secretary of State to give up his portfolio. He has been sacrificing each year the very large sum he can earn at the bar, and is not a man of substantial fortune. While he has since 1921 been able to determine America's foreign policy in several important particulars, most of the pressing problems in which he has interested himself have either been cleared up or have reached a point of more or less permanent quiescence. No doubt he did not relish the prospect of frequent conflicts with Senator Borah, now chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. We have no reason to assume that Mr. Hughes has aspirations to be the Republican presidential candidate in 1928; but if he had, propriety would demand that he withdraw from the Cabinet of the man who will certainly wish to succeed himself. Finally, Mr. Hughes has undoubtedly found that the position produces more brickbats than bouquets. He has enjoyed the work; but he cannot be unaware that his general reputation has not been enhanced by the manner in which he has conducted his office.

MR. HUGHES without question has one of the finest legal minds of this generation; but its legalistic character is itself something of a handicap in statesmanship; it produces a Calhoun rather than a Lincoln, a Poincaré rather than a Gambetta. As Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes has regarded himself as the attorney for the United States. It is the duty of an attorney to demand for his client full justice whatever the unlikelihood of its being realized, or the harm it would do to the other litigants. Such an attitude, we believe, has been particularly unfortunate when held during the post-war years by one

whose position is virtually that of American Prime Minister. It has resulted in making Europe feel that this country is a Shylock demanding its pound of flesh from its unfortunate late Allies. Mr. Hughes has several times, and most notably in the creation of the Dawes plan, abandoned his formal truculence, gone behind the scenes, and labored heartily for conciliation, compromise and understanding; but only his full-dress and formal attitude has been remembered. While regarding the results of this as regrettable, the New Republic is glad to recognize and applaud the intelligence, vigor and incorruptibility with which he has performed the functions of his office during a trying period.

WE take it for granted that in putting Mr. Kellogg in Mr. Hughes's place, President Coolidge is merely making an interim appointment until he can look around and pick out, carefully and at his leisure, the man with whom he wishes to work for the next four years. We cannot believe he intends to do the work himself, as Mr. Wilson did when he selected Robert Lansing to be his rubber-stamp. As a device to withhold pressure from himself for a few months while he is making up his mind, the present appointment is probably harmless. That Mr. Kellogg will be Secretary of State until 1928 seems to us as unlikely as it would be unfortunate. A double-dyed reactionary corporation lawyer from Minnesota, he was appointed to the Court of St. James's as a lame duck who must be taken care of, and not even then until the post had been offered in vain to Elihu Root and Frank O. Lowden. Mr. Kellogg has done some useful work in London, with diligence and discretion; but there are scores of men in his party who are better fitted for the second most important post in the executive branch of the government.

OF the elevation of Mr. Stone to the Supreme Court bench it must be said that he is a vastly superior choice to some others whom President Coolidge was reported to be considering. He is a man of outstanding character and high intelligence—just the sort of person who was needed, as we said at the time, to restore the Department of Justice after its misadventures under Harry Daugherty. But while these qualities are also useful in a Supreme Court Justice, they are not the final test of his fitness. The great function of the Court is interpretation of constitutional questions, and this in turn depends upon the social and economic outlook of the members. Only time will tell how far Mr. Stone's personal leaning toward conservatism will affect his action when the Court is called upon to bring the law into accord with the changing aspect of our civilization.

AS to another appointment it is also fair to suspend judgment. Mr. Warren's past experience has been of such a character that it is hard to judge from it what sort of Attorney-General he will make.

The opposition to him in the ranks of the Michigan congressional delegation seems to have been political and not personal. Still we cannot but regret the fact that some years ago Mr. Warren served the Havemeyer sugar interests in a decidedly dubious capacity, holding in his own name a big block of shares of the Michigan Sugar Corporation, which really belonged to the Havemeyers, and gave them a large degree of control of a supposedly competitive part of the industry. An Attorney-General ought to have a clean record, especially in view of our experience during the Harding régime.

IN choosing his new Secretary of State and Attorney-General, the President has acted on his own initiative and has exhibited the characteristic color of his mind. Not only are Kellogg and Warren smaller men than Hughes and Stone; they are conservative as Coolidge is conservative, not aggressively but statically, with a general inertia which is produced not by conviction but by nature. We do not question the right of any President to select as his co-workers the sort of men with whom he feels at home; we merely note the results in this case as illustrative of Mr. Coolidge's temperament.

A CHARACTERISTIC example of the good faith of contemporary party politics is the treatment which the Child Labor Amendment is receiving in New York. Both the Democratic and Republican parties in that state have promised expressly to bring about the ratification of the Amendment by the Legislature. The Democratic state platform pledged the party in favor of "ratification by the Legislature of the Federal Child Labor Amendment." The Republican platform is more argumentative but no less explicit. "Unless we can produce," it proudly and loftily declaims, "wholesome and happy children, material prosperity, industrial development and natural wealth will all be futile. In conformity with this spirit and following Republican policy and tradition we favor the ratification by the Legislature of the state of New York of a Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution proposed by a Republican Congress for the prevention of child labor." A voter, consequently, who considered the Amendment of the utmost importance might have voted for any candidate of either party for a seat in the State Senate or Assembly with entire assurance that the man whom he elected would vote for ratification, but if so he would have been mistaken and betrayed. Both parties have repudiated their promises. The Republicans now propose, instead of ratification by the Legislature, the submission of the Amendment to popular vote. The Democrats have not declared themselves, but Governor Smith, who is, for all practical purposes, the Democratic party of the State, ignores his own platform and also favors a popular referendum. The object and probable effect of such a referendum would be to defeat the Amendment.

THE betrayal in this case is particularly deliberate and purposeful. It is the beginning of a systematic attempt to alter the Constitution so that hereafter all amendments will have to be ratified by a popular referendum rather than by the legislatures. Senator Wadsworth, the Republican leader of New York, has introduced a resolution to this effect into Congress. There are indications that it will receive the support of the Republican leaders both in the Senate and the House. In all probability it will be submitted to the state legislatures by the next Congress. It is one of those proposals which politicians of all kinds do not like to oppose. Governor Smith of New York in his message to the Legislature warmly approves of it. He calls attention to his first message to the Legislature of 1923 wherein he recommended that New York state initiate the proposal which Senator Wadsworth has since formally introduced. The Senator is usually opposed to constitutional amendments and particularly to amendments which diminish the power of representative bodies and increase direct popular political action, but in this matter he is a convert to unmediated democracy.

THERE is a reason for the interest which men like Senator Wadsworth are taking in this particular proposal. The proposal itself is shrewdly conceived as one which progressives will find it difficult to oppose, but which will enormously increase the future difficulty of adapting the federal Constitution to modern conditions. If it is adopted, the people who are in favor of an amendment will be obliged not merely to convert two-thirds of Congress to its desirability but they will have to go into three-fourths of the states and build up a sufficiently powerful local organization to win an election. In some instances, it is true, this might not be necessary. The income tax amendment could doubtless have been carried without such preparation. But certainly none of the other recent amendments could have been. The expenditure of time and money which would be required to pass proposed amendments would be sufficient to discourage any but the most fanatical and opulent band of reformers. That, no doubt, explains Senator Wadsworth's interest in the proposal. It is intended to increase the difficulties of amending the Constitution of the United States. Some years ago there was much discussion of a so-called gateway amendment which would render the process of modification easier and quicker. The present proposal is devised, so far as possible, to close a gate which has in conservative opinion swung open too far and too often. We shall have more to say about it later.

THE settlement at Paris as to American claims on Germany has been an excellent thing psychologically, even if not of great importance financially. America is to participate in the payments under the Dawes plan to the extent of $2\frac{1}{4}$ percent of the

total, on the score of war damages. We shall also receive \$13,750,000 a year on the cost of our army of occupation. Theoretically, the two items together should bring in \$27,500,000, on the assumption that Germany will pay 2,500,000,000 marks annually. The war damage claim should be settled in twenty-five years, and the occupation costs in about two-thirds as long. The present capital value of the claim has thus been greatly reduced. On the total amount, indeed, the annual payments are so small that if they be regarded as interest, the debt will never be amortized, and if they be regarded as amortization, no interest is being paid—despite the fact that at least a third of the sum represents expenditures for which our government borrowed the money at an average interest rate of 4 percent.

SUCH financial calculations, however, have no real meaning in the present case. Our two bills against Germany are actually bad debts, and whatever we receive may be counted as pure gain. No serious economist expects that Germany will be able over any period of years to create the export balance necessary to meet the Dawes payments. Not only the United States, but the Allies, are virtually sure to find their financial expectations unrealized. The chief gain from the Paris settlement is that it resolves an international dispute which was threatening the goodwill between Great Britain and America, and does so in a manner which somewhat allays the charge that we are a nation of Shylocks. We shall be most fortunate if we can arrive at a settlement of the other pending problem—that of inter-allied debts—one-half so satisfactory.

THE New Republic has frequently disagreed with President Coolidge; and is therefore particularly glad to recognize that his action in two recent instances has been courageous, honorable and wise. In putting his foot down on the jingoistic efforts to embroil us with Japan he acted effectively and skillfully in the interest of international peace. He has just taken a similar and equally meritorious step in relation to the question of raising gun elevation on our battleships in order to make our range of fire equal to the British. However complete may be our legal right to do this, the President is correct when he points out that it would be a violation of the spirit of the Washington Conference. It cannot be too often repeated that the only disarmament of any value is moral disarmament. Unless the nations want peace, and can be persuaded to behave toward one another in that spirit, technical agreements are written in water. Ever since 1921, both within the navy and among some bellicose-minded private citizens there has been a persistent attempt to break down the spirit of the Conference and introduce what would be in effect a resumption of the old and ruinous armament race. President Coolidge has now spanked these gentlemen properly. We hope they will stay spanked.

TWENTY cotton mills in New England reduced wages in November (after the fifth), some fifteen more in December, and now the shower has become a downpour with cuts in the large centres of Fall River and New Bedford. We turn back with interest to the words of a reporter in the *Daily News Record*, the textile trade daily, on October 22.

The political effect of wide-spread reductions in the mills would have been disastrous, it is believed, to mill interests, which desire Republican success because of the protective tariff policy of the Republican party. This, coupled with the fact that approaching winter would make a more difficult time to strike, caused many manufacturers, who believed wages must come down, to conclude that the best time to start their drive for lower wages would be after election.

In the natural course of events the mills are beginning to make more goods and more money, for raw cotton is down on account of a large crop and demand for cloth is picking up after a long period of slack production. The normal profits will be added to the tariff increment. Yet the long-planned wage reductions are going into effect. With the indemnity levied on the workers, we have no doubt that net incomes of the mills in 1925 will be amply sufficient to pay good dividends on the inflated war valuations of their capital. Mill operatives who voted for prosperity are now enabled to see whose prosperity they voted for. The chances are that by the time another election rolls around the over-equipment of the industry in relation to the consumers' purchasing power, coupled with bad management, will have led to another spell of low production and another chance to vote for prosperity. How long can the cotton interests get away with it?

GOVERNOR JONATHAN DAVIS of Kansas has not only ended his term amid extraordinary charges that he misused the pardon power, but has come under grave suspicion in connection with the state university. The day after Christmas Governor Davis, acting in concert with two Democratic members of the State Board of Administration, summarily removed Dr. Ernest H. Lindley from his post as Chancellor of the University of Kansas. The object of this attack, says Chancellor Lindley, and he is backed, apparently, by 8,000 alumni and 5,000 students of the University, is wholly political. Lindley has stubbornly resisted the disposition of the Governor to use university appointments as political plums. This suspicion has been bruited for some time. Several weeks ago a series of changes were made in the personnel of the university medical school against the apparent opposition of the Chancellor. Not only the men who were then removed but Lawrence and Kansas City newspapers charged the Governor with political motives for this interference. The dismissal of Chancellor Lindley has been motivated by a perfunctory investigation of his suspension of four students for drinking, and

later of his administration of university funds. But it is not customary to remove a university head upon the basis of an executive investigation nor to dismiss him like a hired hand. Neither is it customary for governors to make appointments to the staffs of the universities under their general control.

NOW that the President's veto of the postal salary increase bill has been sustained by a margin of one vote, we shall have a chance to judge his wisdom as an employer and his force as a statesman. An overwhelming public opinion believes that the increases are deserved, and the President himself did not disagree, except in detail. His veto was based chiefly on the policy of economy. He did not want to add anything to the burden of taxation, but insisted that the Post Office Department must pay its own way by securing the necessary funds before enlarging its expenditures. The employees insisted that their right to consideration was prior to and independent of the necessity of raising rates. They foresaw that once the question of increased rates was injected into the discussion, the powerful interests affected might delay action indefinitely. Apparently their fears were well founded. Up to the present, Mr. Coolidge's action has been wholly negative. His policy is now sustained, however, and it is his duty to carry through its positive implications. Will he apply to Congress as determined a pressure to raise rates as he did to prevent salary increases without higher rates? Will he be as courageous in opposing the wealthy publishers and mail-order houses as he was in opposing the impoverished postal employees?

The Revival of Anti-Federalism

THE American people, it is now apparent, are entering on a new phase of their oldest and most inveterate political conflict. Starting with the formation of the Union there have usually been two parties: one of which refused proposed increases of federal authority as undesirable interferences with state sovereignty and the other of which welcomed such increases from time to time as essential to American national fulfillment. Hitherto the second of these parties has almost uniformly triumphed over the first. The tide of American political development has run overwhelmingly in the direction of an increase of federal power and responsibility. Particularly since the Civil War a steady tendency has prevailed to increase by legislation, by constitutional amendment and to some extent by judicial construction the functions of the federal government. When proposals to that effect were under discussion, the old fears and dogmas occasionally flared up, but until recently the suspicion of the federal government which once bulked so large in American popular political consciousness was by

way of disappearing. The American people were coming to consider it as an indispensable agency of their positive social purposes. Little by little the United States has changed from a federation of territorial, individualistic democracies into a highly organized social democracy which could not escape the conscious assumption of a collective responsibility for the popular welfare. Prominent lawyers or politicians continued, when some increase in the functions of the federal government was proposed, to protest in the name of what was called states' rights, but their protests were usually verbal and insincere. Both political parties forgot the scruples which their members cherished against national aggrandizement whenever they were in power and found some increase of federal authority convenient.

Since, however, the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment and the experiences of the Great War, the protests against proposed increases of federal authority have become comparatively weighty and sincere. The deplorable effects of the attempt to accomplish a desirable social purpose by the absolute federal proscription of alcoholic drinks have aroused the old suspicions of proposed increases in federal authority. Many intelligent and disinterested citizens are afraid that, if the process of centralizing the socializing and regulative activities of government in Washington continues, the American people will ultimately be ruled by a necessarily irresponsible federal bureaucracy which will dry up the sources of local initiative and responsibility. They consider the United States too large, populous and diversified a country to be wholesomely or even safely governed by one dominant political machine. The process of centralization has in their opinion already proceeded so far that it has enfeebled the state governments. The only way to restore them to vitality is to resist the easy but dangerous alternative of calling in the federal authority as the solver of all of American politics, and to force on social reformers the duty and necessity of accomplishing their purposes through agitation within the states and action by them.

The New Republic sympathizes with the object which these protestants have in mind and the local political values which they wish to preserve. The United States is too large and too unwieldy to be safely governed from Washington alone, and it would be disastrous to duplicate in this country the amount of centralized political control which a European nation might adopt with impunity. It is most important for American political leaders and thinkers to consider how they can counteract the tendency toward centralization, and what they can do to repair the ineptitude of American local government and the diminishing importance of neighborhood organization in American social, political and economic activity. But we are utterly sceptical of the success of any effort to restore the vitality of American state political institutions which begins

by opposition to proposed increases of federal authority such as the Child Labor Amendment.

The opposition itself may in this and other similar cases for the present succeed. The business interests which are opposed to any further interference by the government with their affairs are more powerful, more conscious and better organized than ever before. If they can obtain the assistance of a large body of disinterested and public spirited people, they can paralyze for many years the progress of effective federal social legislation. But their success will not check the onward march of those economic tendencies which are bringing about a centralized and specialized organization of American business and professional life and depriving the local units of their appropriate culture and their vital functions. They will only condemn to frustration any experimental attempts by an effective political agency to cope with the results of economic centralization and its effects on American social life.

The centralization of American business and the standardizing of American culture are proceeding with prodigious momentum. They will inevitably travel much further before they are checked. The refusal to parallel the increasingly interstate organization of American business by a corresponding increase of federal political control will do nothing to revive American local initiative and sense of responsibility, but its effects will alarm American popular opinion, particularly in the cities, and increase the existing tendency to excitability and violence. The refusal would imply an incompatibility between state and federal regulation and the necessity of mutually exclusive spheres of action for each which will not work in a highly organized society such as the United States of today. The two functions are really supplementary. The success of a federal system depends upon an assignment of powers and responsibilities to the central and local governments which varies at different times in response to changing conditions, but which always assumes coöperation rather than antagonism. The distribution of responsibility between the states and the nation which was advisable in 1789 or in 1865 or in 1900 is not advisable in 1925, and a distribution which may be advisable today will certainly be obsolete in another thirty years. When you confer upon the federal government a function which the state cannot adequately perform, you do not take away from the states powers which you give to the nation. You create and exercise a new power which did not exist and could not be properly exercised before.

In the matter of legislation for social welfare the distribution in the Constitution of power between the state and federal governments was based upon a conception of their respective functions which has been growing more dubious just in proportion as the industrial revolution transformed the values and culture of American society. In 1789 private property consisted chiefly in land, chattels, utensils and consumers' goods. It was by means of the secure

ownership of private property that an individual citizen built the economic foundations of personal independence. Ownership conferred on him power over his own destiny rather than over the destiny of other people. The Fathers of the Republic thought, consequently, they were solving the social problem by inserting in the Constitution, as the chief responsibility of the federal system, provision for unhampered opportunities to acquire property and for security in its possession. The essence of the social problem was from their point of view the impregnable guarantee of these individual rights. The function of supervising the exercise of these was not a matter upon which agreement was either essential or desirable; and it was, consequently, reserved to the states. They had in their opinion divorced property from privilege and associated it with industry and thrift. The exercises of any power conferred by the ownership of such purified property required little supervision and there was from their point of view every reason why it should vary in different localities and be determined by local interests.

As a consequence, however, of the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century the Fathers did not solve the social problem as finally as they assumed. The vast mass of property now no longer consists of the instruments of individual activity and the objects of individual desire. It consists in the shares of corporations, which own prodigious machines situated in all parts of the country. They manufacture for a national market and are tied together by an intricate and complicated organization. The ownership of such property brings with it little control over one's own life, but often an immense influence on the lives of other people, both consumers and employees; and this influence is usually exerted without much solicitude except for the interests of the owners and the managers of the property. The social problem has come to consist in a search for adequate means of subordinating to social and moral control the prodigious power over the lives of other people which these owners and managers have acquired.

The consideration of this new social problem has become the chief preoccupation of law makers in all industrialized countries. The American nation is, however, poorly organized for the task. The federal system was planned, as we have seen, chiefly to protect private property on the supposition that individual liberty and self-determination could not exist without scrupulous respect for titles to property and a free hand for individuals in acquiring it and using it. This supposition has ceased to be true. Liberty for the individual has now come to depend rather upon the limitations which consumers, employees and the government learn how to place on the exercise of economic power. Unfortunately, however, in this country the branch of the government to which the Fathers assigned the political part of this job is the states; and they lack both the

power and the will to exercise effective supervision according to common ideas and standards. Now that organized business is much the most powerful estate of the realm, and its activities pervade the entire country, the local governments are not and cannot be sufficiently prepared to redeem a responsibility for the social consequences of business activity. The chief defect of the proposed Twentieth Amendment is not that it goes too far in fastening increased social responsibility on the federal government but that it does not go far enough. What is needed is an attempt to supplement the police power of the states with a general grant to Congress of concurrent jurisdiction over social questions.

But it will be many years before democracy will learn how to control business. For the present the tide is running the other way. The business interests, which are claiming exemption from further public interference on the ground that their huge aggregations of capital and economic power are entitled to immunities and guarantees similar to those which the Fathers wished to confer on the petty property of their day, are increasingly determined to prevent such interference from taking place. Their success, as they very well know, will depend in part upon the building up of effective resistance to any increase in authority of the federal government. They are putting up their first fight on the proposed Twentieth Amendment, and they have recruited for the struggle able and disinterested people all over the country who prefer, because of constitutional scruples, to see legislation for the protection of children and youth fail rather than let it prevail by virtue of federal authority. It looks as if the combination would defeat the proposed Amendment; and if it does there can be no doubt with whom the victory will lie. Public opinion will interpret it as a triumph for the interests which are opposed to federal interference with business and as a definite check to the whole process of adapting by legal means the federal system to the needs of an industrial and social democracy. They will have defeated the Amendment by arguments which will be even more effective when invoked against any subsequent proposal to increase the power of the federal government for social purposes.

Excepting in the case of a few individuals and newspapers the opponents of the Amendment are employing to defeat it the most unscrupulous and flagrant misrepresentation. Their success, if they do succeed, will increase their prestige and their confidence in such methods. It will correspondingly discourage their adversaries. Their adversaries will have reason to be discouraged. Hitherto the advocates of progressive social legislation have been sufficiently united in their belief in the national government as the most desirable and effective instrument of their purposes. In the future they will be divided among themselves as to the means which they ought to adopt for the accom-

plishment of their ends; and their ability to carry out their program will be proportionately weakened. It is another example of the obscurity and confusion which have during the past five years taken possession of the American political scene. There are radical differences of opinion and outlook in the counsels of both the old parties, but these differences are surpassed by the similar differences which exist among the progressives. The older progressivism which expected to accomplish a constantly expanding social program by legislative and administrative action is clearly disintegrating. The conservatives, in spite of their own dissensions, will have it their own way until a more realistic progressivism, founded on a sufficient popular motivation, takes its place.

Reasons for Cancellation

MR. JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES'S contention that the French and Italian debts to the United States and Great Britain cannot be paid in full, and that their payment, even if possible, would not be beneficial to this country, appears to be well founded. But we do not agree with his argument in this issue of the New Republic to the effect that these debts are not commercial obligations but are "political"; and that they should be forgiven because they represent merely a share in the common effort of the War. This argument, it seems to us, is not a realistic account of the facts, and efforts to procure its acceptance will do more harm than good. If the debts must be scaled down or cancelled, let it be done as a repudiation necessarily arising out of the economic situation, not by the subterfuge of calling them something else than debts.

The argument runs that each of the nations threw its whole effort into the War, that each wisely contributed to the common cause what it could best contribute, that France's share was chiefly man power, Britain's to a larger extent naval, America's financial, and so on. Why should America expect to retrieve its share when the other shares are irretrievable? But it is not true that each nation threw its entire resources into the achievement of a common object. Each, to be sure, desired to defeat the Central Powers, but each also wished to maintain its own assets as far as possible for use in the post-war period; each had national ambitions and policies. In so far as its resources had to be devoted to common military objects, they had to be withdrawn from these particularistic efforts, and in so far as American financial aid was extended, it enabled the Allies not only to wage war more effectively but also to devote more effort to building up their national power and prestige.

This appears most clearly when we consider the sums lent by us to cover expenditures undertaken before we entered the War and after the Armistice.

About one-third of the foreign obligations due the United States government arises from such items. As Garet Garrett pointed out over two years ago, nearly \$650,000,000 of American governmental loans were used to pay off obligations of allied nations to private bankers in this country incurred before March, 1917, every cent of which was secured by marketable investments deposited here by the foreign governments. These securities might have been sold to meet the private loans on their maturity. It would have been inconvenient for war purposes to sell them but this does not alter the fact that the net result of the policy adopted was to preserve intact over half a billion dollars of capital investment for the nations concerned. And between the Armistice and July 1, 1919, this government extended loans totalling as follows:

to France.	\$1,027,427,800
to Italy.	629,789,000
to Great Britain.	576,000,000
to Belgium.	176,834,467

\$2,410,051,267

Part of this credit made possible immediately necessary relief. But in addition, the respite which it furnished to allied treasuries permitted numerous public and private expenditures, not strictly within the scope of war objectives, which could not have been allowed to such an extent if the governments concerned had had to rely solely on internal loans and taxes. France maintained a large military establishment in anticipation of something like the Ruhr invasion, if not of more extensive adventures, she loaned money to the nations of eastern and southern Europe to further her diplomatic purposes, she adopted measures of internal reconstruction in line with the interests of her heavy industry. Italy's use of funds was equally particularistic. Britain strained every nerve to enlarge her foreign commerce and reinstate her merchant marine—much to the detriment of ours under the competitive situation existing. We do not mean to imply that most of these activities were not to be expected under the circumstances. But in view of the facts it is naïve to argue, concerning at least \$3,500,000,000 of our \$10,500,000,000 claim on Europe, that it was devoted to common war objects, rather than to maintaining or rebuilding the national assets of the several Allies.

Even during the War the same division of interests appeared. All the Allies, while buying in the United States, on credit extended by our government, strove to protect their foreign investments and their trade by charging and being paid in cash for things we bought abroad. The British charged us \$90,000,000 for transporting a million of our troops. We paid cash for supplies bought for our army in France. We had to engage in earnest negotiations to secure as low prices on jute, wool.

tin, and so on, bought in the British Empire, as the British government itself paid, although in the United States the Allies were charged the same prices as were fixed for our government. Though American ships paid no port taxes in French harbors before we entered the War, they had to do so after we got in. The British government bought materials in the United States, at the same prices fixed for war uses, to sell for civilian purposes at home and so to maintain "business as usual" as far as possible. There was at one time a good deal of heartburning here because British steel was being sold in foreign civilian commerce, though so large a portion of our steel industry was being requisitioned for war uses. The American credits were also used to "peg" the allied exchanges, thus allowing allied currencies to retain their position as media of international trade. A good deal of effort was devoted, during the War, to extend and strengthen international trade positions of the Allies.

Most of these policies of course aided the allied nations in one way or another and so helped the winning of the War. But, without being meticulous, it is possible also to point out that they fortified these nations individually for commercial enterprises of peace. The War was not, in any of these details or a hundred others, a pure communistic effort in which sacrifices were equally shared, all resources pooled, and all benefits held for the general good. A large part of the war credits were in a very real sense commercial.

When we look at the larger aspects of the War, similar comments are inevitable. To assert that the War was fought for a common object of equal importance to all belligerents is to challenge contradiction. It is clearer now than eight years ago that the Allies shared at least some of the responsibility for the situation which gave rise to war, and that they shared it in unequal degree. With hostilities came differing degrees of urgency in repelling attack. There also arose separate war aims, many of them contradictory of the declared purposes of the United States. And the spoils of war were unequally divided. We did not have any desire to take over German colonies, and are somewhat doubtful of their ultimate value to the nations which did absorb them. Yet this fact merely emphasizes the limited interest of the United States in the effort which resulted in the Treaty of Versailles—a document whose ratification was opposed not merely by those sharing the views of the New Republic but by the dominant conservatives in America. The American stake in European affairs is real, but it was not well served by the peace and it is not co-extensive with the several national interests of the European belligerents.

To plead for cancellation of debts on the basis of Mr. Keynes's present argument is therefore to call forth a fruitless discussion of comparative sacrifices and benefits, which can only obscure the issue and embitter the controversy. The lesson which

will be brought home to American taxpayers and European public opinion by repudiation ought to rest not on specious moralizing but on the incontrovertible facts of the economic situation. The debts cannot be paid, or can be paid only at the cost of undesirable derangement of national and international economy. This means that war, even victorious war, cannot be waged on a large scale under modern conditions without leading to bankruptcy of the chief belligerents. Recognition of this fact might induce greater precaution against future war and more discerning inquiry into national objectives. And, if a war were actually under way, and the belligerents had reached a crisis where they had to receive financial assistance from a powerful nation hitherto neutral, it would be well for all concerned to understand that such assistance cannot be repaid after the arrival of peace. This might cause a more critical examination of the objective in view.

The Choice at Muscle Shoals

THE debate over Muscle Shoals has been so voluminous, the charges and counter-charges so frequent and sweeping, that the essential facts have been almost completely buried under a landslide of talk. It may be well, therefore, to get back to first principles and recall just what the fight is about.

The Muscle Shoals project, on the Tennessee river in Alabama, will have two uses. One is to produce fixed nitrogen, for use in the manufacture of fertilizer and munitions, and the other is to generate hydro-electric power, above the amount needed for the aforesaid nitrogen production. The latter purpose will need not more than 100,000 horsepower, and the surplus electricity available for distribution and sale throughout the South will amount to at least 500,000 horsepower, and perhaps half as much again. In this aspect alone, therefore, the project will be the second largest east of the Mississippi, exceeded only by Niagara.

On the development the United States has already spent about \$135,000,000. The sum includes nitrate plants, dams for waterpower, a model town with 311 houses, a one-hundred-room hotel, the purchase of platinum worth \$500,000, a railroad, cars, engines, etc.

The two points of view as to what should be done with Muscle Shoals, represented by Senators Underwood and Norris, begin by quarreling as to the real purpose of the project. Senator Underwood asserts it is a nitrate plant. His concern is to insure nitrogen for explosives in war time, and in particular, to provide cheap fertilizer to the farmer. His bill provides that 40,000 tons of nitrates must be manufactured each year at a profit of not more than 8 percent on the investment (not per year, but per turnover of capital).

Senator Norris, while recognizing the importance

of nitrates, thinks the chief value of Muscle Shoals is as a source of hydro-electric power. He sees it as certain to remake the industrial life of the whole South within a wide radius. He wants the plant operated by the government because he is convinced that private operators will inevitably both profiteer at the expense of the consumer and fail to conduct their enterprise in general in the public interest.

Assuredly, there is ground for honest difference of opinion here. What are the facts in support of the arguments?

Senator Underwood openly admits that his bill permits an extremely bad bargain, from the public's point of view. It authorizes the leasing of property costing \$135,000,000 to someone who will pay the government only 4 percent on the investment in one dam, which is \$45,000,000. In fact, the actual return would be still smaller, because \$200,000 a year which the government is now receiving for the steam-electric equipment at Nitrate Plant No. 2 would be cancelled. The net return would be \$1,600,000 a year, a little more than 1 percent on the total investment. Senator Underwood blandly explains that he relies on the Secretary of War to make a better lease than his bill provides. But the country has recently—at Teapot Dome—had a bitter lesson as to the folly of relying solely on any cabinet officer to protect our natural resources from the looting which a careless Congress makes possible.

Turning to the question of nitrate production, what do we find? The Underwood measure requires nothing the first two years, 10,000 tons the third year, 20,000 the fourth, 30,000 the fifth and 40,000 tons thereafter. The United States now uses 200,000 tons per annum, so that what is proposed is at most but a 20 percent addition. The present cost to the consumer is twelve cents a pound, and the best that is hoped for under Muscle Shoals production—if the necessary new processes are invented—is a price of six cents a pound. On 40,000 tons a year the total saving, as Senator Howell has pointed out, would be \$4,800,000, or about sixty cents for each farm operator in the country. It is possible, of course, that the price on the other 200,000 tons we are already using might be somewhat reduced as a result of the new competition—possible but not probable, since the market for fertilizer is an expanding one. Even if this happened, however, and the whole amount were produced at the theoretical Muscle Shoals price of six cents a pound, the saving would be only \$3 a year for each farm. One must consider, to be sure, the chance that the lessee might produce more than his stipulated 40,000 tons of nitrates during and after the sixth year of his lease. But as everyone in the country except Senator Underwood knows very well, any prospective lessee would bid, not for the sake of the nitrate business but for the sake of the water power. True, in case of war he might

find himself in a position to make huge profits; but in peace time, as things now stand, it is foolish to look for more than fulfillment of the letter of the lease on the manufacture of fertilizer.

What are the prospective profits on the hydro-electric power? Senator Howell, who for years has been a close student of electric production and distribution points out that at Dam No. 2, the lessee will be able to produce 200,000 horsepower at a total cost of \$3,000,000 a year. If the same power were produced by steam, the cost would be \$11,000,000 a year. Alabama consumers are now paying a basic rate of \$49 per horse power per year, and the cost of production at Muscle Shoals will be but \$15.

Opponents of the Underwood bill charge that the logical lessee under its terms will be the Alabama Power Company. This is a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company, which was owned, until it was thrown overboard with most undignified haste a week or two ago, by the General Electric Company, which has frequently and publicly been charged with controlling at least one-half of the hydro-electric power developments of America. Senator Underwood protests that his bill does not specify any lessee, and he is of course correct. At the same time, the Alabama Power Company owns the only transmission lines conveniently located to take power from Muscle Shoals; the Alabama Power Company is the chief corporation in that territory engaged in the business of selling electric power wholesale; the Alabama Power Company and its predecessors and allies have long been actively interested in the scheme for developing Muscle Shoals.

If the Alabama Power Company should, by some miraculous accident which Senator Underwood is unable to foresee, secure the lease, it will be able to link the project up with its own development on the Tallapoosa river, and produce an additional 414,000 horsepower, by reason of the reserve power created when two great generators are linked into one system. This extra power will cost even less—probably about \$7.50 per horsepower per annum. If produced by steam it would cost \$22,000,000 a year; and it is a safe bet that the consumer will have to pay for it as though it were being produced by steam—as he does now. And all this, remember, may cost the lessee the total sum of just \$1,600,000 a year, while the government's annual loss in interest alone will be, if figured at the reasonable rate of 6 percent, about \$9,000,000 a year.

Is the pessimism as to high rates for electric power under private operation justified? On this matter, as Senator Howell properly maintains, the experience in other parts of the country is valid evidence. The city of Cleveland long "enjoyed" private production of electricity, and the rate was twelve cents per kilowatt hour. A municipal plant was built which began producing power at three

cents per kilowatt hour. Thereupon the private company came down to five cents, and stayed there, saving the people of Cleveland the not unimportant sum of \$2,000,000 a year. Both these plants, the municipal and private, are operated by steam power. It is true the municipal one pays no taxes; but it sets aside each year in a reserve fund a sum equal to the taxes it would pay if it were privately owned.

What it means to the consumer may be illustrated by comparing rates on forty kilowatts, which is a month's supply of electricity for the ordinary household. In Cleveland the customer of private ownership pays \$2 a month. The customer of the municipality pays \$1.20. In Washington, D. C., the customer of the privately owned local plant pays for the same thing \$4 a month. All three of these plants make their electricity by steam which costs more than does hydro-electric production. Use of the latter method, however, does not guarantee any lower rate to the consumer. At Niagara Falls, N. Y., in the shadow of the greatest hydro-electric power project east of the Mississippi, the consumer pays \$2.26 for forty kilowatts, which is 88 percent more than the customer of the municipality in Cleveland pays. Taking some other localities where hydro-electric power is produced by private companies, we find that in several Alabama cities, the rate is 155 percent higher than in Cleveland. In Quincy, Illinois, it is 150 percent higher. In Atlanta, Georgia it is 166 percent higher. In Augusta, Georgia, it is 200 percent higher.

The general argument against public ownership and operation is that the government is less efficient and economical than is private industry. We regard this charge as by no means proved. It is generally based nowadays on the war record of the railroads, a record made after private operation had demonstrated its total incompetence to move troops and war supplies, and made when cost of service was rightly considered of no importance compared to winning the war. But even if the charge were true, it would still remain the less important half of the question. Private operation may be conducted efficiently from its own viewpoint and still be appallingly wasteful from that of the public interest. A lumberman may cut down a forest at a minimum expense per tree without satisfying those who know that the forest should not have been cut down at all that floods and erosion will do harm greatly outweighing the lumberman's profit on his operation.

The electric industry in the United States is a huge and perfectly respectable one. It has in its employ many intelligent men, some of whom are also public-spirited. But the one and only purpose of the private electric industry is to make money; and it is pure accident if that desire happens to coincide at any given time with the public interest. The largest profits may be secured by producing small amounts of power at a high price rather than large amounts at a minimum price. The profit motive may dictate the placing of new transmission

lines at points where they will best throttle competition, rather than where they will best serve the public need. And of course, the profit motive always presses toward monopoly, and toward charging those who suffer under it "all that the traffic will bear." It is absurd to say that state public utility commissions will prevent these things from happening. Such commissions, in the first place, are almost always restricted by law from doing more than maintaining a specified ratio between profits and the more or less imaginary size of the investment. Even in this limited field the failure of public regulation to be effective is notorious.

At Muscle Shoals the government has the opportunity to perform a task of the greatest value. It can create one of the first links in the Giant Power system which in a few years will cover the whole country and will in our judgment be so important that it will be absolutely necessary for the federal authorities to recapture possession and conduct it in the general interest. The government can so operate Muscle Shoals as to create an enormous improvement of industrial, domestic and social conditions almost throughout the entire South. Instead of this, Senator Underwood and his friends propose to barter a \$135,000,000 property for a mess of highly dubious nitrates. In order to save the farmers of the country an average of sixty cents a year, they intend to put the industrial future of the South in the hands of men who have never shown any indication of social responsibility which fits them for such a task. The Underwood followers are willing to accept a little more than 1 percent per annum on the government's present investment, and leave the consumer of electricity, whether for industrial or domestic uses, to be exploited remorselessly.

The Senator has objected to having his proposal termed a second Teapot Dome, and he is right, for the public loss and harm in the oil leases are smaller than the loss and harm which would ensue from private lease of Muscle Shoals. We believe Senator Underwood may live to see general agreement that he has done the South more harm than any other man of his generation, by devising the terms of his bill.

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Bankers and the Conspiracy Law

DURING the eighteenth century the common law made one of its great strides in becoming the accepted agency of social control in the field theretofore largely governed by the customs of merchants. In this absorption of the "law merchant," the common law left its characteristics upon the resulting law of the courts. It required the customs of merchants to conform in many ways to those of the great community of which they had become a part. The history of the common law is replete with such instances of enforcing upon one portion of society, that purported to be governed by its own axioms of conduct, doctrines and principles that it had developed to serve other interests and other groups.

The latest manifestation of such a phenomenon is the verdict of a Massachusetts jury rendered on December 18, 1924. Besides the striking facts that the trial consumed 187 days of the court's time and that the plaintiff was awarded the sum of \$10,534,109.07, the case's importance lies in its application of an old principle to a yet untouched domain. To protect depositors, banks and their operations have come to some extent under legal control; but the huge, intangible field of credit upon which the whole superstructure of modern business rests was still unaffected. The rules of this game, intricate and complex in its manipulations but swift and decisive in operation, were left to be determined by the participants, largely the controllers of credit. A change, however, is in the making and by means strangely mocking in their origin.

The doctrine of civil and criminal conspiracy has old sources, but it led a precarious existence until the industrial era brought forth labor organizations to cope with the superior bargaining power of employers. Conflicts, of course, ensued, and the law took up the challenge of adjusting their and society's respective rights. The conception of the "right" of access to the labor market was developed, and an unreasonable interference with this "right" by a combination of laborers was translated into a conspiracy, and punished or enjoined. The principle was extended when courts generally took the view that though acts when committed by one man were lawful, their commission by a group acting in concert to further their own interests might be punishable.

It is this modernized ancient principle that has been invoked in the Willett-Sears case to brand as unlawful the combination of a group of banking interests to interfere with a manufacturer's access to the credit market. Most large concerns rely for their financing on neighboring banks that keep in close touch with the financial affairs of the business, and, in practice, control its credit. Outlying banks in buying the concern's commercial paper in turn

rely on the information supplied to them by these local banks. Their unified tactics in refusing to extend credit upon established terms, the exertion of their combined pressure when they realized the manufacturer to be in a vulnerable position with a view to acquiring, in an unconscionable way, the business of the credit-seeker, with the result that in this case they eventually "purchased" factories with an established earning capacity of over a million dollars a year for a sum slightly in excess of \$600,000, was held unjustifiable as a matter of law, for which a jury assessed ten million dollars as compensation.

These principles are unintelligible unless they are projected against the vivid background of the case itself. The story is told in a complicated record covering 15,000 pages of testimony. Its full significance cannot be realized except through a patient study of the long trial. The record is, of course, full of conflicting testimony. But the jury's verdict resolved these conflicts, sifted truth from falsity. The recital that follows is based upon the conclusions implicit in the jury's verdict. What emerges is a drama in the world of high finance that, irrespective of its import and implications, deserves telling for the sheer audacity it reveals and the light that it throws upon large scale financial operations.

The plaintiff Willett was in partnership with Sears under the firm name of Willett, Sears and Company. Of humble origin, he had traveled the road from bank-clerk and wool commission merchant to owner of some of the largest felt factories in New England. The defendants were three individuals—Herrick, a leading figure at the Boston bar, director of banks and numerous corporations and generally dominant in Boston's financial life, Fessenden of F. S. Mosely and Company and Winsor of Kidder, Peabody and Company and through their partners these two firms of investment brokers and private bankers with a commanding place in Boston's finances. Besides these defendants, the other main actors were Thayer, a former Boston banker but then president of the Chase National Bank of New York, and Wing, president of the First National Bank of Boston, a friend and associate of Herrick, to whom Wing was indebted for his position. These men were not only financial leaders of Boston; they were intimate friends. Some of them had been classmates at Harvard, and all of them carried these collegiate associations into their social life. To each other they were "Bob," "Harry," and "Euie." Willett was an outsider and an unpopular outsider.

In 1918 Willett and Sears held a controlling stock interest in two large manufacturing concerns, the American Felt Company and the Daniel Green

Felt Shoe Company, and under Willett's plans, had acquired sixteen subsidiary companies that were to operate in conjunction with the main companies to form a complete textile and machinery group. The year 1918 found the partnership pressed for credit. Reckless over-expansion, wartime increases in labor and material costs, the seasonal character of the business, all contributed to create this situation. Willett had made the rounds of his banks, and they thus became acquainted with his necessities. They knew, too, of the disparity that existed between the quick assets of the companies and their current liabilities, but they also expressed belief in the essential soundness of the business and in the efficiency of the Willett-Sears management. Following the publication of a disappointing but not disconcerting annual report of the two main companies, the bank presidents met to discuss their seasonal requirements and their probable need of a special loan. In a series of these meetings the financial soundness of the companies was investigated. It was concluded that, for the greater security of the companies as well as that of the banks that might participate in a special loan, contraction should take place and power be reserved to liquidate subsidiary companies. Sears, at the suggestion of Fessenden, estimated the maximum requirement of the companies at not exceeding \$3,000,000, a sum beyond their present actual needs but calculated to meet all emergencies. The proposition seemed acceptable to the bankers, and at another meeting on June 26, 1918, tentative terms were suggested whereby the control of the companies was to be placed with a committee of the bankers—a not unusual condition of a large loan—a commission of 6 percent was to be taken together with interest of 6 percent on the loan. It was to mature in six months and be given priority over all other outstanding liabilities of the companies.

At this time the Chase National Bank of New York, under the presidency of Thayer, held two notes of the partnership for \$200,000 each, maturing on July 15 and October 15, 1918, and secured by collateral consisting of 14,000 common shares in the Felt Company, which represented a controlling interest in that corporation. The Girard National Bank of Philadelphia also held a similar note for \$100,000, maturing on September 15, 1918, and secured by 2,000 common shares. Obviously some arrangement was necessary to meet these notes and protect the collateral in order to assure the bankers control.

By June 27 the bankers had agreed on the terms which the proposed loan should take, though no binding contract had been concluded. Fessenden, however, on whom the partners relied for information, failed to communicate to them a memorandum specifying these terms, and they were ignorant of the precise stage of the negotiations. The framing of this agreement was entrusted by the banks to Herrick, who through Wing and Fessenden had been

acquainted with all the developments of the situation.

The immediate problem of the Chase Bank and its notes remained. Willett and Sears were unable to secure their extension. The Boston banks then suggested that Thayer deposit this stock with them. Thayer, at a meeting held in Boston on July 8, refused to relinquish control of the stock but suggested that he should participate in the three million dollar loan, so as to assure the Boston banks that he would exercise his control of this stock in their joint interest. The proposal seems to have been satisfactory, and its terms were recorded in a letter of that date, sent to Thayer by Fessenden, to which Thayer replied acceptance. These letters, perhaps the key-note of the case, must have convinced the jury that an agreement had been reached and that Fessenden's claim at the trial that this meeting had resulted in a deadlock was false. For Fessenden concealed these letters, and the partners believed his report that a deadlock had been reached in the negotiations with the banks during these critical days preceding the date on which the Chase Bank's note matured. Herrick also knew the exact situation; but he, too, was silent. On July 15 Sears pleaded with Thayer for an extension of the note but in vain; Thayer countered Sears with such a grasping offer that the latter reported to Willett that he had fallen into a "den of thieves."

Thus the partnership was forced to raise at the least the Chase \$200,000. Willett failed to enlist Fessenden in the cause and turned in desperation to Winsor. The latter, up to this time ignorant of Herrick's and Fessenden's manipulations, alive to a highly profitable venture, induced Fessenden and his partners to join him, and agreed to make a loan of \$500,000 for two years on the basis of a \$500,000 commission and 6 percent interest. But again, upon the excuse that one of Fessenden's partners had "kicked it over" and by processes too long to recite, Herrick, whom Willett from the first had feared, was "invited" to participate in this loan. The pressure upon the partners had then become too great to resist. At Herrick's suggestion the terms were strengthened. The agreement now took the form of a purchase of the controlling interest in the Felt Company for \$500,000 with an option in the partners to repurchase within a year and eleven months for \$1,227,000. And further to satisfy the condition for the proposed loan of \$3,000,000, the controlling interest in the Green Company and the subsidiary companies was directly or indirectly turned over to the purchase syndicate, consisting of Herrick, Fessenden and Winsor, to operate in behalf of the committee of bankers.

This transfer was completed on July 31, 1918, and immediately the purchase syndicate took measures whereby it would become impossible, as a business fact, for the partners to exercise their option of repurchase. Willett's resignation as a director of the

companies was demanded, and Sears followed his example. It was Willett that they primarily desired to eliminate and they did eliminate him. The syndicate disregarded all concern by Willett about the conduct of the business, cut him off from accurate reports as to the condition of the companies, and denied him access to the plants. Willett's plan for acquiring and reorganizing certain subsidiary companies was summarily dismissed by the bankers. But Herrick went farther. He took advantage of an opportunity to place a thirty-day mortgage on properties upon which Willett had hoped to raise the sum required by his plan. The mortgage fell due, remained unpaid, entry was made, a sale advertised, and the equity in the property made worthless.

Meanwhile other claims began to harass the partnership. One Sydeman brought suit upon a contract claim and attached the partnership property. This claim did not trouble Willett seriously, for Sydeman had indicated his willingness to settle for approximately \$6,000. But there were outstanding notes of the subsidiary companies endorsed by the partners, which, if they should then be enforced, made bankruptcy a sinister possibility. Herrick's "Christmas shopping" consisted mainly of buying them in, under circumstances that leave little doubt as to motive. The device of a dummy was employed to purchase them and title taken in the name of the Salvage Syndicate so as to conceal his own part in the transaction. Suit was then brought by an outside law firm.

This outside firm was also conducting under Herrick's indirect guidance a suit on similar notes held by a former client of his and by the president of the Felt Company, with whom Herrick was in close contact.

Not only were attachments issued against all of Willett's property, but by the device of a bill in equity—another suggestion of Herrick's—the option of repurchase, a valuable asset belonging to the partnership, was sought to be reached. These events occurred in the latter part of January, 1919. About the same time sums totaling \$125,000 were withdrawn from the subsidiary companies, then in process of liquidation, and deposited under names calculated to hide the fact that these sums were to be appropriated, as a substantial part was appropriated, to Herrick and Fessenden for their purported services. These withdrawals served to reduce the assets of the partnership in their subsidiary corporations. Not only were the purposes of these withdrawals veiled by the syndicate; the facts were concealed from the bankers as well as from Willett and Sears.

By this time Willett had employed counsel to protect his interests. Although among the most skilled and experienced of the Boston bar, they learned amazingly little of the financial condition of either of the two main or the subsidiary companies. The secret of the withdrawals was not dis-

closed, nor did they know that Herrick was concealed as the real actor behind the pressing claims of the creditors.

On January 24, 1919, Willett, in ill-health, went south, leaving his interests in counsel's hands. They suggested the sale of the option to repurchase the stock in the hands of the syndicate as a means of settling with the creditors. The syndicate was offered the option for \$125,000. Willett under pressure from his lawyers consented to give them full authority to act for him. Nevertheless, he returned in a few days to Boston, and made a last desperate attempt to purchase the option himself at the price at which it was offered to the syndicate. This failed and on March 24, 1919, Willett released all his claims "from the beginning of the world" to that date, and the syndicate became owners of properties that have earned since that time more than a million dollars per year.

Thus, in the meagrest possible outline, is recast the story of a conspiracy case, contained in over 170 volumes of testimony, and into whose vortex is drawn the conduct of leading bankers of a great city. Duplicity, avarice, "keen, calculating business judgment," are indelibly stamped across these pages. Such a conspiracy does not spring full-grown from the brain of Jove, but emerges slowly as circumstances disclose opportunities to be grasped and pressed to fruition. How much of this is due to the high pressure of modern finance, how much is referable solely to the particular individuals concerned, must be left to a wider jury than the twelve ordinary men of the vicinage who enforced the community's standard against financiers and a financial lawyer.

The Willett case is but the first chapter in the yet unwritten history of how another field of activity, that of business credit, may be brought under legal control. What the case portends the future will tell. A combination of this type is certainly not unique in the business affairs of this country. Their operation, however, is always concealed by the intricate and elusive methods necessarily incident to complex business transactions. Every lawyer knows that conspiracy is one of the most difficult wrongs to prove.

Another Willett may not be able to have such persistent and fearless counsel—Whipple, Jones, Hall, Proctor—to press his cause, acquire the mass of evidence that a case of this type necessitates, weave together these infinite details in such a way as to disclose and prove the existence of a conspiracy. And other judges, other juries, cannot give eighteen months to the trial of a single cause. To society the just claim of one hundred dollars is as important as ten million. The common law through Willett has accepted the challenge. It remains to be seen whether its boast of eternal adaptability is an empty one.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.
JAMES M. LANDIS.

The Interallied Debts

MOST of the politicians and business men of America—but not all of them—tell us that they look on the interallied debts just as on any ordinary commercial debt for goods sold and delivered. We in Great Britain are acting on that principle. The United States have asked us to pay, and we are paying. Nevertheless there are three sufficient reasons for not treating France and Italy in like manner—the origin of the debts, the evils which would follow on an attempt to exact them, and the practical impossibilities of collection. I sympathize, therefore, with the distinction which M. Clementel, French Minister of Finance, has recently made in calling these debts “political” debts and other obligations of the French government “commercial debts.”

Interallied debts are a matter of politics and not of law or contract. It is as mistaken to treat them as things of contract as it was to treat theoretical liabilities of Germany under the Treaty of Versailles as things of contract. If we consider for one minute the origin of the debts it is obvious they are not just like other debts. Let me put the argument as it may reasonably appeal to a Frenchman.

Each of the Allies threw the whole of its strength into the struggle—it was, as Americans say, a hundred percent war. But—wisely and properly—they did not all use their strength in the same way. For example, the effort of France was mainly military. On account of the number of men she put into the field in proportion to her population and because part of France was occupied by the enemy, France did not possess after the first year sufficient economic strength to equip her armies and to feed her people as well as to fight. Great Britain's military effort, though very great, was not so great as that of France; but our naval effort was much greater than hers, and our financial effort also was far greater since it fell on us—until America came into the War—to use our wealth and our industrial strength to help to equip and feed other allies. America's effort on the other hand was mainly financial. Both absolutely and in proportion to her population her military effort measured by the number of men she placed in the field and by her casualties—important though it was to the result—was on an altogether small scale. On the other hand the part which America played in equipping and feeding the Allies was enormous and we couldn't without such help have won the War. Thus each Ally made essential contributions to the result. But they did not all make them in the same way. Now it has never occurred to us or to America to charge France and Italy for British or American shells fired off from British or American guns. Yet when British or American shells were fired off from French or Italian guns the real cost to us or to

America was much less since France and Italy supplied the gunners, suffered the casualties and are paying the pensions. Yet in this case we propose to charge France and Italy for the shells. In fact when American men, guns and shells had time to reach the front so that France was wholly relieved within the sector which they took over, there is no idea in anyone's mind that France should be charged the money for the aid which America thus gave her. When Great Britain sent men as well as supplies to the Italian front there is no idea of charging Italy anything. But when American men and guns had not reached the front and only American shells or American wheat or American gasoline had reached the French armies so that France had to find the men to use the equipment and to suffer the human losses, then France is to pay for the shells, wheat and gasoline. There is no rhyme or reason in this—no justice or commonsense.

Why then were these sums lent instead of being given outright at the beginning which would have saved all this trouble? There was at the time excellent reason against this—namely, that if money had been given outright it would certainly have promoted extravagance and lack of responsibility in spending. A large part of the financial conduct of the war consisted in establishing financial controls, that is, in preventing one department or one ally from spending sums out of the limited total resources available which could be spent to better advantage by another department or ally. It was hard enough for the Treasury to control our own spending departments and it was impossible except indirectly to control spending in departments of our Allies. If every official of the allied governments down to those with the least feeling of responsibility and the least power of imagination had known that it was someone else's money he was spending the incentives to economy would have been even less than they were. I have had no connection with the British Treasury for several years. But I am sure that their dealings with the Allies during the War were in the main directed to the enforcement of necessary economy and to see to the finish that our limited resources were spent to the best advantage. These transactions were not looked on at the time in the light of investments, or commercial advances. And I am sure that the same was true of the American Treasury. If the American public now think that in 1917 and 1918 they were engaged not in war but in investment their memories are very short.

But apart from the history of the debts the attempt to exact them now will have no other result than to breed international ill-will. We should just have the German reparation problem over again between each of the former Allies. Hatred and dissension and—in my belief—not even money would

be the result of trying to collect this sum year by year for a generation. Not even money—for France not only believes conscientiously that justice does not require her to pay and also that she cannot pay, but payment in full would in view of the history of the German reparations so deeply outrage her most genuine feelings that she would not do it even if it were in her interest.

For let us look at the demand in relation to the Dawes scheme. If France were to pay interest on the sinking fund, even at a low rate of interest on what she owes to us and to the United States, it would come to rather more than sixty million pounds a year which is almost exactly equal to the whole of France's share of the German reparations under the Dawes scheme on the assumption that this scheme works out in full. Does anyone believe France in whatever circumstances or under whatever threats will agree to hand over to Great Britain and the United States every penny she gets from Germany and perhaps more?

What then ought we to do? Looking back I believe it would have been an act of statesmanship and wisdom on the part of Great Britain if on the day of armistice we had announced to our Allies that all they owed us was forgiven from that day. It is not so easy to take that line now. For one thing we ourselves have undertaken to pay America a half million dollars every weekday for sixty years and day by day we are paying it. This sum is equivalent to two thirds of the cost of our navy and nearly equal to the total of our state expenditure on education. It is more than the whole of the profits of all our merchant ships and all our coal mines added together. With an equal sacrifice over

an equal period we could abolish slums and rehouse our population in comfort. That we should pay on this scale and not be paid ourselves must influence our attitude. Therefore the idea that America should get better terms from France than we get because of her brusquer attitude is for good reasons intolerable to British opinion. It is impossible now for us to forgive the debts of France and of Italy unless America does the same. We cannot tolerate even a suggestion that America whom we are paying should get better terms than we get from those who owe us both.

A frank discussion between Great Britain and America must therefore be the first step to a settlement. And if I may make a suggestion as to the lines of compromise which such a settlement might take, it is this: to let a certain moderate proportion of what France and Italy may receive from Germany each year out of payments made under the Dawes scheme be devoted to the payment of French and Italian debts to their Allies; let these sums be divided between Great Britain and the United States in the proportion of what each is owed; and let this be in final discharge. It is not appropriate to invite France to make an offer as the American Debt Funding Commission is now doing. For this is merely to ask France to expose herself to humiliation. But if Great Britain and the United States could agree together to make to her a proposal on the above lines—say one-third of what she may receive from Germany from time to time thereafter—there is a chance of an honorable settlement.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

London (by cable).

The Tragedy of Eugene O'Neill

NO other American writing today has so many ardent well-wishers as Eugene O'Neill. In part this is because he has been our only dramatist; in part, perhaps, because something in his work peculiarly comes home to us. But our feeling toward him is not pure gratitude; it is mixed with a sense, not only that he is possessed of extraordinary powers, but that somehow he has hitherto been prevented from making the most of those powers. For that reason—because we are aware of a kind of greatness in the man which has never yet achieved full expression, and because what he has to say is of importance to us—we approach each new play of his in a prayerful attitude, offering supplications that this time he may have been enabled to produce work which will fulfill our hopes of him. These hopes are still deferred, for now *Desire Under the Elms* has come, and it is ~~not~~ what we longed for. It is but the most typical of his plays so far.

It is the bleakest of his tragedies, which are all

remarkable for bleakness. The older writers of tragedy give us some compensation, slight though it be; their protagonists go down to defeat, of course, but they go down in a blaze of glory. There is recompense for their defeat if only in our sense of their greatness; and more often than not their outward defeat is atoned for by their winning a spiritual victory. But that is not the modern point of view: the modernist sees man as a more passive victim, as only a subordinate part of nature, the sport of incomprehensible and meaningless forces within and without himself. Some of the moderns, to be sure, do not leave us altogether without alleviation. In Hardy, for instance, although life is wanton and cruel and futile, there is something redeeming in humanity; however bad according to human notions the universe may be, at least in some men and women there is a saving beauty and nobility. Or in Dreiser, if there is little to be said even for humanity, one finds at any rate a huge gusto for experience.

O'Neill, however, like the majority of his contemporaries, denies us even these poor mitigations. Not only does he show us man as victim, victim of life, of nature, of circumstance, of other men, of self, but he also shows us man as undergoing an inner defeat. For the defeat his protagonists suffer is spiritual; they end in a spiritual frustration, a spiritual failure. His favorite theme is the degradation and disintegration of character. Everything is pitted against the individual. That he has bad luck is the least of his troubles. Sometimes he is broken by the forces of external nature, as when the Emperor Jones reverts to savagery and is finally crushed by the sheer weight of the tropic night. Sometimes society is the hostile victor, as it destroys the Hairy Ape when he refuses to be a mere slave to a machine. But always the interest is centred on the mental process of the victim, and usually the destructive force is an inner one: the mind goes to pieces because of its own inner conflict. The disruptive agency in *All God's Chillun* is race-prejudice; in many plays it is avarice or sex, both of which figure conspicuously in *Desire Under the Elms*. But perhaps *Beyond the Horizon*, with its three-fold failure due partly to luck, somewhat more to external nature, but most of all to sex, best illustrates this aspect of O'Neill's tragedy.

Such a tragic world is not only deterministic, but also pessimistic: everything is predetermined for the worst. This grimness O'Neill does nothing to relieve—not that every one of his plays is utter gloom, for at least he is not a misanthrope. But the most one can say is that the dramatist treats his poor creatures with pity, not with contempt. He deals by preference with the disinherited. Almost without exception he portrays only the more unfortunate among farmers and laborers. Peasants, sailors, stokers, prostitutes, negroes—these are his types, as his locale is the sea, the unproductive farm, and the slum. Yet the point about these folk is less that they have been denied the good things of the world than that they have been denied life itself. In some of them the lack is innate, but not in many; their difficulty is not feebleness so much as malnutrition. They are stunted, thwarted, starved, like trees that try to grow in a bad soil and a bitter climate. The characters of *Desire Under the Elms* are extreme instances—sucked dry, perverted and obscene, denuded of every humane impulse, balked of any healthy growth, left with only hatred, greed, and lust, they are worm-eaten fruit which rots while still green because it never has a chance to ripen.

O'Neill's world, then, is obviously restricted in scope; but it is not that only—it is also meagre and scanty in substance. In part this leanness is due to the materials with which he works. Bread cannot be made with bran and sawdust, and a dramatic world of human abundance cannot be created out of dehumanized human beings. For another reason, however, his world lacks fullness of body. It is not fully created; it is not an independent, self-

sufficient, opaque, three-dimensional affair in which solid, fully existing men and women move about. Seldom does he give us that complete realization; complete illusion of actuality, which distinguishes the first act of *Anna Christie* and the early one-act masterpiece, *The Moon of the Caribbees*. Than the latter, indeed, we could ask no better example of the quality lacking in his later work. This little piece has no plot; it is just a scene of drunkenness and lust in the tropic night under the full moon with negroes chanting in the distance. It is sordid, not at all prettified, yet intensely poetic, with the poetry of a thing intensely realized, intensely imagined, and vividly rendered.

One reason why this complete realization is rare in his work may be that O'Neill has the type of mind which begins with an abstract theme and works from that to the concrete. If true, this would account for much—for the fact that, as *The Straw* and *The First Man* bear witness, without a strong and simple theme he is lost. His people alone are not of enough interest to carry the play; in fact, in and of themselves, apart from what happens to them, they would cause us little concern or curiosity. Again, it would account for the fact that his growing tendency has been away from the concrete toward the abstract, that his constant development has been from the creative toward the schematic. Even in his best play, *The Hairy Ape*, Yank remains more of a symbol than a person. One reason why O'Neill was the first American playwright to join the anti-realistic reaction called expressionism may be that the newer technique offered him a line of less resistance than the old, gave him an excuse to slight the arduous process of creation. In *All God's Chillun*, for instance, he has solved several of his problems by means of devices which are too facile and mechanical.

Besides his inclining to abstraction, however, there are other signs that his creative power is not so strong as it might be. From the beginning he has never given us subtle and complex characterization. Always he has dealt in characters of one syllable, his delineation has been notably simple, stressing one or two traits only, expressing the simplest of emotions, requiring the actor's presence to fill in the outline; but at its best this delineation has been bold and clear, like a strong sketch. In her review of *Beyond the Horizon*, Miss Lola Ridge commented that the characters were not fully projected, not independent; they exist only as sketches, not in the round. This, of course, is a matter chiefly of the dialogue, since it is primarily by means of dialogue that characterization is accomplished; and O'Neill's dialogue, though for the most part adequate, is rarely more than adequate. That is to say, it does not often have that felicity of expression which startles one by its aptness and inevitability and which is the unmistakable mark of a writer with the creative faculty. At times in O'Neill's best work we get utterances which bear the absolute stamp of

the speaker's personality, such as the Emperor Jones's "I wants action when I spends" or Yank's "Hell, sure, dat's my fav'rite climate. I eat it up! git fat on it!" It is noteworthy that only in the vernacular and in dialect is O'Neill successful, and that he is most successful with the most inarticulate characters, in whom we expect an incomplete and impeded utterance.

Another of his limitations is in his capacity for emotional expression. That he himself takes his world hard, feels it intensely, need not be said; it is his evident claim to greatness. Even his failures are conceived in passion. Nor does he fail to communicate his feeling to us—he possesses real tragic power. But sometimes he cares too much; he loses command of his feeling, and in his wish to drive it home, to rub our noses in the human misery which outrages him, he goes so far that we revolt and in our reaction withdraw our belief, as at the end of *Diff'rent*. Suicide and madness are ticklish matters; for them to be credible to us, we must be worked up as strongly as the dramatis personæ, the feelings of the characters must be fully communicated to us. In most of O'Neill's plays—all indeed except *The Hairy Ape* and *The Emperor Jones*—there comes a moment when an emotional pitch is reached beyond which the writer does not carry us. From then on, the feelings of the characters are not communicated to us, and the play seems to dissolve in hysterics.

All this is merely to say that O'Neill's execution does not equal his conception. As Mr. Lewisohn has said of him, he "conceives his actions powerfully and philosophically," but "the moment he begins to write, he abandons the leadership of his conception." The latter statement is too extreme, but it points to a truth—that the vigor with which O'Neill begins does not last out the piece, that he cannot long sustain the pressure of creation. And when this pressure begins to flag, all sorts of disasters happen. His people no longer work out their own destiny; they seem as obviously managed as marionettes. They take refuge in hysteria, and the dramatist flees to sensationalism, sentimentality, and theatricalism. Of all his plays, the best example of such disintegration is *Desire Under the Elms*. In it, the chief characters shift and break up before our eyes. They who have been hard and bitter grow soft, sentimental, and relatively commonplace. They say and do things utterly unlike themselves. Before the end, we become incredulous and indifferent.

The strange thing is that we feel these flaws as mere aberrations, not as inherent and pervasive defects of O'Neill's imagination. That is why, with the announcement of each new play, we hope again that at last he may be able to bring it off, that this time his execution will be worthy of his conception. A certain meagreness there is bound to be in his work; the imaginative diet which he offers us can never be highly nourishing, for we cannot live long at a time in a world so hostile to life as his. But

he is salutary and bracing, like a northeast wind; he is a corrective, a bitter herb. And he has so much power that we long for him to use it to the full. If we search for an explanation of his incomplete success, we find a suggestive parallel between his picture of the world and his own difficulties as a writer. Concerning his characters he has emphasized two things: one, that they are starved for lack of the food of life; the other, that they are unable in any way to control their lives. But these are the very qualities which O'Neill's writing also shows; he is unable to master and to control his inspiration, so that his plays go to pieces, and his power of characterization is somewhat lean and scant, as if his imagination had not been sufficiently fed. That is, to judge by his work, O'Neill is in these two respects like his own creatures. But this is natural enough; it is simply to say that O'Neill has drawn as every writer must on his own experience, or better, that his work is conditioned, perhaps unconsciously, by his own experience.

Lack of control is probably innate, but is not unconquerable; lack of proper nourishment for the imagination presents a greater difficulty, for it indicates that the trouble is not in the writer but in his environment. O'Neill has given us little direct criticism of his environment; he is not a social critic, concerned with local and temporary conditions, but a writer of tragedy concerned with fundamental and elemental themes. An instructive analogy to his case, however, is afforded by most of his contemporaries, of whom many offer explanations in the form of explicit social criticism.

In the first place, the tragedy of spiritual frustration is used as a literary theme not by O'Neill alone. On the contrary, it is for some reason the favorite topic of current writers. O'Neill is but one of many who have chosen to depict the defeated and the stunted, the famished for lack of vital nutriment. Not even in *Desire Under the Elms* is human nature more debased than in *The Spoon River Anthology*—scarcely more so than in *Winesburg, Ohio*. E. A. Robinson and Robert Frost present pictures of human decay and distortion as terrible as *Diff'rent* or *Beyond the Horizon*. Willa Cather's subject is commonly the struggle, often unsuccessful, to survive and grow in unfavorable surroundings, and the *Lost Lady* is lost because she is denied the materials for proper living. Finally, the most detailed picture we have of a community "where life at its most passionate is but a low-grade infection" is *Gopher Prairie*, unless it is the city of Zenith where George F. Babbitt is baffled in his search for a satisfactory life. But the list could be continued indefinitely, for every season numerous novels are published with this as their thesis. Nor do most of these writers fail to avow that their work is direct criticism of life as lived in the United States. Whereas O'Neill places the trouble chiefly within the individual, the others see it as a conflict between individual and environment.

Spiritual frustration, then, is not only the specific tragic theme of modern American literature, but also—if we may believe our writers—the all but universal condition of American life. From Maine to Colorado it is the same story; hardly a state or a social class—not the city nor the town nor the country—escapes the indictment. The testimony is universal that, in Van Wyck Brooks's words, "the individual as a spiritual unit invariably suffers defeat" in the United States. Such a chorus is hardly to be ignored. We cannot well accuse Robert Frost and Miss Cather and Sinclair Lewis of being inaccurate observers, nor, taking them with all the rest, can we say that the criticism is based on a narrow range of observation. Furthermore, there is a tone of asperity in much contemporary writing which suggests that the authors are not drawing on observation alone—that they have themselves suffered, and suffered vitally, from the conditions they depict. They, it is true, have not been defeated, for they have done good work; but they seem to have felt their environment as hostile to their development.

As to why this should be so—what there is in

American life which is unfriendly to human growth—explain it as you like; we are concerned with its relation to O'Neill. If the diagnosis of our critics is correct, it explains much—not O'Neill's tragic genius, of course, but the limitations which hamper that genius. If his dramatic world is narrow and meagre, his characterization incomplete, if his imagination is not hale and robust, it is because that imagination, feeding upon a devitalized life, a life inimical to human values, suffers from undernourishment. He has instinctively come to portray human existence as a tragedy of spiritual frustration because that aspect of existence has been most conspicuous in his surroundings. Perhaps he feels this type of tragedy so keenly because he has felt it threatening himself, because he has not passed through unscathed. It may even be, also, that we follow his work with so much interest because his theme touches something fundamental in ourselves, because unconsciously we feel a common bond between ourselves and the folk of his creation—because his tragedy is ours as well.

T. K. WHIPPLE.

Complete Sex-Transformation in Adult Animals

THE recent demonstration of complete sex-reversal in adult animals provides occasion for a revision of some of our thoughts and views. One more element of supposed fixity in nature has become fluid, or at least plastic. The public lends ear and takes notice because the new fact invades a field in which it has perhaps not doubted the correctness and adequacy of its own impressions. To the biologist the new fact brings a somewhat different attitude toward the amount of possible experimental interference in the development of a wide range of hereditary characters.

If a change of sex has been satisfactorily proved in even a single adult higher animal a fact of far-reaching consequence has been established. The bearing and importance of this result can be made clear by a brief consideration of some points involved in our present knowledge of sex. Everyone knows that we find the two sexes—two different types of organisms—represented within most species of animals and plants. Even to the special student of sex, however, the basis or real cause of this dual form of a species is not yet entirely clear. We do know how heredity usually operates in order to assure nearly equal numbers of these two sexes. Studies made during the past twenty years have shown that two kinds of germ cells are formed by one of the parents—in some species this is done by the male, in others by the female; further, that these two kinds of cells are differently provided with

chromosomes, and each kind of fertilized cell usually results in a male or female embryo according to its chromosomal equipment. Sex then is normally fixed and inherited in essentially the same way as is stature, color and other hereditary characteristics.

From the preceding statements two things become evident: In the same way that the chromosomal equipment of the fertilized egg normally decides the sex of the individual it also decides his stature, temperament, color, intellect, resistance to diseases, features, and many other things. Again, if any one of these chromosomally determined characters can be completely reversed or transformed (to an alternative or recessive state also latent in his chromosomes) in an individual then all hereditary characters of this type are also theoretically transformable; the further task therefore, is the practical—not the impossible—one of learning how to effect the transformation of each of them at will. If the transformability of sex alone were involved the cases to be discussed here would provide a wide basis of public and scientific interest.

We may now turn to the question, is sex in adult animals—and in humans—irrevocably fixed, or is it reversible? This particular question has been answered recently and the solution of the problem is contained in the following account of three cases in which a reversal of sex has been properly demonstrated. It can be stated at once that the three

cases to be described by no means exhaust the available evidence for the reversible nature of sex. These three cases are properly tested and accredited cases of reversal in adult animals and are therefore the severest tests of the possibility of reversing sex in any stage of its development or existence. Investigations carried on during several years have convinced the writer that within the practical limitations of our present methods sex can be rather readily changed or reversed in the earliest or egg-stage of the pigeon; and it is believed that many such cases of sex-reversal have been induced at this earliest period. Conditions in a full grown animal are such, however, that a "natural" reversal of sex can be expected only as a rare occurrence. In order that this rare occurrence, when actually encountered, may be recognized for what it really is it is necessary that a competent investigator shall have obtained and recorded certain kinds of crucial evidence for both of the sex stages of the transformed individual. The necessary facts have been reported for one case among the salamanders, another for the fowl, and still another for the pigeon. The last-named case was actually the first to be demonstrated in point of time, but it was most recently described and will be reserved for the last place in this description.

Champy, a French investigator, was able to show that severe fasting, if practised on male Triton during the summer may result in two interesting changes which are apparently the same changes as result from castration. First, these males lose the power to form male cells or sperms in the next expected period for their formation. Second, such males lose their distinctively male characteristics and assume a "neuter" condition. This is a condition unlike that of the female and is normally assumed by males during the winter. During the spring of 1920 Champy noted that some of the males thus castrated during the previous summer no longer possessed male glands of normal appearance but had in their stead two elongated masses of fat. In a later study two males which had been severely fasted during the summer of 1920, and after an interval of two months had been intensively renourished, were found during the following winter to have assumed not merely the "neuter" condition but a distinctly female appearance. One of these "males" was killed in January, 1921, and was found to have glands rather like those earlier seen in the neuter males—fatty tissue containing cells that were "indifferent" but not of definitely ovarian nature. The other male Triton was allowed to live for a longer period and thus became the salamander of interest to the present story.

That this particular salamander was in fact a male before the beginning of the experiment seems to have been satisfactorily proved. During the spring preceding its fasting period it had been a normal male in appearance; it was isolated with a single female Triton and fertilized the eggs of this

female; the eggs thus fertilized by it developed normally. At the time of this test this animal was a mature male.

In early February the appearance of this male had been so altered that it could not be distinguished from a typical female. It was killed, however, only after the period of mating and egg-laying had been reached—in April. The interesting and decisive point was of course the condition of its germ glands. To ordinary observation these seemed to be ovaries and their microscopic study demonstrated beyond doubt that they no longer contained sperms or male tissue, but were filled with immature eggs—a condition quite like that found in the ovary of a very young female.

In a word, this mature male was now in possession of the germ glands of an immature female.

The second case of this narrative is that of a hen which became a rooster. The case was recently observed and described by Dr. Crew of the University of Edinburgh. A native householder had kept this Buff Orpington hen until she was three and one-half years old for purposes of egg-laying and the rearing of her own young. Six months before the bird was first brought under the observation of Dr. Crew it had ceased to lay and soon developed signs of disease. When obtained by him the bird was still a nearly normal hen in appearance, though a developing tendency to crow had made it objectionable to the former owner. During the twenty-two months this bird was under competent observation its health was restored, the comb notably enlarged and spurs were developed from the merest rudiments to nearly two inches in length. The bird also assumed the plumage as well as the mating and fighting behavior of a cock. It unhesitatingly fought with cocks and was attentive to hens. At this point the microscope proved that "it" was producing live sperm. It was then mated to a virgin Buff Orpington hen, fertilized two eggs, and thus became the father of two young—a male and a female. These latter were inter-bred and produced typical Buff Orpington chickens.

The autopsy of this fowl, sick but dead of accident in December, 1922, revealed an extensive tuberculous infection of the liver, gizzard, intestine and ovary. The single duct which leads ova to the exterior had almost disappeared and two vessels for conducting the sperm were present. Two testes of normal dimensions, and with even outlines and surfaces were found. A complete and conclusive account of the microscopic appearance of the nearly destroyed ovary and of the two well-developed testes has also been published. Dr. Crew discusses the condition of this bird after it ceased laying in the following terms:

In the autumn of 1920 she began to suffer from ovarian disease, which became noticeable in January, 1921. The disease was tuberculosis of the ovary, which progressively removed the ovarian tissue and so produced the effects of pathological

ovariotomy. But it would seem that this tumor-growth in its effects so altered the general metabolism of the individual that the conditions favorable to the differentiation and growth of spermatic tissue were created."

In this instance therefore adequate observation has preserved an odd item of history pertaining to this mercurial age. At least one dimly-lighted intelligence of our time has achieved both motherhood and fatherhood of a noisy, persistent and fruitful portion of the life of the earth.

Our third case of complete sex-transformation is that of a female ring-dove which became a male under the observation of the present writer. At the beginning there was nothing to indicate that this bird was at all unlike some thousands of other female doves and pigeons which have been studied by us during a period of thirteen years. Since all of these birds were bred, kept and observed as a part of a prolonged study of sex it happens that we are in possession of all the facts necessary to a demonstration of sex-reversal in this case.

Several kinds of information recorded for this particular bird show that at first she was a normal female. She laid eleven eggs between January 27 and April 15, 1914. These eggs were carefully examined and details concerning each of them were recorded; even the time of laying of each of these eggs was recorded to within an hour, and the weight of each of the contained yolks was recorded. She laid her last egg on April 15. When, however, the proper time arrived at which she should lay another pair of eggs she promptly took the nest—but laid no eggs! The eggs of another dove were therefore offered for her care. She and her male mate hatched these eggs, fed them normally for six days, and then deserted them. This entire performance was twice repeated during the autumn of 1914. Shortly afterward, February, 1915, she assumed the sex behavior of a male dove and even repeatedly forced her male mate to assume the attitude of a female in the actual act of mating. Still later the former female developed the crow of the cock pigeon. Many similar observations were made and recorded which of course need not be repeated here. Meanwhile the body weight of the bird had increased so that the size came to be more nearly that of the male dove.

Forty-four months after this bird had laid her last egg she died (December 29, 1917), showing an advanced tuberculous infection of other organs of the body, particularly of the spleen and liver. If any trace of the ovary still existed at this time it was quite lost in the cheesy tuberculous masses which involved these particular organs. Two well-formed testes were found, however, in their normal position. The left testis was somewhat heavier than the right—a fact which we think reflects the earlier history of femininity. The pervading tuberculosis which had resulted in death had, as in all similar cases seen by us, reduced the size of the male or-

gans; but the bird was unquestionably a male at death.

The evidence gathered indicates that tuberculosis began to destroy the germ gland of this bird soon after the last eggs were laid in April, 1914. Also, that eventually this disease completely destroyed the ovarian tissue and that the regenerating tissue formed not ovarian but testicular tissue. It is wholly probable that the progress of the tuberculosis was practically completely stopped as soon as the single left ovary—there is normally only one ovary in pigeons and fowls—was suppressed. Much later the same disease attacked other organs and killed the bird; during the intervening years our records indicate a healthy masculine bird. Unfortunately this bird was never given a female mate.

It will be noted that the fowl and the dove were both sexually transformed under the influence of the same localized disease and that both were changed from female to male. We may note further that the bodily conditions, or technically the "metabolic rate," which results from tuberculosis in the organism is known to approach the condition which my own earlier studies have shown to be typical or necessary for the development of the male sex but adverse to the development of the female sex.

It remains to mention a fact reported only a few months ago by the French observer, Benoit. This investigator removed the single left ovary from two young chicks when four and twenty-six days old; when the birds were several months old it was found that they had the spurs and combs of cocks and were each developing testicular tissue on the *right* side of the body. The present writer has obtained much evidence that for some reason not yet entirely clear the right side of the body of the pigeon is more favorable than is the left for the growth of testicular tissue; and is also less favorable for the growth of ovarian tissue. We can thus understand why the right ovary begins to develop in the embryos of birds but undergoes atrophy at the time of hatching. We can also see why *two* testes were developed in the sex-reversed fowl and pigeon although probably only a single ovary was present and subject to attack and destruction by disease.

Without further pursuing the rather difficult subject last approached we may suggest that so close is the relation borne by sex to the metabolic rate that in some organisms the full normality of the sex gland itself may be affected by the position it occupies in the body. This may seem an astounding conclusion; but it is more than suspected that a complete exploration of the number of things which affect sex development, even when they do not transform it, will abound in surprises.

The cases that have been described are regarded as a definite demonstration of the actual occurrence of complete sex-transformation in adult animals. The newly perceived fact of the transformability of sex will doubtless become a foundation for the

establishment of a sound body of knowledge to be applied to the control and to the maintenance of the sex characteristics themselves. The application of this principle of developmental control or transformability to other hereditary characters is of still greater importance. Since the knowledge acquired of one truly hereditary character—sex—now enables us in the case of some animals to force this character to develop into its alternative or opposite form, a large measure of experimental control over

numerous, possibly all, alternative hereditary characters becomes a realizable possibility. No such character—physical or mental in man or other organisms—can now be considered irreversible during the life term of the individual. It does not follow that the hereditary factors—the chromosomal representatives—are transformed, nor that the character-transformation at all affects the succeeding generations.

OSCAR RIDDLE.

An Interview with a Young Lady

I MUST make good," she was saying. "I simply must." And I, looking at her, was tempted to remark: "Young lady, you have already made good." For so it seemed to me. Indeed I meditated at some length upon the interesting miracle of how a cocoon of the opposite sex quite unaccountably makes good even while devoting all of her conscious effort in other directions. And I found the fact not entirely fair.

But I asked: "Why must you make good?" The question did not so much puzzle as astonish her. Evidently the answer was clear enough to the young lady but a person who would ask such a question was incomprehensible. She stared at me.

"Have you brothers?" I asked. And so it developed that she had brothers who had made good. Also many acquaintances, some boys, some girls, all struggling to make good. I gathered that girls couldn't possibly contemplate matrimony until they had made good—and perhaps not even then. Only admitted dullards, it seemed, clutched at early marriage.

"But what is early marriage?" I asked. Well, it seemed to be marriage under the age of twenty-five. I silently meditated the fact that this means a girl should remain single for not less than ten years after she has achieved physical womanhood. In the case of a young man that would be rather trying. However, assuming the young lady's marriage at twenty-five it means she will be forty-six years of age when her first child is twenty.

"Do you like children?" I asked.

"They are impossible if a woman is to have her career."

"But do you like children?"

"I hate them." This was said impetuously, and I so judged that it probably meant the same thing as "I love children."

"Many men and women have both children and careers," I ventured. To which she replied: "I shall never marry."

"And what," I asked, "is the objective of this high resolve? What do you wish to do?"

Well, it seemed that the young lady wished to write. Had she ever written anything? Yes, and here it was; offered with appalling confidence, I

thought, in view of the usual fate of these early fruits. I read the pages with dismay, for each paragraph barred a pathway leading out of my present embarrassment. Obviously the young lady wrote well. Also, obviously, the young lady had not a great deal to say but time and experience may be depended upon to wipe out that deficiency—after collecting their customary toll.

Here, of course, one confronts the crux of the matter, for it impinges upon the question of toll. Would the young lady care to pay the toll? Also should the young lady pay the toll? Now, at her age, I had not made good in any way nor in any degree. I was more of a fool than totally uneducated young men of my own age, also I was not physically a man. But the person before me, it was plain to be seen, had achieved the estate of womanhood, so that in one way at least she had already made good. The floundering years that I paid as instalments upon the toll demanded by Time and Experience were of no great value to me or anyone else—at least that is my present estimate. But the young lady before me had no such years in her wallet. That is the queer thing about young ladies, one day they are squalling infants, and the next day they are royal princesses with the appalling result that never are they equipped with the sort of brass coins I so cunningly foisted upon Time and Experience. They, for their part, first have no coins at all, and then suddenly come into possession of gold in vast quantities. Indeed, it often happens that they begin life by receiving their entire estate in cash so that they travel perilously through the world, dogged by a slinking gray figure with horrible designs upon the security of their later years.

Suddenly the smile with which I had greeted the young lady's remark that she would never marry froze upon my lips, for over in the corner stood that gray figure, grinning in a manner not pleasing to contemplate.

"I realize the risk," continued the young lady, "but I am willing to pay the price and take my chances like a good sport."

Yes, that is the astounding fact about these modern young women; they are good sports. But they have only gold to play with while I learned to gam-

ble, using matches for chips. I wanted to say to the young lady: "First, marry impetuously; suffer disillusion; prance off without reckoning the consequences; starve a few times; dally with extreme poverty; write a lot of rot in which you are the heroine; then wake up some day and laugh at it. By that time you will begin to see the world objectively; eventually you may produce something worth while. In short, the apprenticeship ranges from five to ten years, with probability pointing to the latter term." I wanted also to say: "Very little art work of any note is produced by virgins, either male or female. This, of course, is because a virgin has not achieved maturity."

It is absurd, but I couldn't say that to the young lady. Under the circumstances imagine my astonishment when I heard her remark: "I shall take a lover, of course, because I realize that I am a woman." Yes, she said that. This new generation with its frankness quite causes my hair to rise on end.

"I wish I might believe," said I, "that your alternative to marriage is certain of success but such is not the case. Strange as it may seem to you I, too, once contemplated a short cut to maturity while avoiding the entanglements of matrimony. The young goddess who was to have been my partner in this enterprise had in mind the same desirable end. We understood each other perfectly, for several weeks. Eventually, having removed all doubt, I said to her, 'Today is the day,' and she replied: 'Darling, will you love me always?' So that was that, or in other words, women seem to be perversely female. You may live to discover some such quality in yourself. The fact that a man is your lover and not your husband will not prevent you from submerging yourself in him if it is your nature to do so nor will the lack of a piece of paper with gold seal upon it rob him of the attributes of his sex. In short, he will make demands upon you according to his nature which is as lawlessly uncertain as your own. Therefore, my young friend, there is no certainty either in or out of marriage, and I do not advise you one way or the other beyond telling you that certainty does not exist.

"There was a time," I continued, "when wives were expected to do much cooking, darning, washing, and child-bearing, while mistresses were exempted from these duties, but in the economic stratum in which you would probably marry wives are notoriously idle. You might find a husband even a more convenient beast of burden than a lover. That would be especially true if you care for children. Would you live with a man if you didn't love him? Just as a matter of temporary convenience?"

Her eyes flashed, and two words were fired at me. "Certainly not."

"That," I said, "was what I feared."

But she merely smiled, and talked on.

At first I did not hear all that she said because a certain imp that accompanies me everywhere began to make jokes. This imp is cynical about women.

He was saying: "Oh, how funny you look this moment with your brows all puckered! Do you not see that this young woman has arrived at the mating age and is engaged in making herself attractive? They use all of the arts to their own unvarying end, you ridiculous male. She has no more desire to write than has your grandmother."

But I choked the imp, and meditated upon the fact that women have always produced art, and probably will continue to do so. The best test to apply when any person says: "I wish to write," consists of nothing more subtle than asking: "Have you written?" For an authentic wish is never sterile and seldom fallow. Thus, according to the best test I know, the young lady before me really wished to write—for she had written. Moreover, I was convinced that she possessed ability.

At this moment her voice again penetrated my meditation. What would I advise? she was asking. Now, this was a most disconcerting question, for what difference would it make whether I advised the one course or the other? I might as well counsel an infant not to breathe as admonish a writer not to write. Nature takes its course, along with its toll, in both cases. But the young lady was waiting for her answer.

"Well," I began uncertainly, "there are two serious defects in your argument. One is the statement that you have simply got to make good. No such compulsion rests upon any artist. Moreover, there are so many frightful possibilities in connection with the meaning of the phrase to make good that I dare not even ask you to define. The second defect in your argument is that you have asked for advice. It would be more natural for the writer, after some years of effort, to look at himself one morning, and remark with mild astonishment: 'So it turns out that I am a writer. I had been wondering just what I was.' In addition to these two defects in your argument I am also befogged by certain changes that have been going on in the world, especially those changes that have unsettled the place occupied by your sex. My eyes tell me that you have already made good and your mind tells you that you have not yet begun your effort. You are thus a mixture of natural processes with which I am quite familiar and new educational processes the effects of which are strange to me. It may be that the education of modern young women is still impregnated with a lot of ideas more applicable to young men, such as, for instance, making good. Or, on the other hand, it may be that we have entered a new era and that I am echoing the voices of men who did the world a service by retiring to their graves. Confronted with all these doubts I can think of but one safe course which is to request that you return about twenty years from now. By that time I may reach more stable conclusions. However, before dismissing you, I really would like to ask your opinion on one pertinent matter; namely, what do you think of the aphorism that 'nothing matters much?'"

"I think," said the young lady, with a spirited toss of her shapely head, "that a great many things matter. And I know that I simply must make good."

I rose from my chair.

"Are you going?" she asked.

"I am going to lunch," I replied. "And much to my disgust, I am going alone for I should like very much to enjoy the company of such a distinguished success as yourself. Experience warns me, however, that there is concealed about your person a flaming, screaming love affair destined to place its victims quite off their balance for several months. And the imp that accompanies me everywhere is this very minute tugging at my ear urging me to invite you to come along." So saying I opened the door very wide and held it open for a long time because the gray figure that had been huddled in the corner followed slowly after the beautiful young lady. On passing through the door this repulsive gray figure winked slyly and pointed. I observed with alarm that the very purse carried by the young lady was hanging open disclosing such an amount of gold that the display of it seemed positively indecent.

On the way to lunch I meditated as follows: "One of the parties to this recent interview talked like a fool, and I hope very earnestly that the fool is myself. For that young lady is going ahead, just as, at her age, I always did."

CHESTER T. CROWELL.

Maggie

"And we'll be rich when I come back,
When I come back, we'll wed."

And Maggie listened to his talk,
Half hearing what he said.

"When I come back, we'll build, we'll show 'em,
We'll set 'em all a-stare.
Good-bye, Maggie." "Speed you home,"
She whispered, half aware.

They heard her voice one angry night
And followed where it led
And found her wandering, wild and white.
"He's dead," she cried, "he's dead."

All she would tell them was a moan,
"He lay there in my bed,
His lips were cold as any stone,
He's dead, he's dead."

"For every time I close my eyes,
I see him come to me
And put his arms out weariful,
Dripping with the sea."

"Poor Maggie thought that you were drowned,"
They said when he was home
And showed him the place where she was found,
The sea-weed and the foam.

WITTER BYNNER.

Washington Notes

IT is, perhaps, too much to expect, but if the daily newspapers were half as interested in getting at the right and wrong of things here as they were, for instance, in the cigarette hole in Mrs. Scott's pink kimona, Mr. Coolidge would long ago have been driven from his utterly indefensible position on the sugar tariff. It is an outrageous absurdity that the game he is playing should continue without a real showing up. Every posted person knows he has not only equivocated and evaded this issue in a perfectly shameless way, but plans now not to reappoint Lewis, the low tariff Democrat, and means to reorganize the whole commission so as to secure a majority report for the increase he wants to make in the sugar schedule, instead of being placed in the painful position of taking the minority report. Apparently, he lacks the courage to do the thing without the commission's backing. It would be almost too raw to fly directly in the face of its recommendation.

The Robinson resolution, demanding an investigation of the whole business, and particularly of the alleged pressure put on certain members in this matter, may block the game, but it is doubtful. The press protection of the Executive is still so overwhelming that not much headway toward really mirroring the man can be made, and it is safe for him, in his solemn way, to do almost anything.

"Wait until Justice Holmes retires," said the hopeful friends of Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, immediately after the President named his Attorney General for the Supreme Bench in place of McKenna.

It developed right after the Stone announcement that Wilbur's name had been urged rather strongly upon the President, and that the Californian's friends came away full of confidence that their man would be named to fill the next vacancy.

This may or may not be well founded, but the certain thing is that the popularity of the Secretary is not increasing in the Senate, while the chances of a real fight against his confirmation are. The best guess is that, when Justice Holmes retires, Mr. Wilbur will stay where he is.

The persistence of the talk around Washington of the annual cost of maintaining the Mayflower as a presidential yacht, may seem a trifle petty, but whose fault is it? Even though it does run not far from three-quarters of a million dollars, there would have been no comment had it not been for the totally unnecessary lengths to which the planted publicity of that presidential trip to Chicago in the ordinary Pullman was carried and the unprecedented enthusiasm with which the Republican publicity agencies extolled the "example in economy set Congress by the President."

Under the circumstances, it is, perhaps, natural for a lot of Congressmen who find their "extravagance" continuously subjected to invidious comparisons with the "thrif" of the White House occupant, to ask pointedly, where is the consistency in a President who, for purposes of economy, declines to travel in a private car, but still maintains, at government expense, a private yacht, which he uses more frequently than any of his predecessors?

California politics are about as unpredictable as any in the country, but an interesting rumor recently came floating in from the West concerning the senatorial fight in

that state in 1926, when the term of the gay and garrulous Mr. Shortridge expires.

It is said that W. G. McAdoo will then make a grab for the Democratic nomination if there is anything like the good sized row in the Republican ranks there now promises to be. He is much too level-headed to think any Democrat can carry California without a Republican split. The fact is, though, a very real split seems likely. Hiram J. is still very much alive. His term does not end until 1928, and his spirit is neither contrite nor subdued. The intimation that Mr. Hoover has his eye on the Republican nomination for 1926 almost drives him insane.

It would be an amusing situation if McAdoo and Hoover, who are about equally anxious to be President, should be opposing senatorial candidates two years hence. It isn't, of course, probable, but wouldn't it be hard on Hiram?

There is a growing feeling in usually well-informed circles that the real influence at the White House is not William M. Butler of Massachusetts, but Dwight Morrow, of the House of Morgan.

It is true Mr. Morrow is not seen as much at the White House as Senator Butler, nor does he often figure among the guests on the week-end trips down the Potomac, but that he is in fairly constant touch with the President just the same there is not the slightest doubt. Some very good judges are convinced that, if there should come a test of strength, Morrow would out-pull the whole Massachusetts group—Butler, Weeks, Gillette and Stearns—not at all because he is a member of the Morgan firm, but merely because he is Morrow. The chances are, however, there will never be any such test. The Massachusetts men won't be on the other side. They will be on his side.

Not many accustomed to detect political drifts have any doubt that "Nick" Longworth will be speaker of the next House, regardless of the Madden fight. So far as a thing can be politically fixed this far in advance, that is fixed. There will be a considerable agitation over the matter. They will go through the motions of a real fight, but the administration forces are already lining up behind the Ohio man. His alliances, and those of the Roosevelt clan are much too strong, and his personal popularity much too genuine and wide, for this thing toward which he has worked for nearly twenty years, to slip away from him now. The ridiculous rumor that he would be opposed by most of the Western Congressmen, because of their wives' jealousy of the aristocratic Alice, is one of those unimportant, if true, stories that are given almost daily circulation in Washington. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Longworth's support would help any candidate for almost any office.

Nor has the fact that the Longworths are expecting an increase in their family hurt his chances. Rather the reverse.

With the astute and zealous Gray Silver in Chicago instead of Washington, the American Farm Bureau organization, which wielded such undoubted force in the last two sessions of Congress, has unquestionably diminished in congressional influence. If they are really to get attention here, the farmers must be represented by men who combine the qualities of crusader and politician in about the same proportion that Silver did. They must not only know the legislative game, and have cut their political wisdom teeth, but they must have their hearts in the cause.

T. R. B.

Washington.

A C O M M U N I C A T I O N

Canadian Railways

SIR: Permit me to express my general agreement with the article of Mr. Hugh L. Keenleyside in your issue of November 19. But as I possess a certain limited knowledge of—though by no means "a rather close acquaintance with"—the history of the several lines that compose the Canadian National System may I set forth below the chief points on which I beg to differ from him?

(a) The reference to "the extraordinarily foolish policy of the late Borden administration" is altogether unjust. It is generally recognized that the building of "bridge" lines through territory poor in local traffic was the major cause of subsequent difficulties. The building of the Grand Trunk Pacific-National Transcontinental was the chief plank of the Liberal party in the election of 1904 and upon that policy Sir Wilfrid Laurier was returned to power. Construction of the Canadian Northern lines to the Pacific coast was begun in July, 1910 and by August, 1911, the section from the seaboard to Kamloops was under way. The contract for the work from Edmonton to the summit of the Rockies was let in March, 1911, leaving only a link of some 260 odd miles to be undertaken in 1912. [Railway Age Gazette, March 31, 1911, p. 813. Feb. 4, 1916, pp. 210-12.] The subsidy on the Canadian Northern main line from Port Arthur east was a government measure put through the House of Commons in the week May 10 to 17, 1911, over the vehement protests of Mr.

Borden, the Leader of the Opposition, that neither adequate notice of the bill nor information about the intended route were given and that the haste of the whole proceeding was little short of scandalous. [House of Commons Debates 1910-11, pp. 8704, 9255-94.] In short, the Borden Cabinet, when it came into office in the Fall of 1911, faced a fait accompli. It was too late to draw back without throwing both projects into liquidation.

(b) The Grand Trunk is by no means to be regarded as "an old and solid eastern institution." Overloaded with securities during the construction period it tottered into bankruptcy in 1860. In the reorganization which followed none of the worthless paper was wiped out. Instead, the charges for the ensuing 5-10 years were funded [Statutes of Canada, 25 Vict. 56] with the result that at the end of the moratorium the property was still hopelessly embarrassed. So it continued. Even the aggressive management of C. M. Hays in 1896 could do little for it. Its common stock, created in 1852, managed to pay, before its total extinction in 1921, a total dividend of one-quarter of one percent, and that in 1889. There were grave doubts as to the regularity of that payment. [O. D. Skelton. The Railway Builders.]

(c) No serious student now speaks of the firm of MacKenzie and Mann as "frenzied promoters." Certainly they were not backward in receiving governmental aid but why should they not be judged by the standards of their time?

As for their outstanding ability in construction and scrupulous honesty in the expenditure of funds entrusted to them, I can only refer to the most important public document bearing on this whole case, The Report of the Railway Inquiry Commission, 1917, and especially pp. LVIII-LXI. There it is shown, on the basis of sworn testimony and a complete audit of the books of the Canadian Northern and of MacKenzie and Mann Company, Limited, first, that the latter did not accept one dollar in cash as contractor's profit on contracts totalling \$204,000,000 with the railway company which they controlled, second, that the costs of important sections of the Canadian Northern as against comparable sections of the G. T. P. and N. T. R. were \$88,629 per mile on the Mountain section against \$112,000 on the G. T. P. and \$52,602 per mile east from Port Arthur against \$93,735 on the N. T. R. from Winnipeg to Quebec.

(d) The statement that "when the war pressure ended in 1918 the Liberal and Progressive parties combined to force the government's hand and a Board of Directors appointed by Ottawa was placed in charge of both lines [the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Northern]" requires a certain modification. In point of fact the legislation of 1917 for the acquisition of the Canadian Northern which provided also for control over the Grand Trunk Pacific was the work of the Conservative Ministry before the formation of the Union Government. [House of Commons Debates, 1917, pp. 4022, 5123-94.]

The story of the Canadian National is not one that "can be briefly told." In its larger aspect it is integral with the whole history of the country, the history of an attempt to create a national group in defiance of geographic forces. State aid to railways and canals and a protective tariff have been the main means to this end. Present tendencies continuing, we may take it as proved by the Canadian National: (1) that given a responsible government of reasonable intelligence the management of a state-owned railway system can be given all necessary liberty for the proper direction of the property entrusted to it; (2) that such conditions are sufficient to attract managerial ability of the highest order. In this work the Canadian National is the successor of the earlier Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific. The former is now part of the National system; as for the latter . . . but that problem lies just over the horizon.

JOHN L. MACDONALD.

Cambridge, Mass.

Alone

On the thirteenth of September I heard a meadow lark singing—

There was frost on the flat and the elm by the house was bare:

"Victory! Victory! Victory!" high he was ringing,

Between two stubble fields, holding his plow to the air.

"Vireo, thistle bird, mourning dove, follow the flying

Tide of the sun to its new beaches. Old fields are sown.

Leave me my dream, my cold shore where no shadow is crying

Reap; for the weed is my weed and the stone is my stone.

DOROTHY LEONARD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Liberalizing the Y. M. C. A.

SIR: Mr. Sutherland's objections to my review of *The Ethics of Capitalism* by Rosebush do not disturb me in the least since (1) it is obvious that we belong to divergent schools of social thought and since (2) I have been amply substantiated in my position. I plead guilty of imputing motives to the author; no discriminating reader could do otherwise. I do so, furthermore, because I have been in a position to observe the force of this biographical sketch in dulling the critical faculties of some of those for whom these spurious doctrines were primarily formulated.

A comparison of the following quotations with the one cited by my critic disposes of his charge that I am unfair in alleging that the author opposes the reforms generally called for. Unionism is bad for it "tends to become a system of the closed shop" (p. 30); "the state must never give up the right to use the injunction in labor disputes" (p. 36); "a wage theory based on needs works havoc with every incentive to thrift" (p. 63); he demands "the rigid application of the Sherman Anti-trust act to labor monopolies" (p. 117); "misled by that splendid word 'coöperation,' the Methodist church adopted an economic program which . . . enrolled that great, splendid denomination under the banner of Sovietism" (p. 53). However, the full intent of the author can be gained only from reading the whole book and not from quotations.

It is deplorable that the Y should sponsor this book because, as admitted, "Mr. Rosebush is conservative in his economic theory," and the movement is already marking time because of its conservatism. Its published works that really challenge the weaknesses of the present social order are few in number and their effectiveness will be greatly reduced by *The Ethics of Capitalism*. As a member of the organization and one engaged in training its future leadership with the hope of liberalizing the Association for greater usefulness, I cannot view with equanimity the official circulation among its personnel of a book that purports to offer valid solutions to our perplexing social problems but that in reality is dangerously reactionary in social and economic outlook.

GUSTAV T. SCHWENNING.

Springfield, Mass.

The Here and the Hereafter

SIR: It seems to me that Mr. A. R. Orage (*Religion in America*, issue of Dec. 31) errs fundamentally when he gives a national aspect to what is really an economic phase of religion. He says that the emphasis on reformation instead of transformation is particularly American. In reality, such an emphasis exists not in any one nation but among all peoples that are economically prosperous.

Other-worldliness is a characteristic of beaten or slavish people. Christianity started among conquered Jews and Roman paupers; the liberals in the post-war reaction turned to the other worlds of literature and music; and old persons facing inevitable death look for immortality.

But to a prosperous nation, present possibilities overshadow vague futures. If we can have gold in our teeth, we don't hanker so much for golden streets. A victrola and radio counteract the thrill of a future harp. If we can get Schenectady by wireless, we don't care so much about getting a geographically vague promised land. If we can fly through the heavens, we are somewhat diverted from the desire to fly in Heaven.

Prosperity opens paths of reformation; hopeless adversity leads us to seek transformation into something different. Religious creeds are broad enough to include both aspirations. But as Mr. Orage says, the transformation of man is not a clearly followed aim in American religion. And, contrary to the statement of Mr. Orage, the church offers no ethical code for individual or social reformation today. There is a double failure, which cannot be concealed by resorts to advertising, pageants, music, movies, cross-word puzzles, and the endorsements of prominent millionaires.

W. L. WERNER.

State College, Penn.

Geneva and Opium

SIR: In your editorial in the New Republic of December 31, The Opium Problem Postponed, you state that

the second American demand was that among oriental native populations which smoke opium, the traffic be brought to an end within the next ten years, by curtailing the production and distribution of the drug 10 percent per annum for a decade.

This proposal of course could only be acted upon at the first conference, composed of the opium producing nations, of which the United States is not one. The conference rejected the suggestion decisively, on the plea that it is impossible for the great powers to move with such speed as would be necessary to follow the American schedule—an argument which can only be regarded as specious.

There is an inference, if not an actual misstatement in these remarks which I would like to explain. The First Opium Conference did not reject the American suggestion of 10 percent per annum for a decade, as it was not presented to the First Conference. The proposal for controlling the making of opium made to the First Conference was that of registration and rationing, the suggestion made by the delegate for Great Britain and supported by Japan on the basis of her own experience of this method in Formosa. France categorically declared that the British proposals went too far and Holland did not support this scheme, although her statements on the subject were limited by the fact that the delegate of Holland was in the Chair. The reason given for the attitude of these countries that did not move forward was that smuggling was now so prevalent in the East that any attempt to tighten up or to change the method of control would only result in worse conditions. Whenever this statement was made the Chinese delegate questioned it on points of fact. Obviously, it is difficult to prove figures for smuggling, but the general situation in which opium is flooding the East must be recognized.

In your last paragraph you state:

The ruling out of the American proposal to consider cutting off the opium traffic in the course of ten years by reductions of 10 percent each year created a storm with which Geneva is still reverberating.

The fact that the First Conference did not present an adequate program for the progressive reduction of smoking opium gave the American delegation an entirely adequate reason for including their 10 percent for ten years suggestion in their program for the Second Conference as one of the methods of carrying out Article II of the Hague Convention, to which the countries were pledged. Whether this plan or that of registration and rationing will prove the more practical is something which the experts in this question must thrash out at the Second Conference.

A most constructive suggestion has been made that the 10 percent for ten years plan be accepted as the end in view and that registration and rationing be considered the best method by which to obtain this end. In all fairness, it should be stated that the idea back of the American proposal originated in Sir John Jordan's motion before the Advisory Committee in August, 1924. Sir John Jordan is assessor on the League Advisory Committee on Opium and was for over forty years the British Minister in Peking, and is known as not only an expert on the opium problem, but a most devoted friend to China and to her interests, particularly in this direction. "Honor to whom honor is due."

HELEN HOWELL MOORHEAD,
Secretary Foreign Policy Association
Committee on Traffic in Opium.

New York, N. Y.

Where the Farmer Stands

SIR: Thanks for your editorial, issue of December 31, on doing something for the farmers. Your forecast as to the danger ahead of agriculture is well confirmed by the late Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, who in his report for 1924 stated:

The improvement that has taken place has not yet lasted long enough to produce any marked betterment in the finances of the farmer. As a matter of fact, the suffering of many farmers is perhaps as intense today as it was in the first years of the depression period, because the effects of the depression are cumulative. Present favorable possibilities will have to be turned into realities before it can fairly be said that agri-

culture is again enjoying normal prosperity. Nevertheless, the showing of 1924 brings prosperity nearer.

Let us at least hope so.

The Secretary, in his report, properly blames government action for part of the surplus production of farm products following the war and points out that farmers have at least partly "readjusted their production to correct the unbalanced position left by the expansion of the war period."

The year-book of the Department of Agriculture for 1923 discusses the utilization of land in this country, and states that the maximum population of 350,000,000 in the United States which could be supported by the products of our farms, is indicated, but reaches the conclusion that about 300,000,000 is the probable maximum. We shall not be a deficit agricultural producing nation despite President Coolidge's prophecy, for many decades, if for a century or so. The fact that we have opened up our continent so fast constitutes a most serious menace to farmers.

Farmers' long term mortgage debt is about \$8,500,000,000 and short term debt roughly \$5,000,000,000. The introduction of machinery, particularly tractors, and the increasing use of electric power on farms will involve a readjustment between farming and manufacturing, and we shall probably have considerably fewer producing farmers, that is, producing commercially, in a decade than now. Whether this change in the application of labor to land can be brought about so gradually and intelligently as to enable farmers to save the equity which they may now have in their farms is a question. It is a challenge to the economic as well as the political statesmanship of the nation.

Among the legislative measures which the progressive farmers of the nation are urging upon Congress are the following:

1. Transferring the administration of the Packers' and Stockyards Act from the Department of Agriculture to the Federal Trade Commission so that we may have an adequate constructive supervision of this great industry which so vitally affects millions of farmers as well as the whole consuming public. The spread between prices farmers have been receiving for livestock, hogs and sheep, and the prices most ultimate consumers have to pay for the finished product has increased in many instances under the present administration of this act.

2. Creating a government marketing corporation which will handle at least basic farm products permanently, not only for export but for domestic consumption. . . .

3. Federal crop insurance to free farmers from the tremendous losses which they now individually sustain by crop damages over which they have no control.

We have recently ascertained that the federal Land Banks can refinance long term mortgages with present money conditions to the amount of about \$500,000,000 a year, and at an interest rate of 5 to 5½ percent to farmers, many of whom are now paying up to 8 percent.

The high protective duties of the Fordney-McCumber tariff act on most material which enters into products farmers must buy or the finished products must be reduced and price fixing associations which control so many of the farmers' needed supplies must be broken up. Unquestionably one of the greatest evils which has befallen farmers is speculation in lands, and progressive farmers throughout the nation are seeking a partial exemption of improvements from taxation as a means of preventing speculation in farm lands.

Last fall I campaigned from Michigan to the Pacific Coast in the northern, central and southern tiers of states and found that many farmers are already beginning again to capitalize the selling price of farm products into prices they pay or ask for farm land!

An international agreement as to limiting areas planted to staple farm products is essential to assuring farmers a fair price for their products as long as economic conditions are such that we use the cowardly expression, "over-production" instead of the accurate one "under-consumption."

In conclusion, the farmer is going to have a hard tussle with himself to get over being such an extreme individualist and plunger, which, however, is quite natural in a calling which, as so clearly shown in your editorial above referred to, is preëminently and inherently a gamble. Restriction of acreage is a severe test for many farmers but cooperative and commodity marketing organizations are driving home to farmers the necessity for adjusting production, which of course is subject to wide variation in acreage yield.

BENJAMIN C. MARSH,
Managing Director, Farmers' National Council.

Washington, D. C.

Paul Bunyan

Paul Bunyan, by Esther Shephard. Seattle: The McNeil Press. \$2.50.

PAUL BUNYAN is perhaps the only American mythological hero. He is the lumberjacks' Hercules, the man who can do anything, and whose exploits in the mouth of a skilful teller can make the greenhorn gasp with astonishment. Lumberjacks have been spinning yarns about him since the sixties, and into their tales have been woven a great many of the tall stories with which legs were pulled and long hours talked away in the early frontier days. Miss Shephard has skilfully, and it seems accurately, collected a number of Paul Bunyan stories, mainly told her by loggers themselves, into a most curious and fascinating book. The stories, at their height in the eighties and nineties, seem to be going out, but as a document of our American past it is extraordinarily interesting.

When Paul Bunyan was only three weeks old he thrashed around in his sleep and knocked down four square miles of standing timber. In his first pair of pants, he drove logs down the Kennebec, and became "the greatest white-water man that ever was." He tried to play a cornet, but it "straightened right out every last link and curve in it" and the noise it made was heard 185 miles. "He used to holler so loud when he was a kid, he could kill a whole pondful of bullfrogs with one holler."

Paul logged in nearly every state, and conducted many vast enterprises, some by accident. Accidentally dragging his peavey behind him produced the Grand Cañon. He dug out Puget sound. The King of Sweden employed him to clear North Dakota, so's he'd have somewhere to send 400,000 "onruly socialists" with whom he'd "just about got to the point of 'Ship or Shoot'"—but "he didn't like to shoot, because that always looks bad in the papers, and so he figured he'd better ship." There was a story that "Paul had dug the Pacific Ocean, too, the same as he dug the Sound, but . . . Old Mr. Pacific's own grandchildren officially denied the rumor here in court a couple of years ago." Paul was not always miraculously successful. He had no luck with his mine, for the assayer's office reported the gravel to be "igneous, prehistoric, and erroneous."

While Paul has the elasticity and indefiniteness of most fabulous figures, his favorite and partner, Babe the Blue Ox, is more distinct. He measured, between the eyes, "forty-two axhandles and a Star tobacco box." "His color was blue—a fine, pretty, deep blue." Together, Paul and Babe could haul the naked log out of a tree and leave the bark and branches standing. "Paul used to have to carry a pair of field glasses around with him so as he could see what he was doing with his hind feet. Gigantic as he was, Babe was lost for three days in a hollow Sequoia Paul had cut down. Paul Bunyan was sure fond of his Ox. 'Be faithful' he used to say to him low under his breath as he walked along beside him. 'Be faithful, Babe, Faithful.'" Babe died of a surfeit of hot-cakes.

These stories are an inextricable mixture: of exact parallels with ancient mythology, its giants, heroes and cosmic explanations; of daydream longings to be stronger than one is, of things not meant to be believed, and others which might possibly take in a tenderfoot; of rambling, pointless imagination, of dreary, infantile ingenuity, of cruel practical jokes and of endless Yankee exaggeration, often strained and self-conscious, but sometimes sharp and pat, and like nothing else in the world. "Paul had such a good watch

it gained enough time in the first three days to pretty near pay for itself." That must be an old one, but I had never heard it, nor most of the others, though they are in a familiar vein, and a vein which has fed much American humor, Mark Twain's in particular. The Sidehill dodger, and the Round river, sailing down which the loggers passed their own camp three times, alone are conspicuously familiar. I don't recognize Mrs. Paul Bunyan's teeth. She was very fond of chicken, her teeth were false, and she lost them in the river. Paul fished them out by lowering down a drumstick—"when them teeth sees that drumstick they just naturally snaps right onto it." I don't recognize the bedbugs "which go so smart that when you wrote your name down in the big timebook in the office and the clerk put down the number of the bunk you was going to sleep in, the bedbugs would crawl along the pen so's to know where to find you afterwards; and they always found you, too."

A queer mixture indeed, of things that ring true and false, old and new. Zip was a dog, out of greyhound by dachshund, whose hind legs were much higher than his fore, so he was always running down hill and never got tired. Paul made a bridge of prunestones "14,000 feet long, 4000 feet high and 4 feet wide." One of the cooks tried to make coffee by "just drawing his brown shirt through the coffee pot." Every regiment in France must have had that joke. The names of Paul's hands are real names: Shot Gunderson, Kangley, Charley Dobey, Red Jack, Blue-Nose Parker, Batiste Joe. They are the kind of men who, shut up in camp for a long cold winter, would tell how "the words froze in our mouths, and Paul had to send to England for a frozen word interpreter." And one of them might really say, though one doubts it:

That was great loggin' we done in North Dakota though, like I said. Out in the woods before daylight—out among the pines. . . . And the sound of timber fallin', and the call of the loggers when they'd fell a tree: "Tim-m-mber-er! Down the line. Watch out!" I can't help it, but I always thought that a mighty pretty sound, and I do yet. "Tim-mm-ber! Down the line." A kind of fine music in the woods.

This is certainly not typical, nor the sort of thing the man on the "deacon seat" would indulge in. Nor would he often regret the passing of the "old time life and fun."

Them days the men all knowed each other. But now it ain't that way no more . . . just jump around from one camp to another . . . and there's all kinds of them. Japs and Hawaiians and Hindoos and Polacks and Bulgarians and I don't know what all, and you never know any of 'em. . . . And all they want to talk about is politics or capital and labor . . . or somethin' like that, or else somethin' they read in the Argonaut or Windy Stories or the Literary Digest . . .

Times are changing, but somewhere they are still thinking up good ones about how Paul had a steamer whose smokestack was so high that a long time after Paul sent a man up to paint it his grandson "came down and asked if he could have some more paint."

Here's the birth of mythology, right under our nose. What's its motive? Usually long winter nights, and a hot stove, and credulous greenhorns, and an old fable you don't believe yourself touched up so that maybe one of the greenhorns, who ask silly questions about how and why and when, will believe it, or at any rate get laughed at.

ROBERT LITTELL

Gypsy Anthropology

Medicine, Magic and Religion, by W. H. R. Rivers. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

The Origin of Magic and Religion, by W. J. Perry. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

The Growth of Civilization, by W. J. Perry. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

THE combat of scientists is the most exciting sporting event in the world. This is partly due to the ferocity with which attack and counter-attack are delivered, the ruthless charge of the cohorts of the True Doctrine upon the misled supporters of the Pretended Hypothesis. But chiefly it is because of the magnitude of the issues. Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane; they are mere episodes in the struggle of ideas which is the clash of conflicting civilizations. The laboratory is the supreme prize ring, the scientist the prince of sporting men. Under these circumstances the question may well be asked why the ringside is not besieged by such throngs as would make the crowds at Madison Square Garden and Boyle's Acres look like casual tea parties. The reason is that the seats are too expensive. One could watch Dempsey and Carpentier for fifty dollars. The toll at the stadium of ideas is five or ten years of special study.

Here is an issue between anthropologists. Ostensibly it is the dullest dispute imaginable, affecting nothing more thrilling than the probable origin of a dual form of social organization observed in Melanesia, in Yucatan, in ancient Egypt. One man says, "All cases of the dual organization of society came from Egypt." The other says, "I doubt it." Two professors, perfectly harmless. On the contrary, nowhere in the world today is trinitrotoluol being hurled about with more deadly consequences. The issue involved is nothing less than the whole character of European culture. Consider the matter in this light. European civilization, like any other, is intensely self-conscious. The essence of the thing is the feeling Europeans have of their cultural unity. This feeling, as always, concentrates upon the past; modern Europe, the reformation, the renaissance, the Holy Roman Empire, and the civilizations of antiquity, Rome, Greece, Egypt, the Holy Land. Upon this sense of the historical continuity of the Great European Tradition in civilization rests the white man's burden, the very meaning of the civilization which is ours and the heathendom that envelops the rest of the world. Our civilization is Civilization. "History proves it." So it does; but anthropologists doubt it. Anthropologists doubt not only this particular historical sequence but the whole theory of straight-line descent of which our supposed cultural lineage is an example. That is, some anthropologists do. Others, however, have dug elaborate trench systems of defensive theory for the European dogma. This is the T. N. T. behind "dual organization."

Behind the issue of theory there is a still more obscure issue of method. Under the influence of the evolutionary hypothesis the earlier studies of primitive society adopted an evolutionary pattern. Evolution was the "descent of man"; anthropology was therefore the descent of civilization, the evolution of England out of the savagery of the old stone age. This classical presupposition influenced early anthropologists to be collectors, to mass and arrange data from all over the world for the illumination of the ladder of history. A work that is thoroughly characteristic of this

method, Frazer's *Golden Bough*, is still undergoing revision and republication in ever more popular form. The method of that work, as the most casual reader can see, is that of hither-and-yon collection, arrangement and synthetic (and often very fanciful) interpretation. It seems fair to call this the British tradition in anthropology. Another tradition, developed more fully by American scholars under the deanship of Franz Boas, is that of intensive, detailed, if possible, complete studies of specific cultural groups. These two methods are sharply opposed. By sticking in his thumb and pulling out plums at will, the historical anthropologist can construct a beautiful theory of descent leading whence and whither his preconceptions dictate. By digging deeper into the lore of a single people, the analytical anthropologist can prove that the plums are not plums at all but quinces.

Among British scholars this issue is rendered peculiarly acute by personal circumstances. W. H. R. Rivers was a man of such conspicuous genius that he has already become a prophet, even among his own people. His spirit requires to be placated. His mantle must be worn by an authentic successor. That successor is W. J. Perry, reader in cultural anthropology in the University of London. But Mr. Perry works by the same method practised by his pre-Riverian countrymen. He is an exponent of the European theory of civilization. By the plum method he is ready to prove that all real civilization came from Egypt (ours, of course, most directly). This study of the origin of magic and religion illuminates not religion nor magic but the European mind.

If the Egyptian origin of the dolmen, as suggested by Elliot Smith, of pyramids, of the practice of irrigation, and of making polished stone implements, as well as of ship-building, be accepted, then the spread of early civilization throughout the world is the direct result of Egyptian influence, working directly or indirectly in any particular case. . . . It seems hard to resist the conclusion that the elaboration of ideas of immortality connected with mummification, and therefore with givers of life, was the prime cause of this great movement.

The Growth of Civilization is the description of the course taken by this great movement. In both books, theory is elaborately studded with fact. But are Mr. Perry's data sound? For a judgment upon this point let the reader refer to a review of Mr. Perry's earlier statement of his case, *Children of the Sun*, by Prof. Robert Lowie, whose theoretical acumen and command of fact are sufficiently attested in his *Primitive Society*. In this review (*American Anthropologist*, January-March, 1924), Mr. Perry's data are simply riddled. We await with interest the verdict of the American method upon these volumes.

Did the Gypsy theory have the approval of the great Dr. Rivers? We are urged to believe that if it did not it would shortly have had. Rivers's posthumous lectures on Social Organization contain no trace of it. In his preface to that work, Professor Elliot Smith informs the reader that just before his death Rivers was planning a session with Mr. Perry "to clear away the discrepancies in their interpretations of the evidence relating to . . . dual organization." Now in his monumental *History of Melanesian Society* Rivers took a definite position in this matter. He definitely attributed the dual organization he found to the circumstances of local history, and certainly not to "Egypt." But Rivers's mind was altering. In that work itself he

notes the fact. This trend, we are told (by Mr. Perry), was toward Perry. In Medicine, Magic and Religion, a detailed analysis of the interrelatedness of these interests in primitive life, Rivers remarks: "The present trend in the science which deals with these matters is to limit inquiries to a series of related peoples." The American method. To which an unsigned note is attached (is it by Mr. Perry, who edited Social Organization?): "This was written in 1915. Since then there has been a change of attitude." Another similarly unsigned note tells us of another damaging passage that it was not until later that Dr. Rivers "admitted the Egyptian origin of civilization."

This is very interesting. But we had always supposed that Dr. Rivers's mind, far from drifting back to the classical British theory was moving away from it. The intensive study of Melanesia, we had thought, brought home to him the impossibility of far-flung historical generalizations. At all events, this is what he himself said about this so important change in his way of thinking. It may be found on the first page of the second volume of the History.

I began as a firm adherent of the English school, being almost exclusively interested in the evolution of belief, custom and institution, paying little attention to the complexity of individual cultures, except where it was perfectly obvious that changes had been set up from without, as in the case of recent Polynesian influence in Melanesia. At a definite point in my argument I was led to see that Melanesian society is complex.

This does not sound like Egypt to me.

C. E. AYRES.

Types and Personalities

Portraits: Real and Imaginary, by Ernest Boyd. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

ON the evening of the fourteenth of last July, I was sitting out in the Carrefour Vavin, on the left Bank, midway between the Rotonde and the Dôme: the Bastille had just been taken for the hundred and thirty-sixth time. Music, therefore, and illuminations; some eating and more drinking at multitudinous tables; and a good deal of rhythmic shuffling, in time with the band, on the sidewalks and the smoother passages of the pavements—in short, a phase of that "extraordinaire fermentation universelle," to employ the words of a recent writer in the *Mercure de France*, "telle qu'il n'en existe en aucun endroit du monde dans des proportions aussi bigarrées."

However, I might have spared myself time, trouble and expense by simply staying on my own side of the sea and waiting a few months for Mr. Boyd's Portraits. For he has come across to us and arranged a carrefour of his own. He makes of the Village and adjacent parts another Montparnasse, with plenty of stir, light and action, together with the shuffling of almost as many diverse and accentuated personalities as the most "bigarré" Parisian neighborhood could show. Nor do refreshments fail—as when Mr. Boyd makes his high-hearted endeavor to entertain Mr. Cabell. Nor music—as when the young lions of—shall we say, The Dial?—began to use the telephone, to his discomfort.

This year the Fourteenth fell on a Monday, in conse-

quence of which the celebration ran for three days. If you happened to be lodged just 'round the corner from the festivities, you naturally attended on Saturday evening and Sunday evening as well. Very early on Tuesday morning you came to the conclusion that, after all, the celebration betrayed much of a muchness. It ran true to form, to an established type, throughout: from evening to evening little change was to be observed in its tone, temper, and texture. So, in a way, with Mr. Boyd's book, which could take three evenings too. He seems to have said: "I will be even in tone, and homogeneous in texture; and as for my temper, I will keep it under all conditions." Is the effect, after a hundred pages or so—despite all their brilliancy and action—just a little monotonous? Yes, just a little.

Mr. Boyd's temper is most successfully kept in the short interlude which separates his "real" portraits from his "imaginary" ones. Here the young gamins of the quartier break in upon the portraitist with abuse and objurgations: yes, the *vie littéraire* has its rafales, and is now pursued with as much of passion in New York as in Paris itself. Who can wonder? For Mr. Boyd's opening paper, *Aesthete: Model 1924*, which is credited in some quarters with having sold the first issue of *The American Mercury* off the newsstands in no time at all, has in its acute yet broadly generalized features plenty to arouse young literary aesthetes (of the date specified) to fury. However, let the fury subside.

Our author, as may readily be inferred, divides his efforts between a body of types on the one hand and a group of personalities on the other. The types are well synthesized and the personalities are well individualized—perhaps too much so for a taste not yet fully contemporaneous. However, we may recall what indulgence in personalities has been doing for *The Bookman* through the past few seasons. It is easily possible that some of those anonymous sketches came from Mr. Boyd's own pen. And it is as possible that he would prefer to be gauged as an intellectual force by the highly synthetic papers that make up his "first half" than by the gossipy pages that compose his second. Yes, one may very well indulge just here in the lingo of the gridiron, for Mr. Boyd, in his spiked shoes, kicks many a goal. All his energy, grit and nous seem to be concentrated in the tip of his toe. The ball soars—whether in the form of *A Literary Lady*, *A Press Agent*, *A Critic* or *A Modern Puritan*—and the scoring is accomplished. Then, as in some well-known fields of athletic endeavor, a flight of balloons is let loose. How they float aloft and fill the empyrean! F. Scott Fitzgerald, Sinclair Lewis, George Jean Nathan, Eugene O'Neill; to say nothing of that grandiose, portentous airship, so full of helium and of drive, Henry L. Mencken . . . No, never mind about Paris.

These pages bear traces of a seeming urbanity, which is essentially something quite else again. Still, I don't believe that Mr. Boyd is half so dissatisfied and cantankerous as he often seems. Having brought a fine equipment from the other side and having developed a high awareness on this, he has merely adopted an attitude, and he chooses to hold it firmly and consistently. It is not, conceivably, the best attitude that might be adopted, yet it gets results. When the ducks are flying in a compact flock, the hunter in his blind need not turn his gun toward all the points of the compass. One pose will do. A slight variation from it suffices, toward the end of our hunter's activities, to bring down a few alien fowl, as well. Alas, poor slaughtered George Moore; and Chesterton, falling with

a huge splash; and Yeats, with deranged plumage and traces of blood among the rushes! . . . "Insatiate archer!"

All of which is simply a roundabout way of saying that Mr. Boyd must be read, as one of the major diversions of the season. But he will go rather better in sips than in deep draughts, and preferably when the gastric juices of human kindness happen to be in fullest flow.

HENRY B. FULLER.

Imperial Plantations

Kenya, by Norman Leys. London: The Hogarth Press. 15s.

ONE of the demands of the recent British note to the Egyptian government was that the latter should "notify the competent Department that the Sudan government will increase the area to be irrigated at Gezira, from 300,000 feddans to an unlimited figure as need may arise." On the face of it such a demand would seem to be prompted by a genuine desire on the part of England to develop to the fullest possible extent the natural resources of Sudan on behalf of the native inhabitants. We read, however, in a later dispatch that this huge scheme is to be under the direction of the Sudan Plantation Syndicate for cotton growing, which means, of course, that little enough benefit is likely to accrue to the native peasantry except in so far as they are to become wage slaves for the enrichment of London and Lancashire shareholders.

Unfortunately of late years more and more Englishmen have come to regard industrial and financial prosperity as the most reliable indication of human happiness, forgetting that such prosperity is often enough brought about at the cost of increased misery of those sections of society least able to defend themselves. It was Joseph Chamberlain who first identified the conception of successful Imperialism with successful money-making. The older and less fashionable traditions of the British Colonial Office were far different.

Now that it has become abundantly clear that Lord Cromer's land policy in Egypt is to be reversed and concessions are to be given as free a hand in the development of the Nile valley as they have been in the development of other sections of the continent, it may well prove profitable to examine more closely the working-results that such plantation systems have had elsewhere on the life of the indigenous population. No book could answer this purpose better than Dr. Norman Leys's recent volume on Kenya colony, every page of which reveals only too lucidly what has happened to a subject country even less able than Egypt seems to be of looking after her own interests, when sacrificed to the profiteering schemes of an alien minority.

It must be remembered that Kenya colony was taken over as a protectorate some thirty years ago, ostensibly for the purpose "of governing and guiding those people not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world." How far the British government has fulfilled its obligations may be seen in this book. Slowly, year by year, have the interests of the natives been sacrificed to the interests of a handful of European planters; the prosperity of the colony being constantly gauged by the dividends that these favored individuals have been able to derive out of the development of their plantations by negro labor. In Kenya colony the capitalistic system has run riot. In the past certain officials have struggled

gallantly to defend the rights of the natives, but in almost every case the influence of the settlers in the colony and of the financiers in London has been too strong for justice. What has taken place can be explained in a few words. The first Governor of the Protectorate expropriated for the Crown the whole of the land of British East Africa, and proceeded to alienate the best of it to a few favored Europeans who today, after thirty years of such procedure, do not number more than 2,000 souls. Meanwhile to achieve this end, certain reserves were created for the various tribes many of whom, especially perhaps the Masai and the Giriama, received, later on, scant justice at the hands of the officials responsible for their welfare.

No sooner had the most valuable arable and grazing land been alienated to these few Europeans, often for as absurd a price as a halfpenny an acre, than an insistent demand arose for cheap native labor without which the acquired plantations were valueless. But most natives, it was found, preferred to remain at home in the reserves that had been given them; so that it was presently considered necessary to stimulate a desire for wage earning by the simple method of imposing a hut tax. As the years have passed this hut tax has been increased and again increased while at the same time all that has concerned the native population has been more and more sacrificed to the interests of the settlers. Every effort, in fact, has been made to convert a native peasantry settled on the land into a native wage-earning class, a proceeding the exact opposite, be it noted, from what is the avowed aim of most responsible governments. In Kenya constant attempts have been made by the administrations to discourage economic self-sufficiency of any tribe. To be in a position to live without working on the plantations has been looked upon as immoral and as often as not, as in the notorious case of the Giriamas, has led to serious trouble with the authorities.

One would be inclined to feel more reconciled to this wholesale disruption of native life, to this cleverly devised scheme by which an enormous population is compelled to work at an average rate of three farthings an hour for a handful of avaricious employers, were it proved beyond doubt that the system was economically sound. It has been proved beyond doubt that the system is not sound. To all intents and purposes Kenya Colony is today a bankrupt country.

Perhaps the peculiar economic system of Kenya may be said to have reached its high-water mark of unfair tyranny in the late registration ordinance, whereby every native is compelled by law to carry on his person a certificate of his past employment and a copy of his finger print so that in the case of his desertion from his white employer it is an easy thing for the police to run him down. Such man-hunts cost the government some £20,000 a year. From the point of view of the white settlers the registration ordinance has been, says Dr. Leys sardonically, "a great success."

Dr. Leys makes no vague accusations. He gives chapter and verse in tracing back the various steps which have brought the native population "whose well-being and development form a sacred trust of civilization" into its present predicament. Some of the governors like Sir Charles Elliot have cynically announced that they were "not sanguine as to the future of the African races," others like Sir Edward Northey have taken pains to coat their policy with a sprinkling of moral sugar. Can we English wonder that we are sometimes accused of hypocrisy.

after reading this extract from Sir Edward's inaugural speech? "The Protectorate has taken over the ownership of millions of acres of good land and the guardianship of a large native population. Is it our duty to allow these natives to remain in uneducated and unproductive idleness in their so-called reserves? I think not." Soon after this address the hut tax was again raised and the following significant circular sent round to the district commissioners. "It is the wish of the Government that natives should come out into the labor field. The necessity for an increased supply of labor cannot be brought too frequently before the various native authorities. Native chiefs and elders should be repeatedly reminded that it is part of their duty to *advise and encourage* young men to go out and work on plantations." It is, of course, claimed that the Africans benefit by this compulsory annual migration from their homes to the plantations, but, as Dr. Leys points out, the same claim has been made by the supporters of many servile systems in the past.

The late E. D. Morel believed that the root of all native troubles in Africa was to be found in the evils consequent upon divorcing natives from the land. This contention is strongly supported by the amazing development of West Africa where in the Gold Coast and other colonies under benevolent British direction native cultivators of the ground-nut, palm-oil, and cocoa-tree have developed trade connections worth a great many million pounds. The Colonial office, Dr. Leys thinks, should insist upon native interests in Kenya receiving the same careful attention. All "encouragement" and "moral suasion" for the purpose of driving unwilling men out of the reserves should be stopped, while at the same time every kind of native planting should be nurtured, Indian traders being once more allowed to enter the reserves in the capacity of middle men. This would mean of course a sharp rise in the wages on the European estates.

Why, we may well ask, is it so difficult to have justice done to the East African native? "The vested interests and the all-pervading influence of the wealth that is at stake are, in Kenya as elsewhere in the tropics, the skilful and insidious enemies of justice."

Apparently the strong feeling aroused by the recent incident in Egypt has been used to hand over large tracts of the Nile valley for exploitation by English financiers. What has the commercial prosperity of a few Europeans got to do with good government? "And the dwarf said, 'Something human is dearer to me than all the wealth in the world.'"

LLEWELYN POWYS.

The Dark Wood

The Man Who Died Twice, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

WE who have idolized Edwin Arlington Robinson for a dozen years remember now that he has always walked at the edge of a dark wood. Occasionally he has disappeared from the world of hard sunlight where we saw him, and we have followed a little way into a tangle of obscure pathways, a place of broken lights, glimmering pools and no sky; but he has always emerged again with some shrewd Yankee gesture that made his sojourn in that shadowy hinterland a mere incident. I, for one, have done my best to forget this waywardness on the part of a great

and sane man, whose grip on life was so sure, so unrelenting, that he could work with instruments too precarious for other men. I told myself that whatever dark recess of the mind he might explore would be bright with his own luminous sanity.

Now Robinson has been swallowed completely by the dark wood. *The Man Who Died Twice*, his latest book, is the culmination of his increasing preoccupation with what might be called spiritual psychology. There is only one character in the poem: Fernando Nash, who was destined to compose great music, but dissipated his powers and was saved to no more glorious end than to beat a drum in the Salvation Army and praise God for sparing his soul and his memory of what he might have accomplished.

The actual story is left practically untold. It is the spiritual story that is recounted in full detail. Or rather, for Robinson the spiritual story is the actual and only story. The reader is in doubt as to the nature of Fernando Nash's dissipation. It may have been the writing of a symphony before he received the inspiration that he knew was to be his; it may have been a less unusual dissipation involving wine, women and a blasphemous heart. Robinson does not tell us, because to him it is a matter of no importance. It is the remorse, the pride and the crumbling spiritual stature of the wrecked musician that are of supreme and sole importance.

For want of a better term I have said that Robinson is here concerned with "spiritual psychology," by which I mean those emotions, convictions and aspirations of an individual mind relative to certain basic human concepts of a universe that is not apprehended directly by the senses. We have sense-contact with trees and people, with stars and insects, but never with such abstractions or crystallizations as heaven or hell, God or eternity. These "spiritual" concepts exist in our minds only, albeit in the minds of all of us. Hence Robinson's spiritual psychology is a study of a mind grappling with mental concepts. It never gets beyond the lobes of the human brain. It has no windows opening upon the world of common experience.

If I have made myself clear it must be apparent that this dark wood which I have used as an easy symbol represents the mazes of Robinson's poetry when it is entirely divorced from actual current happenings and perceptible phenomena. It engulfs him only when he is dealing with the spiritual processes of one person, as he is in this story of Fernando Nash. Whenever he writes about more than one person there are bridges of actuality between their separate minds, and we, the readers, have a foothold, however precarious it may be.

In *The Man Who Died Twice* there are perhaps a score of passages in which Fernando Nash is seen in relation to things outside of his own mind. Here Robinson is the poet whom we have idolized, with his ironic circumlocution, his extravagant lucidity, and his common sense.

Fernando Nash was beating a bass drum
And shouting Hallelujah with a fervor
At which, as I remember, no man smiled,

he says near the beginning of the story; and a little later:

The barren room—

The same in which I found him a year later
Was not much larger than the iron bed
On which he sat; and all there was of music
About the place was in a dusty box
Of orchestrations for the janitor,

And in the competent plain face of Bach,
Calm in achievement, looking down at him.

But when he wanders into the dark wood that has
neither free wind nor open vista, he writes interminably
like this:

Now there was nothing for him
But to lie still and hear those coming drums,
Muffled as always in a smoky cloud
Of burning sound that in a moment more
Would burst above him into flaming rain
That once he would have welcomed on his knees,
Unspeakably. . . .

W. A. NORRIS.

A Female Monster of 1825

Frances Wright, by William Randall Waterman. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.50.

BORN in Scotland, brought up in England, spending some exhilarating years in France, Frances Wright was the embodiment of liberalism in the Old World, and she saw the New World, where most of her active life was passed, through the media of faith and hope. Her first visit to America, made when she was only twenty-three years old, bore fruit in *Views of Society and Manners in America—During the Years 1818, 1819, 1820*. This was acclaimed with delight by liberals in Europe, although some American reviewers, while commending the book, recognized that it was "a panegyric of the warmest kind." It won for Miss Wright, however, the warm friendship of Lafayette, and the selections from their correspondence which Dr. Waterman gives throw light on revolutionary movements in France in the years 1821 to 1824. Both the writer and the reader of "travel books" may perhaps find instruction in the fact that on Miss Wright's third voyage to these shores, less than ten years later, she brought her friend, Mrs. Trollope, a fellow-liberal whose subsequent book, *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, forms an effective antidote to the *Views of Society*.

On Frances's second visit to the United States, she became absorbed in the problem of slavery, and developed a plan of education, gradual emancipation and colonization, which she proceeded to practise in Mashoba, Tennessee. It is hardly necessary to add that the scheme failed; yet, as it had the approval of four presidents of the United States—Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson, all of them Southerners—she can hardly be blamed for having had faith in it. The undertaking impaired her health, cost her half her fortune, and came near to blasting her character. The indiscretion of her associates drew from her the admission, which she would otherwise have considered as unnecessary as imprudent, that she considered the existing legal status of marriage open to criticism and that she did not view amalgamation of the races with horror. Later on when she antagonized various elements, these admissions offered ammunition which all could unite to use against her.

By this time Miss Wright's enthusiasm for the United States had become—not diminished, but tempered by the recognition of many evils which she still had faith to believe might, in this new country dedicated to freedom, be alleviated. In 1828 religious currents in America were in a turmoil beside which the present fundamentalist-modernist controversy appears as a placid eddy. On the one side, whole communities were being swept by peculiarly

primitive revivals, and attempts were being made to bring back the Puritan Sabbath and to introduce a religious test for public office; this was met on the other side by an enthusiastic deistic and sceptical movement. From girlhood Miss Wright had been a disciple of Epicurus, and seeing in the evangelism of the time a danger to liberty and to the search for truth, she threw herself whole-heartedly into the fray. This was before the day of the movie, the radio, and the Sunday supplement; the audiences in the lecture hall were prepared to yield every faculty to the sway of the successful orator, and Miss Wright speedily became the standard-bearer of liberalism.

Much about this woman's career seems astonishingly modern. In her lectures she not only discussed the nature of knowledge and pleaded for equal education for the sexes and the legal protection of married women, but she outspokenly advocated birth-control, and even—*mirabile dictu*—appeared on the platform with her hair in short curls, which the reporters pronounced very becoming. Nevertheless, the world has progressed in one respect at least. Many of her ideas would arouse as bitter resentment now as they did then, but no modern metropolitan daily would put its objections in this particular nutshell—we quote: "Female expounders of any kind of doctrines are not to our taste," while the Louisville Focus patiently explained:

Miss Wright . . . has with ruthless violence, broken loose from the restraints of decorum, which draw a circle round the life of women; and with a contemptuous disregard for the rule of society, she has leaped over the boundary of feminine modesty, and laid hold upon the avocations of man, claiming a participation in them for herself and her sex.

Dr. Waterman's interest is less in his heroine herself, than in the social and intellectual movements in which she played so important a part. Indeed, he has scarcely developed the very suggestive psychological material which he has at hand. Enthusiasts who can admit that the causes they love sometimes get on better without them are not ever common, and in this respect Frances Wright stands in contrast to such fellow-laborers as Frances Willard, for instance, or Florence Nightingale. It is scarcely fair, however, to criticize an author for not achieving something which he did not undertake. Certainly this scholarly study adds materially to our understanding of a not too well-known period.

ELISABETH ANTHONY DEXTER.

The German Documents

German White Book Concerning the Responsibility of the Authors of the War. New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.00.

Outbreak of the World War: German Documents collected by Karl Kautsky. New York: Oxford University Press. \$4.00.

Preliminary History of the Armistice. New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.00.

THESE three volumes of telegrams, which have been rendered from German into English by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, form an invaluable body of material for those who want to get at first-hand information as to the immediate causes of the World War and the negotiations which concluded active fighting. At

the Peace Conference the victorious powers appointed a commission over which Mr. Lansing presided and of which Mr. J. B. Scott was a member, to draw up a report on the responsibility of the War. This commission reported that, "The War was premeditated by the Central Powers, together with their allies, Turkey and Bulgaria, and was the result of the acts deliberately committed in order to make it unavoidable. Germany, in agreement with Austria-Hungary, deliberately worked to defeat all the many conciliatory proposals made by the Entente Powers and their repeated efforts to avoid war." Much water has flowed under the bridge since the days of the Peace Conference, and students are coming to realize the historical falsity and moral injustice of this dictum, which has been incorporated in substance into Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles. "Unfortunately," as Mr. Brown himself says in his preface to the first volume above, "no Germans were allowed to take part" in the conferences and deliberations which framed the treaty. Much worse than that. Before being compelled to sign the dictated peace, the Germans heard of the intention to declare them solely responsible. They therefore presented to the Allies this German White Book Concerning Responsibility, commonly known in German by its sub-title, *Deutschland Schuldig?* In this they brought forward a large number of hitherto unknown documents from their own and the Serbian archives, tending to show that Germany was by no means solely responsible. The commissioners paid virtually no attention to this important statement; had they done so, they might have saved themselves from the unfortunate dictum, which is now repudiated by historical scholars, but which has meanwhile caused untold bitterness. Mr. Scott, acting for the Carnegie Endowment, in giving to the American public an English translation of the official statement which Germany presented at Paris in 1919, has made honorable amends, so far as possible, for his blindness and that of the Allies five years ago.

The German Documents Collected by Karl Kautsky, which were published in four volumes in 1919, comprise all the important dispatches which passed through the German Foreign Office in July, 1914. As they indicate the hour and minute at which each telegram was sent and received, they enable the student now to know precisely what the German government was doing during those critical days. One sees they blundered criminally on July 5 in giving Austria a free hand against Serbia, and in thinking that Russia would not take up arms to prevent a humiliation of Serbia. Later in the month, when Germany realized the danger of a world war, she did attempt at the eleventh hour to restrain her ally. She urged upon Austria mediation for peace, as desired by Sir Edward Grey, but such mediation was thwarted by Saxony and the Russian militarists who persuaded the Tsar to order general mobilization.

The telegrams in the Preliminary History of the Armistice picture vividly the violent changes of mind on the part of Ludendorff, who at one moment wanted to go on fighting to the last ditch, and at the next urged the speediest peace negotiations as the only means of saving the army from a complete débâcle. They reveal the conflict and confusion between the civil authorities in Berlin and the military leaders at the German Great Headquarters. They also make clear the hopelessness of the German situation after the collapse of Austria and Bulgaria. It was the sudden realization of this hopelessness and of the complete defeat, coming after so many false assurances of ultimate

victory by the military authorities, which caused the revolution of feeling among the German masses against the old imperial government and led to the revolution and establishment of the German Republic. The German army was not defeated by any "stab in the back" from the Socialists at home, but the immense superiority of the Allies and by Ludendorff's straining of the German resistance to the breaking point.

SIDNEY B. FAY.

Fiction Briefs

Brown Stone Front, by Gilbert W. Gabriel. New York: The Century Company. \$2.00.

BOOKS in which the environment plays the rôle of villain or hero are many among us. Mrs. Wharton, Sinclair Lewis, Hergesheimer, Edna Ferber, to name a very few, have saved their most sinister or most radiant costumes, not for characters but for cities.

The dark protagonist of Mr. Gabriel's book is the sterile respectability of the New York 'nineties. This the author records with a detail whose faithfulness is positively ghastly. We smell the moth balls of Mrs. Ladd's store closets and see the installation of the oriental cosy corner, we hear the clatter of the stray horse cab, and feel the nobby architecture of the double bed on the top floor.

Back of the brown stone front passes a series of vivid people: Emily, whose head keeps high above the clouds while her feet tread flagged pavements; Prue, her sister, the little light-footed Philistine; their men: Robert, Emily's idol, whose feet are only of brown stone; Mario, the genius who is content to design letter-heads. The drawing of this cast is good, full of sympathy and discernment. The movement is close to the eye, slow, but in perfect focus.

The one weakness of the book is a lack of emphasis in the balance. Is Mr. Gabriel dealing with a city in terms of vitality, or with four characters against a background? The characters live, and the reader wishes to live with them. He demands nothing more than the story of their lives, their daily bread, at the hands of so deft a writer. They are too interesting to rank as mere population, the mark of the census during the turn of the century. So the reader asks for bread and the author hesitates. Sometimes it is bread that he gives him, sometimes brown stone. Both are good.

M. E. O.

Tomorrow and Tomorrow, by Stephen McKenna. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$2.00.

THE only thing likely to turn us against English Liberalism is the offensive nobility of its representatives in fiction. Stephen McKenna writes not only of men like gods, but presents the Liberal group as a sort of Communion of Saints of whom their world is—and certainly their wives are—not worthy. These latter are the familiar "sensationalists" of the Sonia series,—predatory neurasthenics and irresponsible rakes. The two sexes divide nicely the virtues and vices between them, and share only a class-arrogance seemingly more consistent with extreme Toryism than effulgent Democracy. Seen through the gleaming monocle of Aristocratic Liberalism, *Tomorrow and Tomorrow* is a moving picture of changing public opinion in the years immediately following the "peace to end peace."

D. B. W.

The Apple of the Eye, by Glenway Wescott. New York: The Dial Press. \$2.50.

IN *The Apple of the Eye* the character of Dan Strane is interpreted indirectly through four individuals, foreign, like him, to a provincial environment. These are "Bad" Hannah Madoc, whose life, without consolation of the conventions, is interwoven with the youth of Dan's uncle, Jule. The first third of the book is devoted to a sympathetic and painstaking review of their story. The second five chapters establish Dan and introduce Mike, the third interpretive agent, a Nietzschean hired man who carries forward the Hannah-motif. The tragedy of Rosalia, a principal in this part of the book, has nothing directly to do with the story. The last five chapters continue Dan and relate to the Hannah-motif a fourth unconventional character, Mrs. Dunham. The danger that a mathematical pattern of such simplicity will fail to balance is not entirely avoided here. And where the problem is a structural one, emphasis badly distributed will destroy the significance of the study, however intact remains the beauty of its presentation. Mr. Wescott writes a finely cadenced prose. He is humane and enlightened in his attitude toward his material. Nature he sees familiarly and appreciatively, and utilizes to enforce the moods of his characters in a way that recalls the similar device in Meredith's *Love in a Valley*. Yet all these graces do not conceal the truth that the relating of Hannah to Mike and of Mrs. Dunham to Hannah is forced and the drawing throughout disproportionate. Mr. Wescott is essentially a poet, with a mind and eye that delight in detail. Thus the ornamentation of *The Apple of the Eye* becomes impressive; and the architecture Palladian.

H. G.

Some Do Not, by Ford Madox Ford. New York: Thomas Seltzer. \$2.50.

A N exasperating book. Some of it is very good: a dozen characters emerge from it with the dust and odor of life clinging to them—the stolid, sensitive, dazed hero, Christopher Tietjens; the sharp, fatuous arriviste, Macmaster; Christopher's wife, Sylvia, bored and impassively loose; Father Consett—quite enough to set any novel up for a long career. The movement of the story itself however is as awkward and lumbering as Tietjens, and one is led doggedly through to the last page more because of the fine authenticity of detail than because of any inherent "go" in the situation itself. The hero, who takes his wanton wife back to discipline his soul, and enlists in the War in order to discipline his body, this prescient and priggish scion of a Yorkshire county family is not exactly incredible: what is incredible is that Mr. Ford apparently admires his behavior and his prejudices. If Mr. Ford did not sentimentalize Tietjens's inhibitions, his reserves, his internal tendernesses, and his encyclopædic mind, the honesty and spiritual continence that accompany these qualities would not, perhaps, seem falsified too. Mr. Ford the novelist is sturdy, keen, hard: Mr. Ford the commentator on English society is ever so lightly fatuous. And that is what is exasperating.

L. M.

Pipers and a Dancer, by Stella Benson. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

MISS BENSON'S flair—her humor and her sharp eye for absurdity—are present in this tale of a prancing ego, set down in the midst of a European colony

in China; but while the surface quality of the characters is real, their effect is shadowy, as though they had still to be modeled and defined. What is worse, the story ends before it has scarcely begun. We deserve better of Miss Benson.

L. M.

Redcliff, by Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

ONLY Eden Phillpotts could introduce us to the entire population of a village, even a Devonshire village, and present each individual so as to win and hold our interest and finally our affection. His characters are the old salts of the earth, for the most part. One meets an occasional rascal, but their rascality does not carry overwhelming conviction, or taint the fresh, salty sweetness of candor and goodwill that pervades this chronicle of Redcliff like the strong soft tang of West Devon air. Shrewd philosophy and very uncommon sense mingle in the tart humor of its speech and enliven the varied situation of the village life. There is no more "plot" than there is "composition" in an early tapestry. The little groups of figures are quaint, funny and naïvely beautiful, and the whole is woven of the thread of simple human intercourse, and colored grave and gay with common cares and passions. In the simple lives of simple folk Mr. Phillpotts reveals the fundamentals of human relations and the essentials of human needs.

D. B. W.

Blind Raftery, by Donn Byrne. New York: The Century Company. \$2.50.

THIS is a romantic lyric to an Irish tune, with haunting pathos running under the beauty of its melodious composition. Mr. Byrne is one more Irish poet although his instrument is prose, with which he plays for the delight of those that have "an ear for a harp or a heart open to a poem" as did blind Raftery with his harp for the delight of the great poetic Irish nation.

D. B. W.

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The Week

DEBATE over American foreign policy has suddenly reappeared on the front pages of the newspapers, until a hasty reader might almost think he was seeing 1920 again. At the Paris Conference which decided our share in the hypothetical German payments under the Dawes plan, it is alleged that the American delegation sought a reservation declaring we assumed no responsibility for the execution of that plan. The other governments insisted such a reservation would violate the general terms under which the conference had been proceeding, and the Americans thereupon signed without it. Partly because of this incident and partly because of the general spirit of the negotiations, the cry is being raised on both sides of the Atlantic that the United States is once more officially participating in European affairs. Paris and London exultingly acclaim this as an accomplished fact; our own White House and State Department deny there is any truth in the interpretation, and the Senate irreconcilables, headed by Johnson of California, are off on the warpath again. Johnson has introduced a resolution demanding the text of the agreement.

There is talk of requiring Senate ratification if that is legally possible, as it probably isn't. Renewed demands are being made that France undertake payment of her debt. Opponents of our participation in the Permanent Court of International Justice seize the opportunity to complain of propaganda, with which they say they are being flooded, to force Senate action on the subject. Secretary Hughes must chuckle to himself as he reads the headlines these days and contemplates the row in which his successor will soon be embroiled.

THE Senate will, we hope, pass a resolution requesting the State Department both for the text of the agreement which Mr. Hughes has promised, and for any further information which will help Americans to understand what their commitments are under the agreement. The official interpretation of the contract which has been given out from Washington differs sharply from the interpretations officially placed upon it in London and Paris. Both the Senate and American public opinion are entitled to know which version is correct. If the administration, as the English newspapers and Colonel Harvey claim, has completely reversed the decision of 1919 not to take part in the organization of Europe created by the Treaty of Versailles, Mr. Coolidge's fellow countrymen certainly ought to know it. If he has not gone as far as this, how far has he gone in associating the American government with France, Great Britain and the rest in rendering effective the reparations clauses of the Treaty of Versailles? Before signing the agreement he must have considered carefully how much of an obligation he was assuming on behalf of his fellow countrymen, and there is every reason why he should communicate his intentions to the people upon whom the consequences of his decision will be visited.

PROPAGANDISTS usually display a rare gift for injuring the cause which they desire to serve; and the Americans and English who are conducting propaganda in favor of increased American coöperation with Europe provide unfortunately no exception to the truth of this statement. The agreement for American participation in the proceeds of the Dawes plan can, as we point out elsewhere, be interpreted either as a reversal or a vindication of

the policy of 1919. It is in fact both. One might have supposed that those who would like to bring about the utmost possible coöperation which the agreement permitted would have emphasized its limitations and interpreted it not as a repudiation of 1919 but as a severely restricted movement in a desirable direction. Instead they have exaggerated the amount of coöperation with Europe for which the agreement provides and have done all they could to arouse the apprehension of the irreconcilables to foment their opposition. What the result will be nobody knows, but the administration may be forced by the ensuing discussions to pare down the meaning of the disputed document, and it may have to utter public explanations which will for the time being check the increasing tendency to coöperation between the United States and Europe.

A SURVEY of the European scene last week reveals the usual amount of stress and uncertainty which in late years has come to be such a familiar feature of the political landscape. In Germany the long efforts of Marx to create a new government against the opposition of Stresemann have ended in failure, and Dr. Hans Luther has taken control with a makeshift cabinet, decidedly further to the Right than the last one. Poland and the Free City of Danzig have allowed their latent hostility to flame out on the issue whether the special Polish mailboxes in the city shall be painted in the national colors. In France, Herriot's increasing difficulties have been augmented because he feels compelled, under a law he dislikes but cannot ignore, to prosecute Sr. Blasco Ibañez for his criticism of Alfonso and the de Rivera régime. Meanwhile the Mussolini government in Italy has outridden the cyclone at least temporarily. The Fascist dictator has secured the passage of the new electoral law with the obnoxious plural voting feature eliminated. He complains that he sees a connection between his policy of outlawing Freemasonry and the sudden drop in the value of Italian exchange. In the Balkan states, and particularly Yugoslavia, reaction continues to smother all opposition on the general charge of Bolshevism, a falsehood so transparent that no one tries either to prove or disprove it.

NEGOTIATIONS between France and Germany over the trade treaty are still hanging fire, though agreement must eventually come. French iron masters need Ruhr coke. German steel manufacturers need Lorraine iron. National boundaries which separate essential constituents of heavy industry are, from an economic point of view, anachronistic, and tariff walls erected at these boundaries are barriers to the growth of the trade. This axiom has long been recognized by influential persons in both countries; their conflict has been rather over which interests should have the predominant share in the eventual benefits of consolidation. The recent history of Franco-German relations may be

interpreted chiefly in the light of this conflict. During the War both French and German interests hoped to annex all the territory in question. After the peace had again established boundaries which cut through the region, negotiators attempted to settle trade questions. But when the Germans refused to meet the French terms, the Ruhr invasion followed. This, though justified by the pretext that Germany had defaulted on reparations, was really a piece of national sabotage to force German industrialists to terms. It was unsuccessful, and its failure led to the Dawes settlement, which reduced the opportunity of France to act again on the same pretext. France may still attempt to bargain for advantage by raising tariffs, but this will in the long run hurt her as much as Germany by making more difficult reparation payments under the Dawes régime. Sooner or later the heavy industries of both countries will have to come to terms, and when they do, one of the principal but one of the most carefully concealed issues of the War will have been settled; the "war after the War" will have been ended by a negotiated peace.

IF governments were human beings, subject to human emotions, remorse might well be felt at Washington because of the suffering which an unjust American law, cruelly administered, has caused to John C. Schedel and his family. Schedel is a German-American, who came to this country in 1906 and settled in Ft. Wayne, Indiana. In 1915, he joined the Socialist party and four years later the Ft. Wayne local affiliated with the Communists, which automatically made Schedel a member of the latter organization—at that time regarded as a quite legitimate and legal one. In 1920, in the infamous Palmer Red raids, Schedel, who had taken out first citizenship papers but not final ones, was one of five thousand alien members of the Communist party, the Communist-Labor party or the I. W. W. on whom warrants of deportation were served. He was not represented by counsel, and though he expressly disclaimed belief in violent revolution, he was deported to Germany, his American wife and five children, aged from five months to ten years, being left in Ft. Wayne to live or die as best they could. Since then Mrs. Schedel has kept her brood together by doing washing and cleaning, with the exception of a short period when she broke down under the strain.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE as it may seem to the good gentlemen in Washington, Schedel was not happy, living in Germany, to contemplate the struggles of his wife and children serenely and from afar. In fact, he showed a most deplorable, lawless inclination to come back and help them; and he succeeded in returning late in 1924. Naturally, the government officials regard his attitude as that of a madman. Why should anybody try to come back illegally and aid a wife and children once a kind government

has enabled him to get rid of them? At his first meeting with his family, he was arrested. He faces a possible long penitentiary term, with deportation at its close. Mrs. Schedel is confronted by the delightful prospect of continuing her solitary fight to bring up her children. Their only chance lies in the exercise of executive clemency at Washington. The federal law under which Schedel was deported has long since been scrapped. In similar cases the government has lately shown a praiseworthy tendency to take a commonsense view of the situation. We suggest to Mr. Warren that he has an opportunity to inaugurate his career as Attorney-General most happily by giving John C. Schedel and his family a chance to live together in the country which is the father's choice and the mother's and children's by nativity.

READERS of the New Republic are well aware of the long and splendid record Judge Ben B. Lindsey has made for himself in Denver's Juvenile Court. Our readers also know, from his own recital a short time ago in our pages, how the Ku Klux Klan fought desperately, by fair means and more particularly by foul, to defeat him when he was a candidate for reelection last November. Determined if they can to crush any honest citizen who is brave enough to stand up for old-fashioned American principles against the cowardly knights of the hooded terror, the K. K. K. is now seeking both to declare Judge Lindsey's election illegal, and to have the Juvenile Court abolished by the Klan-controlled Legislature. Unfortunately, the fight for the continuation of Judge Lindsey's fine work among the children will need the expenditure of several thousand dollars; and like most people who have devoted their lives to service of the common good, Judge Lindsey is without personal fortune. For anyone who wishes to aid the never-ending struggle for democracy and decency, there is no better cause just now than this one.

THE fervor of war-time persecution continues to decline. The single "political" serving time in Idaho was recently released on unconditional pardon. The Idaho criminal syndicalism law is about to sustain an attack in the courts under the generalship of the American Civil Liberties Union. Meanwhile President Coolidge, acting upon the recommendation of Attorney-General Stone, has ordered a group of political deportation warrants cancelled. These are the cases of four men convicted under the federal law on the evidence of membership in the I. W. W., and pardoned in September, 1924, upon condition of deportation. This is no more than justice, and no less. We may be very sure that these pardons are not being signed by a President who loves the I. W. W. and would cherish its membership. On the contrary, Mr. Coolidge must certainly hold a lower opinion of the theories and institution of the I. W. W. than Mr. Wilson held. The differ-

ence is that of war psychosis. During the War nearly everyone supported repressive measures which hardly anyone can now defend.

Reëntering Europe—with Reservations

THE signature by the American government of an agreement with its former war associates whereby it will receive 2¼ percent of the reparations obtained from Germany under the Dawes plan is variously interpreted here and abroad. According to the official account from Washington the new contract is chiefly a recognition by the Allies that the American government surrendered none of its rights in a settlement with Germany through its failure to ratify the Versailles Treaty. Under the Paris agreement the United States will share to a certain extent in the benefit of any reparations which may be extracted from Germany, but it does not become thereby a partner with unlimited liability in the firm of the War Allies. On the other hand the English newspapers consider the agreement equivalent to the negotiation of a full partnership among France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium and the United States for the purpose of realizing the reparations clauses of the Treaty of Versailles as modified by the Dawes plan. The United States has in their opinion revised the policy which it adopted when the Senate refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles.

The English interpretation is at least as probable as the official American version. According to the Paris correspondent of the New York Times, Ambassador Kellogg, before signing, asked the Conference to consent to an explicit reservation. The signature of the American delegation should, he said, bind the Washington government "only in so far as the rights of the United States are concerned." None of the other creditors of Germany would accept the proviso. They all insisted that by signing, the American nation accepted all the obligations as well as some of the benefits of a common enterprise. In the event of default by Germany it would share with its associates the responsibility for any action which they might take in order to collect their claims. The American delegates yielded to this protest and withdrew the reservation. In signing the contract, so it is alleged, they expressly acquiesced in the denial to the United States of an exceptional position in the partnership. The incident has been written into the record of the negotiation as it appears in the archives of the French and British Foreign Offices, and if at any future time the American government proposes to withdraw, they will accuse it of trying to evade a binding obligation.

The incident may or may not be true, and if true, may or may not be exaggerated. In any event it does not make much difference. The history of the

partnership into which the American government has entered with its European associates will depend less upon the conflicting interpretations which the partners place upon the terms of the contract than upon the consequences of the Dawes plan and the future success of its operations. If the plan works well and there is no need of applying any further coercion to Germany, the question of the amount of responsibility assumed by the United States in signing the agreement will never be raised. If the plan works less well and the amount of money available under its provisions for the settlement of the claims against Germany falls far short of expectations, as is probable, the future policy of the American government will depend upon the further action for recovery adopted or proposed by its associates. We would surely participate in any reasonable modification of the Dawes plan which would help to improve its operating ability, and we would, doubtless, join in exercising increased pressure on the German people if in American opinion they were evading or repudiating obligations which they could afford to satisfy. But if, as a consequence of German default, the Allies should propose a renewal of the kind of coercion which they used to obtain Germany's signature to the Treaty of Versailles, or if the Dawes plan threatened to develop into a permanent receivership of the German economic and fiscal machine which France and Great Britain were using in order to keep the Germans in a position of political and economic inferiority, then in our opinion the United States would and should withdraw from the partnership. By signing the agreement the American government has assumed not an unlimited liability to coöperate with the Allies in collecting money from Germany or in penalizing her for inevitable default. The liability of the American government is limited by the comparatively small amount of its own claims and by the basic facts of the physical and political relationship of the United States to the continent of Europe.

It is fantastic to talk about the assumption by the United States of a partnership with unlimited liability for the successful operation of such a profoundly doubtful experiment as the Dawes plan. The American government is not participating in a measurable business or political enterprise which is being carried on under recognized rules to an agreed end. It is participating in a portentous speculation. The speculative nature of the plan is not the result of any doubt about the ability of Germany to pay the required annuities. It is practically certain both that she will never pay anything but a fraction of the claims against her and that the next generation of Germans will wreck the social order in Europe rather than submit longer than, say, twenty-five years to the exactions of the victors in the War. The speculation hangs not on the amount which France and Great Britain will get out of Germany, but on the effect in France and Great Britain of the failure to collect as much as French and British public

opinion are still hoping to collect from her.

The Dawes plan is, as we have already pointed out, largely a political project. It was intended to bring about the evacuation of the Ruhr and to restore the possibility of economic activity in Germany, and then to find out how much Germany could pay. But in order to secure the consent of France to these measures of amelioration, their authors represented to France at least in public that she would profit substantially by giving Germany a chance to recover. The speculative value of the Dawes plan arises from the doubt about what French opinion will demand when it is undeceived. In their own eyes the French behaved most generously and self-sacrificingly when they promised to withdraw from the Ruhr and allowed Germany to reorganize her currency and finances. What will they propose to do if and when they discover that they have sacrificed in vain? Germany cannot both pay as France would like her to pay and yet recover.

Nobody knows what course France will ultimately adopt. She may when the show-down finally comes either accept the desirability of German recovery, provided she obtains every reasonable assurance from the whole of Europe of her own future security, or she may prevent the German nation from recovering unless it pays reparations to an amount and for a period which would postpone that recovery indefinitely. As yet she has not finally surrendered any of her original claims. She has, indeed, explicitly reserved and reasserted her alleged right to wage war on the German people if in French opinion they behave insubordinately and disloyally to the Treaties. Under pressure from her former Allies she has agreed to participate in the Dawes plan, but the underlying object of her participation is still undisclosed. Thus the meaning of the Dawes plan is ambiguous and its repercussion doubtful. It would be possible for France without violating the letter of the contract to bring about either the economic restoration of Germany or the gradual extinction of her economic vitality and political independence. The mixture of ambiguity in the plan and of doubt about the policy which France will finally adopt is the justification for calling the plan a huge speculation.

The significant question has never been, as the propagandists on both sides have insisted, whether the United States should or should not participate in European business and politics. American intervention in the War put an end to the kind of isolation which existed in 1914. The question which Americans must ask themselves is how far and under what conditions the coöperation should take place. During eighteen months towards the end of the War the United States was mixed up with Europe to the same extent and almost on the same terms as one of the large European powers. It could not last. This unlimited partnership took for granted a similarity of interest, experiences and out-

look between the peoples on both sides of the Atlantic which did not exist. After the Armistice the pendulum inevitably swung to the opposite extreme. Temporarily the United States withdrew altogether too much from participation in European official business. During the last few years there has been a gradual resumption of coöperation, but the purposes for which it has taken place are different from those which prevailed when the withdrawal took place in 1919. The American people are no longer asked to enter into a European security league on the same terms and with the same responsibilities as its European members. Security of frontiers guaranteed by federated military force is something which European nations may reasonably be asked to provide for themselves. Neither is the American government being asked to participate in a reparations agreement whose demands, as in the case of the financial clauses of the Versailles Treaty, are economically impossible and morally perfidious. What it was asked to do and is doing is to participate in an experimental attempt to force reparations from Germany along an economically possible route. The attempt brings with it many dangers and possible misunderstandings, but it is a task in which the American government can and ought to help, and in which by helping it is confirming no less than reversing its policy in 1919. It reënters Europe partly because Europe is less irreconcilable and it reënters subject to almost all of the earlier conditions and reservations.

Those English politicians and journalists who are pretending that the former policy is reversed and that the United States has resumed a partnership of unlimited liabilities with the Allies are as usual hampering the work of their friends in this country. They have aroused the alarmed pugnacity of the dogmatic isolationists with the result that the barren issue between isolation and coöperation will be argued again with all the old sound and fury, and they are passing off on other Englishmen their own fond expectations as definite and binding promises. Mr. Garvin, for instance, considers that in order to prevent France from reoccupying the Ruhr, after she once gets out, the American nation is bound to see the Dawes plan through no matter how far the enterprise involves it in European social and political entanglements. He should understand that the majority opinion in America does not recognize any such obligation. The American government will not participate indefinitely in an international receivership of Germany which necessarily undervalues the social welfare of the German people in order to prevent the French from resuming military operations against their neighbors. It will not contribute supplies and troops to carry on the inevitable civil and international war which the attempt to operate an indefinitely prolonged fiscal receivership of Germany will provoke. It will not, that is, become a responsible partner in a legal organization of Europe which would aim chiefly at perpetuating the

economic and political consequences of the military victory of the Allies. The amount and duration of the new participation will depend more upon the future behavior of the European nations and upon the necessary limitations of American interest in Europe than upon the reading of an ambiguous document or the present intentions of Messrs. Coolidge, Hughes and Churchill.

Dr. Meiklejohn Proposes

THE Liberal College began as an idea; it has now become a movement. Historically speaking neither the phrase, the idea, nor the movement is a novelty. The Liberal College antedates the university in American experience. Indeed, it has never been wholly supplanted by the university. Nevertheless that process of development which was inaugurated at Harvard by President Eliot, the university tradition, has certainly been the dominating force in American higher education during the last three decades. Its appearance coincided with the inevitable revision of the curriculum which the sciences compelled and with the westward surge of higher education which produced the great state universities. The admission of the sciences to the old classical curriculum was effected by the elective system, a system which lent itself to university building, to growth by accretion and multiplication, with unique facility. In the end even the tiniest seminary yearns for another laboratory and the title, University.

In this period of inevitable expansion the Liberal College has been not so much lost as forgotten. All prestige attaches to the university. The college has been simply an institution that failed to grow. The great schools have been the undergraduate departments (they are still called colleges out of deference to their antiquity) of the most imposing universities. But these establishments are not collegiate in spirit. They are pooled with professional and graduate departments; their faculties interlock with those of other divisions of the university; one great library serves a whole university; and one stadium. Through this process of merger and consolidation the sense of intellectual community has been lost. No two students in a body of five thousand, a very moderate university horde, share their intellectual or social experiences completely. The five instructors of any given youth have but a nodding acquaintance with one another. In short, the university represents mass production, and distribution upon the cafeteria plan. Small colleges have remained in plenty, but they have lost the sense of their importance. They have become dismal little places, some struggling in pathetic futility to grow new members upon a withered trunk, others slumbering peacefully as country clubs for the sons of old alumni or safe seminaries for the young of particular religious sects.

The Liberal College movement is a reaction against all this. Its program is simply the recovery of the college community and the basic principles of liberal education. In essence it is as obvious as a fundamental principle needs to be. Intellectual unity has been lost out of higher education. That disappeared with the disappearance of the classical curriculum which with all its deficiencies had this great virtue: it transmitted to its students the core of the culture of that day. Moreover, the compact community, which distinguished the old Harvard "College" and Yale "College" as well as Amherst College and Williams College and served in each of them to incubate the intellectual unity of the curriculum, has been lost in the madding crowd. This is the etiology of the disease. The prescription follows. An undergraduate college of liberal education needs simply to be physically small and intellectually compact. By the conditions of its life it must foster acquaintance, intimacy, cross fertilization by constant and general communication. By the form of its organization as a faculty and a curriculum it must produce the sense of a common background, common problems, a common undertaking. Reduced to lowest terms, the Liberal College is a small college with a single course of study.

Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn did not discover the mission of the Liberal College. The small college has never lacked for champions. Nevertheless, he has become the spokesman of the movement. From the time of his inaugural at Amherst College, in September, 1912, he has devoted himself wholly to the realization of the principles by which the college is defined. Since his resignation, in 1923, he has been leading and directing the public discussion of the idea of the Liberal College more actively than any of its other protagonists has ever done. Needless to say, he has made a great many followers and discovered a still larger number who have themselves been harboring very similar ideas less articulately. He feels, therefore, that the time has come to sound a general call to arms. In an article published in the January issue of the *Century Magazine* he definitely invites us to come forward and establish a new college in which the ideal of liberal education may be realized.

Upon the necessity of a new college Dr. Meiklejohn is quite convincing. There are, to be sure, many small and independent colleges now devoted to general, liberal education. But they are hampered by confusing traditions and muscle-binding habits. For one thing they are not so much unified as in-bred. Within their ivied walls bitter struggles are going on between those who would continue to focus collegiate education upon Greek after the tradition in which the colleges were founded, and those who would base it upon chemistry, and others who want economics to hold the centre of the stage. There are, moreover, confusions of departmental organization and dissipations resulting from the stratification of learning and teaching into subjects

and courses. The colleges which have preserved intact their traditions of size and homogeneity have at the same time suffered the heaviest casualties in the struggle to modernize their content. The universities have at least been thorough. Beginning in the elective system, they have chopped and cut until all trace of the old classical curriculum has been lost. But the colleges have taken over the cut-and-piece system of the universities without having exorcised the spirit of the old colleges. They are, accordingly, perfect vortices of confusion. The Liberal College of one's dream would seek its destiny unhampered by the vestiges either of its ancestors of the classic age or of its wicked uncles, the universities. Only in a new college could this condition be attained.

But for all the cogency of Dr. Meiklejohn's argument, a new college cannot be organized merely upon the abstract principle of unity. Unity, yes; but the unity of what? You cannot take the matter of the patchwork course of our existing colleges and just "unify" it. Unity is a state of being, not an external process. It must inhere in all the parts if it is to be present at all. Dr. Meiklejohn sees this very clearly, more clearly, perhaps, than any of his colleagues. Yet he finds it difficult to face the issue. In general terms one may say that the only unity anyone would want in an educational scheme is the unity that comes of self-understanding, of the understanding, that is to say, of our own civilization. Quite so. But our civilization is itself notoriously a disunified affair. No one has said so more frequently nor more convincingly in the last decade than Dr. Meiklejohn himself. The task of the scholar and therefore by clear implication the task of the faculty of the Liberal College is to penetrate to the binding principles of contemporary civilization, and to exhibit them to their generation. Until they have done so, until some one has done so, no one can say what should be the core of liberal education.

At just this point, however, Dr. Meiklejohn is too modest. We suspect him of viewing the world more steadily and more completely than most of his contemporaries. We should like to know what he sees. That, we think, should be the frankly announced basis of the college he is describing. But Dr. Meiklejohn draws back. First he proposes to prepare his students for their ultimate task by giving them a synoptic picture of two preceding civilizations. Let them spend an entire year mastering Greek life, and then another year with our own industrial revolution. After that, the deluge. Moreover, he says, a leader of scholars must not prejudice his followers. The world-view out of which the new curriculum is to emerge must be evolved not by an administrative head but by the men who are to teach and to carry on the studies and researches through which alone teaching is kept vital. These are both excellent ideas. But they avoid the issue. Each serves only to postpone decision and

commitment. After the Greek comes the unknown. Before a faculty can evolve a plan some one must evolve a faculty. And that postulates a plan. The essential leadership must come from the inspired leader.

Dr. Meiklejohn, what is your plan? Upon what assumptions do you propose to select your faculty of twenty-five? Which aspects of our life are the central ones, in your apprehension? We venture to ask these questions because you have invited them. You have indicated that you would like to receive such questions and to answer them in the spirit in which they are asked. Very well. May we offer the New Republic as a forum? Here are our questions. Others, we hope, will come from many of our readers. Let us hear your answer.

The Adolescence of Economics

THE public is often accused these days of being unconcerned with the conclusions of science, and of adopting unscientific policies. It does not do so, however, about automobiles, radio, battleships—the material achievements by which natural science has proved itself in practice. It does so partly, but by no means wholly, in medicine and public hygiene, which themselves are not so well founded in scientific method and are not so infallibly effective as physics and chemistry. Unconcern with scientific method appears chiefly in relation to the social sciences, which so far are barely scientific and largely ineffective. May not the trouble be at least partly with what is called science? Critics sometimes speak as if we were confronted by a tragic conflict between popular stupidity on the one hand and a completed scientific creed on the other. But a more basic conflict exists between the still puny equipment of the social scientists and the mass of material which they will have to conquer before their work can prove its validity to the people. There is danger in not recognizing this fact. Uncritical devotion to purely rational scientific conclusions, still incomplete in their relation to the multifarious phenomena of the universe and of human life in particular, might prove as harmful as a similar attitude towards any other unwarranted pretension to final truth.

A significant pronouncement on science recently delivered but as yet unnoticed outside the limited group before which it was read, will help to make this point clear. This was the Presidential Address of Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell to the American Economic Association on quantitative method in economics. Dr. Mitchell is as much concerned as anyone with the influence of science on the human community. But he is even more concerned that science shall have a salutary influence to exert. Instead of inquiring into the stupidity of the people, he has been inquiring into the possibilities of scientific method. And, like other intelligent econ-

omists, he is far from believing that his own science has yet laid secure enough foundations so that it can serve as a reliable guide to action in all matters of policy.

The economic doctrines which many take to be authoritative are derived from the qualitative analysis of the classical economists and their followers. These pioneers were led by circumstances to place their emphasis on deductive methods. They lacked broad accumulations of concrete data, and had not developed the statistical tools with which to interpret such accumulations. They took as the starting point of their reasoning a hypothetical individual, motivated in economic matters chiefly by impulses of pleasure and pain, of desires and preferences, or what-not. They derived from such assumptions—not grounded in reliable psychology—inferences as to how all individuals would act in situations which were also hypothecated, like perfectly free competition, uncontrolled forces of demand and supply, and the like. On such assumptions they based rational economic "laws." Although most of the classical economists admitted that these generalities were merely hypotheses which would hold true only under the conditions given, and would have to be modified to fit the actual situation, many of their popular interpreters speak as if "economic laws" were as nearly immutable in practice as those of physics and chemistry.

There is no necessary conflict, Dr. Mitchell points out, between qualitative and quantitative analysis, and there is no need of an exclusive choice between them. Just as quantitative data must be used to check up qualitative conclusions, so must qualitative method set problems for and interpret the results of quantitative study. This principle was recognized in economics fifteen years ago when Alfred Marshall stated that qualitative analysis had done its work, but must wait long for the accumulation of data which would render possible its verification. But Dr. Mitchell believes neither that qualitative analysis has been finished nor that the wait for quantitative results must be as long as Marshall feared. Both methods have a large part to play in the present and near future. And that part may be something quite different from what Marshall looked for.

Some contemporary economists, like Marshall, have expected statistical induction from aggregations of data to prove or disprove the classical laws deduced from hypothetical cases by qualitative methods. But when such a test is attempted, a curious result is often found. Statistical induction is seen to be irrelevant to the hypothesis. The "law" cannot be either proved or disproved by quantitative methods. Rather it has to be restated in a new form, which is better adapted to statistical experience. This new form ignores causes and results in the old sense, but instead expresses correlations between coexistent phenomena. We can, for instance, discover orderly relationships among

actual curves of supply, demand and price. But these relationships are not capable of being expressed in the old logical formulæ. It is improbable that we shall ever be able, by statistical economics, either to prove or to disprove any economic calculus based on the pleasure-pain or other motives assumed in classical economics. Quantitative analysis is likely, not to verify the old qualitative conclusions, but to lay them aside and to lead to a new point of view and a new system of qualitative interpretation.

The revolution brought about by statistical reasoning has already been noted in the natural sciences. There many authorities have long recognized that what they are dealing with is not a system of absolute laws in the Newtonian sense—that is, laws of cause and effect inherent in the universe which of their own right, as it were, govern the actions of things in specific cases. Induction from phenomena presents instead an array of average results describing the usual behavior of a very large number of very small units. Such mass behavior, when statistically stated, often approximates closely to laws deduced by qualitative analysis, but never quite coincides with it, because variation among the individual units may always be expected. In economics the difference between laws of the old qualitative analysis and statistical laws is sure to be far more marked. This arises from several causes—there are many fewer units altogether in economic averages than in chemical or physical, there are more differences among the individuals, and, most important of all, there is no assurance that the individual unit postulated by the qualitative economic analyst is really much like the actual mass of individuals, since his psychological makeup was assumed, not based on scientific investigation.

If we were to revise classical economics from the bottom up, we should have to wait until the psychologists had established the precise nature of man and could provide us with a reliable system of "instincts," "motives" and the like. But that would be a long wait indeed. As Dr. Mitchell points out, the subject matter of all the social sciences is more and more coming to be, not such abstract universals, but actual human behavior under varied circumstances. Each is studying the same thing—behavior—in its own field. Each is learning to say, "given such conditions, man tends to act in such a way. The margin of error in this conclusion is so and so." From this point of view phenomena like prices, wages, profits and so on are simply one array of measurements of the results of human behavior—the array which comes into play in man's economic relationships. The social sciences are being drawn together by the statistical method into a common way of attack on their problems, and so will not in the future be carried on in separate compartments, where they are unable to help one another.

The upshot of all this is likely to make economics so realistic in its treatment of actual phenomena as

to be more practically useful. The old economic "laws" are so universal that even if we were sure they were true we could not often apply them correctly to a concrete situation. Statistical correlations, however, do have practical applications. This is already apparent in the use of statistics for the purposes of business men, but there is no reason why the method should not be as valuable to other classes or to the general public interest. One reason why this is so is that it draws attention to the two phases of economic activity which Veblen delights to place in opposition to each other under the heads of "business" and "industry." We have statistics of pecuniary phenomena like prices and profits on the one hand, and we have statistics of physical production and employment on the other. When dealing with such data the economist can no longer pass in his discussion from one category to the other without knowing what he is doing and noting the distinction between them. He will be more ready to see wherein the two really are at cross purposes, and to recommend action in that regard. One cannot study records of performance—and statistics are such records—without becoming interested in results. And one cannot be interested in results without coming to see that they can be influenced and without trying to learn how to influence them. This leads to study of the factors which influence results. It leads to more inquiry into economic institutions. It leads to experiment. Experiments can, in a very real sense, be carried on in the realm of economics, with new methods and new institutions.

We trust that this brief comment has done no substantial injustice to Dr. Mitchell's scholarly and illuminating address, the original of which may in due time be consulted by those who are interested. When scientists are talking in this way, it becomes evident that the world suffers no great deprivation in failing to accept as final truth or as a guide to policy the adolescent conclusions of social science. Economics may during the next century become valuable enough in action so that it will take its place in popular esteem beside the more mature but more primitive natural sciences.

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The College of Money-Changing

I. *Is Commerce Education?*

THE college of commerce and finance is an educational fact and a psychological phenomenon. Something like sixty thousand college men and women are now enrolled in the courses of the business departments. That is the fact. Most of these are getting a business training by scamping their college education. The enterprise of liberal education is suffering accordingly, and all educators know it. Hence the psychological phenomenon. Commerce is rampant, but its coat of arms is marked with the bar sinister. It leads the van, but there is a loud murmuring in the ranks. Visit any great university and ask your old friend, the professor of literature, genial interpreter of Elizabethan drama, to show you about the place. He will take you through a laboratory or two, point out the "original" buildings, now resigned to the tender mercies of the freshmen, indicate the inevitable expansion block with its combination of bank, hotel lobby and lecture hall, lead you quizzically past the screaming architectural modesties of fraternity row to the stadium, coming to a final halt in an "ice cream joint" where the genus co-ed Americana may be observed in the rows of stalls that flank the bars of these hostelries. This is college life, not very intense, perhaps, but wholesome and familiar. But you will have noticed that one element remains unassimilated, a huge, new granite building, the most conspicuous item of the central exhibit. It has not been mentioned. With some misgiving you decide to risk a question.

"Am I expected not to notice yon granite pile?" you inquire, trying to mask your diffidence with professorial humor. "Apparently one doesn't!"

"Well," your Vergil will reply, "I thought you'd know what this is. It's our new excuse for being."

"You mean—?"

"Commerce."

This is the phenomenon.

Not every university, of course, boasts a temple to commerce, with unilateral light, elevators, telephones in every room and a pair of pillars at the entrance to symbolize architecture. But this is universally the road to growth. For every university that boasts a commerce building there are two that give degrees in commerce; for every university that grants business degrees there are a dozen that offer courses which may be counted toward the usual degrees. By grace of the credit system our colleges all up and down the land are now compounding with Greek and literature, mathematics and biology new credits, uncouth to academic ears, in accounting and salesmanship, railroad administration and labor from the standpoint of the business manager.

The movement is general, too general to be regarded any longer as an accidental or passing phase of educational development. It has passed the experimental stage. And as usual, Harvard leads the way. The determination of the Board of Governors of Harvard University to erect a group of buildings on the stadium side of the Charles (O divine conjunction!) sufficient for all the needs of the Graduate School of Business Administration may be taken to signalize the admission of commerce to full and unqualified academic standing. To be sure, many schools have not fallen into line, possibly more, numerically, than those which have taken commerce in. But they will not check the rising tide. Most of them are small and conservative seminaries in which no very active growth is going on in any direction. Some of them still lack courses in pedagogy! It is too early to gauge the permanence of the school of commerce by counting buildings.

As a matter of fact, the commercial tradition is little more than a decade old. The Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania, the inevitable reservation, was founded in 1881. But only recently has it dominated the university. The graduate school at Harvard was opened to students in the autumn of 1908. The Tuck School (Dartmouth) was established in 1900. But these dates do not bound the more intense activities of recent years. Dean Gray, of the Tuck School, has divided the history of the movement into three periods. Before 1900 the idea was germinating. That is to say, it had occurred only to Joseph Wharton, and Amos Tuck. During the ensuing decade a number of collegiate schools of business were conceived, though none of them manifested any very lusty growth. The next decade was one of unprecedented development, broken by the War. "The progress in those ten years was substantial; but," says Dean Gray, "I think the most striking growth in the whole history of business education has been since 1920, or perhaps 1919. The return of our young men from the War was accompanied by a tremendous growth in the enrollment of business schools, which was almost universal and which has not yet shown appreciable signs of lessening."

The War, of course, is incidental. Whatever the circumstances that have affected any given generation of students, the germination and fruition of the college of business is the result of cosmic weather, not of any accidental dislocation of enrollment. The men who manage the schools are perfectly conscious of their destiny. They should be. The logic of the school of business is a logic not of education but of

business, and it is perceptible to students of business whatever their educational equipment. Their announcements tell the story. "With the growth in size of business units, business has become more complex in the last fifty years in the same way that warfare has become more complex," says the catalogue of the Harvard Graduate School. The ingenuousness of this pronouncement is, perhaps, uniquely illuminating. But the basic idea is a commonplace of the commercial educators. Another catalogue reads much the same. "Modern business is marked by such intricacy of organization and complexity of operation that those who are dependent upon experience alone for their business training find it increasingly difficult to visualize an organization as a whole, or analyze its functions and relations." Ergo the academic school of business. Heretofore business education has been a matter of apprenticeship. But the developments of recent years, developments in business, not in education, have raised its denomination to a higher figure. The training school for business executives is the inevitable result.

This logic is quite irresistible. A Yale or a Princeton may hold out against it, not seeing the necessity, as Harvard has heretofore not seen the necessity for a school of agriculture on the banks of the urban Charles. But there will be a clamor among their alumni. There is a clamor for agriculture in Cambridge at this moment. Furthermore, the challenge, "Why not?" will be a difficult one to answer. After all, this is the way law came within the hallowed gates, and medicine, and most obviously pedagogy. None of the special schools was formed in answer to the intellectual needs of the colleges themselves. On the contrary, each constituted an acknowledgment of the just claims of a profession to academic hospitality. When problems require to be studied it is the business of universities to study them. If one university proudly withholds its hands from the dirty business, others will none the less plunge in. They must.

But the inevitability of change is seldom much comfort to those who view it with alarm, and this is certainly the state of mind of nine-tenths of the academic population. From their point of view, indeed, the situation is undoubtedly alarming. Perhaps the five million dollars of the George F. Baker Foundation, through which the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration will gain a local habitation and a name, would not have been contributed to any other end. Mr. Baker himself has said that they would not. No academic department, therefore, need feel cheated. But the portent is ominous. A shift in the centre of gravity of a university, still more of higher education generally, will sooner or later affect every department of learning however remote from commerce and finance. Donors, trustees, alumni and finally the students can, in the course of time, waft the venerable but now supererogatory professors

gently out of existence. The drift of enrollment at Harvard, for example, from the initial fifty-three to six hundred registered in the school of business a year ago, the horrid spectacle of Pennsylvania where the Wharton School numbers 2,505 to the 1,016 of the College of Arts and Sciences, not to mention the 1,931 of the evening school of accounts and finance, is more than the cloistered scholar can contemplate with equanimity. Clearly the educational authorities have gone awhoring after strange gods.

The real enormity of the situation, however, is not the magnitude but the character of the diversion. What Mr. John Jay Chapman has called it in public nearly all its critics have corroborated in private, to wit, a compromise with Mammon. The language of the professor of humanities as he contemplates the commerce curriculum is as lurid as a life of scholarship permits. His dismay is natural. Business is the subject of universal disapprobation among humanists. Whatsoever things are mean, whatsoever things are low, whatsoever things are incontinently selfish and piratical, for all those things business and the trading classes have stood in the European imagination since the Middle Ages. Humanism, culture, gets its definition by contrast with commerce and industry. Whatever the necessities of the business community, so this argument would run, there can be no compromise between trade and the life of the spirit. The two are incompatible. The period of education which youth is allowed for the cultivation of its mind cannot be shared with apprenticeship for trade because the two cannot be mixed.

The insertion of business courses in the curriculum not only lends countenance to this contradiction, it incorporates it in the faculty. Not only does the institution as a whole bend the knee to Mammon; he has his personal representatives upon its staff, his professors of financial manipulation, instructors in labor management, and assistant professors of tax-dodging. Under the auspices of the School of Mammonry the foremost buccaners of the period pass in solemn procession through the academic groves bearing the palms of special lecturers. By special invitation the more intricate problems of commercial chicanery are submitted to the staff of the university department to be solved with the eager assistance of the squads of novices. All this in the name of "extension service," "coöperation with related industries," and—crowning insolence of humanitarian cant—the "Bureau of Business Research."

In the present situation, the actual status of commercial education at this moment, there is much to justify this lurid picture. For the time being the administrators and faculties of the colleges of business do certainly talk as though they conceived themselves to represent business pure and unredeemed. And while maintaining this pose they seem inclined to stand as much in the way of normal

education as possible. If the first were true and the second permanent the bell which rings for the commercial classes to assemble would undoubtedly toll the knell of parting day for the humanities. The first, primary, and quintessential condition of liberal education is the freedom of the mind, and as we surely do not need to be told at this late date the one important obstacle to the realization of that condition is business. Not, of course, the peremptory demands of endowing financiers, but the imponderable, seeping influence of an established order upon which every teacher and every student depends for all the goods of life. It is difficult enough, in all honesty, for the most resolute scholar to free his mind of the prejudices which alone will gain him instant acceptance as a regular fellow in the world of hearty and substantial citizens. If he is to conceive himself as a resident in that world, and not merely a private citizen but a staff officer of business, the task is simply impossible. And if, to state the issue at its sharpest, important sections of the academic faculty are to adopt this conception of themselves, then education, understanding, and civilization must be very much the loser. When all the instruction in economics is confided to the school of commerce, as is the case, for example, at the University of Minnesota, or when the school of commerce is able somehow to dominate the whole group of social science departments, as was true a short time ago at the University of Chicago, the resultant situation is as unfortunate for liberal education as could easily be imagined.

But there are many indications that such situations are a transition phase and not the mature condition of the college of business administration. That conditions such as these should persist for long is incredible except to minds disposed to consider Mammon the omnipotent though baleful deity of modern civilization. Even so, the advantage of the business school itself is probably best served by independence of the academic curriculum. Assume the worst of commerce, of its interest in the universities, and of the disposition of universities to bend the knee: Still it is highly probable that the graduate school is more serviceable than a pied collegiate course, half business, half humanities. If business is all powerful and can have its way, the way it will take is a business school analogous to the school of law or of medicine. It will exact seven or eight years of university study of which the first four will be the liberal college course, somewhat concentrated upon preparatory subjects.

This is precisely what is happening. The normal course for a business school to run is something like this: first, scattering courses in business; next, a business degree and a "paper" school; then a separate establishment and recognition as a college empowered to grant the master's degree in business; and finally the concentration of the work of the business college upon its graduate work and its progressive self-elimination from the undergraduate

curriculum. So far as one can see this is its actual history. By the terms of its foundation the Wharton School has had a more or less separate existence from the beginning—on paper. In fact it appears to have been little more than a group of courses given on the Wharton endowment. Only in 1912 did the school assume a distinct place of its own in the university economy under the rule of a separate dean, and even then, and now, the non-commercial work of the undergraduates is merged with that of the university at large. At Harvard the strong tradition for making all professional work available only to graduates served to define the school of business as a graduate foundation from the start. A graduate degree was invented to suit the occasion. The school conferred the degree of Master of Business Administration; its students did no other work than that of the commerce faculty. This system has been maintained intact and is now reinforced by the five million dollars of the Baker gift. It will be as separate from the rest of the university as the medical school. More so: contrary to medical precedent, the business school advises intended students against pre-business majoring. Let them get an education first and present themselves when ready for purely professional training. These counsels seem to be prevailing very generally. An imposing list of universities, including the Wharton School, now give advanced degrees, Master of Business Administration or Master of Science in Commerce, for graduate study. The standard of work which their courses accomplish will almost certainly oblige the schools of all first class universities to concentrate upon graduate study and research.

That concentration will save liberal education, though not without risk and fairly heavy casualties. Wherever a college of business is in process of organization and promotion, confusion of counsels is certain and a temporary eclipse of liberal thinking and study almost inevitable. This is the nature of the case. But the disease is probably self-limiting. The college of business administration must raise itself to the position of a separate school of graduate study in order to do its own work with self-respect. The same thing has happened to medicine, to law, and only recently to education, each of which was at one time an educational nuisance only less noisome than commerce. This also seems to be the nature of the case.

It may turn out further that the prophets of Mammon are not so intimate with their deity as they themselves suppose. They have protested mightily that business is their god and their profession. The former seems probable and the latter utterly fantastic. Yet the facts show that they are creating a profession. They may also show that the professors of business are not so sulphurous as they appear. After all, they are only professors! But that is an aspect of the case which requires careful examination.

C. E. AYRES.

The Unmaking of Yugoslavia

IN the early part of the summer of 1924 a number of European journals smartly ran to earth a complete communist plan for the conquering of the Balkans for Marx. Having no mind for strategy the details of that plan have escaped me. But as a student of economics I remember that I noted with interest how the Big Press had apparently taken to coöperative "scooping," for the story of the impending communist rising appeared in much the same words in all the capitals of Europe.

The other thing I remember is that little more was heard of the affair as soon as the Anglo-Russian negotiations were concluded. Afterwards the Geneva Protocol, the English elections, the German elections and other such less distracting topics occupied the western European press. In the Balkans the peasants threshed their wheat, stacked their corn and then quietly fell to making ready for the long winter rest. And the Revolution—had the danger passed? Or was it merely delayed?

That, apparently, is what one should fear, for lately, just before I left London and in the four weeks I have spent here, messages from various European capitals warn us again the Communists are planning a wholesale rising in southeastern Europe. The news is repeated as it was told last June. Now as then, the discovery seems to be due to the joint enterprise of a number of papers. And, curious to note, just as the summer scare coincided with the critical phase in the Anglo-Russian negotiations, so its winter revival begins as Herriot prepares to discuss a settlement with the Soviets.

But as the danger is said to be near let us leave the quaking editors and look at things on the spot. Is there a danger of revolution in southeastern Europe? And if there is have Moscow and Communism any share in it? Last year I travelled to and fro in southeastern Europe from early spring till autumn; first on a political trip which took me through all the capitals and chancellories of that region, and then on a scientific inquiry of my own during which I wandered leisurely from village to village, almost exclusively in the company of peasants. During these travels Sofia was the only place where I heard people say that there was a communist danger in the country. For the rest, even cabinet ministers passed on to the next item with a smile whenever the topic was mentioned. I saw no signs that the communist creed interested the townfolk, let alone the villagers of that region. There is no reason to suppose that it has become more popular since.

Yet in one country at any rate, in Yugoslavia, things are apparently coming to a head. Recently the papers brought the news that the Croat leader, Stephen Radich, and a considerable number of his followers have been arrested, on a charge of collusion with the Soviets against the existing Yugoslav

state. Radich is worshipped by his followers; and the fact that he and his fellow workers have been imprisoned just in the midst of a bitter campaign for the elections which are to take place early in February will not make his suppression more acceptable to the Croatian people. Serious trouble therefore is quite on the cards in Yugoslavia. As the real issues, as I see them, are almost identical in all the countries of southeastern Europe, we shall also get an answer to the general question as to why that region is so restless, while trying to disentangle the reasons which threaten the civil peace of Yugoslavia.

From the very first the Croats grouped in the Croatian Peasant party were somewhat dissatisfied with the arrangement which set up the unitary Yugoslav state. Up to a point, that may have been a mere continuation of the outlook to which they had become accustomed while fighting for autonomy in the Austro-Hungarian empire; but the leaders at any rate saw in autonomy more than a barrier against centralist abuse. Autonomy was for them a circumstance without which they could not hope to work out the ideas contained in their program. That program is twenty years old and has in essentials changed not at all, being upheld with remarkable determination, even through the many years when the party was insignificant and its leaders practically excommunicated by the Catholic hierarchy.

What its framers aspired to was to maintain and develop their land as a peasant country and not to imitate, as was the drift all around them, the industrial development of the West with its appalling wake of social problems. Two political conditions were considered indispensable for such a development: republicanism, for without it the popular will could not be completely unshackled; and pacifism, without which the nation could not hope to keep on a path of quiet, non-competitive economic and social progress of its own. For the old supporters of the ideals of the Peasant party those conditions obviously were as necessary in Yugoslavia as they had been in Austria Hungary. Comparatively, however, they were but a small group. But the aftermath of the War brought them tremendous additional support. The returning soldiers became the most fervent adherents of the pacifist creed; republicanism was enthusiastically propagated by the many Croat immigrants, of whom every village has one or more, who returned home after the War full of the wonders which they had experienced in the great American republic; while the advantages of autonomy were demonstrated even to those who had been indifferent to it before by the village-pump centralism in which the old Serbian politicians were immersed, and by the inability of the old and now supreme Serbian administration to cope with the problems of a country three times larger than before and of

a population not only increased in the same degree, but also very diversified in character and upbringing.

The net result of that evolution of opinion has been to give the Croatian Peasant party such a hold on Croatia as no other party probably has on its country anywhere else in the world. I have no space here to give detailed figures but the total effect of the 1923 elections was to give the Croatian peasants seventy seats, the only larger party being the radical party of Pachich, with 107 seats. Incidentally it must be said that these figures are not a true measurement of the respective voting strengths. For although a new census of the population had been taken in 1921 the government of Pachich carried through the elections on the basis of the census of 1910; with the result that whereas the Croats got a seat for every 6,600 votes, the radicals' seats cost 4,944 votes each. That means that if the Croat average had been applied to the radicals, Pachich would have had only eighty-two followers in Parliament. Hence in 1923, in an election which was fought on different issues, the Republicans came back seventy strong. The number of deputies pledged to federalism was even greater than this. They included the Slovenes, the Mussulman Serbs from Bosnia, etc., with a total of 114 in a Chamber of 312 all told.

How is it that a federalism which could muster such forces was yet unable to make any impression whatever on legislation and administration? Pachich was known to be intractable. But if he could afford to budge not one inch from his position it was because the Croats deliberately kept away from the Parliament at Belgrade. They protested that the new Constitution which Pachich had forced through Parliament mutilated the spirit if not the letter of the famous Pact of Corfu, wherein leaders of the various branches of the southern Slavs (the Bulgars excepted) had laid the constitutional basis of the future state; and they argued that a statesman who had been capable of such comprehensive intolerance could not be expected to deal fairly with their detailed needs and grievances. Whether wise or not, these absentionist tactics stultified the whole political situation. For as long as the two chief protagonists sulkily remained seated on two opposite fences there was no chance for anyone to attempt to mediate; nor was there, as long as that artificial situation lasted, any possibility of gauging reliably what degree of sincerity and justice was contained in the two extreme policies which were holding the field.

We should therefore gain little enlightenment by delving into the incidents of that confused period. Mutual accusations are often as plausible one as the other, while taken together they remain bewilderingly barren as a guide to truth. Hence the real issue in Yugoslav policies only began to emerge last spring, when M. Radich, largely on the advice of English friends, reversed his attitude and decided to allow his followers to take their seats in Parlia-

ment. From that moment events have moved swiftly and have thoroughly cleared up the fog; so that by describing them briefly we shall be brought right up to the core of the present struggle. Indeed I will deliberately keep to a dry chronological summary, so as to let the picture emerge in all its glaring nakedness.

Early last spring the various Opposition parties realized that only common action could rid them of the octogenarian tyrant. They formed a bloc and the Croat deputies came to Belgrade to support it. Though by far the largest group Opposition, they, like the others, acknowledged the respected chief of the Serbian Democrats, M. Davidovich, as leader of the bloc. Serbians who were far from liking their claims nevertheless welcomed with emotion the arrival of the Croats. They rightly felt that the first and the most difficult step had been made towards the cementing of the State. Quite different was the response of M. Pachich, and also, unfortunately, of that higher factor whose function is to ensure the stability of the country's politics.

M. Pachich began in characteristic fashion. In Yugoslavia the mandates of deputies have to be confirmed by a Parliamentary Committee; usually that is a mere formality, but in the case of the Croatian deputies that was delayed for several weeks. Thus the propitious atmosphere of the first coming together was promptly soured. But at long last the mandates had to be confirmed. Everyone was tensely waiting for what seemed the inevitable dénouement. One morning in May, as soon as the sitting opened, the President of the Skupchina announced that the Croatian mandates had been found in order. Instantly M. Pachich was on his feet, and read a royal decree adjourning Parliament till October 20, the longest term allowed by the Constitution. The parliamentary majority was thus cheated out of a chance of expressing its will. And what a slap for the Croats, who had come to make peace!

But the Opposition refused to give in. It pressed for a special session of Parliament. Sentiment, even among many Radicals, was strong against the ways of M. Pachich. At the end of July the latter at last stepped aside and the King charged M. Davidovich to form a government whose main task was to reconcile the Serbs with the Croats and the Slovenes. A short, special session of Parliament voted confidence in the new government. Peace was blossoming fast. So much so that after a while the Croats could be induced to accept a share of executive responsibility by filling four seats in the Cabinet. Were good will and common sense triumphant, after all? So it seemed, for the federalists had agreed to work a centralized State and the republicans to join the King's government. They made it quite clear that they by no means renounced their ideals. But, having throughout kept faithfully to constitutional methods, they were willing enough to help in transforming what might have become a national conflict into a parliamentary issue. It was at this most

auspicious moment in the history of the young State that the King took a step which sounds almost incredible in post-Tsarist Europe. About the middle of October, a few days before Parliament was due to meet, he summarily dismissed M. Davidovich from office. After a little manœuvring for the benefit of the gallery, M. Pachich was called back to power and allowed to dissolve Parliament. New elections were put off till the beginning of February.

And here we are, on the eve of these fateful elections. Violence is already raising its hydra-head in Jugoslavia. Is anything else to be expected? M. Pachich has obviously staked all on this last card. He has no ghost of a chance of winning unless he uses desperate methods. He is not the man to shrink from them. As early as last May, when his political fate was in the balance, he told a meeting of his supporters at Bijelina that blood had made and blood if need be shall keep "this and such a State." If worse things have not happened hitherto this is due primarily to the good sense and great authority of M. Radich. After the dismissal of M. Davidovich the Croats, I daresay, were ready for anything. But what advice did their fleeing leader give them? In a manifesto reproduced in a Bulgarian paper he urged them to prepare energetically for the elections; if their organization was outlawed, as the government threatened, they were to vote for M. Davidovich—a Serb who is neither a federalist nor a republican; and if even that were made impossible by violence they were simply to cancel their ballot-papers by writing on them: "For the federal Peasant Republic." And yet it is M. Radich who is called a Bolshevik by M. Pachich!

The "Bolshevik" pretext will not do. M. Radich, while in exile, paid a visit to Moscow, but at home he was allied to M. Davidovich, whose respectability no one could suspect; with Dr. Spaho, who has charge of the Sarajevo Chamber of Commerce; and with the Slovene leader, Dr. Korosec, who holds high office in the Catholic hierarchy. Nor could the Croats and the other federalists be fairly charged any longer with being bent upon upsetting the State. Last year they gave solid proof to the contrary. It was of no avail, because the King declared war not only upon the alleged disruptive federalists, but also upon those Serbs who were successfully stemming that disruption. Like M. Pachich, he did not mind the price which he paid for keeping "this and such a State."

The price he so lightheartedly paid was a reactionary revolution; he rode rough-shod over the Constitution and trampled the very principles of popular government under foot. In doing that he at any rate revealed what is the real issue in the present struggle. It is not a struggle between supposed "Bolshevists" and "Capitalists"—they are working together. Nor is it a struggle between the Serbian people and the federalists—they were coming to terms. It is a struggle on the one hand between the old conception and forces of semi-auto-

cratic rule which have prevailed in the Balkans and on the other hand the new popular forces which are clamoring throughout southeastern Europe for true parliamentary government.*

In this there can be no compromise; the issue must be fought out to the bitter end. By delaying the inevitable and by complicating the issue falsely, the old politicians are only increasing the strain on the as yet unsolidified structure of the State. Times are critical for Jugoslavia. Once started where will violence stop? The partisan intervention of the King has already caused republicanism to spread. Hitherto the Croat Peasant party alone was avowedly republican. Last November the "Croat Union," an essentially middle-class party in which intellectuals abound, also adopted the republican faith. How significant to find among the signatories of that decision Dr. Ante Trumpich, one of the framers of the Pact of Corfu! Thus after six years of misrule the symbolic bond of Jugoslav union is visibly snapping. What next? How will the elections be carried through? Will the Serbs allow M. Pachich fatally to poison the bonds of sentiment, still so strong, and to make Belgrade a name abhorred by the other southern Slavs?

D. MITRANY.

This Crowded Life

How sordid is this crowded life, its spite
And envy, the unkindness brought to light!
It makes me think of those great modest hearts
That spend their quiet lives in lonely parts,
In deserts, hills or woods; and pass away
Judged by a few, or none, from day to day.
And O that I were free enough to dwell
In their great spaces for a while; until
The dream-like life of such a solitude
Has forced my tongue to cry "Hallo!" aloud—
To make an echo from the silence give
My voice back with the knowledge that I live.

W. H. DAVIES.

* Foreign opinion will not be able to help if it is misled by comments of the unfortunate kind published in the December issue of Foreign Affairs. The writer of an article on The New Balkans distorts the earnest character of the Croat movement by repeating the propagandist libel that Radich gained support by promising "a peasant republic free from taxes and military service." Has the writer any proof for his assertion? I should be glad to see it. I have come across nothing of the kind in the printed programs of the party, nor have I met a single Croatian peasant who nursed such an illusion. On the other hand, though he claims to have been there last autumn, the writer of that article has utterly failed to grasp what is at stake in Jugoslavia. That does not surprise me, seeing that he seriously misrepresents the crucial fact in the whole affair. He volunteers the amazing statement that "Radich thereupon withdrew his support from the government (of M. Davidovich) and the Cabinet fell on October 15"; that is, that the fall of the Coalition was due to nothing else than disagreement among its members. This although M. Davidovich boldly stated in his short published letter to the King that "As your Majesty has expressed to me that it is necessary for me to resign . . ."; and although all the leaders of the Opposition at once published a joint manifesto bitterly protesting against the reactionary act of the King. If he was there, the writer of the article must have seen these statements, and if he has seen them, how could he write as he did?

Dr. Manning's Pious Anachronism

FOR thirty-odd years the Episcopal cathedral of St. John the Divine, in various stages of incompleteness, has adorned a corner of Morningside Heights in the city of New York. In the past decade work has been virtually at a standstill and the cathedral has remained with its hinder parts completed, the crossing enclosed by curtain walls of yellow plaster and roofed with a tar-paper dome, and the rest of the structure still in the blueprint stage. Now Bishop Manning, being well established in his see, has undertaken a campaign to finish the work at the cost of some fifteen million dollars, and instead of trusting to the Christian stewardship of the faithful he is going out after Jews and Catholics and Baptists, Parthians and Medes and Elamites. He is trying, and it seems successfully, to make the building of the cathedral a sort of community crusade in which all New York will participate.

This, of course, is quite in the tradition of the great age of cathedral building. In the twelfth century the whole community collaborated in building the cathedral and mortgaged its material future in order to lay up treasure in heaven. And if the twelfth century, sunk in mediæval darkness, knew not the teams and captains and pep luncheons and the rest of the paraphernalia of the modern "drive," there is no reason to doubt that it often stimulated piety with coercion as was done in Liberty Loan campaigns. Dr. Manning persuades his contributors instead of compelling them; but in all other respects he is making the cathedral drive a community crusade and wins the applause of all right-thinking men thereby.

In this applause I join not only in my general character of right-thinking man but in the somewhat narrower category of resident of Morningside Drive, a street whose skyline will be measurably improved by the completion of the cathedral. And yet I wonder. For this is a Gothic cathedral, also in the best twelfth-century manner. Now the twelfth-century community spent all its substance in the building of a Gothic cathedral because a Gothic cathedral expressed the highest aspirations of the whole community. There was little indifference and no dissent. A Gothic cathedral, to the people who first built Gothic cathedrals, meant precisely what the Parthenon meant to the Athenians, or the football stadium to the alumni and students of a modern university.

Obviously no religious edifice can mean that to contemporary New York, whose Christian population is split into countless divisions while a third of the whole population is not even nominally Christian at all. This great community movement, therefore, if it is not merely a response to organized nagging such as characterizes so many drives for

worthy purposes, must logically be inspired by one of two motives: (a) a desire to embellish local architecture with an historically accurate specimen of a spiritually defunct type, which hardly seems a sufficient cause for the observed effect; or (b) a conviction that this cathedral may somehow express some common sentiment or aspiration of the city, apart from or above its nominal religious divisions.

If the latter is the case (as it presumably is) then we are building the wrong kind of cathedral. To build a Gothic cathedral in the twentieth century is to confess frankly that the Church has had nothing new to say in the past seven hundred years. Gothic architecture was not an accident; it assumed its forms because those forms meant something to the people of the time. To most of us they mean nothing at all except illustrations of cultural history.

If New York must borrow its architectural forms from the past, the twelfth century is certainly not the mine from which to dig them. The genius of New York is Roman in so far as it resembles that of any period of antiquity and our imitative architecture is most successful when it imitates Rome, as in the Columbia library or the Pennsylvania station. But fortunately we have passed beyond that. And if the architect is a creative artist, not merely a virtuoso who plays other men's compositions over and over, he will create buildings that mean something to the people of his own time. Our architects are doing that, in every field except ecclesiastical building.

The bare styleless ugliness of the house of worship used by the typical Catholic city parish or the typical Protestant country church means more than the correct historic background provided for St. Thomas's or St. Bartholomew's or similar wealthy urban congregations. It means at least that the people who built it wanted to go to church so badly that they put up whatever building they could afford at the moment rather than do without a house of worship altogether. But these churches, or most of them, were built a good many years ago. When a congregation of whatever sect becomes prosperous, able to command the highest talent and to express its inner aspirations in the outward form of its spiritual home, it seems (with some few exceptions) to have nothing to express. I do not know whether this is the fault of the Church or of ecclesiastical architects; I do not say that this typical development of the Church Visible is an apologue of the history of the Church Spiritual. But if I were a bishop the phenomenon would worry me a little.

I am not a bishop and hence unable to think episcopally, but I should have more confidence in the spiritual significance of the cathedral of St. John the Divine if it resembled the Shelton Hotel or the Fisk building rather than the twelfth-century churches

of the Ile-de-France. It would not, of course, resemble the Shelton Hotel or the Fisk building too closely, for they were not designed for sacred purposes. But they were designed for purposes, like the cathedrals of the twelfth century, and like them they took the form most appropriate to purposes which meant something to their age. Has our age no sacred purposes? If so, it hardly becomes the Church to proclaim that fact from a hilltop.

Gothic, it may be, symbolizes aspiration better than any other architectural style. Mr. Cass Gilbert infused some elements of Gothic into the design of a building which he or its owner called the Cathedral of Commerce. There are certainly people who make a religion of business, in the higher as well as the lower sense, and any number of poorly paid underlings can testify that a glimpse of the Woolworth Tower above the steam-plumed ramparts of lower Manhattan has often sent them into the office with somewhat more heart for the day's work. But is contemporary Christianity Gothic? Perhaps; but the Church might properly be asked to be more explicit on this uncertain point.

Whether the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were the Great Age of the Church is a matter of opinion, or rather of temperamental bias. To some minds the primitive apostolic period may seem greater, but it offers no model to the Church of our age, architecturally or spiritually. A good deal of Christianity of the primitive type is practiced in New York, but mainly by Jews; to some extent, even, by atheists and irreligious libertines. Primitive Christianity was the religion of a people set off from the world; it survived persecution but it couldn't stand prosperity. It got what it wanted, whereupon it ceased to be, if not Christianity, at any rate primitive Christianity. What contemporary America needs from the Church is a formula for surviving prosperity.

Can the twelfth century give us that? Is the twentieth-century Church frankly the twelfth-century Church, with the same ideals, to be expressed by the same formula of arch and spire? The twelfth century did not get what it wanted, perhaps because it wanted too much. It made a gallant gesture, and it is highly important to know whether the Church considers that gesture final. The Roman Catholic Church has said that it does. The Catholic-Protestant Episcopal Church affirms that judgment every time it builds a Gothic cathedral.

But New York, as I have observed, is spiritually more remote from the Gothic period than from any other age of human development. No symptoms of twelfth-century unanimity can be perceived in our society, by the unconsecrated eye. Hence one begins to wonder what a Gothic cathedral can mean to the thousands of people outside the fold who will help pay for it. I am aware that it is hoped that the cathedral of St. John the Divine, like that other Gothic church on a hill which is being built outside of Washington, may serve as a sort of religious fill-

ing station for the entire community. Certainly if any single denomination can do that it is the one which manages to get over the great historic division of Christianity by being both Catholic and Protestant at the same time. Unfortunately most Christians, in New York and elsewhere, belong to denominations which take Catholicism or Protestantism more exclusively, if not more seriously.

There remain great numbers of persons who are not at present interested in Catholicism or Protestantism, or in organized religion of any kind. As a fisher of men and shepherd of souls it is Bishop Manning's business to reach out for them. More power to him, provided he tells them exactly what he has to offer; provided he makes it clear, as it is not clear at present, whether he believes in the twelfth-century Christianity which is expressed by his cathedral. If this building is to serve a general need it must express something which the people of this age generally feel; and unless we have the twelfth-century habit of mind, as few of us have, twelfth-century architecture has no more relevance to our needs than twelfth-century plumbing.

Possibly the Church does not mean to turn us back to the twelfth century. Dr. Manning is a Fundamentalist, but he has shown no sign of sharing the sentimental fervor for a return to mediævalism which notoriously afflicted one of the architects of this cathedral. Also he had the misfortune to inherit a Gothic cathedral half finished, along with the other problems of his diocese; and cathedrals cannot be rewritten during rehearsal, at least to any considerable extent. Gothic it began, Gothic it must be finished, if finished at all.

Is it necessary to finish it at all? The present incomplete structure has a dignity of its own, and I believe it is large enough to accommodate the congregations which ordinarily are moved to assemble therein. Left unfinished, it might symbolize the magnificent twelfth-century gesture—magnificent but incomplete—and to us of interest and edification merely as an episode in ecclesiastical history. Some money has been raised for its completion, but other uses could be found for that; it has been remarked on an authority which still counts for something in the Church, if not for so much as might be wished, that the poor are always with us. The unfinished building, topped by Gabriel and his horn, might remain as a salutary reminder that the Church can attain symmetrical completeness only in a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

That was not the view of the twelfth century, of course, and it may be that these observations are the irrelevant comments of an essentially Protestant mind. But Protestants are being asked to contribute to a building whose outward form means no more to them than that of the temple of Karnak; and surely a Protestant mind may be permitted to speculate on the intentions of a body which calls itself the Protestant Episcopal Church.

ELMER DAVIS.

The Big Shakeup

THE Hot Stove League was toasting its shins and airing its views in Elmer Durkin's place.

Dr. Horner was there with his paper box of little cigars and young Dink Hubbell whose radio was out of order. Presently there came Chester A. Donner, Wopington's reliable druggist.

"Is it as late as all that?" asked the old doctor, who held that Donner never closed his store as long as there was a quarter left on Main street.

The windows of the news shop were white with frost, Elmer's sign outside complained of the bitter wind and now and again came the sound of loose tire chains slapping against fenders out in the icy street. Clearly it was no time to consider going home.

"What do you make of this shakeup in the Cabinet?" asked the druggist when more profitable themes were exhausted. "I see Hughes has flew his coop. I wonder what's back of that."

"Politics," declared Dr. Horner, for whom that word covered a multitude of Republican sins.

Elmer put a shovelful of coal on the fire.

"I've read a couple of acres of dope about that Hughes business."

"You have delivered yourself into his hands, Chet," said the doctor.

"Not that I'm wised up enough to keep anybody from hitting the hay," the newsdealer went on.

"Those bozos that run around in well-informed circles have been pulling a guessing contest, but the answers don't jibe. One hunch is that Coolidge has got ritzy over that little affair last November and decided to roll his own from now on. They went to the mat about Russia or gun elevation or foreign debts or something and bang went another best mind! Others say no, it's a case of too much Borah. Hughes is a guy that likes to have his own way. He thinks the Senate is the name of a contagious disease and what license have those birds got to tell him where he gets off? Borah is the big smoke on foreign affairs now and he and Hughes have never cuddled up much. When they meet up, it's the coldest day the weather bureau has pulled since 1888.

"Some claim Hughes is feeding up a presidential bee for 1928; others say that's the bunk but he's down to his last jit and has to get busy and earn some jack. I don't know. My own hunch is he's tired of sitting in the Cabinet and looking at Coolidge and Weeks and that killjoy, Mellon. They're not such an eyefull of scenery, at that; nothing to make Ziegfeld leave home."

"A great loss to the Cabinet," said Dr. Horner.

"Yep, even the Democrats say it with flowers. Charley and I have never been clubby at all, but when the Prexy shuffles the deck and Hughes comes out and Warren goes in I can't see the percentage. It listens to me as if Coolidge lived in Boston just

long enough to learn to snag a cellar championship.

"There's something 'phony about Cabinet-making, if you get me. Now I'm a wow at swapping off misinformation for real money and I can gather in a dime for a cigar that's worth four cents of any man's jack, but if I tried to play the harp I wouldn't get anything but the razz. Dink here don't yelp for Doc Horner when his radio gets the epizootic and Doc wouldn't blow into Chet's drug store to get a new wishbone put on his flivver. Every man to his trade is how we dope it out but that stuff is off when it comes to making Cabinets. If you live in a doubtful state and deliver the goods you're a natural-born Postmaster-General and if you can warble Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep you're all set to be Secretary of the Navy.

"Look what happened. Stone is Attorney-General, and all the ink-slingers say he was making good for fair. Maybe he didn't play politics by ear; maybe his fine legal mind was a nuisance around the office; I don't know. Anyhow Stone is shipped off to the Supreme Court to gather moss and Warren is picked out of the bushes to take his place.

"This Warren was Ambassador to Japan and whatchacallit to Mexico and from what I hear, he was not so hot. He was a lawyer once for a few minutes, but mostly he's a business man with plenty of kale. 'That only goes to show,' says C. C., 'that he would be a bear at pinching bootleggers. Besides that was a fine platform he made about me out in Cleveland.'

"Far be it from me to be fussy after living through Palmer and Daugherty, but if Warren's an Attorney-General, I'm the Queen of Sheba.

"Then you take Kellogg—and get your face ready for another good one. When he was a Senator—before Minnesota gave him the air—he belonged to Lodge's wrecking crew—anyhow on the second Tuesdays and the fifth Thursdays. 'Nervous Nellie' was the monacker the wisecrackers pinned on him, and all anybody could see was a couple of big cold feet. Kellogg didn't believe in Europe at all; he thought the Atlantic Ocean was as far as it went. They sent him to London to find out if there was any and now they yank him back to be Secretary of State. Can you tie that?"

"It's all right with me," said Dink Hubbell, "I'm going to beat it for home."

"Sure, everybody's happy," said Elmer. "Michigan is glad to get Warren out of its system, Minnesota doesn't care where Kellogg lives as long as it's not Minnesota, Stone slips into the Supreme Court which is every lawyer's pipe dream and Hughes lands in private life, where the Borahs cease from boring and the weary are at rest. Nobody suffers but the government."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

I HAVE been greatly interested in the wide variety of motives ascribed to Mr. Hughes since his resignation. They have ranged all the way from supposed reluctance to battle with the brilliant but brutal Borah to a desire to run for the Presidency in 1928. Of course, the suggestion that he has reached the limit of his financial resources and needs to make money, bogs down in face of his last year's tax return, indicating an income of more than \$50,000.

It is a fact that Mrs. Hughes, the daughter of a leader of the New York bar, was far from a penniless bride, and it is further true that, fairly well fixed before, Mr. Hughes did make some whopping big fees during the four years that followed that fateful night he went to sleep hugging the Presidency to his bosom and awoke in the morning to find it had been snatched away.

No man ever had tougher luck. I often think of Mr. Hughes that awful morning afterwards. I have been told he smilingly retired on election night, at midnight, after the New York papers, including the *Democratic World*, had conceded his election. Mrs. Hughes, before he left the room, walked over and kissed him, saying, "I salute the President of the United States." He went to bed dreaming of his Cabinet, with his head full of plans and his heart full of triumph. In all our political history no man ever had a worse shock in the morning. It must have bewildered him. It is to his credit that no whine or whimper ever came from his lips. So far as outward appearance was concerned, not even his closest friends could have guessed, had they not known, what a stunning blow he had received. However one may disagree with him, there is no discounting this man's strength—moral and mental.

That is why I doubt whether, in all the furious speculation that has followed his resignation, the real reason has been touched at all—whether, down at bottom, and in spite of his polite protestations of esteem, the real reason is not an intolerable irritation at serving longer as a subordinate under men so glaringly and concededly inferior in intellect and force to himself. He has had six years of exactly that. He does not have to do it. There are no adequate compensations. Why keep it up?

My own conviction is that, while other things may have entered into his decision—probably did—this idea was the basic one. He had reached the limit of his patience.

Some time ago, in this place, I referred to the fact that the unfortunate Slep was by no means as deep in the confidence of the President as a man occupying his necessarily personal and confidential position has a right to expect, and forecast his retirement. He is to go on March 4. If he had been a sensitive man he would have left long ago. The manner and method of the Warren-Kellogg White House announcement was a perfect illustration of the Coolidge-Slep relationship. It seems the Warren appointment was given to the press late in the afternoon by Mr. Slep, who then assured the correspondents there would be nothing more from the White House in the way of news that day. An hour and a half later, he received the notice of the Hughes resignation and the Kellogg selection, not from the President, but from a third person most obviously closer to the President than he. Slep was then obliged to recall the correspondents and humiliatingly display the fact that he

was being used as a messenger, rather than as a Secretary. There will, of course, when his formal resignation comes, be an exchange of the usual letters expressing "mutual esteem" and "deep regrets."

Leave the Washington correspondents alone in their search for an explanation of the naming of two such "second string, selling platters" as Kellogg and Warren to the Cabinet, and they will paint for the public a nice new picture of the President. The favorite view is that he has suddenly revealed himself as a new Coolidge, determined to swing the wagon-whip, dominate his Cabinet, initiate his own policies, and surround himself with men who will take orders and not expect to give them. In the strain for a story, the newspaper men transform a petulant pat into a determined putting down of the presidential foot; translate peevishness into pugnacity. The selection, without consultation, of such men as Kellogg and Warren, can only, they appear to think, be accounted for on the ground that the President is determined to run things himself with a strong hand; that what he wants in his Cabinet are intimate instruments, not intellectual independents.

What the professional observers wholly overlook is the natural and instinctive liking of the man for conservative mediocrity. Unquestionably, that is his inherent bent.

It seems to me very easy to account for both Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Warren, if you do not attempt to magnify the situation and read into it a lot of things that are simply not there. Both these gentlemen are of the most conservative, stand-pat brand of Republicanism. Both of them are strong partisans. Both of them have trained, despite Mr. Kellogg's brief trust-busting record, with the big business interests of whom Mr. Coolidge thinks so highly. Politically, they are congenial to him, because they think alike about politics. Personally, they are congenial because they are not too smart. To Mr. Warren he felt rather grateful because of his work at the Cleveland convention. Mr. Kellogg he knew and liked when he was in the Senate. It is further said that Mrs. Coolidge and Mrs. Kellogg are very good friends.

What more is needed to explain the appointments? Why build up a new Coolidge, with fire in his eye and Wilsonian or Rooseveltian ideas in his head, to account for them?

Back of the offer of the Agricultural Secretaryship to Mr. Hoover is a story that has not come out. It is the kind of story the newspapers seem not to get, or to print, in this administration. Briefly, Mr. Coolidge was frightened into making the offer to Mr. Hoover. That gentleman was so disturbed about the Kellogg appointment, the Hughes resignation and, particularly, the continued sniping at him by a little clique in the Agricultural Department, that he was on the point of resigning in disgust, and letting it be known why he was disgusted.

Mr. Coolidge got word of this and, in more or less of a panic, first offered the job to Hoover, and then pledged himself not to name anyone not approved by him. Somewhat pacified, Mr. Hoover agreed to stay on, but he is not happy, and those best posted believe it will not be long before he quits. If, they say, it is not worth while for Hughes, what is there in it for Hoover?

T. R. B.

Washington.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Capital Punishment

SIR: Your critic, M. D. F., on page 205 of your issue of January 14, says, with a peremptoriness rebuked in a popular dictum of Josh Billings:

"No attempt has thus far been made to find out whether capital punishment, from the point of view of a deterrent, really works."

To quote the above-mentioned sage and his dictum: "What's the use of knowing so many things that ain't so?" If there be any matter of public concern that has been looked into, and sifted, and settled beyond chance of rational controversy, over and over again, it is this very question of the efficacy—or rather, as numerous inquiries prove, the utter inefficacy of the death-penalty as a deterrent. Every national literature of modern civilization contains some classical treatise affording abundant proof. Perhaps the best of the many British pamphlets proving the thesis is Wakefield's *Facts Relating to the Punishment of Death*. It appeared in the forties of the nineteenth century and contains infinitely more detailed and more convincing proof of the worthlessness of the death-penalty as a deterrent than any of the facts adduced by the Warden of Sing Sing and quoted by your critic.

JAMES FUCHS.

New York, N. Y.

Battling by Proxy in China

SIR: In the *New Republic* for September 17, a copy of which has just reached Shanghai, I find on page 57 an editorial referring to the illegal shipment of arms into China. You state in effect that the Washington Conference agreement to place an arms embargo on China has been violated. If you will refer to the proceedings of the Washington Conference published by the United States government printing office you will find that the powers represented at the Washington Conference absolutely failed to come to an agreement on this subject—first due to opposition on the part of the Italian delegates who based their objection on the grounds that they had certain unfilled contracts for the sale of arms to the Chinese government which they had not yet completed. When it was established that the Italians would not come in the Japanese also raised objections, and if you will read the proceedings closely you will also find that obstacles were placed in the way of an agreement by other continental European countries.

The first definite move that was ever made out here to place an embargo upon shipment of arms into China was during 1918 when the members of the diplomatic body in Peking led by the American and British ministers attempted to obtain a unanimous agreement on the part of ministers representing the allied powers to stop arms shipment into China. At that time definite action was also blocked by the Italians who insisted upon qualifying their agreement to the extent of "unfilled contracts." This was in 1918 and it is interesting to note that in 1921 at the Washington Conference the Italians still held out against an embargo on the same grounds.

It is generally known out here that the reason for this objection on the part of the Italians was a shipment of arms amounting to between three and five million dollars which they had stored in their concession in Tientsin and for the last five years have been dickering with both sides of the Chinese political squabble for the sale of these arms. Finally last spring the deal was concluded with the Chihli faction or the present Peking government and the arms were actually handed over in the presence of representatives of the Italian marines and consular officials in Tientsin. This matter can be verified by referring to the newspapers from Peking and Tientsin about that time.

Another element in the arms situation which Secretary Hughes and Mr. Balfour overlooked at the Washington Conference was the fact that neither Germany nor Soviet Russia was represented at the Washington Conference and hence neither nation was bound either morally or legally by any action taken there or by any earlier action of the diplomatic body in Peking. In view of this latter factor the Germans especially have been very active in selling arms to the so-called independent provinces which have been in opposition to the Peking government. The writer made one or two trips to the front in recent fighting on the Chekiang

side and practically all of the munitions being used on this side of the fight were of German manufacture.

It is also interesting to know that in the recent Chinese fighting we have seen the first use of airplanes, and practically all of them are of French manufacture. They were, of course, imported into China for "peaceful purposes" and the French government stated as much to a protest lodged several months ago by the American government, but it is known that the war had not been on a week before these planes were flying over the lines dropping bombs, and practically every one of them was operated by a Russian "White" aviator.

It looks very much as though, in spite of all that was done at the Washington Conference, the old game of Europe fighting out its battles here by proxy through the various Chinese factions is on again and unless the United States government either alone or in coöperation with Great Britain finally decides to take the lead in controlling the situation out here it looks as though the whole thing will go back to the status of earlier days when foreign intrigue in China had a free hand.

J. B. POWELL.

Shanghai, China.

A New Philosophy of Assimilation

SIR: The work for foreign born people which for the past five years has been conducted at the Twenty-third Street Branch of the New York City Y. M. C. A., has reached a point where a separate organization must be formed. Our work has been experimental and has been largely concerned with Armenians, Greeks and Russians. We seek the help of any one interested in problems of assimilation.

We have been working on a new philosophy and new method based on the psychological and social values of the group. We have taken advantage of the desire of the foreign born to work together in becoming Americans and to contribute something of their own culture to those with whom they associate as Americans. These groups have been aided in working for themselves and others in gaining experience in their life as Americans.

The effectiveness of our method has been proved by the fact that 50 percent of our expense, or \$30,000, has been paid by the foreign born themselves, and that we have an increasing call on us for larger service. An Armenian, a Greek and a Russian have been employed, working along the usual lines of employment, English lessons, immigration counsel, protection from exploitation, vocational guidance, compensation adjustments, citizenship instruction and other problems of the foreign born; all under the leadership of committees of their own nationals and experienced American guidance.

We are forced to take new quarters where we can meet this growing demand for service. This move and the increased call for guidance necessitates greater financial help. Gifts at this time from those interested in assimilation will be a very real help and yield large returns in the creation of the America which is to be.

THOMAS L. COTTON.

New York, N. Y.

Pay as You Fight

SIR: The furore created by the respective jingoists of France, Britain and the United States over the interallied debts gives us a strategic opportunity to strike a telling blow at war.

We believe that a joint resolution might be made by the Congress to notify the nations of the world of our firm opposition to war and of our intention to stand for the outlawry of war and, furthermore, that it is our fixed policy hereafter to allow loans to the other nations *only* on the condition that they officially outlaw war, and that they make a treaty with the United States agreeing specifically and irrevocably upon the complete outlawry of war, with no exception whatsoever.

Perhaps, also, the coöperation of the American international bankers could be invited to this end.

JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD,
CHARLES FLEISCHER.

New York, N. Y.

Processional

IN producing John Howard Lawson's *Processional* at the Garrick, the Theatre Guild has returned to experiment. The experiment smells of the laboratory and does not on the whole come off, but it is worth thinking about. Mr. Lawson's idea, of which his play is not a very good translation, is something like this: Life, particularly American life, will not surrender to an attack by the theatre upon one flank; it will not give up its secrets when interpreted by one theatrical method alone. All the methods, realism, expressionism, burlesque, vaudeville, melodrama, must combine in the siege. The American tune, which is always a jazz tune, cannot be played on any one instrument, but requires an orchestra of methods. *Processional* is Mr. Lawson's attempt at such a symphony, and if the result sounds more like a German street-band, or some such attempt at concert by units individually imperfect, the attempt at any rate is interesting.

This "Jazz symphony of American life" revolves upon a coal-strike in a small West Virginia town. The hero, Dynamite Jim, goes to jail, escapes, kills a soldier, hides in his mother's cellar, is pursued through the coal mines, seduces the daughter of a Jewish shop-keeper, gets caught, strung up and blinded by the Ku Klux Klan, is cut down, comes to life and marries the girl in the end. But this bald narrative, worthy of the movies, somehow bears no resemblance to the actual performance, which is split up into scenes and fragments of bewildering variety that rush from simple dramatic beauty to contorted irrelevance, in a patchwork of every known theatrical method, and some others besides. At some moments *Processional* is sheer melodrama, or comedy, or burlesque, at others it is a caricature or a suggestion of any one of these, and often it is the nightmare of a theatrical anthology. Upon his distracting, flickering screen are thrown, in addition to the jumble, odds and ends of all sorts of things, social comment, economic sarcasms, half-remembered headlines, personal asides, shadows of private irritations. The notebook of an outsider viewing America dumped into a play and then sorted out, scene by scene. The result, snarled and miscellaneous as the wrong side of a rug, parades the labor that went into its making but also hints at beauties not for us to see.

Striking miners parade with a jazz band on the Fourth of July (comico-realistic expressionism). A Jewish store-keeper scolds his daughter (vaudeville type). The sheriff, with badge and Stetson, struts out upon the stage (burlesque melodrama). Two soldiers are looking for culprits, one is fat, the other thin, one is iron-jawed, the other weary (social-comment puppet realism). They and the sheriff knock down a Polish miner-agitator every time he makes a subversive remark (social-comment expressionism). At the mention of "mother" all four take off their hats and stand solemnly in a row (American-comment burlesque expressionism). A Civil War veteran on crutches wanders about with the pathetic accent of old age and the quaint speech of 1864 (No tag for this. A remarkable piece of acting, and a very touching, if irrelevant, picture. Call it realism plus Mr. William Hays). The mother hides Dynamite Jim in her cellar while the sheriff searches (good old melodrama). A capitalist in black coat and silk hat wanders aimlessly in and out dropping phrases about Law and Order (social-comment expressionism, with a dash of burlesque). A gaudily dressed Negro sings outside Jim's

prison window (minstrel). An old grandmother goes mumbling about, bent and shaky (spirit of eld).

And so on. In addition to the alternation of methods, the caricature of methods, the mingling of methods, in addition to more nameless asides, backwaters, and interjections, in addition to the blasts of jazz suddenly reminding us that this is an interpretation of America, we have the actors, who further complicate this symphony with their own individual ways of playing its instruments. Because Miss June Walker is so frank and warm an actress she cannot all at once become a puppet and dangle on strings now vaudevillian, now expressionistic. Because Mr. George Abbott can rise to heights of considerable emotional dignity and sincerity, he remains for us a person, and does not always fit into the Chinese puzzle of *Processional*. If much of the acting is faithfully wooden or puzzling, it is thanks chiefly to the acting that the play has some real flashes of beauty, some memorable moments of solidity and meaning.

If *Processional* were a stunt pure and simple, one would be sorry that it did not come off. But since it seems to have been animated by a "purpose," tortured by a theory and cursed by excess of seriousness, one cannot help being a little sorry it was tried at all, one cannot help having a little the feeling about its author that one would for a man who believed that a good way to write a novel was to have all its characters speak in different sizes of type. Ingenious, tricky—it has never been done before—but after all futile. The simplest machinery is nearly always the best, and from the simplest harnessing of the truth about life will come the most horse-power. There is something in *Processional* that reminds one of the laborious stupidity of the inventors of perpetual-motion machines.

I have heard *Processional* called one of the most thoroughly American plays ever. What, for one thing, is an "American" play? It would be possible to name several which were very different one from another and yet which shared the one characteristic of being "American." A stamp, an accent, an indefinable flavor which tells us that they could not possibly have been written anywhere but in America, and an assurance, always implicit, that the point of view they present comes from the inside. *Processional* may seem American in many ways, it takes us off fairly accurately in spots, it is on to our bunk, it shows some familiarity with our idioms, spiritual or linguistic, but it is distinctly a view from the outside, and what is more, a view that proclaims and shouts and never forgets that it is a View.

Mr. Lawson's symphonic miscellany adds one more to the many plays of the last few years which testify to the curiosity and uneasiness of Americans about themselves, and to the eagerness with which our playwrights are turning this way and that in the attempt, often only half-conscious, to write plays about America and American people as distinct from plays of plot and situation about no people in particular. The material is fascinating but refractory; nobody knows what method, if any, is the best highway to that material, and every method is being tried. Mr. Lawson has tried all of them at once, but is no nearer than we were before. Someone much abler than he, less concerned with the tricks and machinery of method, and much more on the inside may take a hint from the orchestration of *Processional*, may succeed where he fumblingly tried. But probably the secret of the American Play, when it comes, will be its simplicity.

ROBERT LITTELL.

"Don't Poosh Me, Myer"

Weber and Fields: Their Triumphs, Tribulations and Their Associates, by Felix Isman. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$3.50.

NO age in all history is so remote and obscure as the one that lies about us in our infancy—or even in our youth. The immediate past is irrevocably gone. We cannot untangle it from the present and set it up alone. What if we remember that the Flatiron Building dominated New York in 1904, and that Roosevelt was elected President, and that Japan thrashed Russia? These facts have no magic to wipe away the Woolworth Tower and screen T. R. from our knowledge of his successors. On facts we slide helplessly into the present. But give us a bar of the Merry Widow, or a photo of airy-fairy Lillian in her ruffles and her rat, or a foolish line from Mike and Myer—

Hooray! I vin four balls! Dot's a scratch like you told me. . . .

* Dot's no scratch. Dot's an itch. . . .

—give us these cues, and we stick fast in 1904. These are the things that were dear to the heart and merry to the mind in those vanished years that mirrored their surface and were most native to them, since they lived and died there. That is why this book, crammed with the quips and characters and melodies of forty years, is history.

One day in 1878, when the Bowery was the Bowery, and the things they did and the things they said had none of the romance now ascribed to them, two "actors" who had spent a weary time tramping the pavements below Fourteenth street persuaded the owner of a dime museum to engage their talent. They were to do a knockabout act nine times a day for three dollars a week. This was the professional debut of Joe Weber and Lew Fields, nine years old. Their act consisted of the tumbling and handspringing they had learned between sessions at school, between crap shooting and gang fights in the barnlofts of the Bowery and in this Bowery they fulfilled to the letter Mr. Cabell's play theory of art. Their art, though it often became a very grim kind of play, never lost its grinning spontaneity, the ready, abundant, horsey humor of idle spirits.

One night a new Dutch knockabout act failed at the Globe where the two young actors were employed. Lew and Joe rushed to the manager with a "we can do better than that" before the curtain was half way down, and their bluff was called for the next day. They had no Dutch act, but "yes" took no more breath than "no" and had a lot more possibilities." They devised a Dutch act overnight, and the audience laughed. From this emergency grew the Weber and Fields of tradition—"Don't poosh me, Myer."

Myer: I also vish to express—charges collect—my uppermost depreciation of der dishonor you half informed upon me.

Mike: Der insuldt is all mein—

Mangling of English in a German meat-chopper, puns and gags and rigamaroles to the tune of cracked heads and flip-flops—a primitive form of art no doubt. But it expressed naturally the uproarious quick-witted humor of bar-room and music hall, the humor of back-slapping, drink-standing, practical-joking America, and this healthy quality it carried into its ultimate achievement, burlesque, the mother of musical comedy.

Off-stage and on-stage, life was much of a piece to the two youngsters whose wider experience began when they went on tour "out west" to Paterson at the age of ten. They were used to cracks over the head and high tumbling, and if fortune caught them when their wigs weren't padded they got up blinking and went on with the show. Riding half fare on the railroads until they were fifteen and buying diamonds when they were broke to keep their company's spirits up were the acts that demanded most serious art, and the shenanigans of dressing room and boarding house were often funnier than their more professional humor. By the time they were twenty they knew half the theatres from Hoboken to the 'Frisco tenderloin and many of the circus grounds; they had performed in B. F. Keith's dime museum in Boston, and been hauled out of bed at midnight in Cincinnati (the Young Paris) to entertain a bored police magistrate on pain of contempt of court. Being down to their last quarter was such a usual experience that financial risk seemed to them simply a tedious commonplace. From a respectful distance or a too-intimate proximity, they came to know all the lights of their theatrical world, the managers and specialty artists who filled the place now preempted by the silver screen. They were a part of all that they had met—they knew what lay behind swinging doors and diamond studs, grease paint and nickel badges. Above all they knew what lay before the foot-lights, the hearts, as Mr. Dooley would say, of their countrymen. *Magna pars fuerunt.*

One day in the summer of 1896 Joe and Lew performed a clog on the dark stage of the Imperial Music Hall on Broadway and Twenty-ninth street, and sang to the empty house:

Here we are, a jolly pair,
We own a Broadway theater!

Own was not exactly the word, for they had borrowed money to pay the first instalment of the rent, but they took a chance as usual, and when they opened with a vaudeville and burlesque in September they found they were as usual right. So began a career of eight glorious seasons. Weber and Fields had early begun to apply their slapstick comedy to phases of life familiar to their audiences, such as the famous pool-table act. Now they carried it a step further to burlesque. With the Geezer, a travesty on the newly imported Geisha, they won New York to the new form, and after that no play was a success on Broadway until it had been burlesqued at the Music Hall. Maude Adams's Little Minister, Anna Held in La Poupée, Belasco's First Born, The Conquerors, Cyrano de Bergerac, Catherine, Zaza—these and half a dozen others came in for travesty in the first two seasons. Willing victims exposed themselves in special performances for the Music Hall company—though many casts were forbidden to see the take-offs afterward lest they never be able to act seriously again. New York's drama was delivered for ridicule into competent hands: Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, Frankie Bailey, De Wolfe Hopper, Peter Dailey, Sam Bernard, David Warfield, Louis Mann—never was such a galaxy hung in one theatre at once, nor so much temperament kept amicable in so confined a space. It was a triumph and a miracle, and for eight hilarious seasons New York treated it as such. First night tickets were above pearls and first night audiences creamed from the gay and the great, if not from the élite. The music hall songs—I'm a Respectable Workin' Girl, De Pullman Porters' Ball, Rosie, You Are Ma Posie—were the What'll I Do's of their respective seasons. Weber and

Fields's enterprise, for all Lillian's thirty-eight years, had the earmarks of immortality.

But the New York of 1904 was not the same city in which the Music Hall had opened. The beginning of changes were afoot. The theatres were moving uptown to the new centre around Forty-second street, and to support a large and talented company would take a larger and better situated theatre than the old Imperial. Fields was in favor of moving, Weber of sticking to the old game in the old way. And so the partnership of twenty-eight years was broken up and the brilliant company disbanded. Despite the reconciliation of 1912, celebrated with shouts and speeches and roses and tears in a gala revival, this disagreement ended the high era of burlesque in the form it took at the Music Hall. Musical comedy was beginning to show its head. The Follies were not far off. These new forms took over from the Weber and Fields tradition everything it had gathered in its long struggle up from the dime museum and the beer-garden, and became the most characteristic form of dramatic production in America. And so Mike and Myer, loved and understood and laughed at for forty years, must now be taken seriously. It will be the first time.

ELIZABETH VINCENT.

Ethical Credentials of the State

The Ethical Basis of the State, by Norman Wilde. Princeton: University Press. \$2.50.

OUT of the politically perturbing Northwest comes this new examination of the ethical credentials of the state. To minds lost in the current crisscross or torn by the recent conflicts of a national election, this book comes as a return of judgment—the sober second thought modestly asserting itself after our exciting excursus into partisanship. It will strike the philosophic mind as almost a work of art: it has generous historical orientation, it has a quiet but incisive style, it preserves a uniform balance amid incompatible views, and yet it consistently liquidates some measure of practical insight from theoretical deadlocks. The book, however, while scholarly, is neither esoteric nor technical. Indeed, I know of no better constructive examination of the conflicting philosophies of the state, certainly no equally good American statement, than Professor Wilde has achieved in a remarkably brief compass.

In the historical section Professor Wilde threads his way quite heroically through the narrow passage imperilled on one side by the Scylla of monistic absolutism and on the other by the Charybdis of pluralism. And he makes the voyage safely by keeping always as his polestar the distinction between the ideal and the actual, and yet fruitfully by recognizing at the same time that this distinction itself is functional rather than static. Absolutists have been so enamoured of ideal unity as to assume its existence and then most unideally to coerce dissenters into agreement—always, of course, for the dissenters' own good. Pluralists, on the other hand—to use a time honored figure—with vision obscured by so many trees, have been inclined to deny, if not the existence of any forest, then at least its beauty and importance. Taking the best that is as right in principle, they have sought compensation by making two trees grow where one grew before. For note how the Guild Socialists propose to split each man up, as it were, into his various interests and use these divisions rather than the man himself as the unit of representation.

Measuring each of these tendencies by its extremest logical eventuation, the reader may well feel with the author that a choice between sheer anarchy and sheer despotism is as unpromising as the traditional choice between the devil and the deep blue sea. But is any other option available? Yes; if one does not conceive nature and the social order too statically. Clearly there is as yet no "real will" uniting the conation of each upon the good of all. If such a pattern is, in Plato's hopeful words, "laid up in heaven," then it is laid up in heaven. We grope still on earth. But equally clear is it that neither our interests, nor our personalities, nor our organizations less than the state, are bellicose atoms in a circumambient void. Love, the uniter, strives mightily at the heart of things with Hate, the divider, for supremacy in our social world, even as in the simpler natural world of Empedocles. And this insistent tugging gives promise of a growing social unity—a unity that wise men will work to make compatible with personal freedom.

But the whole matter is not a puzzle, as dialectics tends constantly to make it, but a problem, as education conceives it. Theory is important here, as elsewhere, in clearing the deck for action; but the solution must be through growth, and is a matter not of all-or-none but of more-or-less. Men can achieve the unity which state monists crave preserving the freedom and individuality which political pluralists prize, insofar, and only insofar, as they can feel themselves free and happy in coöperating toward common ends. And assuredly this arduous condition is not to be absolved by the magic process of dubbing either the ideal, the actual, or the actual, the ideal. The active facing of the problem of achieving a fuller social unity involves, as the author well puts it, "a kind of mystic faith that in the yielding of our natural desires to the public will there is involved some greater gain than in their maintenance against the social opposition." The task is a social venture not unlike, and certainly not disconnected with, the personal venture of creating out of a body of relatively separated, and sometimes discordant, initial impulses, a personality.

Meanwhile, foremost among the conditions of succeeding in this creative venture stands, as the author thinks, the practical need of recognizing the hegemony of one among our many existent forms of association. Even though its origin was violent and its history disgraced by tyranny and smeared with blood, the state is the present logical claimant to superior sovereignty. It is territorial and therefore the one organization that all men belong to willy-nilly. It now concerns itself upon demand with the welfare of persons and with the rights and limits of other lesser groups. And so while "absolute and inalienable power belongs to no social body," still "the state has a presumptive claim to sovereignty possessed by no other. The realization of the ideals of all other associations would still leave them particular and limited; the fulfilment of the idea of the state would give it . . . true universality and authority."

The state, then, in spite of its cornerstone of power, has an ethical basis in that it provides the larger, but indispensable, conditions of a good life for individuals socially constituted, in that it serves the necessary function of coordinating the claims of other organizations that more basically minister to life, and even in that the coercion essential to its nature can be so used as to defeat violence and to preserve the conditions of liberty for all. Heroic restraint is urged upon the state in this matter; but as

coercion departs from the family, the church, the school, we compensate, as well as protect, ourselves by localizing, as impersonally as possible, in the state what we are ashamed to use ourselves but as yet do not see how we can abandon. We have purged the centre of life but have polluted its periphery. Where so much has been done, however, more may be done.

Minor points of dissent in so good a book may well be omitted in favor of general appreciation and of hope for more extended favors yet to come.

T. V. SMITH.

Charles Steinmetz

Charles Proteus Steinmetz, a Biography, by J. W. Hammond. New York: The Century Company. \$4.

STEINMETZ was, in the Emersonian sense, a representative man. He stood for his generation, and apart from it, as Napoleon and Cromwell for theirs. Steinmetz, for all his apparent eccentricity, summed up in himself the most typical and potent ideals and strivings of his time. The period of his greatest activity, from 1890 to the outbreak of the World War, was the period when men were most dazzled by the possibilities of mechanical progress, especially in the field of electricity. The typical American optimist saw before him a long vista of inventions which should liberate man from toil and enrich his life. No one held more firmly to this faith than Steinmetz. His whole life was devoted to its realization. Other men mixed their faith with schemes of self-seeking. They cared less for profound inquiries that might be of use to all than for practical objects that might produce inventions having a commercial value. Steinmetz was happiest when he was working at a problem likely to advance the whole technique of electrical engineering, though it might have no bearing on his own fortunes. Therefore he was regarded by his contemporaries as a somewhat uncanny phenomenon. What, after all, is more disconcerting and uncanny than a living man who is visibly an embodiment of one's own best ideals?

Steinmetz's actual contributions to the technique of electrical engineering were numerous, and of enormous value. In the popular estimation these achievements rank second to Edison's, but in recent years more and more people have been inclined to give Steinmetz himself the position of priority. Edison is a wizard, but he has been so much in the limelight that his garb of mystery has worn thin. Steinmetz moved vaguely and weirdly in the background of the General Electric. Moreover the contrasting personalities of the two men gave Edison an initial, Steinmetz an ultimate advantage in popular mythology. Edison is a good-looking, well set-up American, simply one of us, except for his surpassing mechanical ability. Steinmetz, with his deformed body and unconventional ways, might have been a German Kobold transplanted to a strange land.

The chronicle of what Steinmetz accomplished is an interesting one, in itself. Mr. Hammond sets it forth with fair competence. The story of Steinmetz's life, his childish adventures with illuminated toy houses that would catch fire, his intellectual and social experiences in the University of Breslau, his flight from Germany to escape prosecution for socialistic activities, his forlorn landing at Castle Garden and rather prompt establishment of relations with men who knew how to value him, makes entertaining reading. So also does the account of his friendships, his relations with

his employers, the shifts to which he was put, as a bachelor, to maintain for himself something of the warm domestic atmosphere his soul craved.

All this is told, with abundant and pleasing detail. And yet, when one has finished Mr. Hammond's book, one feels little nearer to an understanding of Steinmetz.

This would not be strange if Steinmetz had been a brooding, laconic man, averse to personal intimacy. He was, on the contrary, an extremely sociable man, devoted to his friends and open-hearted with them. The author of the biography must have known him fairly well; he must have met and talked with many persons who had known Steinmetz intimately. The material was accessible for a real image of the man. But the image has not quite come off.

The reason appears to be that Mr. Hammond was unable to follow Steinmetz's principle of striking for the fundamentals and letting the appearances go. Mr. Hammond wished to write an edifying biography, one which should confirm the optimist in his convictions and inspire the young. Steinmetz's career is in fact edifying and inspiring. But Mr. Hammond feels it needs to be improved on, retouched. Take his mealy-mouthed apologies for Steinmetz's Socialism. "It was not the Socialism as generally understood in America today. It was an idealistic creed, rosy tinted to the mental vision . . . Notwithstanding his affiliation at the close of his life with the American Socialist party, which is frequently assailed as the expression of selfish class interests, Steinmetz was not a believer in nor an exponent of selfishness, certainly not in human relations." "To hear this mild-mannered, calmly poised man quietly enunciating his convictions . . . gave one a feeling that here spoke no prophet of an ill-designing, malignant octopus, to be dreaded by the timid and hated by the dauntless."

In justice to the author it should be said that he is not often so silly as he appears in these quotations. Yet a writer who cannot approach even the sincere political convictions of his subject without falling into a childish panic is not likely to succeed in bodying forth the living man. His proper business is the writing of obituaries, not biographies.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Black Shirt and White Hood

The Awakening of Italy, by Luigi Villari. New York: George H. Doran. \$4.

BUT for other volumes dealing with the same set of facts, one might accept Signor Villari's assumption that the Fascist movement was, in truth, the awakening of Italy, and one might feel a lively sense of obligation to a writer capable of describing this awakening in entertaining fashion. His story might well thrill one with the sense of a crisis threatening the life of a nation, but met by resolute men—especially one resolute man—and resolved, to the salvation of a whole people.

Unfortunately, in all such crises and movements there are always so many confused motives and contrasting points of view and objectives that the very clarity and ease of a writer may with some reason create a suspicion as to his comprehension and freedom from bias. Fascismo is by no means simple. It is a post-war phenomenon whose root causes run far back in Italian history and branch widely in contemporary European conditions. In common with the near-revolution which prepared its way, it has unquestionably been complex and confused, a medley of good and bad

inextricably confounded. The issues have been tense and tangled since the Armistice. It is too much to expect any Italian at this moment to write a history of that period.

Signor Villari's book is one of the best available in either English or Italian on the Fascist side of the conflict. It is partisan in point of view, but free from the abstract philosophizing of Massimo Rocca's *Idee sul Fascismo*, the cloudy flights of Odon Por's *Fascismo*, the immature hero-worship of Gorgolini's *Fascismo nella Vita Italiana*, the superficial and unreflecting journalism—so peculiarly American—of Kenneth Roberts in his *Black Magic*. But this does not mean that Villari is a safe guide. He must be accompanied by former Premier Bonomi, with his *Dal Socialismo al Fascismo*, by Salvatorelli, with his *Nazionalfascismo*, by Amendola, with his *Una Battaglia Liberale*, by Vinciguerra, with *Il Fascismo Visto da un Solitario*. Moreover, events are moving so fast that books written a few months ago must be read in the light of the Italian daily press. Incidents of today throw much light backward upon events and personalities of 1919-20.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that current events are sapping the foundations of all such discussions of Fascism as the one under review. When the Veterans' Association and the Association of War Wounded, with their membership of more than a million, gave Mussolini a broad hint in August that their patience had its limits, it became evident that the opposition to Fascist methods voiced daily by all the respectable press of Italy was shared by a large body of the citizens. This alienation between the Fascisti and their natural allies, the former soldiers, has continued till disgraceful clashes—for which the Fascisti were wholly responsible—occurred during the celebration of Armistice day in November. It becomes increasingly clear that Italians, just like Americans, must learn sooner or later that fine phrases, no matter how antequely Roman, do not match in satisfaction personal and social liberty and even-handed justice.

It will ultimately be apparent to all that Fascism was at no time more creative than reactionary and destructive. Punitive expeditions do not consolidate a national spirit. Neither in Mussolini nor in Fascism has there ever been the humaneness of Mazzini, the self-abnegation of Garibaldi, the supreme quality of Lincoln—magnanimity. Hatred, vengeance, punishment are wasteful and shortlived. Only comprehension, pity, affection create the life of a nation or renew it when threatened with decay.

One single assertion in Signor Villari's laudatory history of this movement places a question mark at the end of all he has said in its praise. Did the occupation of the industrial plants of north Italy in September, 1920, really mark the climax of the approach toward a revolution?—as he declares, and all opponents of Fascism agree. Was there thenceforth a tendency to return to normal conditions, even though this tendency would have required long to develop and culminate? If this is true, who will dare to assert that Italy would not be in a more peaceful state today had Mussolini never drilled his squadre? By a slow and distressing path, the Italians might well have found their way back from the hysteria and hatreds of 1919-20 due to tremendous overstrain. Had they thus recovered without the help of loaded canes, firebrands, and the degrading weapon of castor oil, they would be paying today far less ruinously for punctual trains, balanced budget, and other things of which we have heard enough. Their future would be the assured promise of a people sorely over-taxed and unstrung

by the catastrophe of 1915-18 but recovered and sound in mind and heart, with a sense of national solidarity growing more assured with each new celebration of Armistice day. The daily violences of the present would long ago have ceased.

Still an American must try to be fair. The Italian Fascisti at least face their "enemies" unashamed. They leave pillow slips and night shirts at home. Even castor oil is not much more loathsome than tar and feathers.

OLIN D. WANNAMAKER.

The Prairie Historian

The Invisible Woman, by Herbert Quick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.

FOR several years Herbert Quick has been producing novels about the history of Iowa, writing with a gusto which indicates that he has obviously had a very good time in doing so. Vandemark's Folly dealt with the pioneers who came into the state shortly before the Civil War. The Hawkeye was the story of their children, in the seventies and eighties. Now in *The Invisible Woman* he tells of the time, three decades ago, when the Chicago Fair was setting æsthetic standards throughout the Middle West, when bicycle clubs went on weekly parades, two by two, when leg-of-mutton sleeves were worn, and in a few backyards men were tinkering the first example of that fantastic invention, the horseless carriage. Mr. Quick has completed his trilogy, it will be noted, and is still out of hailing distance of 1925. Whether he intends to add another book or two, I cannot say. For my part I should be well content to have him write on a scale like that of James Joyce, and do a book for every year of history.

In his first two stories, his protagonists were men. In *The Invisible Woman* he has turned to the distaff side at the moment when for the first time in history the distaff began to be an archaic symbol.

Christiana Thorkelson became a stenographer in a law office, when it was still a brave and unusual enterprise for a young woman to venture into the world of business. Against a background of railroad-controlled Iowa politics, Mr. Quick portrays for us a farm girl's increasing sophistication under the influence of small-city life, and recites the story of her successful romance with a middle-aged jurist after the latter has been mercifully relieved of the burden of an insane wife. As minor aspects we have the fight of an illegitimate son for a share in his millionaire father's estate; a sort of prairie Mississippi Bubble, centering around the sale of county rights to a patent farm gate; and the machinations of an elderly lawyer-politician who exemplifies the free-and-easy ethical code of the time and place.

Painting on so large a canvas as he has—for his three novels give an almost continuous narrative of fifty years of Iowa history—Mr. Quick necessarily achieves some massive effects quite apart from the merits of any one book. In *The Invisible Woman* nearly all the chief characters of Vandemark's Folly and The Hawkeye reappear, their youthful passions now subdued to the chilly wisdom of grandparents, aunts and uncles. Some of the episodes in the first book are shown as casting long shadows across the years and affecting the lives of the third generation; which lends the air of a genuine record. Added verisimilitude is given by the author's dexterous trick of introducing real

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people among his own mental offspring. Thus the late Allan Dawson, chief editorial writer of the New York Tribune, appears as the crusading, youthful editor of the Des Moines Leader. His news man, who figures in several scenes in the story, is Judson Welliver, subsequent Washington correspondent of the New York Globe, and at present occupying an important post at the White House. Senator Cummins is in the story, portrayed as an ardent young liberal—a portrait which may surprise some of Mr. Quick's readers who know the Senator only through the policies he has supported in his later years.

A trilogy is a formidable literary undertaking; and it must be said that viewed by the rigid and eternal standards of great literature, Mr. Quick's series of novels leaves a good deal to be desired. For my part, however, I am satisfied to read and enjoy his work for what it frankly is: a series of well-written, workmanlike stories set against a background of our own mid-continental history, some of the phases of which have great interest; and done by a man who combines knowledge of the facts with affection for the scene and people he portrays. I think it is possible that we may ultimately find Mr. Quick has established a new school of American historical romance; but even if he hasn't, we may still count his three books as an admirable achievement on their own account.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Heliodora

Heliodora, by H. D. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

POETS of the philosophic, psychoanalytic, sentimental or cerebral sort often get into print on the merits of their insight or ideas, their feeling or their wit, before perfecting their medium of expression. H. D., seeking to wake the soul with wind and frost rather than with the eternal why-and-wherefores of existence, to bathe it in seawater instead of tears, to let it run and climb on rock-bound shores instead of in the gymnasium of mere cleverness, having, in short, no concern for anything but beauty (and outward pagan beauty . . . not the Christian inner kind), made flawlessness of form a self-established first prerequisite. And so unflinchingly was it met, in *Sea Garden* and *Hymen*, that her technical perfection is more or less taken for granted, while toward a possible broadening of outlook or a deepening of emotion one looks with interest.

If, hitherto, the objective nature of her subject matter left one in doubt as to whatever latent abilities she might possess for expressing human feelings, *Heliodora*, her new volume, offers ample material by which to judge her in this capacity too. H. D. herself, in fact, invites such a verdict. For just as her earlier volumes contained numerous prayers for the persistency of her freedom from flesh-and-blood feelings, so in this last one it is stated:

I have brought small wreathes
(they were a child's gift)
I have offered myrrh leaf
crisp lentisk

I have laid rose petal
and white rock-rose from the beach.
But I give life and spirit with this.
I give life and spirit with this.

And at first glance, so it would seem—she now gives

life and spirit. Reactions to the gods and mythological figures are replaced by moods of a human relationship. One notes a dirge, and, here and there, a colloquial phrase even. There are scarcely any pure nature pieces, and the re-worked fragments from Sappho begin "I know not what to do." "Is love bitter or sweet?" etc. But though to the eye, the human element is thus strikingly predominant, the heart still finds but a crumb or two to snatch at while the æsthetic sense is as lavishly fed as ever.

Since in proof of this latter point, it is hardly necessary to make quotations, the triviality of her new themes may be briefly illustrated by:

. . . Yet to sing love,
love must first shatter us.

or

He and I sought together
over the spattered table
rhymes and flowers,
gifts for a name.

Love, passion, companionship, etc., are presented only in their relationship to art, never in connection with our mutually shared spiritual states; and poetry thus becomes a wall shutting one away from life instead of a gate leading into it. The difference resembles the contrast between the feeling one has in a gallery where one is always aware of the marble and canvas, and that brought about by a play which one forgets is not real . . . the difference, in other words, between painting and literature. For H. D.'s method is that of a painter, a sculptor. Instead of using technique to express an emotion, she makes emotion a means of focussing one's attention upon the technique. The emotion itself, therefore, is generally slight, the form that sheathes it rich in nuance; the thought not profound enough to offer opportunity for compactness and the metaphors by which it is repeated again and again, faultlessly exact and precise, so that, though the thoughts and emotions leave us cold, we are compensated by a feeling of ecstatic marvel at her power of transforming language into actual clay and color. A great poet, of course, must be able to do this, but poetry is severed from the other arts which it assimilates by its own special capacity for expressing, as well as rousing, the so-called soul. As a chiseled sea-shell, or one upon a canvas, H. D.'s poetry is perfect, but as such, it also lacks those echoes of the heart's depth or the mind's that we always listen for in literature of any kind.

MARCIA NARDI.

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The Week

OFFICIAL action on the French debt to the United States may be expected in the near future. The new Ambassador, M. Daeschener, now explains France has always intended to pay her debt, and never dreamed of doing anything else. He lets it be understood that he is charged with definite instructions from Premier Herriot in regard to the matter. The Premier, in the meantime, leads the chorus of French explanations that the speech of Deputy Marin was unofficial, private and personal. This is undoubtedly true; but it is also true that nearly all Frenchmen join him in his belief that the French sacrifice in the War was made "in the cause of civilization" and that part at least of the debt should be remitted. Deputy Marin's remarks were not another in the long series of French trial balloons; but from their character they might easily have been. The truth is, Herriot and his advisers now realize that interchanges of the sort which have recently taken place do the cause of France grave harm. Not only do they hurt her credit in the international financial market, but the discord between the countries which is stirred up

makes it doubly impossible to hope for a settlement on moderate lines. What France needs, and urgently needs, is an end of patriotic oratory, and an official, concrete proposal to our government which is somewhere within hailing distance of what American public opinion will accept. Paris at last understands this, and official action will not be long delayed.

WE take it for granted that the Senate's delay in acting on the nomination of Mr. Stone to the Supreme Bench is intended only for political effect and will soon end in confirmation. At the same time we regret that the Attorney-General should have taken the action he has in the case of Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, upon which the protest has been based. Senator Wheeler, it will be remembered, was indicted last spring in his own state on a charge of having accepted a fee, while a Senator, for appearing before a government department on behalf of a client. He replied that what he did for Mr. Gordon Campbell was not legal service but friendly aid to a constituent such as every member of Congress constantly undertakes. A Senate Committee investigated the charge and gave him a complete exoneration; but the Montana case itself has neither been tried nor dropped. Now the Department of Justice has asked a Grand Jury for a new indictment in the District of Columbia.

THERE may be good legal grounds for this; but if so, the Montana indictment should at once be withdrawn, and the District case prosecuted to a conclusion one way or the other. It has been almost universally believed that the Montana case was cooked up by Harry Daugherty in order to discredit and, if possible, to halt the revelations of the Brookhart-Wheeler senatorial committee. It is known that George B. Lockwood, publisher of the National Republican, sent an emissary to Montana to hunt for whatever damaging material he could find, and that this person aided the government in preparing its case. Certainly Senator Wheeler should now either be tried or formally exonerated. Further delay will constitute a bad blot on Attorney-General Stone's good record; it will look to the public as though Senator Wheeler were being not prosecuted but persecuted.

TWO events of great importance took place in Russian affairs last week, just one year after the death of Lenin. Trotzky has been shorn of all powers both as War Minister and as a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party; and the three and a half years' negotiations with Japan have ended successfully with the signing of a treaty. The full meaning of Trotzky's downfall is still somewhat obscure, due to the rigid secrecy of the Moscow government; but a preponderating factor was clearly his personal incompatibility with his colleagues and the criticism of Communist policy contained in his famous recent book, 1917. The importance attached to his downfall by some European observers, who see in it the beginning of the end of the Soviet régime, appears to us fantastic. These same observers have been seeing the beginning of the end at least every second Thursday for the past five years.

THE agreement with Japan, if ratified as it probably will be, will greatly increase Russia's importance as a Pacific power, both in the eyes of the Western nations and in those of Orientals, including China and India. The terms indicate only a partial victory for Russia. While she escapes paying an indemnity for the Nikolaevsk massacre, Japan gets control of great oil and coal concessions on Sakhalin Island, paying only a small percentage of the proceeds to Moscow. The latter also agrees to refrain from propaganda in Japan. Full diplomatic recognition is postponed, presumably to see how well Moscow behaves. Excepting as to this last point, the agreement is interesting as a revelation of the present mood of Russia and a forecast of the Russo-French negotiations. Moscow evidently means business; and, however reluctantly, is ready to accept sufficient concessions to capitalism to make an agreement with France (if Herriot survives) at least possible.

THERE is no pleasing the real hundred and six percent patriots; and it is probably foolish to try. A conference was held in Washington last week on "the cause and cure of war"; and never was a meeting conducted which was more completely free from any tinge of radicalism. Of the nine national organizations of women which participated, not one is professedly a "peace" society. The speakers before the sessions consisted almost entirely of respectable college professors and equally respectable authorities on international affairs. At the conclusion of its week's work, the conference was so cautious that it did not even endorse the League of Nations, contenting itself with approving the Permanent Court of International Justice, the general proposal for the outlawry of war, the creation of a new federal office, that of "Under Secretary of State for Peace," and America's friendly assistance to the project outlined in the Protocol of Geneva. Yet even this mild, cautious and scientific attempt to

study the causes and cures of war has come in for damnation on the part of our ever-alert witch-hunters. Mrs. Haviland H. Lund, whom our readers will remember from her activities described in Mr. Sidney Howard's series of articles on Our Professional Patriots, promptly called a meeting in Washington to protest against, and counteract, this gathering. The speakers before the Conference were abused in terms too puerile and nonsensical to be worth repeating; the wildest charges were uttered, falsifying both their own personal records and what went on at the Conference. It is to be noted that Mrs. Lund and her friends cannily avoided attacking President Coolidge, who made a speech before the delegates, approving the object of their meeting in the warmest terms. The witch-hunters are careful to abuse those whom they regard as unable to fight back on equal terms.

JAMES M. BECK, Solicitor-General of the United States, is the author of a book called *The Constitution of the United States*, of which a new edition is about to appear with a preface of warm approval by President Coolidge. Several previous editions of this great work have appeared, which are well worth the attention of any thoughtful student of history. The first one, for instance, was dedicated: "To the Honorable Harry M. Daugherty, Attorney-General of the United States, a true and loyal friend, a fair and chivalrous foe, with whom it is the author's great privilege to collaborate as Solicitor-General in defending and vindicating in the Supreme Court of the United States the principles and mandates of its Constitution." In 1924, when Mr. Daugherty's star was declining, the author published another edition. This one, or at least the copy we have before us, is dedicated to "The Masters of the Bench of Gray's Inn"—"in grateful appreciation," as Mr. Beck explains, "of the honor of being called by Gray's Inn to the historic Bar of England and of being admitted to the fellowship of its bench." The collector of Beckiana will find it to his advantage, undoubtedly, to buy each additional edition as it comes from the press, and see upon whom the Solicitor-General's cordial—if evanescent—esteem is temporarily fixed.

WE have several times observed that women are either not interested in politics at all, or else they are likely to have an attitude both more intelligent and more disinterested than that of the average man. The New York League of Women Voters is at present active in a matter which proves our point. It has been concerning itself about the fact that women citizens in that state are forbidden by law to serve on juries: Whereas nearly all men flee from such service as from the Black Death, the League believes that the restriction should be abolished; because, as one of its members, Miss Clara King, observes:

some of us feel this is a right that is denied us, some feel it to be a duty we are prevented from performing, and others that it is an educative source of contact with and understanding of our fellow citizens that we are cut off from.

We are under no illusions as to the peculiar effectiveness of women in public affairs when we record our hearty agreement with Miss King. Women have not brought the millennium in political life. On the other hand, in those numerous states where they now serve on juries, they perform these duties at least as well as do the men, and some observers believe, much better. Equal suffrage implies equal participation in every aspect of citizenship except those from which women are obviously debarred by physiological limitations. Jury duty is not one.

THERE is a great to-do over the announcement of the Census Bureau that between 1912 and 1922 the public debt, national, state and local, increased from \$4,850,460,000 to \$30,845,260,000 or nearly seven times. Governmental extravagance must stop! Taxes must be reduced! But let us pause a moment for analysis. The increase of the national debt, from \$1,028,564,000 to \$22,155,886,000, was caused chiefly by war bonds; the remainder of the growth, if increase in population and rise in price level are accounted for, was smaller than was to be expected. State debts totalled about \$346,000,000 in 1912. The population increased 11.5 percent during the next decade, and an equivalent enlargement of debt would have brought it nearly to \$400,000,000. In 1920 the price level was more than double that of 1912, but if we assume that the net increase of the debt due to higher prices, was only 50 percent, the total would have become \$600,000,000 in 1922. As a matter of fact it was \$935,000,000—a real growth of but 55 percent per capita. Similar analysis of local indebtedness shows the real increase per capita to have been only 30 percent. And both percentages represent enormous increase in equipment for productive service, such as roads and schools. The real test of public expenditures is not simply what we pay in taxes, but what we get for what we pay.

MOST people are now fairly familiar with the phrase "city planning" and what it connotes. We predict that in years to come "regional planning" will be heard even more frequently. Among the engineers, architects and others who think about such things, the belief is growing that the problem of the great modern city cannot be solved except by working on a scale which includes as well a large area of the surrounding countryside. These men long ago realized that new transportation lines do not relieve congestion, but only increase it; that with land values left strictly in private hands, the problem of decent housing for people of modest means is unsolvable in thickly-inhabited areas; and that we must think, not of facilitating more growth, but

of making cities smaller. This is to be done by creating satellite centres on the outskirts, and perhaps by limiting these satellites in size by encircling them with bands of agricultural or park land.

IN the meantime, the State of New York has made itself a leader in the regional planning movement by taking steps for such an enterprise along the "Niagara Frontier." The effort, which is local and voluntary, embraces Erie and Niagara counties, with a population of about 850,000 and twenty-two villages and six cities, including Buffalo. In coöperation with the State Commission of Housing and Regional Planning, a Niagara Frontier Planning Association has been created, to deal with

new communicating highways, parks, rapid transit facilities, regional zoning to provide for the proper location of industry and residential areas, the location of bridges within the region and across the Niagara river to Canada, the furtherance of parkways, boulevard extensions, water supply, sewage disposal and harbor and canal improvements.

Some of these subjects may seem prosaic, yet there are few themes on which greater exercise of the imagination is possible. Plenty of people dream about utopias; the planners of cities and regions in sober earnest set about bringing them to pass.

THE Proportional Representation League of Philadelphia has been analyzing the results of the latest British election, and points out some interesting anomalies which result from the "single-member district" system (used in this country as well) under which all votes are lost save those for the successful candidate. The League observes that the Unionists needed to cast only an average of 19,505 votes for each seat won, whereas Labor had to cast 38,613, the Liberals 88,473, and the Independents 30,884. If the seats had been apportioned on a basis of the actual total vote, the Unionists instead of getting 382 would have only 261. Labor's representation would be increased from 142 to 192, and the Liberals', from 34 to 105. Instead of outnumbering their combined opponents by 202 votes, as at present, the Unionists would fall 40 votes short of a majority.

IN some districts the unfairness of the result is even more startling. In Scotland the Unionists secured 36 seats by casting 688,298 votes. All their opponents combined secured only 32 seats with 1,028,175 votes. In the eleven counties south of the Thames, the Unionists took eighty-four places with 1,456,702 votes. Liberals and Labor combined got only one place with about two-thirds as many votes, or 929,599. The Proportional Representation League, which of course advocates a system whereby every party would be represented exactly in proportion to its share of the vote, calls such results as the foregoing "absurd." We do not see how anybody can fail to agree.

The State of Mind of the French Nationalists

THE recent speech of M. Marin in the Chamber of Députés, dealing with the question of the debt of \$4,000,000,000 nominally owed by France to the United States, expresses the prevailing feelings of the French nationalist party. They regard the alleged debt as unjust, irrespective of whether they can pay it or not. Inasmuch as they regard it as unjust, they will not, as long as their present state of mind endures, seriously consider the question of how much they are willing and able to pay. They are not *willing* to pay anything. The French government would say as much and more tomorrow, were it not for one fact. The utter and frank repudiation of its promise to pay would arouse so much resentment and desire for retaliation in this country that Frenchmen would be unable for many years to borrow in the American market. The problem of the French nationalist leaders at present is, consequently, that of obtaining a settlement which acknowledges the existence of the debt but which relieves the French nation of any definite obligation to pay it.

Their attitude, that is, towards their alleged debt to this country duplicates from the opposite point of view their attitude towards the alleged debt of Germany to them. In both cases they base their policy on what they take to be abstract justice irrespective of circumstances and consequences. It would be wrong for France to pay anything to her alleged creditors no matter for what purpose the borrowed money was actually spent and no matter how much she is actually able to pay. On the other hand it would be right for Germany to pay all her legal debt to the French nation no matter what the consequences of payment would be to the welfare of the German people or how little the French people could profitably consume the goods. If Germany fail to pay, no matter for what reason, it would be right for France to invade German territory and seize any property which seemed to offer security for the debt. It makes no difference how much injury the French invasion did to Germany or how impossible it was for her to pay the alleged debt or how worthless or costly the seized German property would be. The debt nominally owed by Germany to France is sacred. The debt nominally owed by France to the United States is tainted.

There is only one sufficient explanation of the French attitude. The mind of the French patriots is filled with a profound and inexhaustible self-pity. This self-pity persuades them to look on the state of France as an exceptional case for whose benefit credits ought to be punctually paid and obligations carelessly remitted and which is entitled to exemption from the natural consequences of its situation. This self-pity is not a fugitive or an easily appeased emotion. It is born of the history of France since

1815 and of the effect of the precarious standing of the French Republic in Europe upon the peculiar temperament of the French nation.

The French were the first continental European people to reach national self-consciousness and an effective national organization. As soon as the religious wars were over they emerged as the most aggressive and formidable military power in Europe, and for two hundred years they dominated the politics and the culture of the continent. During that period they learned to think of themselves as the most glorious, the most cultured and the most powerful nation in the world. The invasions of France and the occupations of Paris in 1814 and 1815 did nothing to diminish their good opinion of themselves. They had succumbed, but only to a combination against them of all Europe. The Napoleonic episode and the memories which it invoked increased their sense of their own peculiar importance, while the generosity with which they were treated at its ending left them free from grievances and humiliations. They still cherished a belief in their own peculiar franchise to dominate European politics and culture, and their support of Napoleon III was prompted in part by a longing to resume a leadership and a preponderance to which neither their power nor their culture, as compared to those of their competitors, any longer entitled them. Their diminution as compared to their neighbors in power and efficiency was proved to the world in 1870-71 by the results of the Franco-Prussian War. Their defeat was terribly humiliating to a people with such a glorious history and with such an inflated national self-consciousness. It was then that they began to pity themselves. Not being able to admit that they deserved their defeat, they were obliged to associate their shrinkage of power with a profound disparagement of the nation which had defeated, despoiled, humiliated and superseded them.

From 1871 until 1914 they smarted under the memory of the defeat and injustice and under the sense of inferiority in power. They strained their resources in order to maintain their standing as a great European and colonial state, but they were steadily falling behind in their race with their chief competitors. The German government took every opportunity of playing the bully and reminding them of their comparative impotence. The French nationalists remained ominously silent, but they longed passionately for revenge and for another burst of French glory and another vindication of self-esteem. When the War came and they found themselves attacked and from the start grievously wounded by Germany, they braced themselves with grim and fierce determination to pay the ultimate tribute to their bleeding country. They took the War to be chiefly a struggle for existence between France and Germany. They expected subjugation in the event of defeat. They demanded and considered themselves entitled to an assured preponderance in the event of victory. The victory was

finally won after a contest in which the invincibility of the French national spirit contributed essentially to the result, but the victory was won only with the help of Russia, Great Britain and the United States; and it left France physically and emotionally strained to the limit. It has not restored to French nationalists the confidence in their country's assumed preëminence which they had once felt; but it has furnished them with a temporary military superiority in Europe and a chance to reassert the coveted leadership. Unfortunately for them the reassertion of French leadership was contingent both upon the consent of the countries associated with France during the War and upon the permanent refusal to the Germans of any opportunity to occupy the position in Europe to which their numbers, their industry and their technical competence entitled them.

The results of the victory have, consequently, encouraged the French nationalists to indulge in dangerous illusions and to undertake disastrous and suicidal enterprises. They are strongly tempted to use a necessarily temporary military superiority to reassert for France a permanent leadership in Europe, but they realize the hazards of the enterprise. They know in their hearts that the physical and moral resources of their country, even when supplemented by the resources of a large part of Africa, are insufficient to give them any assurance of success. They are being impelled by their patriotic fears, sufferings, loyalty and ambition to risk French credit on a desperate gamble. That is why, in spite of their victory, their military superiority and their apparent aggressiveness, the clue to their state of mind is self-pity and why they consider themselves the fitting subject for privileged treatment from their former associates in the War. The civilized world owes France so much and has so ill-requited the sacrifices and the deserts of that country that French nationalism justifies itself in attaching a sacred quality to its credits in the international balance sheet and in subjecting all the items on the opposite side of the ledger to a discount of at least 90 percent.

The foregoing description of French nationalist psychology is true, of course, only of its more extreme manifestations, and its domination of French policy is counteracted by a steadily increasing body of sane and realistic French opinion. But for the present French policy is still characterized by the mixture of self-assertion and self-pity which we have indicated; and its authors exhibit a shrewdness and skill in carrying out the policy which is strangely contrasted with the hot-headed patriotic complex in which it originates.

The French nationalists relieve their feelings by enthusiastically applauding both in parliament and the press the Marin speech; and on the next day the majority of the chamber will not permit the government to placard it on the streets and highways of France. Frenchmen do not behave as enthu-

siastically as they talk. They require, as they well know, for the success of their plans the connivance of their War associates, of the succession states and of Russia in French aggrandizement and in the prevention of complete German recovery. They hardly expect to obtain this connivance to the extent which they desire and need it, but they see a chance of obtaining it in some measure. So far as the English-speaking peoples are concerned, they hope to get it by threatening Europe with the awful consequences of refusing to France the reparations and the privileged position to which in their opinion she is entitled. The invasion of the Ruhr was the beginning of a policy of terrorism which is not yet abandoned. They have already obtained in return for a conditional promise to evacuate the Ruhr the full partnership of England and the partial partnership of America in a plan which provides for the indefinitely prolonged economic servitude of Germany. At the same time they have preserved the legal right to repeat in not improbable future circumstances the violent and destructive use of French military superiority which characterized the Ruhr invasion. By flourishing this weapon over Europe and over France's associates in carrying out the Dawes plan, they hope to prolong indefinitely by general consent and coöperation the existing supremacy of France and the existing subjugation of Germany.

This French policy is by far the most dangerous existing threat to the peace of Europe and the insuperable obstacle to general economic recovery. It requires to be opposed and counteracted, but to counteract it by war or the threat of war would be at once impossible, disastrous and unjustifiable. The most promising way of counteracting it is to awaken French opinion to the destructive consequences of the continued assertion of such a policy by French governments, and the most promising route to such an awakening is to keep the French keenly alive to the weak aspects of their position. While their army is invincible, their national finances are almost pitifully vulnerable. This weakness, culminating as it did in the threatened débâcle of the franc in March, 1924, the call for foreign assistance to prevent it from collapsing and the reaction of these occurrences on international politics, overthrew M. Poincaré. It has not, however, finally done away with Poincaréism, and until it does, until the dominant French opinion understands how ill it can afford the luxury of so much national self-pity and self-esteem, it would be unwise for the American government either to press France too hard or to let her off too easily. If their debts were cancelled and their credit improved, the French nationalists might be able to finance Poincaréism for another ten years. As the chief creditor of France, the American government seems cast for the ungrateful and unpopular rôle of moral accountant whose insistence may teach French nationalists to curb their ambitions. They need to learn that a preponderant army is no longer

an infallible method of obtaining and proving political leadership. That leadership will go to the country which can place itself at the head of an economic federation of Europe—the only economic unit capable in the long run of negotiating on fair terms with their common master, the colossus of American capitalist finance.

When Scholars Gather

FOR scholars, scientists, humanists, antiquarians, university professors of every color, in fine, for all those whom the newspapers fondly designate as "savants," the fiscal year ends and begins with the week following Christmas. At that time they take their intellectual inventories and make their budgets for the ensuing year. The occasion for all this is the gathering of the learned societies. Each professional group, each "subject," is organized into a national body, the chief function of which is to hold these annual meetings. Every year just after Christmas time (the vacation season for all the academic members) the scholars come together to hear and discuss the findings of such of their members as have findings to report, to alter, to talk over informally the work that is going forward in their own and other fields, to study, perhaps disingenuously, the merits of possible assistants or even successors, and most particularly to renew their courage for what is often a lonely struggle in the general enthusiasm for the common cause.

This intellectual scene makes a very interesting spectacle. During the week of December 29 of the Christmas season that has just passed, the scientific constellation, from physics to psychology, met several thousand strong in Washington. Simultaneously a social-science group, headed by economics and sociology, assembled in Chicago, while any number of single associations met separately in colleges and universities all up and down the land. To report all the activities of all these groups is neither possible nor desirable. Each society publishes its own minutes in its own trade journal where they are readily accessible, compactly recorded in the jargon of the craft for all the master-journeymen. But as a spectacle the learned societies deserve more observation and study than they have yet received. If it is true, as we have been told, that the truth will set us free, the great annual inventory of the truth is a matter of public concern, no less than the meetings of politicians and manufacturers.

For one thing, it is important to know how truth transpires. Perhaps the most striking observation to be made upon these intellectual gatherings is the extreme rarity, practically the non-existence, of "discoveries" of any magnitude. The casual visitor at the sessions of the most promising scientific group would certainly carry away the impression that he had suffered the ill luck to chance upon an

off day. Going, very likely, in the expectation of participating in the announcement of epoch-making theories or research observations, he would come away with the impression of meticulous research upon picayunish specialties, of trifling announcements apathetically received, of petty disagreements unprofitably aired. Both these impressions would be false. Many of the papers which seem intolerably dull to the outsider are exciting enough to the initiates. Any given report may mean verification or contradiction to other workers in the same department. It could be a complete and total surprise only to the ignorant. In 1919, to be sure, the world was startled by an announcement, made by the Royal Astronomer at the meeting of the British Royal Astronomical Society, that eclipse observations made some time before showed the near stars out of place to the precise degree predicted by the German mathematician, Albert Einstein. That is, the newspaper world was startled. The Royal Astronomer and the displaced stars made excellent copy. But Einstein's work, including this prediction, had been done years before, beginning, indeed, in 1906. The displacement itself was no novelty. Both the astronomers and the mathematical physicists were waiting quite calmly for just this kind of correlation. Other experimental checks on the Einstein theory had been presented before; many have been published since. On this occasion no one was surprised but "the world." By a dramatic accident, the newspapers discovered Einstein.

That there will be more Einsteins no one can doubt, but who they will be it is now impossible to say. Pending the future, therefore, even the scientists must be pardoned if they fail to greet every paper by every patent office clerk (it will be remembered that Einstein held such a position while working out his theory of relativity) with the dignity it may some time command. Which is only to say that scientists are human. The American Association for the Advancement of Science resembles the Rotary Club and the Third International in this important respect: each is composed wholly of human beings.

The human aspects of the learned society are many and various. One of them, of course, is "boom." These, also, are propaganda organizations. The scientists have a cause for which they desire public approval. They meet in part to pass resolutions about Bryan, and they employ a press service to broadcast their adumbrations. Furthermore, scientists and "savants" are professional men. Each member of each society is building a career as well as setting burnt offerings before Truth. Every association is an employment agency for its department. In the nature of the case, therefore, the personal equation is the most important formula even of societies for the advancement of truth. This means that the lobbies and the corridors have an important part to play in the lives of scientists, if not in the cause of science. It means further that

the personal note can never be wholly absent from the most obscure discussion. In a certain sense these gatherings are held to let Our Crowd show up Your Crowd. Science advances through the exposure of fallacy.

Some of these groups are livelier than others. Another human phenomenon not unknown to the Rotarians. In each case there is a reason, or reasons, rather, some human, some quite impersonal. Some sciences are moving rapidly, others are temporarily becalmed. It is interesting to note which are which. But the most interesting thing of all is to note the process by which all move forward. On this point the reports of our contributors are most illuminating. The sciences are moving forward by cross-fertilization. Nearly every paper notes the fact. Psychology is receiving an impulse from biology, biology from chemistry, chemistry from astronomy, astronomy from physics, physics from chemistry, chemistry from biology, biology from anthropology, and so around. Each field is assimilating the others, and being assimilated. Each is becoming more "objective." This is the advancement of science.

The Outlook for Technical Progress

THE possibilities of technical progress in an era of consolidated capitalism have long been a subject of acrimonious debate. Optimists have maintained that with the further concentration of industry more and more functions will be redeemed from the old anarchy of rules of thumb and inspirational hunches, and will be placed under the orderly rule of trained engineers. They have drawn vivid pictures of the old time inventors working blindly with improvised equipment to perfect a technical device for which perhaps there was no need. A great modern industrial plant has its own staff of inventors, prepared to meet each technical need as it appears. It has been stoutly maintained that not only is mechanical progress likely to be more rapid under the latter system, but the position of the inventor is more secure and significant.

Pessimists, on the other hand, have argued that the modern tendency operates slowly but surely toward the subordination of the technical personnel to the business staff, and business is naturally conservative. The initial period in the history of a consolidated industry may indeed be marked by rapid technical progress, while the most effective methods employed in any of the consolidated plants are being applied throughout the industry. When this has been accomplished however, progress, so it is often argued, will slow up. The financiers at the head of the enterprise will not care to disturb a condition which is satisfactory from the point of view of profits. They have no zest for pioneering,

and in the absence of competition are under no compulsion to engage in it. The steel industry is sometimes cited as a case in point. After a febrile period of progress in which one revolutionary invention followed another, the industry was merged in the United States Steel Corporation. Practice was brought up to the best standards prevailing in any of the consolidated plants. The later financial history of the Corporation has been brilliant, but the technical history has been dull in the extreme.

This view of the unprogressive character of consolidated capitalism has recently received support, indirectly, from an authoritative quarter. President Baker of the Carnegie Institute of Technology of Pittsburgh has presented significant forecasts on the future of the engineering profession. He believes that with increase in the size of plants products will become more uniform, and the demand for the services of engineers who are also designers will diminish. There will be fewer chances for the great body of engineers. The minority who are highly trained and of great natural endowment will receive larger rewards than ever, but the majority will have to content themselves with routine functions. So sure is President Baker of his forecasts that he proposes to readjust to them the whole scheme of technical education.

The technical schools must strive to develop some engineers capable of doing creative work. These must be men highly endowed, and they must be given far more ample time for preparation than is given at present. But "the easier and bigger opportunity for the college is to train men who will fill the ranks of the great army of industry, but who cannot be originators or cannot do engineering work except in a limited degree."

Under President Baker's scheme of education we should have two classes of engineers. One of them, designed to recruit the higher technical staffs of the great corporations, would be required to go through a long course of rigorous training. It would have to be drawn chiefly from those family groups which could meet the expense involved. The other class, designed to carry on the engineering routine of the industry, would receive only such training as would fit them for their narrow functions. The training period could be relatively brief and inexpensive. Students of modest means, or even, in exceptional instances, of practically no means at all, might compass it.

From the point of view of economy there is much to be said for the plan. It is wasteful to try to teach a hundred students how to design a cantilever bridge when ninety-nine of them are predestined to devote their lives to administering the grease cups and automatic oilers. It is wasteful to try to teach a hundred young architectural students how to construct vaulted domes when ninety-nine of them are predestined to a life of economical blue-printing for suburban houses to be sold on terms equivalent to rent. It is wasteful to try to teach a

hundred high school girls to write literary compositions when ninety-nine of them will compose nothing more ambitious than "Yours of the tenth inst. received."

In fact, the wastes of education, technical or "classical" are immense. And yet it has been the experience of mankind that wastes of this character have to be tolerated. For no device has ever been invented for determining in advance which one of the hundred students will turn out to be a great engineer, architect or writer. Even divine inspiration could find no better rule than "Many are called, few are chosen." Under the scheme of education and industrial organization forecast by President Baker, Steinmetz and Pupin, newly landed at Castle Garden, would have been headed straight for the grease cups. A young Edison would have been set trimming the oil lamps, a young Henry Ford might have aspired to the job of keeping the shop monkey-wrenches in order. Not one of them as a youth could have presented to a highly trained technical staff schemes of improvement that would have stood up against highly trained technical criticism. These men, and the thousands of lesser mechanical innovators who built up our industrial system, got their chance under the loose, anarchic scheme of competitive capitalism, which could not afford to look too closely into the professional antecedents of an idea that appeared promising.

In industry as in biology progress results from a nice balance of two opposing factors, economy of material, profusion of forms and ideas. Consolidated capitalism is beginning to provide for economy of material. Never in the history of mankind has so much attention been devoted to the elimination of some sources of waste. The other factor, the free generation of forms and ideas, does not appear to fare so well.

It is true that many of our largest industrial plants have equipped themselves with splendid research departments and maintain well-paid scientific staffs not necessarily restricted to the study of problems of immediate business concern. This is, however, commonly regarded as a pet extravagance, not as a significant condition of continuous industrial progress. There is reason to fear that this form of extravagance will be indulged in less freely as the consolidated enterprises fall more completely under the dominance of finance. Moreover, there is grave danger that such scientific staffs will lose all innovating spirit under a control which prefers a minimum of innovation so long as the flow of profit is steady and copious.

We do not maintain that it is impossible to reconcile the interests of economy and progress under consolidated capitalism. The great industries might conceivably tax themselves to educate thoroughly a great profusion of engineers, and make opportunities for them to develop originality, if it is in them. They might organize an institute for encouraging and rewarding the inventors who keep

emerging often in the unlikeliest circumstances. But there is small likelihood that consolidated capitalism will exhibit any such far-reaching statecraft.

The signs of the times point to financial conservatism and crystallization of technique in the fields dominated by consolidated capitalism. They point to sharp restrictions upon the selective forces which have hitherto operated to elevate promising men from the ranks to positions of command. Under the more flexible order from which we have just emerged the interests of the engineer were attached to capital. This will still remain true of the small, highly trained technical staff, but the great mass of engineers will find their position assimilated to that of skilled labor.

It is conceivable that such a stable system of industry may endure for a considerable time. Yet it is worth bearing in mind that capitalism came into existence and rose to its greatest heights through the force of technical progress. Its moral defence has always run in terms of the encouragement it offers to enterprise—innovation and invention. It remains to be seen whether capitalism can either defend or maintain itself when it has achieved the end toward which consolidated capitalism is now tending, an orderly and profitable routine.

Railroad Labor's Case

THE status of railroad labor has recently come to public attention again in three ways—the wage increase awarded by the Railroad Labor Board to certain classes of the clerks, the argument before the Supreme Court of the suit by the clerks and shopmen against the Pennsylvania Railroad for refusing to deal with their unions, and the renewed agitation for the passage of the Howell-Barkley bill substituting conciliation and voluntary arbitration for the Labor Board.

The clerks' wage case was notable because of a passage in the arbitration proceedings. The union's argument rested partly on the fact that since 1920 the wage adjustments of the train service employees had resulted more favorably than those of the clerical classes. The last demand of the engineers, firemen, conductors and trainmen had been granted by the roads without arbitration, but a parallel demand of the clerks had been refused. Both movements had begun on the New York Central, whose experienced Vice-President in charge of personnel, Mr. John G. Walber, was present at the Labor Board hearings. Chairman Hooper asked Mr. Walber why an increase had been granted to one group but not to the other. Mr. Walber replied in substance that it was because the management was convinced that the engineers would strike and that a strike would seriously injure the road, whereas the same considerations did not apply to the clerks. Thus the basic value of strong union organization and the function of collective bargain-

ing in raising wages was dramatically made plain. An unusually frank employer confirmed what union spokesmen have always contended. The chances are that if the train service men had not possessed or exercised the power to enforce a wage increase independent of the arbitral court, neither they nor the clerks would have received one, however justified it might be.

The recent argument before the Supreme Court was part of an effort to restore genuine collective bargaining where it had been denied by a refusal of a railroad to confer. It is an old story how the Pennsylvania declined to negotiate with representatives of the clerks' and shopmen's unions, how instead it installed an "employee representative" plan of its own, how it held its own elections, refusing to allow employees to vote for their organizations as representatives, and conferred with "representatives" who were not supported by majorities of the employees concerned and were not backed by a genuine organization with a treasury and other essential aspects of economic power. The Labor Board ordered new elections which would give the unions a chance to function, as the Pennsylvania refused to obey the order. The Board prepared to denounce the disobedience, and the Pennsylvania secured an injunction to prevent the denunciation. This injunction was dissolved some time ago by the Supreme Court. The Labor Board published its anathema, but public opinion did not bring about any change in the road's policy. The present case is not an attempt to enforce the Labor Board's decision, acceptance of which is not compulsory under the law, but an attempt to enforce another clause of the Transportation Act, which makes obligatory a conference before arbitration. The act says in effect that the carriers and labor organizations shall confer and attempt to settle their disputes by negotiation, and it is only when such negotiation has failed that the Labor Board is to be called in. The contention of the unions is that the procedure of the Pennsylvania is an evasion of this clause, that the road does not confer in any real sense, that the stratagem of "employee representation" deprives the genuine unions of their right of conference, that it is contrary to the intent of the act and to public policy. They ask for injunctions which will force the road to confer with them rather than with its own representatives, and the shopmen also ask for damages. This case will have important reverberations, because numerous other roads have followed the Pennsylvania's example in attempting to kill the weaker unions by company-controlled "employee representation" plans.

Both these incidents throw a strong light on the pressure of the railroad unions for the passage of the Howell-Barkley bill. Its chief object is to abolish a form of adjustment which has tended to weaken collective bargaining, and to set up one which places the emphasis on conference and agreement between the parties directly concerned. Ex-

perience has taught the unions that public pressure is rarely effective in raising their wages and improving their conditions, and that even in cases where the railroads flout decisions of the Labor Board, public pressure is a fiction. The "public"—represented on the Board by appointees who may be prejudiced in favor of the carriers, and elsewhere chiefly by newspapers subject to their persuasiveness—is invoked nine times out of ten as an ally of the employers. Under the labor provisions of the Transportation Act, which compel arbitration when an agreement is not reached, the railroads have tended to pass every possible dispute up to the Labor Board, to ignore crucial decisions against themselves, and to call for public support of the Board when its decisions are against the unions. This is possible because the roads can disobey decisions by means of executive action without directly causing interruption of service, while the unions can try to overrule decisions only by the weapon of the strike. The Howell-Barkley bill attempts to guarantee conferences with genuine unions, and it attempts to make such conferences real by providing for public arbitration only when both sides demand it and are pledged to acceptance of the verdict.

Opponents of the bill have attacked it on the ground that it proposes to rob the public of power to resist demands of the unions. Anything, however, which will strengthen the institution of collective bargaining on the railroads is in the ultimate public interest. Genuine unions having economic power, and whole-hearted recognition of such unions, are a necessary basis of wholesome labor relations. Once this is granted, arbitration of disputes which cannot be settled in conference will become as much to the interest of the parties directly concerned as of the public, for no union, especially in a public-service industry, really wants to strike. And upon genuine collective bargaining may be built coöperation to render better service and so to benefit all parties, as the shop crafts unions and the Baltimore and Ohio have demonstrated. Whether under the existing law or under a new one, the key to the railroad labor problem lies in honest application of this principle.

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Europe and the Protocol

THE Geneva Protocol has, I note, been much discussed in the United States in its bearing upon American politics. There were American correspondents present at Geneva during its framing, and particularly during the three days of tension over the Japanese amendment, who were determined to see to that. But much more important than its bearing on American politics are its bearings upon European politics—even for America herself. For what the Protocol makes of Europe must in the long run have a determining effect upon European-American relations.

I do not propose to speculate here upon the short-distance prospects of the Protocol. It may be ratified by three great powers and ten other members of the League by May 1 (as required for the assembling of the Disarmament Conference). Or it may not. The British government may ratify it after consulting with the Dominions, either with or without reservations. Or it may take upon itself the responsibility of rejecting it. Three other great powers may ratify it. Or they may not. The Disarmament Conference may be held this summer, or this autumn, or next year, or even later. It may adopt a scheme of disarmament or it may find the immediate problem too difficult. The Protocol itself may be rediscussed and amended to suit the needs of this or that country. All this is on the knees of the gods, and depends upon the movement of opinion and the play of party, personality and even accident, in many different countries—in Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Canada and Australia, to name but a few.

But what are certain and quite beyond the play of accident, unless my judgment is wholly at fault, are the long distance prospects of the Protocol. What was done at Geneva last September has introduced a new practical issue into the politics of every European country. That issue, as it comes to be understood by parties and people, will increasingly dominate the stage; and in doing so, it will transform existing alignments and bring a new international progressive movement into existence.

What is the object of the Protocol? It is to establish the reign of law in international politics by declaring aggressive war a crime and framing rules for the detection of that crime and for the enforcement of law against the guilty parties. The corollary to this is the reduction of armaments to the minimum needed for the employment of coöperative force, and the establishment of a central technical organization of inspection and control. Thus is the program outlined under the triple heading: Arbitration, Security and Disarmament or, to be more strictly accurate, Peaceful Settlement, Mutual Protection, Limitation of Armaments.

Why was it that this program, precipitated upon

the Assembly of the League by Premiers MacDonald and Herriot, secured such enthusiastic and unanimous support? Because it has the merit of meeting the needs and aspirations of every section of progressive opinion represented in the Assembly. The debates of the previous year on the Cecil-Réquin Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance had left a deadlock between what may roughly be described as the peace group and the security group. The Dutch and the Scandinavians refused to pledge themselves to new measures of mutual protection until they were assured of a definite advance in respect of arbitration and disarmament. The security group, who were by no means satisfied with the draft treaty because of its inadequate definition of aggression, refused to go further in the way of compulsory and general reduction of armaments, or of modifying their own defensive treaties, until they had secured more definite guarantees of assistance under the League. The Protocol met the need of the peace party by its bold extension of the realm of law: the acceptance by the great powers in the League of the peaceful settlement of all disputes, whether justiciable or non-justiciable, went even beyond their expectations and hopes. At the same time the Protocol met the needs of the security party by its precision in respect of the definition of aggression and of the obligations of mutual protection.

No doubt both sides surrender something. The pacifist states are asked to give up the right (if it is a right under Article XVI of the Covenant) to refrain from giving "loyal and effective" help, (as limited by their geographical situation and the existing condition of their armaments), to their fellow-members. The security party, on their side, give up the right to be the sole judges as to how much armament they stand in need of. They also lose the power to set their own allied defensive machinery in motion before an aggression, as defined by the Protocol, has occurred. This surrender of the right to what is always described in Geneva, an untranslatable phrase, as the *déclenchement automatique*, is one of the biggest gains to be registered under the Protocol.

But what both sides stand to gain by the Protocol far exceeds in value what they are asked to surrender, and it is only a question of time before this is generally realized. This is true, not only of the Scandinavian countries and Holland and of France, Poland and Rumania, but also of Great Britain and the Dominions. No state in the world has so great an interest in peace, in the maintenance of the status quo, in the conciliatory settlement of every class of international dispute as the British Empire; and no nations in that Commonwealth have a greater interest in peaceful settlement than the

Australasian nations. If Poland, Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia are enthusiastic about the Protocol, Australia and New Zealand will make a similar response to similar considerations in the long run. It is only a question of time. Meanwhile what is more immediately interesting is the reaction of the Protocol on the political situation in Europe itself.

For three generations prior to the War, roughly from 1848 to 1914, the progressive movement in Europe was predominantly economic in character. The workingmen who constituted the bulk of its rank and file were assembled under the banner of Socialism. Pre-war Socialism was cradled in revolution; but as it developed its organization and gradually ousted Liberalism from the field, it became more and more evolutionary and constructive and, eventually, more and more national in its outlook. Each section of working-class voters concentrated on the fight against capitalism, and for this or that social reform, within the sphere of its own national action.

The War and its sequel have brought the pre-war Socialist movement to a dead end and introduced new issues and alignments. What was left of Socialism as a revolutionary force has become frankly Communistic. The breach between Moscow and the Second International has made it clear to all the world (except at election times) that the Socialist movement of today is a constitutional movement. At the same time the experience of office, which Socialist parties have enjoyed in various European countries since the War (Britain, Germany, Austria, Sweden, Denmark) has shown convincingly that the party must recover its international character and strengthen its international connections if it is to grapple seriously with post-war problems. How much of the domestic Socialist program could the British, German, Austrian, and other Socialist premiers put into effect? Conditions varied in the different cases; but everywhere it was problems of

foreign policy which held the centre of the stage and blocked the way to domestic reform or reconstruction.

What does this mean? It means that in post-war Europe the progressive movement is compelled, by the logic of events, to be firstly *constitutional* in its mode of action; secondly, *international in the scope of its program*. From this to an advanced League of Nations policy is but a single step.

This is the explanation of the apparent paradox that an organization sponsored originally by men like Lord Balfour should have done its first big constructive piece of work when chance had brought together at the Assembly a group of Socialist statesmen from Britain, France, Sweden and other countries. What these men are trying to do, as was well expressed by the French Trade Union leader, Jouhaux, in a speech in the Disarmament Commission, is to create a condition of confidence and stability, of constitutional order, such as will permit international statesmanship to grapple with those far-reaching economic problems which Socialist parties in individual countries have not been able to solve owing to their essentially international character. As M. Politis, who, so far as I know, is no Socialist, expressed it with his usual neatness: "Peace takes precedence of Justice, because Justice can only come into her own in a condition of assured peace."

That is why, by an irony of history, which must be making Karl Marx turn in his grave, the standardbearers of the Socialist movement in Europe, for all their rebel origins and the red ribbons in their buttonholes, will be spending their best efforts in the press and on the platform during the coming months and years explaining to the peoples of Europe that through the extension of the realm of law lies the best hope of finding practical solutions for the problems which weigh upon their working lives.

ALFRED ZIMMERN.

What's Wrong With the Home?

THE successful, it has been said, owe their success to the generous praise of the defeated. This certainly is not the spirit of the American home. In the course of its defeat it praises nothing; on the contrary, it criticizes everything in modern life, particularly in the life of youth.

The Juvenile Court is a social laboratory wherein one may see to best advantage the processes of disintegration and integration, the forces of youth in conflict.

It is significant that it was in America that the first Juvenile Court arose; for from America, about the same time, the civilized world received its first warning that all was not well with that ancient institution, the home. The first decade of the Juve-

nile Court marks the beginning of the rise in the curve of the broken home which is still mounting. Twenty-five years ago America had one divorce in thirty marriages, today one in five. It would thus almost seem as if the children's court movement were one of those protective devices by which the human race has so often with apparent blindness, yet with ultimate wisdom, averted or nullified the consequences of some great doom. Such was Christianity on the eve of the destruction of Grecian art and philosophy.

The Juvenile Court has averted to a certain extent some of the consequences of those selfish, bewildered adult blunders we call the broken home, but this has made the Court's work tremendously difficult. The Lord's Prayer sums up all of Chris-

tianity in its seventy-two words. Yet our libraries groan under tons of controversial books and our blood has been more often spilled than not in the name of Christianity. So with that original masterpiece, the first Juvenile Court Law, drawn up by the Chicago Bar Association in 1899.

The Juvenile Court was created so that the state could deal with wayward children, in matters of care, custody and discipline in the *parental* way; that is to say, as a wise father and mother would deal with a child. It is difficult to make adults understand this. And it is to be feared the child does not understand it either. It was explained to a little girl that the Court wished to treat her as a mother: "Well, but," said the child, "I don't like it to treat me like a mean mother."

That is just the point. At the very time the Juvenile Court enunciated the principle of the parenthood of the State, parenthood itself began to weaken, so that not only were thousands of children who in happier conditions would never have come before the Court dumped at its courts, but the children themselves had no concept of what a wise, good father and mother ought to be. If we say to Joe, aged nine, we are going to treat you as your father, what image arises in his mind? Children are incurably loyal and romantic, so probably Joe sees his father as something else than the man who says in court: "You may take Joe. He has been nothing but a burden and expense to me, and I have supported him, you might say, practically all his life."

When we say to Clara, aged fifteen, "The Court makes you a ward so that you can be safeguarded and protected, and will deal with you as your parents"; when it says to the mother, "Will you now take this girl home and look after her?" and the mother says, "No, I cannot. There would be no one to look after her. I am working," and the Court says, "Is it necessary then for you to work?" and the mother says, "Yes, I am buying an automobile," what does Clara think of us and our parental rôle? Outwardly there is unquestioned acceptance: it is a matter of course that a family must have an automobile. But inwardly, all the old home words and attitudes and deep organic satisfactions have fled and in their place is cynicism. It was the primary function of the home to furnish behavior codes that aroused respect and that were endeared or dignified by parental sacrifices to attain them. Today in adding to the periphery of our homes we have somehow missed or lost the core.

The home, in forfeiting its homeliness, has lost much of its emotional and imaginative appeal. The application of so-called "modern conveniences" to everything has made the home a little dull. Children should deal with the elemental things of the world: earth, stones, trees, animals, running water, fire, open spaces, instead of pavements, signboards, subdivided lots, apartment houses, and electric percolators. Civilization has been hardest on children. For them it is doubly true, as Havelock Ellis says,

"The new energy that all these inventions may give you on one side they take from you on the other. They run on the energy that you yourself supply." If invention "had given a keener sauce to hunger, a more ravishing delight to love; if it had added a new joy to the sunlight or a more delicious thrill to the springtime; if it had made any of these things a larger part of the common life, there indeed were a triumph to boast of." But the fact is our anæmic home life has lost its own spirit of adventure and creation—and in return we have given the children the automobile and the radio. To possess a radio is the only thing that keeps a modern child in nights, and then he is vastly discontented if the performance is limited to his home city. If he is in Los Angeles, he wants Chicago—if he is in Chicago, he wants Hollywood.

To anyone who has primed the pump on a cold winter dawn before he rejuvenated his being with the reality of cold water, and has watched the red sun spilling sunshine over the roof of the woodshed, the morning wrestle with a cold automobile is a tame affair. Children have been robbed of their legitimate energy outlets, and in return have been given energy-users that destroy them.

It took as much mechanical ingenuity and self-control properly to prime the pump as to start the Ford, but the pump never got you into trouble. . .

The World War has been blamed for much juvenile delinquency. Undoubtedly it has contributed to the breakdown of the American home. It unleashed the spirit of violence and destruction, it deprived children of parental control and it furnished bad examples to those young girls and boys whose mothers and older sisters lost their heads over soldiers and sailors. (This factor of a misguided patriotism and romance has been of tragic consequence in bringing many girls of twelve and thirteen before the court; their conduct is largely imitative of the sex-behavior of their mothers and sisters during the War.)

Other factors have been blamed for the failure of the home. Town-planning experts say that the greed of real estate in making home lots so small that children cannot be reared in comfort, or given adequate room to play in, is responsible for the weakened influence of the home. Where an apartment house has been erected in a city block never again will a home, in the true sense of the word, be built in that area. This may be true. •

But the difficulty is more fundamental: "The essential home of the child lies in the relationship of the parents to each other," a wise woman said.

The family cannot be destroyed except by forces that operate within. The family is a primary social group. Lindeman defines a social group, in that it is "any number of human personalities acting jointly to express and attain a common interest." When we apply this definition to the home we see how true it is. The home is a group of human personalities (sometimes it has been defined

as a tyranny ruled over by its meanest member); when it ceases to act jointly to express and attain a common interest it begins to sicken and die.

It is the primary function of the home to rear children in comfort and security, to furnish them with sound, joyous health and with behavior codes of sufficient virility to sustain them in conflict with demands of modern business, adventure, ambition and monotony.

To do this the home must possess as its common interest something beyond bread-winning or personal distinction. Its centre of gravity must be sound biologically, that is to say in the best interests of childhood. It is not that we need "more and better babies," a policy which may turn the spirit of the home into something like that of the factory. What we need is the parental attitude that respects the personality of children and seeks to deepen and enrich their social relationships.

The decaying remnant of the Puritan home exhibits its chief failure, not so much in loss of its old cookery, sombre beauty of furniture and household utensils, loss of dignity and moral standards as in its emotional attitude toward family formation. It is a failure of virility and joy in parenthood. Mothers who will not permit their sons and daughters to marry, parents who value academic and business achievement beyond adequate emotional growth of their children contribute to the weakening and perversion of the biological impulse that is the root of the broken home.

Parents have refused to be educated. Intrusted with the task of rearing, sheltering, nourishing and guiding the most complex organism that life has produced they insist on relying upon tradition, whims, prejudices and obsolete religious sanctions.

Society responds by erecting schools and ordering all the children into them for the best part of their time so that they may gain adequate tools and ideas to make a go of living. But the schools make use of much of the bad machinery of the home. They set up codes of ordering and forbidding, and if the children rebel, and—yielding to far older biological impulses—play truant, they send the children to *parental* schools. These parental schools imitate all that is defective in the home life of the children, and if they have introduced any new, fundamental idea in scientific child guidance I am not aware of it.

Then there comes a time when the rebelling child must be sent to an institution, for the home has broken down, not only in education but in feeding, clothing, sheltering and sleeping arrangements. It is clear to anyone that the child will be better off on the material and moral side. The institution, too, pays its tribute to the failing home; it tries to make its dormitories *home-like* by use of accessories like curtains, mottoes and decorated china. Inspectors, members of boards of control and the like, on viewing these neat, orderly structures; observing the subdued air of the children, their shining heads and clean dresses, come to the conclusion that the insti-

tution is Class A and deserves community support.

Recently a sixteen-year-old Mayor of a Junior Republic, a model in its way, in replying to a question, "How would you like to see our present system changed?" wrote:

"A boy, while in an institution, should see his parents, friends or guardian more often, as a boy is always thinking of them."

This boy is happy and he is in third year high school, but he would rather see his friend dead, he says, than sent to any institution. The earnest, rapt way in which he says it, leaves no doubt in mind. He is sincere. "There ought to be some other way of fixing a boy up," he says. Social workers have all encountered these resolute expressions, this fixed organic dissatisfaction and discontent in spite of everything we have done and can think of doing in behalf of the child who comes before our courts. How shall we remedy this state of affairs, how cure this attitude, and while still maintaining this boy in adequate material comfort and moral safety give him something worth living for in life?

The institution in this case, like the broken home, is not a true social group; it is not acting jointly to express and attain a common interest. It is acting as an agent of mechanical compulsion to reach a goal through force, a distant, unfriendly success, all foreign to the warm currents of the boy's being.

So it is with homes. They have failed to respond to the fresh definitions of science with reference to the needs of childhood, and they have lost interest in life, in and for itself. Youth seeks to find heightened moments and vivid experience; it tries cosmetics, gaiety, jazz, dance-halls, moving pictures, automobiles and radio. Adults rush after, either with clamorous protest, or pathetic imitation, shortening their own skirts, or preaching sermons or establishing organizations for the "protection," suppression or entertainment of boys and girls, while all the time the young people grow more indifferent, or contemptuous, dimly conscious that these adults are spiritually bankrupt. For the young there can never be a substitute for philosophy. Youth rightfully looks to maturity for some clew, some reason that will justify the painful business of birth, schooling, illness, struggle, victory, defeat and death.

The modern church, with a few notable exceptions, busies itself with discussion in terms which have no more meaning to hungry souls than the intricacies of a cross-word puzzle. Art expresses the eccentricity, or the struggle of individual artists, unmindful of their supreme function, that of creating beauty which gives meaning to life. Business consumes the skill, deadens the initiative and originality of young people and exhausts the strength of their nimble fingers. Women's and men's clubs dwell on their little culture-islands remote and apart from the eager, crude, noisy horde of young human beings who, in all their restlessness, seek nothing so much

as initiation into the art of living. It is no wonder that the enforced experimentation of the young has caused them to commit blunders and even crimes.

There is no easy solution. The remedy does not lie in legislation, or more social machinery, nor in a backward journey to those simpler forms of life that sufficed our ancestors. Adolf Meyer has said that it is important for a civilization not to have more laws, but "to furnish principles and customs." Modern society must somehow grasp anew the fundamentals of healthy parenthood. It is not enough to raise the age of marriage, nor to enforce uniform marriage laws, nor enact measures in the interest of eugenics. There must grow up an adequate sense in the public mind of the importance of the needs of childhood and a more generous, more biologically sound view of family formation. We

cannot expect youth to be impressed with a shallow concept of the home as a place in which to eat, sleep and receive supplies. It must furnish an emotional background, a sense of warmth and security and a guiding line that can withstand the confused definitions of modern life. This can come about only when adults understand themselves and before building a home conceive the home as the primary social group in a world full of interest, struggle, and great and splendid hazards.

It is the value of juvenile delinquents that they offer a critique of modern civilization. They express what we conceal and they point the way to greater frankness, less hypocrisy. Youth with all its mistakes is more sound than most of its detractors. It is conflict which gives value to life.

MIRIAM VAN WATERS.

The College of Money-Changing

II. Is Business a Profession?

THE ostensible purpose of the college of commerce and administration is to train business men. Under university auspices this training is necessarily professional. The axiom of the apologists for the school of commerce is, therefore, that business is a profession. It must be. Otherwise how can the colleges teach it? Unfortunately for the apologists, however, this doctrine is extremely vulnerable. Business is obviously not a profession. A business man is any one who is earning his living by any devices except manual labor, the lower grades of clerical work, or the stereotyped professional services of lawyer, doctor, preacher, teacher, dentist, artist, typist, palmist, magician, musician, actor, chiropractor or journalist. Any individual member of one of these services may be more business than professional man, of course, by which is meant simply that his income is derived less from the quality of the professional services he renders than from various nondescript ingenuities in which his professional character may or may not play a part. In short, a business man makes his living by his wits and not by any form of labor, lowly or exalted. The professional man sells services; the business man, "himself."

This distinction is vital to a clear understanding of the case of the business college. Many critics of the educational policy which extends academic standing to the college of commerce and administration have taken the line that business is not a profession because it is an unworthy profession. This was the argument of Mr. John Jay Chapman in the already famous speech which he flung at the heads of the faculty of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration last May. "In your ten million dollar drive," said Mr. Chapman, "you have submerged the laboratory in Harvard's

new, great, historic, holy discovery that Business is a profession. . . . Being charged with commercialism, Harvard admits the indictment and triumphs. This reminds one of a story of a matron who came upon her daughter walking arm-in-arm down Wall Street with an only too well-known financier. 'But, oh, Mama,' cried the daughter, 'don't you understand? It's my *profession*.' " Unfortunately for Mr. Chapman's irony, however, it is not supported by the facts. The difficulty is not that business is unworthy the name profession. Acting is universally admitted to be a profession. Yet such has been its social standing in a puritan society that no university undertakes to train its apprentices, unless the new Harkness Foundation at Yale is to be taken as a step in that direction. Business is not a profession, not because it is immoral, but because it is nondescript.

Nevertheless, the colleges of commerce and administration are undoubtedly professional schools. The most casual examination of their courses of study reveals a situation which is capable of no other interpretation. Never was a theological seminary more immaculate in the matter of pecuniary taint. Nowhere, in any of the literature of "promotion" and interpretation of these schools, can the slyest critics find even the vaguest and most rudimentary guarantee of large, much less quick, returns. On the contrary, applicants are warned like monastic novitiates of the ordeals to be endured before they attain a state of grace. "It is recognized," says one catalogue, "that men generally find it necessary to enter business as beginners in subordinate positions." Another draws its picture of "the early probationary period of actual business experience," and the "routine work which he (the probationer) must expect to undertake dur-

ing the earlier part of his business career." The graduate in business, no less than in theology, begins professional life as a curate.

Indeed, the general assumption is that the graduates of colleges of business administration are to be employees. The Harvard school is by far the most pretentious institution of the kind in existence. Not only is its work limited to graduates; it seems to assume a considerable degree of pecuniary power. The tuition is four hundred dollars, a hundred more than the medical school, double that of the law school, while if divinity be considered the fact emerges that students are almost universally subsidized to come. This may be taken as an augury of the pecuniary fortunes of the graduates of these schools. Yet I venture to think that it is rather an index of the astuteness of the administrators of the business college. In the matter of tuition as in all else the clew to a successful charge is what the traffic will bear. In divinity, the traffic will bear up only with a substantial subsidy. In business, the higher charge can be collected. The administration measures not the value of what is given but the students' ardor to get it. This the authorities of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration are quite competent to do. Witness, in the report of the Dean to the President, the shrewdness with which they brought their knowledge of the business cycle to bear on the problem when an endowment had best be sought! But whatever these things may mean, the Harvard school, with all its obvious superiority, plans its disciplines for the prospective employee. "Inasmuch," it says, "as investigations and reports to superiors form perhaps the most frequent and valuable opportunity for business advancement, the Faculty pays much attention to this subject. In the early part of the course elementary instruction is given in the methods of making investigations and reports."

This expectation is borne out by experience. A little more than a year ago a joint committee of the American Management Association and the Association of Collegiate Schools of Business conducted a survey covering all the graduates of eight representative schools of business. Their tabulated replies describe the condition of twenty-one hundred graduates. Of these, 16 percent were in business for themselves. All the others occupied "positions." The salaries are said to be satisfactory in level and rate of increase, "particularly when one considers the comparatively small salaries paid in many highly specialized and technical fields." These are the fields which by common consent challenge comparison. Indeed, this study "shows clearly that the schools have as their great objective a long time development into places of trust and responsibility." The picture which even the candidate for admission is asked to visualize, then, is the "place of trust and responsibility," not the steam yacht and the palace at Palm Beach.

What these places of trust and responsibility are

is made perfectly clear by the course of study. This is rapidly becoming standardized. It provides for specialization in one of half a dozen clearly defined fields. As the analysis proceeds from one course of study to another these fields emerge with such startling clearness as to suggest the most carefully laid agreement. Everywhere accounting and statistics form the basis of the course. They are the tools of all the specialties, as mathematics is the tools of every scientist. But like mathematics, they can also be wooed for themselves alone. Advanced, and still more advanced, accounting, business statistics, financial statistics, and the most rarified methods of statistical analysis clearly bespeak the certified public accountant and the uncertified but no less professional statistician. So much for methodology. On the side of substance the divisions are equally precise. Buying and selling have their shingles out almost universally. The student makes a general survey of "market organization," becoming a past master of all the technical details that condition the actual transfer of goods, the instruments of sale, the legal enforcement of buyers' contracts, the problems of transport and insurance in transit. Or he studies "sales promotion." Here lie before him all the accredited methods of campaigns, of large-scale solicitation, in particular, inevitably, of advertising. This much forms the basis of the course of practically every collegiate school of business in the country.

Beyond these generalized functions lie various specialties. The most familiar is banking (commercial or investment). Foreign trade, factory administration, and labor management seem also to be basic; though a given school may not offer a specialty in these fields, it can hardly avoid a course in each. Less obligatory departments are insurance (with actuarial accounting and statistics), transportation (either railway statistics and the management of traffic, or railway accounting and financial organization), and finally, perhaps, public utilities (with the law of franchise). In sum, the most conspicuous courses in the curriculum of the college of commerce are the course in playing the stock exchange and the course in organizing and managing your own concern. They are conspicuously absent.

These data are self-interpreting. The colleges of business administration are training their students not for business but for the professions, for the business professions. Wherever a profession has emerged out of the miscellany of business life, the colleges have seized upon it and made it their own. The accountants are the easiest to separate. They are as professional as veterinary surgeons, so professional, indeed, that the survey mentioned above carefully counts them out when inquiring how many graduates manage their own business. All regular accountants, apparently, are independent professional men. The other fields are of essentially the same character. Behind the courses in labor management one can see the profession of labor man-

ager, personnel manager, employment manager, or director of personnel relations. The title has not been reduced to the standard initials of the C. P. A., but the case is much the same. Advertising and sales supplication, as many economists have noted, is a specialized technique almost sacerdotal in its separateness. Railway operation is a unique conglomeration of statistics and engineering. Railway accounting is a thing apart. The Interstate Commerce Commission works out a system of uniform accounting obligatory upon all railway companies and a new profession has been born.

The whole situation is summed up in the official blurbs. The schools of commerce justify themselves by citing the "growth in size of business units," the "intricacy of organization and complexity of operation" with which modern business men have to cope. The college of business administration would help to cope with them—by supplying professionally trained accountants and statisticians.

The conclusion is inescapable: these schools train for professions, not for business. Like that of the law school, their work is closely concerned with the interest of business men; but their graduates, like those of the law schools, are not made into business men by their technical preparation. On the contrary, the usual business career is largely closed to the professional graduate in each department. No doubt many individual insurance actuaries or personnel directors become members of their firms, just as many individual lawyers do. But this does not invalidate the general principle. Generally, lawyers remain lawyers even within a hospitable firm. So, also, must the statistician.

From this condition there emerges another interesting possibility for the collegiate school of business. Lawyers are, upon the whole, a conservative, not to say subservient, profession. Very seldom do the resolutions adopted by bar associations undertake to lecture the corporate employers of the legal profession upon their sins against society. Nevertheless, the lawyer as a self-conscious professional man professes a social responsibility unknown to stock jobbing and real estate brokerage. And although this sense of community responsibility may be weak in some members of the bar association it is correspondingly strong in others. The lawyer who conducts the affairs of his profession as though he were administering a public trust, definitely abandoning pecuniary gain as the object of his labors, is not an unrecognizable rarity. Furthermore, and most important, he is to be found with greatest frequency upon the faculties of the university schools of law. Thus the greatest law school in the United States, that of Harvard University, is wholly dominated by the idea of law as an instrument of social control. It is not inconceivable that the same idea may in time prevail in the greatest school of business. Like the law, the business professions stand in a position of peculiar responsibility. They represent the standardized procedures

by which business is conducted. The business as well as the legal professions necessarily have a peculiar insight into all the interesting subterfuges by which business men manipulate the affairs of the community. More than the general public they know what is going forward. More than the general public their skill can devise the means of controlling it. They will not always be able to resist a responsibility for exerting their powers in the public interest. Ultimately there will arise in the Graduate School of Business Administration a Roscoe Pound. An irony, perhaps, but manifest destiny.

The training afforded by such a school will not be training for business, but neither is that available today. The special courses of the commercial departments train specialists; the incubator in which business men are hatched is "college life." The undergraduate colleges have been made by the scions of business men in the image of their class. Business is not a particular technique, it is the life of exploit. The word need not be taken in a derogatory sense. To be sure, the business man is simply one who is seeking to gain a pecuniary advantage. But neither in this motive nor in the achievements which result from it is the business man a whit inferior to his colleagues in the professions. How could he be, since he is indispensable? Civilization depends on him. Without his service as enterpriser, as gatherer and organizer, the laborers in the vineyards and the bibbers in the wine shops find it quite impossible to bring their interest in each other into effective adjustment. Here again the point is not that business is sinister but that it is indifferent. It is preoccupied not with grapes but with enterprise. The farmer deals with grapes, the business man with farmers. His business is the control of men, in short, exploit.

For the life of exploit only one preparation is either possible or needful and that is an initiatory life of exploit. This our colleges have been adapted to afford. The familiar saws upon the importance of undergraduate activity (that one should not let his studies interfere with his college education, and the like) are not without significance. From the point of view of the undergraduate of noble birth, the college is presented as a four-year vista of football teams and managerships, editorial boards and fraternities, class offices and elaborately ostentatious junior promenades, student governing boards and senior cliques, the last supreme achievements of Hasty Pudding clubs and Skull and Bones societies—all competitive, all maintained by the prestige of popular envy and obeisance, all obtainable by influence and intrigue, by deals and combinations, by brute strength and calculating skill and the resolute subordination of all the other goods of life to the attainment of the one sure mark of undergraduate "prominence." This is the school in which business men are germinated. This is the college in which your true millionaire enrolls his son.

From the school of commerce issue the professional men, just as the catalogues have promised. They may speak the language of Mammon. For the present, indeed, their professors are almost vulgarly familiar in their protestation of their complete corruption. Nevertheless the professors probably deceive themselves. As much as any other members of the university faculties they are professional

servants of the community, and they will ultimately find it out, many of them, at least. Theirs is after all a laboratory service. From the point of view of education the most dangerous and unamenable department remains the undergraduate college. The school of commerce has Mammon upon the dissecting table; the college is Mammon in the home.

C. E. AYRES.

James Boswell

IT would be difficult to find a more shattering refutation of the lessons of cheap morality than the life of James Boswell. One of the most extraordinary successes in the history of civilization was achieved by an idler, a lecher, a drunkard, and a snob. Nor was this success of that sudden explosive kind which is frequent enough with youthful genius—the inspired efflorescence of a Rimbaud or a Swinburne; it was essentially the product of long years of accumulated energy; it was the supreme expression of an entire life. Boswell triumphed by dint of abandoning himself, through fifty years, to his instincts. The example, no doubt, is not one to be followed rashly. Self-indulgence is common, and Boswells are rare. The precise character of the rarity we are now able, for the first time, to estimate with something like completeness. Boswell's nature and inner history cannot be fully understood from the works published by himself. It is only in his letters that the whole man is revealed. Professor Tinker, by collecting together all that is known of Boswell's correspondence and editing it with scholarly exactitude, has done a great service to English literature.* There is, in fact, only one fault to be found with this admirable book. Professor Tinker shows us more of Boswell than any previous editor, but he does not show us all that he might. Like the editors of Walpole's Letters and Pepys's Diary, while giving himself credit for rehabilitating the text of his author, he admits in the same breath that he has mutilated it. When will this silly and barbarous prudery come to an end?

Boswell's career was completely dominated by his innate characteristics. Where they came from it is impossible to guess. He was the strangest sport: the descendant of Scotch barons and country gentlemen, the son of a sharp Lowland lawyer, was an artist, a spendthrift, a buffoon, with a passion for literature, and without any dignity whatever. So he was born, and so he remained; life taught him nothing—he had nothing to learn; his course was marked out immutably from the beginning. At the age of twenty-three he discovered Dr. Johnson. A year later he was writing to him, at Wittenberg, "from the tomb of Melancthon"; "My paper rests

upon the gravestone of that great and good man. . . . At this tomb, then, my ever dear and respected friend! I vow to thee an eternal attachment." The rest of Boswell's existence was the history of that vow's accomplishment. But his connection with Dr. Johnson was itself only the crowning instance of an overwhelming predisposition, which showed itself in a multitude of varied forms. There were other great men, for instance—there was Mr. Wilkes, and General Paoli, and Sir David Dalrymple. One of Professor Tinker's most delightful discoveries is a series of letters from the youthful Boswell to Jean-Jacques Rousseau, in which all the writer's most persistent qualities—his literary skill, his psychological perspicacity, his passion for personalities, and his amazing aptitude for self-revelation—are exquisitely displayed. "Dites-moi," he asked the misanthropic sentimentalist, "ne ferai-je bien de m'appliquer véritablement à la musique, jusque à un certain point? Dites-moi quel doit être mon instrument. C'est tard je l'avoue. Mais n'aurai-je le plaisir de faire un progrès continu, et ne serai-je pas capable d'adoucir ma vieillesse par les sons de ma lyre?" Rousseau was completely melted. The elder Pitt, however, was made of sterner stuff. When Boswell appeared before him in the costume of a Corsican chieftain, "Lord Chatham," we are told, "smiled, but received him very graciously in his Pompous manner"—and there the acquaintance ended; in spite of Boswell's modest suggestion that the Prime Minister should "honor me now and then with a letter. . . . To correspond with a Paoli and with a Chatham is enough to keep a young man ever ardent in the pursuit of virtuous fame."

Fame—though perhaps it was hardly virtuous—Boswell certainly attained; but his ardent pursuit of it followed the track of an extraordinary zigzag which could never have had anything in common with letters from Lord Chatham. His own letters to his friend Temple lay bare the whole unique peregrination, from start to finish. To confess is the desire of many; but it is within the power of few. A rare clarity of vision, a still rarer candor of expression—without these qualities it is vain for a man to seek to unburden his heart. Boswell possessed them in the highest degree; and, at the same time, he was untroubled by certain other qualities,

* Letters of James Boswell. Collected and edited by Chauncey Brewster Tinker, 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press 30

which, admirable though they be in other connections, are fatal for this particular purpose. He had no pride, no shame, and no dignity. The result was that a multitude of inhibitions passed him by. Nevertheless he was by no means detached. His was not the method of the scientific observer, noting his introspections with a cold exactness—far from it; he was intimately fascinated by everything to do with himself—his thoughts, his feelings, his reactions; and yet he was able to give expression to them all with absolute ingenuousness, without a shade of self-consciousness, without a particle of reserve. Naturally enough the picture presented in such circumstances is full of absurdities, for no character which had suppressed its absurdities could possibly depict itself so. Boswell was *ex hypothesi* absurd: it was his absurdity that was the essential condition of his consummate art.

It was in the description of his love affairs that this truly marvellous capacity found its fullest scope. The succession of his passions, with all their details, their variations, their agitations, and their preposterousnesses, fill the letters to Temple (a quiet clergyman in the depths of Devonshire) with a constant effervescence of delight. One progresses with marvellous exhilaration from Miss W——t ("just such a young lady as I could wish for the partner of my soul") to Zelide ("upon my soul, Temple, I must have her"), and so to the Signora, and the Moffat woman ("can I do better than keep a dear infidel for my hours of Paphian bliss?"), and the Princess ("here every flower is united"), and the gardener's daughter, and Mrs. D., and Miss Bosville, and La Belle Irlandaise ("just sixteen, formed like a Grecian nymph, with the sweetest countenance, full of sensibility, accomplished, with a Dublin education"), and Mrs. Boswell ("I am fully sensible of my happiness in being married to so excellent a woman"), and Miss Silverton ("in the fly with me, an amiable creature who has been in France. I can unite little fondnesses with perfect conjugal love"), and Miss Bagnal ("*a Ranelagh* girl, but of excellent principles, in so much that she reads prayers to the servants in her father's family, every Sunday evening. 'Let me see such a woman,' cried I"), and Miss Milles ("*d'une certaine âge*, and with a fortune of £10,000"), and—but the catalogue is endless. These are the pages which record the sunny hours of Boswell's checkered day. Light and warmth sparkle from them; but, even in the noon of his happiness, there were sudden clouds. Hypochondria seized him; he would wake in the night "dreading annihilation, or being thrown into some horrible state of being." His conscience would not leave him alone; he was attacked by disgraceful illnesses; he felt "like a man ordered for ignominious execution"; he feared that his infidelities to Mrs. Boswell would not be excused hereafter. And then his vital spirits rushed to his rescue, and the shadow fled. Was he not the friend of Paoli? Indeed he was; and he

was sitting in a library forty feet long, dressed in green and gold. The future was radiant. "My warm imagination looks forward with great complacency on the sobriety, the healthfulness, and the worth of my future life." As for his infidelities, were they so reprehensible after all? "Concubinage is almost universal. If it was *morally* wrong, why was it permitted to the pious men under the Old Testament? Why did our Saviour never say a word against it?"

As his life went on, however, the clouds grew thicker and more menacing, and the end was storm and darkness. The climax came with the death of his wife. Boswell found himself at the age of fifty alone in the world with embarrassed fortunes, a family of young children to bring up, and no sign that any of the "towering hopes" of his youth had been realized. Worse still, he had become by this time a confirmed drunkard. His self-reproaches were pitiable; his efforts at amendment never ceased; he took a vow of sobriety under "a venerable yew"; he swore a solemn oath that he would give up drinking altogether—that he would limit himself to four glasses of wine at dinner and a pint afterwards; but it was all in vain. His way of life grew more and more disorderly, humiliating, and miserable. If he had retired to Scotland, and lived economically on his estate, he might have retrieved his position; but that was what he could not do: he could not be out of London. His ambitions seemed to multiply with his misfortunes. He exchanged the Scotch bar for the English, and lost all his professional income at a blow. He had wild hopes of becoming a member of Parliament, if only he toadied Lord Lonsdale sufficiently; and Lord Lonsdale promised much, asked him to his castle, made a butt of him, hid his wig, was gravely concerned, and finally threw him off after "expressing himself in the most degrading manner in presence of a low man from Carlisle and one of his menial servants." Consolations now were few indeed. It was something, no doubt, to be able to go to Court. "I was the *great man* at the late drawing-room in a suit of imperial blue lined with rose-colored silk, and ornamented with rich gold-wrought buttons. What a motley scene is life!" And at Eton, where he was "carried to dine at the Fellows' table," it was pleasant enough to find that in spite of a Scotch education one could still make a creditable figure. "I had my classical quotations very ready." But these were fleeting gleams. "Your kindness to me," he burst out to Temple, in April, 1791, "fairly makes me shed tears. Alas, I fear that my constitutional melancholy, which returns in such dismal fits and is now aggravated by the loss of my valuable wife, must prevent me from any permanent felicity in this life. I snatch *gratifications*; but have no *comfort*, at least very little. . . . I get bad rest in the night, and then I brood over all my complaints—the *sickly mind* which I have had from my early years—the disappointment of my hopes of

success in life—the irrevocable separation between me and that excellent woman who was my cousin, my friend, and my wife—the embarrassment of my affairs—the disadvantage to my children in having so wretched a father—nay, the want of *absolute certainty* of being happy after death, the *sure prospect* of which is *frightful*. No more of this.”

The tragedy was closing; but it was only superficially a sordid one. Six weeks later the writer of these lines published, in two volumes quarto, the *Life of Dr. Johnson*. In reality, Boswell's spirit had never failed. With incredible persistence he had carried through the enormous task which he had set himself thirty years earlier. Everything else was gone. He was burnt down to the wick, but his work was there. It was the work of one whose appetite for life was insatiable—so insatiable that it proved in the end self-destructive. The same force which produced the *Life of Johnson* plunged its author into ruin and desperation. If Boswell had been capable of retiring to the country and economizing we should never have heard of him. It was Lord Lonsdale's butt who reached immortality.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

Washington Notes

THE report comes to me from a quarter seldom mistaken, that the real force back of the Medill-McCormick effort to land a place of suitable dignity and importance, for as conspicuous a “lame duck” as the Senator from Illinois, is no less a person than Dwight Morrow. If such is the fact, there need be no more worry upon the part of Medill's friends. He will get what he wants. He very likely would have anyhow, but the Morrow friendship makes it certain. Probably he will go to Berlin—but the prediction is here made, with none save the friendliest personal feelings toward Senator McCormick, that wherever he goes, he will not be there six months before he will furnish the basis for eight column streamer lines in the American newspapers, and more or less embarrassment for at least two governments.

Not many persons in Washington know how close Herbert Hoover came to leaving the Cabinet, after the Warren-Kellogg appointments. Mr. Coolidge just caught him in time, and there was a night conference at the White House between the President and the Secretary of Commerce lasting nearly three hours. In the end, Hoover agreed to stay, but it took him two or three days to recover his usual urbanity. It seems perfectly clear that, as a result of a display of temper, he frightened the President into first offering him the Secretaryship of Agriculture, and, second, after his rather curt declination, into practically promising to name a Hoover choice for that position.

The net effect of the show-down is to give Hoover two positions in the Cabinet instead of one. It will enable him to dominate Agriculture as well as Commerce and will make him the most powerful Cabinet official we have had in Washington in a long time. It is unquestionably bitter medicine to certain farm leaders in Congress, to various factors in the Agricultural Department, and to some influential agricultural editors. Moreover, it leaves them im-

potent to fight. But there is a greater potentiality for good in the situation now than before. If it had been necessary, to keep him, Mr. Coolidge would have given him a third department.

I really feel sorry for Mr. Kellogg. The purpose of the “irreconcilables” in the Senate is so plainly to make life miserable for him that the friendliest thing that can be hoped is that the report is true he will hold the job only a few months and then give way to the clever and conceited Mr. Warren. The journalistic mouthpiece of the “irreconcilables,” Colonel George Harvey, did not open the campaign with marked success. He was not in his happiest vein. The net effect of that blast in the *Post*, signed by the Colonel and captioned *America Duped*, was to draw from Mr. Coolidge the quiet comment that there seemed to be a great deal of “unfounded gossip” going on about the Paris Conference, and that senatorial fears of this Government contracting any “entangling alliance” are wholly unfounded. No further notice was taken of the Colonel's tocsin. It fell, in fact, rather humiliatingly flat, and left its author in the somewhat absurd position of being unable to infect any one with his own flaming excitement. However, the idea that the editorial marks a clean breach between Mr. Harvey and Mr. Coolidge such as came between Mr. Wilson and the Colonel, is completely unfounded. It is Colonel Harvey's business not to break this time—and he won't. His interest and his employer alike incline him toward conciliatory paths. As for Mr. Coolidge, he isn't the kind to initiate a break. They will continue friends in their wintry, Vermont way.

Some time ago, I commented in this place upon the curious political phenomena presented by the support given the President by the Hearst press. When it is considered that Mr. Coolidge suits those “Interests” against which Mr. Hearst has battled for so many years, better than any President they ever had, the absurdity of the Hearst attitude is apparent and its mystery deepens. Recently, the Hearst papers have reached extremes of servile adulation of the Executive equalled only by the *New York Herald-Tribune*. That scintillating journal, not so long back, spoke of Mr. Coolidge as a second Lincoln. Not to be outdone, Mr. Brisbane, a few days ago, likened him to Napoleon. There isn't any use attempting to comment upon that sort of thing. Your pen runs away and laughs when you try. It leaves with you a question as to which is the more appalling, the absolute sincerity of the *Herald-Tribune* on the one hand, or the complete insincerity of the Hearst papers on the other. Both seem equally dreadful.

The new Secretary to the President—Mr. Sanders, of Indiana—appears already to have taken hold at the White House. The unfortunate Slep has practically relinquished the reins and is easing himself out with the best possible grace. Before the formal change takes place, the fact may as well be stated that, though his personal relations may be more pleasant, Mr. Sanders is not going to be any more confidentially close to the President than was Mr. Slep. The confidential man at the White House is “Ted” Clark. “Ted” Clark was at one time Secretary to the late Senator Murray Crane of Massachusetts. When Mr. Coolidge became Vice President, Clark had gone back into business in Boston. He was induced, I am told, by the worshipful Stearns to give up his job in that city and attach himself

to Mr. Coolidge as Secretary. When Mr. Coolidge became President, Clark accompanied him to the White House and has been there ever since. He is the President's "personal" Secretary. No one has Mr. Coolidge's complete confidence. He is not the sort of man to have a real confidant, to whom he shows his soul. He might like to, but he is constitutionally incapable of opening up. However, to the extent he is able to confide in anyone, he confides in Clark. Clark is far more like one of the family than Slemph ever was or Sanders ever will be. Sanders, like Slemph, was chosen for Mr. Coolidge by others. So was Clark—but the personal relations and the personal acquaintance he has with Clark put the latter in a class by himself. Sanders will know what it is necessary for him to know. Clark will know all Sanders knows and a lot more. He is a useful, clever, experienced Boston politician, whose personal characteristics make him much more human and likable than any other Massachusetts man at the White House. It is a curious commentary on the President, that his personal as well as private Secretaries should both be selected on the recommendation of other people.

It seems clear to those who have analyzed the situation, that, whether he takes up the question of another Mellon tax bill in an extra session in September, or waits until the regular session in December, Mr. Coolidge is going to have almost as much trouble with his party in complete control as he did last session when the Progressives held the balance of power. The basis for this statement is the growth of sentiment favoring the publicity feature of the present law, and the tendency of certain Senators who opposed it last time to favor it now. This has been regarded by Mr.

Mellon and Mr. Coolidge, and by a large number of their supporting newspapers and advisers, as the most obnoxious and indefensible feature of the law. It is to be repealed, it has been definitely promised, at the earliest possible moment. "All right," say certain Senators who have been taking stock up on the hill, "let's see them do it."

They are pretty firmly convinced that having once got these tax returns out in the sunlight, it is not possible to go back to the cellar darkness again.

Senator Butler, friend of the President, manager of his campaign, and his supposed mouthpiece in the Senate, denies to his colleagues there that he was consulted in the matter of the appointment of Charles B. Warren as Attorney-General, or knew anything about it. Mr. Butler admits, I am told, some guilty knowledge of the Kellogg selection but emphatically declares he knew nothing of Warren. Some of Mr. Butler's senatorial colleagues were anxious to pin responsibility on him, and are disappointed at their inability to find someone upon whom they could spill their wrath. If anything, the Warren appointment is more unpopular in the Senate than that of Kellogg. They will, of course, both be confirmed. No one can recall that the Senate ever rejected a Cabinet selection by the President. It is universally conceded the Executive has the right to select his own official family, and their submission to the Senate is merely a form. If it were not for this unbroken and accepted tradition neither one of these Coolidge choices would be confirmed. No one doubts that.

T. R. B.

Washington.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Genesis versus Evolution

SIR: The Science League of America announces prizes for the best reasons for teaching in the schools evolution rather than Genesis as an explanation of the origin of the earth and of man.

The first prize is \$50, the second \$35, the third \$15, and three fourth prizes of a year's paid-up membership in the Science League of America. These are donated by The Arbitrator, a monthly digest of news, New York City.

At present the Book of Genesis is taught in some public schools and not in others. Evolution likewise is taught in some schools and not in others. Fundamentalists are endeavoring to bar the teaching of evolution and to introduce the Book of Genesis everywhere.

The judges will be three well-known writers—James Rorty, Arthur Preston Hankins and Miriam Allen de Ford.

Essays must be limited to 500 words and be mailed on or before March 1, 1925, addressed to Maynard Shipley, President, Science League of America, 618 Liberty Bank Building, San Francisco, California. Mark the envelope "Prize Contest R." No manuscripts will be returned.

C. T. BIRON,

Secretary-Treasurer, the Science League of America.
San Francisco, Calif.

lack of funds. It would have been the height of political folly for them to have spread out their efforts in the less promising regions, when already they could not do themselves justice in what they did attempt. Furthermore, as La Follette had an initial advantage in the West, a more aggressive campaign there would simply have divided the opposition and insured the states going Republican—as indeed they did anyhow. During the campaign the Republicans repeatedly charged, and just before the election the Democrats practically admitted, that the latter were deliberately trying to swing their vote in this region to La Follette. Hence the Democratic vote in the West was not a fair indication of its strength.

Nor was the case essentially different in the East. Here the Republicans made their most effective use of their one issue: to keep the election out of a Congress over which Coolidge had no control. Every political expert is agreed that the Republicans played this card with masterly skill, which can only mean that hundreds of thousands were induced to vote for Coolidge in spite of a real preference for Mr. Davis. So in the East as well, the actual Democratic vote was far less than it normally would have been. Is it therefore quite fair to argue from the Democratic vote in 1924 that the Democrats can never regain the position they had from 1912 to 1920?

LOCKWOOD MYRICK, JR.

Cambridge, Mass.

Can the Democrats Come Back?

SIR: In your issue of January 14 you say that though La Follette polled only half as large a vote as did Roosevelt in 1912, the Democratic party fared no better. This assertion needs some analysis. I accept your division of the country into three regions: the solid South, the West in thirteen of whose states La Follette was second, and the East where Mr. Davis polled approximately twice as many votes as did La Follette. Let us consider the West. The Democrats, as everyone knew, were sadly handicapped by

A Labor Temple School Dinner

SIR: Will you extend to Labor Temple the courtesy of your columns to permit us to invite your readers to the annual dinner of Labor Temple School, 7 p. m., February 3, at the Aldine Club, 200 Fifth Avenue? The speakers will be Harry Emerson Fosdick, Stephen S. Wise, Heywood Broun, John Cowper Powys, A. J. Muste, Edmund B. Chaffee, and Will Durant.

WILL DURANT.

New York, N. Y.

Shadows of Conrad

Joseph Conrad: A Personal Remembrance, by Ford Madox Ford (Ford Madox Hueffer). Boston: Little Brown and Company. \$2.50.

Hommage à Joseph Conrad (Fifteen articles by French and English authors). Paris: La Nouvelle Revue Française. 4 fr. 50.

The Nature of a Crime, by Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Ford (Ford Madox Hueffer). New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.50.

The Shorter Tales of Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$5.

DO you remember, as a child, the first time you discovered that if you ran quickly enough past a board fence the landscape behind it would become visible through the cracks? At a walk, nothing could be seen but the broad planks, with fragmentary, tantalizing slits of scenery; at a run, the fence tended to disappear in favor of a flickering beyond. Mr. Ford Madox Ford (Hueffer) is the fence, and his book is a row of boards, with occasional slits through which Joseph Conrad might emerge for a reader who could keep up a Paavo Nurmi pace for 267 pages. Not being so gifted, we must glue our eyes to the cracks, glean what we can, feel cheated at the narrow prospect, and therefore pound revengefully upon the fence.

Mr. Ford knew Conrad well. They were neighbors for years, they collaborated upon three novels, the first of them (Romance) at Conrad's own suggestion. And so what Mr. Ford has to say revolves perpetually upon that collaboration, and the little which seems real about Conrad is sparks thrown off by the grinding of this mutual wheel. Mr. Ford enjoyed the collaboration, he takes pleasure in calling repeated attention to the obvious superiority of Conrad's contribution to it, he calls, indeed, so much more attention to his own inferiority that one becomes suspicious that he does so mainly because it is his own. Mr. Ford amiably recalls "his wallowing in his own juvenile prose and his own deadly sentences," and how Conrad's share of the writing "crepitated from the emasculated prose like firecrackers among ladies' skirts." Yet the ladies' skirts come in for rather more quotation than the firecrackers. So much so that this "biography which is a novel" of Joseph Conrad seems to be, before one is through, really an excuse made by Mr. Ford for writing about himself.

There is here a peculiarly maddening variety of conceit, a comfortable security about oneself which cannot see that the very excess of space devoted to one's own imperfections in a book supposedly about another great man is the acme of self-esteem. Irritation increases every time Mr. Ford refers to himself as "the writer," a discreet indirection which somehow calls attention to the ego ten times more than downright, simple I. Irritation is fed, too, by such confessions as that Mr. Ford "can write like the late Mr. Ruskin or like the late Charles Garvice, at will," by his fulsome and repeated chronicling of the fact that Conrad held Mr. Ford's opening paragraph "Excellency, a few goats . . ." to be "sheer genius." "What then," asks Mr. Ford, "attracted Conrad to this farrago of nonsense? . . . it may have been affection; Conrad may really have had an affection for the writer. Yet it can hardly have been that, . . ."

Are we always to believe Mr. Ford? On one page he records Conrad as saying that the first words of English he ever heard were "We've fought the Bear before, and

so we will again, the Russians shall not have Constantinople," on another these words have become "Eggs and bacon or marmalade?" while Conrad himself has fixed quite other words in our minds in an unforgettable passage. But usually Mr. Ford is never so definite as this. One becomes subtly, gradually mistrustful, and confidence is not increased by his own prefatory admission that the book is a "novel, not a monograph . . . an impression." He "believes no man would care—or dare—to impugn the truth of the impression as a whole." There is no reason to doubt that Mr. Ford has "scrupulously" given us his own impression. The point is that the view of another man seen so consistently through the flesh of one's own ego cannot be importantly true.

In sharp contrast to the Boswellian method, this "novel" applies to biography a technique borrowed from the kneading of dough. Mr. Ford is one color of dough, Conrad another, and the master-mixer has done so thorough a job in kneading the two together that Conrad appears only as pale inextricable streaks in a mass of Ford. Conrad is the medium—the subject remains Ford Madox Ford. Ford is the departure, right of way, and destination. Conrad is only stations on the way. The voyage is in quest of Conrad, but the S. S. Ford, a ship with its rudder lashed tight to starboard, forever returns upon itself in unballasted circumnavigations.

And yet . . . and yet if we run quickly enough past the cracks in the fence we do get glimpses of a very original, remarkable, lovable Conrad; we do get snatches, at more than second hand, of his wandering steadfast life. We catch a brief sight of Conrad trying to correct proofs in a train, which jolted so badly that he "got down on the floor of the carriage and lying on his stomach went on writing." We meet him face to face suddenly for the first time.

When you had really secured his attention he would insert a monocle into his right eye and scrutinize your face from very near as a watchmaker looks into the works of a watch. He entered a room with his head held high, rather stiffly and with a haughty manner, moving his head once semicircularly. In this one movement he had expressed to himself the room and its contents, his haughtiness was due to his determination to master that room, not to dominate its occupants, his chief passion being the realization of aspects to himself.

And we hear fragments of a great biography. Born in Poland just before her revolution . . . Exiled with his mother at the age of eight or nine . . . Devoured Marryat and Fenimore Cooper, alone, "in the candlelight of an immense, stately library, with busts on white plinths." . . . From a window in Venice, while making the Grand Tour, he saw his first ship, a British schooner . . . Shortly reappeared as a Lieutenant de Torpilleurs de la Marine Militaire Française . . . Witnessed bombardment of a South American town . . . engaged in gun-running during the Carlist war, on the Tremolino . . . landed at Marseilles and cabled his uncle to come and pay his debts . . . Tried to float a gold-mine stock company . . . and collaborated in three novels with Ford Madox Ford (Hueffer).

One of those collaborations, *The Nature of a Crime*, has just been republished here. It is difficult, mannered, obscure, and rather soft stuff, impossible to finish.

The Nouvelle Revue Française, according to its admirable custom upon the death of the great, has published a

collection of pieces on or about Conrad ranging from testimonials to criticism, from the warm dignity of records of personal loss to casual notes from those who met him, talked with him, only two or three times. In this collection are included translations of articles by Galsworthy, R. B. Cunningham Graham and Richard Curle's brief. The latter, a simple, direct account, which I wish Mr. Ford would read, brings Conrad singularly near to us; it is probably the most moving and unpreoccupied picture of the man at close range that we have. As Curle's brief sentences fall, we know that the minutes are falling too, and that we must listen hard to every one of Conrad's words, for the turn of the next page may bring the last of all. Particularly moving, for some simple, inexplicable reason, is the arrival of the telegram announcing the death of Lady Colvin, a dear friend of Conrad's, not long before his own. Mrs. Conrad received the telegram.

Conrad called out: "Who is the telegram from?" He had heard the bell ring. "It's about Lady Colvin," answered his wife. "Is she better?" "No, not better," she replied. Conrad said nothing more.

A few hours later he himself was dead.

One of the chroniclers in this collection, H. R. Lenormand, whom New Yorkers may remember as the author of *The Failures*, given last year at the Theatre Guild, recounts a few hours' talk with Conrad in Corsica. "He was thinking of death, and no longer hoped to write the novel which was the reason for his journey to Corsica." "I can't find the words," Conrad said, "which correspond to my thoughts. I am never sure of what I am affirming. I am *stupid*!" And later: "I find myself too conscious; I have lost all innocence." A singular turn to the conversation began when Conrad remarked that he had always been much interested in the relationship of father and daughter. Lenormand took up this trail, with perhaps more zest for the chase than sensitiveness for his companion; suggested the possibility in *Almayer* of an unwitting passion for his daughter, "an incestuous tenderness hiding behind a father's love." When carefully, and in detail, he reminded Conrad of the passage which lent color to this interpretation, "Conrad became silent, visibly embarrassed, and changed the subject." Lenormand, nothing daunted, began to burrow in the neurotic background and the true springs of action of Lord Jim. Conrad again became agitated: "I do not want to go to the bottom of things. I want to think of reality as something crude and rough over which I let my fingers travel. Nothing more." Lenormand lent him some translations of Freud, for whom Conrad had "an ironical contempt," and they were returned unread. This leads Lenormand to a remark for the profundity of which one forgives his rather too persevering attempt to trouble the depths of Conrad's mind:

So was revealed to me the sense of shame, the modesty, the reticence of the artist before his work, and the wisdom of the creator who resolves once and for all not to force the secrets of his creations.

Conrad knew their secrets, but he would not force them; himself a master of the soul's intricacies, its invisible defeats, secret rust, unrevealed self-torture, he found in Dostoevsky, where all these are plainly made known, something so profoundly antipathic that he described it as "an unbearably bad smell."

A man so respectful of his creatures' secrets might have been expected to speak unwillingly of himself. André

Gide notes that "a sort of shame, of disaffection for himself, held back and prevented his confidences." And to someone who asked for self-examination he answered, with that grand tragic fortitude and humility which come so simply from his lips, which he wrote so simply into the lives of his characters: "My books have cost me too much for me to love them."

After all these shadows, imperfect, pretentious as many of them are, interesting though some of them may be, it is a relief to turn to the reality. What in life he most cared about is in his books, and there too is his biography, though an accurate, possibly "significant" biography will of course sooner or later be dished up of those less relevant fragments which were the factual history, the framework, the skeleton of his own life. The blood and tears and flesh are in the books, in those men he brought to full life without betraying their secrets. Here in one volume are Falk, Youth, Typhoon, to stand beside and never be excelled by what other men may dig up about the facts of his existence.

Spare him! For biography, at its worst, at its mediocre level best, is archæology, the reconstituting of a tiger from its posthumous teeth and remembered stripes, and a long tunneling after forgotten secrets. To Conrad, what was inside a man was secret, inviolable, and actions betraying of themselves the secrets, hinting at them, were the novelist's only lawful prey.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Hypothesis and Prejudice

The Character of Races, by Ellsworth Huntington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

Racial Realities in Europe, by Lothrop Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

FEW things are more depressing than the present growth of popular science. In the old days people had their prejudices: the Anglo-Indian, for example, disliking the Brahmin, expressed his contempt for all "niggers," and left it at that. Nowadays men like Mr. Lothrop Stoddard encourage him to trick out his human weakness in a scientific vocabulary, with words like race, Nordic, dolicocephalic and so forth, until to race prejudice is added the still more insidious horror of intellectual snobbery.

The plain man, who is no fool, knows that there is such a thing as race inheritance, he recognizes the existence of geographical and climatic environment, and, after a moment's thought, he sees that the things men do and the machinery they make to do them are a third factor. He admits his ignorance, calls these three, x, y and z and says that $x + y + z = \text{human history}$. Not so the scientists: Mr. Stoddard, having read Gobineau and not liking "dagoes," says "let the value of y and z approach 0, then x, racial inheritance, is human history." Mr. Huntington, having been to Central Asia and seen how Lop Nor has dried up and agreeing with the French geographers like M. Desmoulins, says, "let x and z approach 0, then y, geographical and climatic environment, is human history." Finally all those who have once read Marx and had their mental development forthwith arrested say, "let x and y equal 0, then z, economic institutions, is human history." The plain man is not wise enough to say, "as far as practical application is concerned, let us have an intellectual moratorium, until some mathematician teaches these people that their method of solving equations cannot be permitted"; instead,

he accepts any theory from which he can deduce anything satisfactory to his emotions: and in the present instance the blond beast becomes the Nordic neo-Viking and Ellis Island is over-populated with olive-complexioned derelicts.

Professor Huntington's book shows the intellectual honesty which we expect from him: criticism of it will be not criticism of motive but rather of method. "Presumably" and "perhaps" appear every ten lines and he readily admits that much that he writes is inconclusive. His main thesis is that natural selection working under the stress of over-population and migration is responsible for those phenomenal outbursts of culture familiar to us from the study of Greece, Cambodia, Yucatan, Iceland and also for the evolution of culture in general. Behind these causes lie other causes such as climatic change which involve the upset of the balance between man and his environment. As an indication of his method we may take that part of the book which deals with Mr. Stoddard's subject: thereby making it possible to contrast the two writers in their conclusions and their reasoning. A series of maps have been designed to correlate the degree of civilization, the incidence of eminent men, the distribution of health and of "climatic energy" among the various European countries. The maps shaded and graded to show maxima and minima are strikingly alike, giving the highest claim to respect, as it were, to the regions surrounding the North Sea. From this Dr. Huntington concludes that culture rests upon climatic conditions and not upon racial factors. Now what sort of evidence does he use to bring about his result?

How does he produce a map of the distribution of civilization? Having defined the aims of European civilization as a high degree of initiative, of ability to dominate nature, of the capacity to form new ideas, of self-control, honesty and morality, of power of self-expression in art and literature, "and other similar qualities," he asked fifty-four eminent men from China to Missouri to mark the various countries with from one to ten marks, according to their claim to these qualities. Out of the massed replies he makes his map.

How does he gauge the incidence of eminent people? He takes the 8600 biographies of Europeans born since 1600 and appearing in the pages of the Encyclopedia Britannica, divides them into groups as scientists, religious or philosophical workers, artists or writers, historians, soldiers or politicians: he grades the countries by the percentage to the whole of their eminent men which belongs to each one of these groups, thus producing five maps out of which we learn such facts as that 15 percent of Switzerland's great men were religious and only 3 percent of Sweden's, that 48 percent of Spain's were artistic or literary and 29 percent of France's military. The map of health distribution in Europe takes the national death rates as a criterion and is shaded to match the others. Last and strangest of all is the map of the distribution of climatic energy. This is "based on the way in which people's work, both physical and mental, varies from day to day and season to season among people of European origin in the United States." The amount of work done by piece-workers and students on days with different kinds of weather is estimated, and "on this basis, knowing the average monthly conditions of the weather in each part of Europe, it has been possible to construct a map of climatic energy."

Now surely this is the sort of thing which causes the enemies of the anthropological sciences to blaspheme. The celebrated remark of the physicist: "of course besides

mathematics, physics and chemistry, there is botany and the other occult sciences" was a little hard on the botanist, and even he can protest from a lofty pedestal against so inexact a scientific procedure as the above. Everybody knows that a healthy climate and the presence of eminent men both have some connection with a high state of culture: but it is hard to be impressed by the present method of proving it.

Take the map of "climatic energy"; let us believe that the effect of a rainy day on a student's marks can be distinguished from the effect of how he slept the night before, of whether he ate at automat or Astor, of his being in love, of the professor's temper, and the effect of the rain on this not least; let us believe all this by an act of faith, which may be justifiable; can we really go even further and believe that the same degree of dampness and cold in the Outer Hebrides or Naples will have the same effect as in New York? Or take the map of health distribution: if it is accurate, then the east end of London is healthier than the valleys of the Pyrenees, the number of people who die is a just measure of the energy of those left alive, and because a fresh breeze kills off wheezy octogenarians it cannot blow new life into younger men and women.

Beyond this, the 8600 men in the Encyclopedia Britannica are to be accepted as a just measure of civilization, and they owe their greatness to fresh air and halcyon days and not to educational systems, social opportunity or a rapid flow of intellectual currency.

So much for theoretical objections: in practice the maps prove that Sweden is more noteworthy for military genius than France, that England is more religious than Ireland, that Portugal is more concerned with literature and art in comparison with other cultural activities than France or Germany; and, best joke of all, that Poplar and Limehouse in London have more "climatic energy" than the villages of the Apennines. Summing up his maps the author says that they all show the same distribution of maxima and minima and that "the relation can be of only one kind. No one of the other three maps can have any effect on the map of climatic energy. That depends on nature, not man. Therefore it must be the foundation. Apparently climate influences health and energy, and these in turn influence civilization. The reverse is also true, for the stage of civilization has a great effect upon health." Here we have in brief the three dangers against which anthropological sciences have to contend: first, fallacy, the map of climatic energy far from depending on nature is a superb example of a man-made object as the evidence upon which it is constructed proves; second, platitude, we knew without this superadded hyperbole that climate influences health and therefore civilization; third, muddle, "the reverse is also true"—what can be done with a science whose data are always cause and effect alternately!

Nevertheless these criticisms must not be construed into a condemnation of the book: a great deal of thought and information has been packed into it with Dr. Huntington's usual clear style and interesting detail. Further, any one who has read the romances standing to the credit of Mr. Stoddard's name will do well to read the chapters dealing with Warlike Normans and Peaceful Icelanders and The Selection of Modern Americans.

He seems to believe that there are whole groups of people who conform to a pure race type: "The true Nordic is tall and blond, with a long head, blue or gray eyes, and a fair skin. The true Mediter-

No one would think of criticizing Mr. Stoddard's scienti-

raneean is short statured, slenderly built, long-headed like the Nordic, but dark-complexioned, with black hair and eyes and a skin inclined to be swarthy. The pure-blooded Alpine is also dark-complexioned, but differs from both the other races in being round-skulled." That in England, for example, where we are all mongrels, it would be hard to find individuals having all Nordic features, does not concern him any more than that no small village ever could be found without examples of every one of these characteristics: England is Nordic and in consequence England—that is all Mr. Stoddard knows and needs to know. In this spirit he rushes round Europe looking up "racial realities": let us follow him to Spain.

No people today displays more typically Mediterranean characteristics than does the Spanish . . . The Spanish people is probably the purest Mediterranean stock now in existence, as is well shown by the Spanish temperament, which is just about what we might expect from a study of Spain's racial makeup.

Now anyone who knows Spain from residence there could tell Mr. Stoddard that his "Spanish temperament" is not a scientific unity at all; that the average man in Barcelona is as different from the average man in Madrid as could well be imagined. Racially they are the same, culturally, linguistically, economically they are poles apart. Why does the Catalan hate the Castilian? Because they are the same racially? No more than if they happened to be racially different. They hate one another because Barcelona is commercial and Madrid feudal and, as Dr. Huntington would point out, they have not blended largely because of the geographical nature of mountainous, divided Spain. Spanish contemporary politics are a living negation of the all-importance of race.

From the chapter on Germany we learn that the War was lost by the Germans largely because they did not realize that far from being any longer Nordic they had gradually become Alpine. Here too we read of how in Germany science fell from the paths of virtue:

They did not stop to consider how times had changed; how other nations had developed, and how they themselves might differ from the Germans of former days. Here is where a genuine understanding of racial realities might have helped to clear their eyes, for it was during the closing years of the nineteenth century that knowledge of racial matters became definite and the importance of biology—of science of race—began to be appreciated. Unhappily, this new science was, in Germany, quickly perverted into a weapon of jingo propaganda. A powerful group of national-imperialists, headed by popular writers like Houston Stewart Chamberlain seized upon biology and prostituted it to their own ends. . . .

Apparently Mr. Stoddard objects merely to the Germans imagining that they really were "blond beasts"; had they been Nordics all would have been well with Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Scientists, however, who hold no brief for any one race may be tempted to give Mr. Stoddard a *tu quoque* to his accusation of German biologists.

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES.

The Illth of Nations

The Education of the Consumer, by Henry Harap. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.

J. A. HOBSON once observed that half the total field of economics has never been explored. Libraries have been written on the arts of production, but the arts of consumption have remained largely a mystery. After the sale was made, the package safely under the buyer's arm, research stopped, the end had been reached. But in truth, from another point of view, such is only the beginning. How fares the contents of the package in the family parlor, on the family back, in the family stomach? What is the worth and utility of the 30 or 40 billions of goods which are consumed in this republic annually? Into this jungle Mr. Harap enters, and his progress is marked by a great clearing and a great light. He tips the economic structure on end and looks at it from what might be called the housewife's point of view. Here comes a stream of stuff into her house. She buys it from habit or from the pressure of advertising, or because she wants to keep up with her neighbors. Suppose we examine these articles one by one, not in the light of habit or advertising or competitive snobbery, but in the light of biological and human values.

This is Mr. Harap's job—"an attempt to analyze for educational guidance the elements of an effective relation between man and his economic environment as it expresses itself in the consumption of food, shelter, fuel and clothing." The book is designed primarily for teachers, but it is difficult to see how any intelligent consumer—woman or man—can fail to find it enormously interesting. We also recommend it specifically and particularly to the learned economists as an antidote to too much business cycles, bank clearings, and productivity theories of wages. Here if you please is the tangible material that all the hullabaloo of work, wages, money, and exchange is about. Here if anywhere is the target at which production aims. Here is the ultimate meaning of economic activity if it is to have any meaning at all.

There are six main subjects in Mr. Harap's analysis: food, housing, household materials, household skills, fuel, clothing. Each shows, so far as data are available, total consumption considering the nation as one great family, including the more important classes and varieties. First the sum total of the packages, and then a stripping of wrappers, a breaking of strings, and a blunt and specific analysis of what the packages contain, for weal or for woe. Wealth, Ruskin has defined as those goods and services which make for human well-being. Against them he marks off "illth"—the products of the adulterator, the jerry-builder, the shoddy-maker. In the *Education of the Consumer* we have perhaps the most comprehensive investigation of illth ever undertaken. And if the whole story is not there, it is only because the laws of libel, as currently interpreted, have a tenderer eye for the vested rights of the adulterator than for the ultimate effect of his products upon the consumer. Caveat emptor is not a principle to be trifled with, but Mr. Harap goes as far as one might dare to hope.

Commercial houses are daily inundating the public markets with their wares. Commerce is utilizing a powerful educational force in the form of advertising, of the accuracy of which there is no adequate assurance. The school must act as a check on the questionable commercial products used in food consumption.

A Galahad indeed is one who braves the hope and glory of America, the National Advertiser, and looks with such a dubious eye upon the Great Truth Movement.

Mahogany and walnut are used in about 3 percent of the furniture made in America, while birch and gum are used in 36 percent. "We should expect that some similar proportion should appear in advertisements. The facts, however, are startling. An analysis of a month's advertisements in the New York Globe, shows that mahogany is advertised 149 times, walnut is advertised 69 times, birch with mahogany finish is mentioned twice, and gum wood with walnut finish is mentioned three times. It was plain from these advertisements that they were designed deliberately to mislead the purchaser or to exploit his ignorance of furniture woods. Only rarely was it clear whether mahogany meant solid mahogany, veneered mahogany, or a mahogany finish on birch wood."

And again: "The fact is that the low-income families, which are most in need of purchasing a good grade of durable furniture, are buying furniture which, in the long run, is most expensive."

Fillers and substitute pigments in ready mixed paint.

Malleable cast-iron tools "often sold as steel."

Leather bags marked genuine leather or genuine cowhide are often but a thin layer of split leather.

Nine-tenths of all "leather-covered furniture" is upholstered with leather cloth, which is a cloth base coated with celluloid upon which is pressed a leather grain. Or it may be paper and rubber.

"Palm oil which we are led to believe is a basic element in a popular American soap, is used only to a small degree in American manufacture. The same is true of olive oil which is hinted at in the trade name of this same soap. Palm kernel oil, which may be implied in the name here discussed, is used to a limited extent, but makes an inferior soap."

The chief adulterant for fat and oil in soap is sodium silicate, and taking the country as a whole more is used than all the vegetable oils combined, and from half to three quarters as much as all animal fat and grease.

And so on and so on.

But in truth, Mr. Harap's thesis is bigger than the detection of illth. He tells us of buying habits—Boston demanding brown eggs, and New York white—of the margin by which the country is underhoused, the percentages of overcrowding, city by city, the total consumption of food and how high cost fats and meats are consumed in excess of the standard, and low cost legumes and potatoes underconsumed, and how a study of 350 orders of food in 46 New York restaurants found the cost of 2,500 calories ranging from 25 cents to \$14. He tells of what fancy packages cost us—we pay 156 percent more per pound for macaroni in the package than in bulk, 80 percent more for cocoa and 55 percent more for rolled oats. The average excess for 11 food staples is 54.01 percent. And he tells us that the efficiency of the coal range for domestic cooking is about 2.5 percent!

In brief, a beautiful book; learned, careful, well documented, dry enough as to style if you please, but for those who read it with imagination, challenging and exciting beyond computation. Into the Congo of economics it goes, and where there lay the dusk of an impenetrable forest, now lies light and a broad trail.

STUART CHASE.

Five Novels

The Matriarch, by G. B. Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

MISS STERN could have prepared no greater surprise for her readers than her change from the light comedy of *The China Shop* and *The Back Seat* to this history of the Rakonitz family with its allied houses of Czelovar and Bettelheim, from the year of Austerlitz to 1925. It is a genuine family novel; in scope, though not in dimensions, resembling Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*, Couperus's *Small Souls* series, and Mrs. Norris's *Certain People of Importance*; but with this difference, that whereas in these books the families remain anchored in Lübeck, The Hague, or San Francisco, the Rakonitzes are cosmopolitan. They flourished in the final period of the scattering of the Jews, when the laws of the pale were relaxed over central Europe, and the family was free to send its shoots from the original Pressburg to Vienna, to Constantinople, to Paris, London, and San Remo, and to disperse its blood widely through gentile veins. Representing the principle of tribal unity against such centrifugal forces is Anastasia, born 1835 in the third generation from Pressburg and the fourth remove, by way of Vienna and Paris to London. She is the dominating figure in the book, the matriarch, resplendent as Semiramis on the throne of the family in its prosperity and indomitable in its ruin. One terrible error Anastasia made in marrying her first cousin, and weakening the family stock. Her five children are all poor stuff. But among her grandchildren she has a successor who preserves the family tradition while revolting against the despotism of the matriarch. This is Antoinette, Toni, born 1894, a charming and unforgettable figure.

Although Anastasia is the titular heroine, the real hero is the family. To follow the elusive chronicle the reader must have frequent recourse to the genealogical table of over a hundred persons—cells in one organism. That in spite of the necessity of this apparatus the book retains the vitality of fiction is much but not all. For *The Matriarch* is more than fiction—it is a social record. It is not "a new kind of novel" or "an amazing piece of literary audacity" to quote the exceptionally silly comment of the London Times, but it is a solid, vigorous and important book whose merit needs no exaggerated praise.

Mariposa, by Henry Baerlein. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.

MARIPOSA has some of the elements which made *The House of the Fighting Cocks* a noteworthy book, but in rather weak solution. A Spanish girl, dancing in her native Seville, attracts the attention of an impresario, and with her mother is transferred to England, where the contrast between her views of life and love and the background of conventional English character and custom gives to her narrative a thin but sustained note of humor. With Spanish coloring instead of Chinese, *Mariposa* suggests the naive irony of Ernest Bramah's *Kai Lun*.

David Blaize of King's, by E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.

MR. BENSON has followed the well known example of Thomas Hughes in carrying his hero forward from boyhood to school and then to the university. David Blaize and his friends suggest, however, not Tom Brown

but Michael Fane. David's First Year at Cambridge is narrated in almost unbroken talk, in the key of Sinister Street. The dominant theme of his experience is the friendship of young men, which Mr. Benson has already touched illuminatingly in *Our Family Affairs*. One tradition of the English university novel Mr. Benson has admirably kept. He has given literally speaking likenesses of the academic celebrities of the day with delightful spirit and humor. The incredible Oscar Browning (O. B.), with his equal joy in celebrities and undergraduates, appears as A. G. and the guileless J. E. Nixon, with his passion for singing catches, as Crowfoot.

The Innocents, by Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Company. \$2.

THE atmosphere in which Edward Patterson grows up is very different from that which surrounds David Blaize. Instead of cricket, rugger, glee and catch singing, debating, conversation and ragging, we have solenoids and heterodynes, hook-ups and girls, for Edward Patterson lives near Lake Michigan, is a radio fan, and although out of high school without a diploma, is already well on his way to successful invention and marriage into one of the best families. The serious aspect of the book is that in which it treats the familiar motive of parents and children, and again one has to notice Mr. Webster's simple directness as compared with the sophistication with which his European contemporaries handle the theme. We are still a young people west of the Hudson, and it is always pleasant to have Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Webster remind us of the fact.

The Fabric of the Loom, by Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THIS is also a story of a young world, and Mrs. Watts is amply aware of the fact. She adopts the device, familiar in Henry James and Mrs. Wharton, of repatriated Americans, in this case a mother and daughter, to whom the mores of the older and younger sets of an American city appear in the emphasis of contrasts with their European experience. As always, Mrs. Watts builds a firm and logical structure, but in this case the detail of incident is not striking nor is the coloring of the background distinctive. The combination of tea and dance, woman's club and country club, good works and philandering which make the pattern of the fabric, might be woven on the loom of any city in the Middle West.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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MIRIAM VAN WATERS, referee in the Los Angeles Juvenile Court, is the author of *Youth in Conflict*.

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To Understand the Universe

TO understand the universe! Though almost inaudible amid thunder and small talk, that ancient prayer was omnipresent at the holiday meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Washington. It is not, to be sure, the American Association for the Understanding of the Universe, or even the understanding of science. Hence the 1,783 papers that were read were chiefly to stage the year's exhibition of new acts. The plane quintic with five cusps was allowed ten minutes, as was the effect of the nematode, *Ascaridia Perpicillum*, on the blood-sugar content of chickens. With an audience of the highest I. Q., assembled from afar, some twenty simultaneous performances were run off at more than vaudeville speed and usually with less than vaudeville participation by the audience. Fact strove with fact or attention, but there were a few stellar acts in which acts did not count, and which aimed at understanding.

To the theoretical physicist the process of understanding is the logical reasoning by which the phenomena of nature may be deduced as consequences of certain hypotheses which are accepted without further inquiry. The physicist has always been concerned with the phenomena and the mathematician with reasoning. They have left the hypotheses to the philosopher and have usually forgotten their existence. Thus when Galileo discussed the possibility of an eighth planet Francesco Sizzi remonstrated, in all seriousness, that such a thing was unthinkable. Were there not seven metals and only seven; had there not since before classical times been seven days in the week; and were there not

seven windows in the human face? Seven is a basic number. The structure of the universe, the harmony of the spheres would be ruined by the admission of an eighth. The reasonableness of the argument is obvious, once we grant that the criteria of reasonableness are not within the physicist's ken.

Nowadays comes the quantum theory, which is unreasonable on the basis of "classical electrodynamics,"—classical, hence reasonable, as was the number seven. And so too, Einstein. "The most revolutionary aspect of Einstein's gravitational theory," says Professor W. F. G. Swann, of Yale, from whose paper this discussion is taken, "is its substitution of force action in opposition to kinetic reaction as a starting point in our thinking, the properties of a mathematical curve as a more fit thing in which to find a representation of nature's laws. It is not a question of one method being right and the other wrong, but a clear realization that neither has any claim to ultimate fundamentality other than that which its simplicity implies." The sun does not "attract" the earth perhaps, in spite of simplicity and reasonableness grown from long familiarity, but the earth takes its path because it is the simplest, space being of the shape it is. Take it or leave it, until the cosmic page finds the philosopher to tell you what, in the mountainous phrase, is reasonable in ultimate fundamentality.

Take the ancient figure of a man going from A to E, as they say in mathematics. At B he encounters a crater within which, in the direct line of his travel, sits the house H. A rough-looking crater—so at B, on its edge, he begins

to travel sidewise, going partly round the crater, through F, emerging to level ground at D, on the edge of the crater just opposite his entering point; and on he goes to E. It's all very reasonable when you know about the crater. Now suppose, says the professor of physics, that you are in an aeroplane and do not see the crater, never heard of such a thing. The simple path becomes a phenomenon, for in all reasonableness the man should go straight ahead through the house and on through D; that is, his path should be ABHDE instead of ABFDE. Understand it if you can. Obviously something repels him from the house. A man with a hose perhaps, who compels keeping a certain distance. It is no longer simple but it is reasonable. You can calculate the size of the hose, the power behind it, the aim of the hoseman; and the hose assumes the aspect of reality. But I question it by virtue of certain actions of the man. Nothing daunted, you elaborate the hose. It has a special nozzle now, its elevation changes the firing range, perhaps it assumes a few boomerang tricks, until you account for the phenomena. If I still disbelieve and talk of the configuration of the space to be travelled you call me unreasonable. You forget the primary purpose of devising the hose and are unable to conceive the phenomena without it; its reality is unquestionable to you. It becomes a choice of which is the more reasonable basis. Both are in accord with "certain hypotheses which are accepted without further inquiry." And before such a choice of hypotheses physics must halt.

The theory of gravitation is in just the position of the hose today. The new hypothesis is being rapidly developed but each new deduction makes only more difficult the choice of a base. We lack criteria of reasonableness. We accept implicitly a few axioms. It is reasonable, for example, that the simpler of two explanations is the more correct. Philosophers have wrestled with that to no good, or at least to no truth. Similarly we assume that action at a distance, without at least "strain in the medium" to make physical connection, is unreasonable. The uniformity of velocity for any isolated body is another instance which in itself offends simplicity. On such foundations is physics built. The present decade at least recognizes the situation though it cannot analyze it further.

The vigor of the physical thought today is in the elaboration of other basic hypotheses quite irrespective of reasonableness. Professor A. C. Lunn of the University of Chicago presented such a reinterpretation on the basis of an Einsteinized Coulomb's law. Much will be heard of it after its publication under the title *Relativity, the Quantum Phenomena and a Kinematic Geometry of Matter and Radiation*. Here time is given its fundamental value, as in Einstein's work, and a time-lattice is constructed on the basis of spectral frequencies just as our space-lattice is based on the orderly arrangement of molecules in crystals.

A generation ago physics underwent a similar expansion but it was based wholly on new facts. Henry Adams has described the consternation caused by Roentgen's almost accidental discovery of X-rays and the subsequent revelations of radium in the hands of the Curies. Physics had been placid, its vitality spent, its problems apparently solved except for refinements of measurements. Suddenly quite unreasonable, if not impossible, forms of energy and of matter appeared close at hand. At once it was apparent that the ages of learning had taught next to nothing compared with what remained unknown. The race was again adrift on a rudderless raft in a chaotic sea. A hundred

years previous Faraday's work in electricity had had the same effect. Such a stroke would now seem impossible. Millikan has said that physics has advanced more in the past twenty years than it had in the previous two hundred. The pace is being maintained. The raft is growing, but, more than that, the chaos on which we float is apparent to the merest Ph. D.

The sciences are more than ever necessary to each other. Professor H. D. Curtis of the Allegheny Observatory remarked that the perfection of a photographic plate a hundred times as sensitive as the best of today would have the effect of replacing the 36 inch Lick objective by a lens of no less than thirty feet. This is typical of what chemistry can yet do for astronomy, for instance. It is losing its fundamental aspects to physics and may soon be entirely deducible from general laws. But its possible applications in other sciences have hardly begun. A dozen papers in the chemical program would usually have been called physics. The anatomy of the atom is slowly being revealed, and in such a way as to eradicate the differences of three years ago when the physicists demanded an atom composed of rapidly revolving parts to ensure stability while the chemists required a static atom with a definite surface to account for molecules and compound-formation. Here again was a case of reasonableness between two antagonistic hypotheses.

The news accounts of the meetings piled fact on fact, discovery on invention. President Coolidge called it a gathering of the "wonder workers of all the ages." It is the applied science which makes the best story and achieves appreciation. Yet the dissemination of such predigested information, much as it may do for the advancement of scientists, falls short of the education which the association owes to the country. The primary value of a research is that it is fun for the doer. So also the primary value of the account of the work to society is not the result but the method of thought and operation. It was Secretary Charles E. Hughes who spoke the words that most need to be remembered:

If to an increasing degree we have the security of sound public opinion, if the extravagances and diatribes of political appeals fail of their object, and if, notwithstanding the apparent confusion and welter of our life, we are able to find a steadiness of purpose and a quiet dominating intelligence, it is largely because of the multitude of our people who have been trained to a considerable extent in scientific method, who look for facts, who have cultivated the habit of inquiry and in a thousand callings face the tests of definite investigations. With scientific applications on every hand, the American people are daily winning their escape from the danger of being fooled . . . We need your method in government; we need it in law-making and in law-administering. We need your interest in knowledge for its own sake; the self-sacrificing ardor of your leaders; your ceaseless search for truth; your distrust of phrases and catchwords; your rejection of every plausible counterfeit; your willingness to discard every disproved theory however honored by tradition, while you jealously conserve every gain of the past against madcap assault; your quiet temper, and, above all, your faith in humanity and your zeal to promote the social welfare. We need your horizon; your outlook on the world.

In these things the scientist is inarticulate.

GERALD L. WENDT.

The Biological Group

THE consideration of subjects under discussion by the biological groups at the recent Washington meetings was dominated by one interest, function. Classification and description of new structures has come more or less to an end. Neither a glance through a microscope nor a pleasant journey into a far country will of itself yield new data. The shapes and forms of living matter have been described. What do they do? How may this performance be measured? And how shall the control of that activity be secured? These are the questions asked of living matter by the biologist, whatever his official classification, as zoölogist, botanist, anatomist or physiologist. This distinction by title is not now inherent in the type of knowledge he seeks, but rather refers to the use of animal or plant forms and the specific methods of its pursuit. The problem of evolution is no longer all important to the biologist, no matter how it may appear to the layman. Its general outline is accepted and used now, not to explain variations in the form and structure of various animal groups, but rather to account in part for such differences as exist in function. The question of the transition from one animal or plant phylum to another is not under heated discussion. That which holds the interest at the present is the mechanism of control within the individual, its growth, reproduction, maintenance and movement. This is the era of physiology.

After Pasteur and Koch had definitely established the relation between bacterial infection and disease, it was hoped that elaboration of methods and their further application would discover the causative agents of all the bodily ills to which man is heir. But in 1899 an interesting correlation of the activity of certain glands, which have no ducts and pour the products of their secretion directly into the blood stream, was made with metabolic disturbances in other parts of the body. The removal of the pancreas in the dog followed by diabetes and the use of testicular extracts for renewal of youthful vigor in man and rats were the specific data reported. Subsequently experimentation has proved the first to be correct but has been unable to confirm the second. However, this did give a new technique for studying the activity of all glands of internal secretion. Such was the beginning of a type of research which has invaded all fields of animal experimentation.

With the accumulating of data, much of it conflicting to be sure, from the removal of these glands, their transplantation or the use of their extracts has come one of the greatest triumphs of modern physiology, the control of diabetes by insulin. The complete removal of certain of these glands was followed inevitably by death, that of others in young animals by changes in their growth processes. Soon it became apparent that some of them did not only modify bodily growth but together with their effect upon others changed sexual development. The older concepts of these processes disappeared. Parallel with this research ran the work upon foods, their caloric energy, the distribution of the amount of protein, fat and carbohydrate necessary to maintain weight and produce a proper growth curve. All fats, carbohydrates and proteins did not act alike, they were not mutually interchangeable. Some sugars were needed for the young, some fats were more easily assimilated and what is more remarkable certain split products of proteins, amino acids, were necessary for life.

But this was the beginning. Less than fifteen years have

passed since the initial studies on beriberi demonstrated that definite changes take place in the nerve trunks of the adult fed upon an exclusive diet of polished rice, and that these changes could be prevented or modified by an addition of the husk itself or its water extract. This extract is now known as vitamine water soluble B. Other substances of a similar nature were described, fat soluble A, necessary for growth, whose absence from food products produces rickets, and water soluble C, the vitamine which protects from scurvy. At Washington greater refinements of work upon these were reported as well as upon others, known as vitamine E or substance X, which affect reproductive power in cows and rats respectively. Not only then is growth, reproduction and life maintained by the activity of internal secreting glands, but also by minute amounts of alcohol or water soluble substances found in certain foods.

At the present meetings the discussion of the biological effects of light stood isolated from the more or less classical work of the preceding years. In 1896 Finsen made the first systematic effort to study these effects and their therapeutic uses by the foundation of his Light Institute at Copenhagen. Some twenty years before this, it was found that sunlight, correcting for the factor of heat, retarded the growth of bacteria. Nearly forty years later it was determined that the shorter the wave length, the greater the lethal effect upon both bacteria and paramoecia. And now in the fish fundulus heteroclitus it has been reported that the amount of variation in development is proportional to the amount of ultra violet which is allowed to act upon it. The greater the amount the more marked the depression of differentiation, while with less amounts the fish show monster types, always modified at the head end. These strong reactions in living cells are produced by light of a wave length of less than 300 millimicrons (a millionth of a millimeter). Light of such wave lengths penetrates the skin to a depth of 0.1 millimeter. The inflammatory reaction, sunburn, is the result of its absorption. This radiation also increases transiently the number of red blood cells and the amount of hemoglobin in the blood, as well as stimulating the number of lymphocytes, 100 to 200 percent above normal.

Ultra violet light is particularly efficacious in tuberculosis of the bones and joints. It increases the rate of death of moribund cells, stimulates the activity of the remaining normal cells and augments new bone formation. Its fundamental activity in tissue seems to be the same, and for this reason plus its bactericidal action is of service in the healing of wounds. But one of the most remarkable results reported is its use in rickets. In 1921 it was demonstrated that the rickets of infants could be cured by short exposure to the rays of the sun. This was confirmed later by animal experimentation. Further it was shown that inorganic phosphorus in the blood of animals or babies suffering from this disease is reduced and, what is more to the point, that sunlight exposure appeared to be the sole factor in its subsequent return to normal. Also, as is well known, cod liver oil possesses the same magic qualities for its prevention. In spite of these clear cut reports, the literature holds data which seem to indicate that ultra violet light may not be the only factor in the cure of this disease.

Nevertheless, the attempt to radiate foods which have no anti-rachitic factor followed and was successful. The radi-

tion with a mercury vapor quartz lamp lends to such foods as lettuce, starch, cornmeal, breakfast foods, cottonseed or linseed oils a marked anti-rachitic property and prevents the development of the disease in experimental animals. The sterols such as cholesterol and phytosterol are easily activated. But what is more remarkable the radiation of none too clean cages not only protects their inmates but also those who live in the cage below them. This minute amount of material which gives such powerful protection resembles the negligible quantity of iodine necessary to prevent hypertrophy of the thyroid following removal of three-quarters of the gland in experimental animals. A drop on the animal's tail is sufficient.

This effect of sunlight upon animals corresponds in general to results reported for its action upon plants. Plants kept in houses covered with ordinary greenhouse glass, or under a glass which let in the ultra violet or under one which screened out these shorter wave lengths, grew and flowered normally. But when kept in houses shielded from the ultra violet and the visible violet to the pure blue, or in those protected from all the blues to the green, the plants grew tall, the leaves were not so strong and the flowering tended to be delayed. The shorter the wave length allowed to reach the plants, the more normal the growth. This differs from the work reported upon animals in that the visible violet was active.

At the present time there is no adequate explanation of this phenomenon. When light of very short wave lengths is allowed to fall upon certain substances, such as metals, the energy absorbed at the surface may result in the escape of electrons from the atom leaving the surface positively charged. This phenomenon, first described in 1888, is known as the photo-electric effect. Now the physiological result of radiation may have its origin in the photo-chemical reactions produced when light is absorbed. It is known that light becomes a powerful oxidizing and reducing agent when it acts upon simple chemical substances. Absorption of light energy may increase molecular motion within the body and produce thereby a rise in temperature. Indeed, a rise of surface temperature of 6.5°F, occurs at a depth of 0.5 centimeters on exposure to luminous rays, giving "a temperature possibly exceeding the highest fever temperature ever measured without causing the body temperature to rise in any appreciable degree." These intense reactions for light of short wave lengths is due perhaps to the ionization of photo-electric elements in the skin, blood or general protoplasm of the animals radiated. Light of a longer wave length may prove effective in producing physiological changes if the living cell be sensitized. Substances such as eosin and hematoporphyrin are able to shift the photo-electric threshold of the cell towards the longer wave length, so that the same changes obtained with ultra violet light may be initiated by visible light. It is possible that chlorophyll produces such a sensitization to visible light, thus making it photo-active to longer wave lengths, and at the same time giving greater absorption in the visible spectrum.

Innumerable studies of particular effects which various preparations of ductless glands have upon nervous, secretory or excretory activity were reported. But the one new piece of work in this field was the preparation of an extract from the parathyroid gland of the ox. This, when given intravenously or subcutaneously, kept parathyroidectomized animals out of a tetany, which appeared when the calcium content of the blood fell below a certain figure.

It was remarked in another section that the present methods of blood analysis for calcium are questionable. When one field has become able to utilize the methods of another, that field has discarded them! It was ever thus in biology.

In recent years investigation of the nervous system has been largely concerned with the activity of higher centres, such as the cerebral cortex, and their relation to lower ones, with the reflexes maintaining posture, with the reflexes controlling the viscera and finally with the propagation of the nervous impulse.

Something of interest was presented in all these lines of research except the second. Lesions of the motor cortex in man make certain groups of muscles more rigid than others. But when a similar lesion was made in experimental animals after the period of shock paralysis was over, the muscles of the animal appeared normal. However, it was reported that when this lesion was made in cats and the animal held up, the muscles which extend the leg were more rigid than those which flex it, a condition resembling that found in the lower limbs of man under a similar injury.

For some thirty years it has been thought that inflammation of certain viscera might be determined by the position of certain types of skin disturbance. In 1918 such an inflammation was described as the stimulus for the contraction of muscles in the abdomen and lower limbs. Now it is reported that upon electrical stimulation of certain visceral nerve plexuses in mammals, muscles of the abdomen and flexors of the thigh contract. This is important practically and theoretically. It is additional evidence that the afferent nerve fibres from the viscera act through the central nervous system and may modify those portions of the body which are non-visceral. Furthermore, this system, together with the activity of some of the glands of internal secretion, the thyroid for example, modifies the general activity of the somatic part of the system. It was reported that thyroidectomized sheep need more trials than normal ones to learn a maze with food and the herd as reward. What this relation is or how it works is not known at present.

In the consideration of the process of transfer of the disturbance within a nerve, it must be remembered that the nerve trunk contains many separate nerve fibres and that these single fibres branch and end in several muscle cells. Consequently, a nerve trunk is not a homogeneous material nor is one nerve trunk necessarily like another. In studying this rate of propagation and its various characteristics as it passes from one point to another or is transferred from the nerve to the muscle cell, it has been taken for granted that the disturbance passes at the same rate in all fibres. It has been shown that this impulse, known as the action current is made up of several, travelling at different rates in fibres possessing different physiological characteristics.

This resumé is completely inadequate to convey to the reader any correct concept of the great variety of work under investigation in biology. It may be of interest, however, to note that in general the newer work is made possible by the application of the methods of physics, chemistry and physical chemistry to the measurement of life processes. Out of such studies in the distant future may emerge a few correlations of the intricate activity of protoplasm, which may be expressed in the terms of mathematical relationships.

MARION HINES LOEB.

Aimless History

THE thirty-ninth annual meeting of the American Historical Association in Richmond during the last five days of December, could claim favorable auspices. Its program included an Anglo-American conference of professors of history at which several British universities were represented, and a "general session" at which the public was offered "new light on recent diplomatic history." Such British authorities as A. J. Carlyle, A. F. Pollard, J. H. Clapham, R. W. Seton-Watson, Harold W. V. Temperley naturally swelled the attendance of the Association itself; the public is always glad of expert opinion on who started the War. This last item justified the whole congress from the standpoint of news interest. Yet it was not a very important session.

The congress offered the stock menu. There were a number of group meetings: on ancient, on mediæval, on English history for example, at which papers of very unequal merit were read. The group chairman would then invite discussion. As a rule discussion was impossible. Most of the papers were of too technical a nature to admit of discussion, or of too slight interest to warrant it. The chairman's invitation was therefore not taken seriously. "If there is no discussion," he would say with a decent show of surprise, "we will proceed to the next paper. . . ." One had the disagreeable sensation that the chief excuse for this performance was that some delegate might have "read a paper before the American Historical Association." Which at least is bracing for the back-home constituents.

The "general session," which in a sense showed the group system at its most spectacular, may be briefly disposed of here. An American historian read a paper dealing with the diplomatic negotiations of the last few days preceding mobilization in 1914, and this paper was construed by the press next day as an expert's decision that Germany after all had been somewhat shoved into the War. An English historian then disparaged the evidence in the true Oxford Union manner, and proceeded to his own subject—the Peace Negotiations. Another English historian, in the audience, snorted: "It's all rot!"—and left the hall. Another American historian then observed that we needed to get at the ultimate origins of the War, not the immediate; yet the first speaker had explained in his prefatory remarks that he wished to confine himself for the purpose of this paper to the immediate origins. A Scottish historian commented very intelligently on the paper in question, and made in passing one of the most acute remarks of the congress. He asked his audience's indulgence while he "just threw a few more ideas at their heads." In other words he realized the absurdity of a staged debate on a highly technical subject, a subject which by its nature would draw an audience but slightly fitted to deal with technicalities. There was very little purpose to the meeting.

The congress itself seemed, to at least one of its guests, not a member of the Historical Association, to be suffering from the lack of a sense of direction. Most congresses do. The World History Congress, held in Brussels in 1923, displayed the same symptoms in more aggravated form.

At Richmond this aimlessness was reflected by several features: first, by the non-attendance of historians inclined to belittle the whole congress system; secondly, by the tendency speakers displayed to justify, quite unconsciously as a rule, their trade of historian. Some of the British

scholars did it by an old formula: history is a guide to the rulers of Empire, and the really good historian is worth nearly as much as a good statesman. The Americans, bred to hustle, exhorted to research without defining that term very accurately. Which leads us to the meeting that may have been the real high spot of the convention.

The program included a group meeting entitled: The Colleges and Historical Research, including three papers and three leading discussions. It looked harmless. But for once the program committee had touched a sore spot. The three listed discussions were followed by a stream of unlisted ones; it was not all good discussion, and it was not free from oratory; but something was happening which it would have been difficult to circularize by mail or broadcast by radio. There was an actual exchange of ideas, not in the lobby, but in a group of two hundred odd delegates. Not only were a number of means discussed for fostering and financing research; one speaker challenged the basic assumption of the meeting: that research at any cost was worth while. In his own homely phrase, "It may not be in you." It was the only remark that a British mediævalist present—judging by his expression—thoroughly understood and approved.

But the meeting proved conclusively that a congress can discuss things that really concern it. And not just in the lobby, either. One may venture the guess that any group meeting that proposed to discuss questions of research, of bibliography, or method as a whole, would drain the lobby, because these questions concern the whole body of historians and not one man. History-writing and history-teaching need to define their functions and their problems. Probably they need, more than anything else, the help of the philosophers. Historians have been imitating natural scientists at their worst for a long time now, and as long as each specialist regards his province as private property secured against interlopers by a massive, and often dull, bibliography; as long as such a specialist performs his task of collating and reëditing in an "unprejudiced" manner, with the shining example of the shrewd diplomat or industrious man of affairs to lend him courage and countenance; so long he will mistrust the philosopher or anybody else who questions his basic assumptions. He merely waves aside critics who have not been initiated into the mysteries. For has he not "facts" at his disposal that will easily overthrow the inexperienced and unworthy philosopher and his unhistoric speculations?

If the history congress persists in clinging to the twenty-minute paper on a technical subject as a basis of its official operations, instead of probing into the problems of method, practical and theoretical, which the historian, and particularly the teaching historian, faces daily, the invitation to discuss is bound to remain a polite hypocrisy. And when once it questions its methods, when it asks why teach history at all, and on what assumptions can history be based, when once it asks indeed why have a Historical Association or an annual meeting, it will be functioning as an association, and not as an aggregation of experts.

It may remain one of our not unpleasant formalities of life, a legal fiction somewhat in want of reinterpretation. Perhaps nothing stupendously dreadful will happen if it does.

F. STRINGFELLOW BARR.

Economics—Moral Philosophy or Social Science?

PHILOSOPHY is the childhood of science. As the youth affects the manners and the name of man, before he reaches man's estate, so it is with what we call the social "sciences." They have outgrown their childhood, and though not yet matured they are sensitive that one should call them sciences. They are in the stage of Sturm and Drang.

If one cares to see what a science that has passed its childhood and is in the adolescent stage looks like, he will do well to attend the annual meeting of the American Economic Association which is held during the Christmas recess. This year the economists gathered at the Congress Hotel at Chicago, December 28-31, and with them met the American Sociological Society and half a dozen lesser daughter associations—scientific, propagandist and commercial-technical.

The American Economic Association was founded some forty years ago by a group of younger economists, radical for their day, and it was some time before the conservatives could be induced to join. But from the present distance these men appear to have been radical in their conclusions—they did not believe in strict *laissez faire*—without greatly altering the general theory of competitive economics from which the *laissez faire* policy derives. Today this body of economic theory is being called in question, and the eternal process of change finds the younger economists again arrayed against their elders on this more fundamental issue. And on this ground the issue becomes not merely one of doctrine but one of logical method as well—the *a priori* reasoning, the neat, schematic abstraction and mathematical simplicity of the older economics against the recognition by the new of the complexity and endless variety in human institutions that goes with a functional and evolutionary viewpoint in economics and that is compelled by an appeal to the facts. The President of the Association during the year just ended, Wesley Mitchell, is perhaps the leading exponent of this newer economics.

It is only a few decades since such subjects as economics, sociology, and political science came to be studied and taught by specialized investigators. Today there are over 25,000 members in the Economic Association alone, and internal specialization is growing rapidly, as the economist confines himself more narrowly to some one corner of his field. The subsidiary specialist associations which met with the American Economic Association represent various class interests, the laborer, the farmer, and the banker, and various phases of business such as accounting and marketing.

Intellectual specialization is dangerous at best. It tends to separate compartments of thought and the monograph mind. But for the social sciences there are peculiar dangers in so great a division of labor. When the specialist confines his attention chiefly to the problems of a particular class—and that is the sort of specialization which is developing—he is in danger of becoming imbued with the class bias. By this route the transition from scientist to propagandist is all too easy. The average business man would probably feel this most keenly, if he were to attend some of the meetings of the American Association for Labor Legislation. To him the student of labor problems is likely to appear as somewhat pro-labor. Something the same may be said of the type of specialization represented by the American Farm Economic Association. But that this tendency to

class bias is not confined to these groups was strikingly illustrated by the meeting on advertising, in which specialized students of marketing presented their views. This session was planned as a debate on the merits of advertising. But the paper on the Economic Criticism of Advertising turned out to be an appraisal of criticisms, and the Balanced Discussion of Pros and Cons demonstrated the maxim that the middle of the road can be upon the right hand side!

One of the most significant aspects of the present trend in economics which this year's meeting showed is the awakening of the economist's interest in the law. At several of the sessions there were papers devoted to the relations between law and economics. Karl Lewellyn of the Yale Law School demonstrated that it is possible for a man trained in the logic of the law to get out of the rut of legal reasoning and discuss the law as a complex of functioning human institutions. Instead of confining himself to the game of rationalizing legal precedents couched in their venerable phraseology, he proceeded to examine legal-economic institutions as the basis of modern competitive industrial and commercial organization, and to point out how the functioning of these institutions differs from what the economic theory of free competition has usually supposed. Thus it appears that through the common law of contracts the state is regulating industry—"interfering with" industry, if you please—as truly as through legislation regarding purity of food or railroad rates. Unlike the simpler layman's notion of free contract that underlies the older economics, such a view as Professor Llewellyn's lends itself nicely to an evolutionary approach to present day economic institutions and processes. Another very significant phase of Professor Llewellyn's paper is the importance which he attaches to the development of special fields of law adapted to particular types of conflict between opposing economic class interests such as the conflict between employer and laborer, and of specialized arms of the government particularly competent to deal with these delicate and intricate problems.

In his ability to view the law in accurate perspective, Professor Llewellyn stood out in sharp contrast to William Draper Lewis of the American Law Institute, who spoke on The Adaption of the Law to Changing Economic Conditions. While emphasizing the importance of a broad liberal education as a background, Doctor Lewis seemed to feel that the adaption of the law to economic change can only be achieved by steeping the lawyer more thoroughly in those complex traditions which have been preserved to us out of the past in men who have what we call the legal mind.

But the emphasis which Professor Llewellyn put on the functional as distinguished from the more formalistic aspect of things is an important phase in the current development of economics which deserves attention on its own account. Perhaps the paper in which this stood out most clearly was that by Sumner H. Slichter on Competitive Exchange as a Method of Interesting Workmen in Output and Costs. Professor Slichter proceeded to investigate in the concrete the way in which our present wage system functions—how far it stimulates production, and how far it does not; how far production can be measured, why it is not measured as well as it might be; and what can be done to make our wage system work better. In addition to compelling econ-

omists to grapple more closely with the real problems of the present social order, this functional approach of the new economics bespeaks the growing kinship of the social sciences to biology. The older economics tried to build a social science on the mathematical model of physics, and in the attempt succeeded in being neither social nor scientific.

Many economists are still fascinated by the notion that the general movement of prices is dominated by the gold market, a survival perhaps of the mercantilist views they have so often denounced. Hence they look to monetary policy to bring about stabilization of prices. A number of speakers testified to this faith, but there is a perceptible swing away from the conception of a mere mathematical relationship of the proportionality of the price level to the quantity of gold in money uses and toward a recognition that the influence of monetary policy on prices is a more complex and more human affair—that it works through the effect of interest and discount rates on the periodic fluctuations of business prosperity and depression. This swing was particularly apparent in the papers of John R. Commons, versatile scholar and senior student of American labor problems, and T. E. Gregory, of the London School of Economics.

Probably the most important development which is taking place in the field of social science today—a development which stood out clearly at the Chicago meeting—is the shift from a priori moral philosophizing to empirical, scientific method. For the social scientist, experiment as it is known to the exact sciences is scarcely possible at all. He must be content to rely on patient observation. Only by analyzing a great number of observations with the aid of

modern statistical technique can he hope to isolate and study empirically the separate influence of any one factor in a social situation.

Thorstein Veblen found the shift toward scientific method to be a result of the influence of machine methods of production upon our ways of looking at things, declaring that the last rites were about to be performed on the older type of economics. And curiously enough, Professor Veblen, an old man, prevented by failing health from attending the meeting to present his paper in person, was answered by a youngster of thirty-three, Professor Raymond Bye, who preached "evolution, not revolution" in economic theory. No doubt the change to a scientific approach is taking place very gradually, and older formulations linger. The ghost of Malthus pervaded the discussions of the population problem by the American Statistical Association, but it is significant of the changing emphasis in method that the problem was being attacked by statisticians.

The "laws" of traditional economics are at best not easy to test statistically. But the increasing appeal to fact has led some of the defenders of the older view to a modified formulation, more attenuated and less meaningful, which shall be true whatever the facts may turn out to be. In contrast to this the watchword of the new economics as sounded by Professor Mitchell in his presidential address, portrays the economic theory of the future as more and more in the nature of hypotheses which can be tested empirically.

MORRIS A. COPELAND.

[NOTE: This address was discussed at length in an editorial in the New Republic of January 28.]

Surveying the Sociologists

NOWADAYS," writes Philip Guédalla, in *Masters and Men*, "things are changing. There are light-minded young things like Psychology, with too many data and no conclusions, and Sociology with too many conclusions and no data."

If the power of suggestion were nearly as potent as M. Coué would have us believe the junior social sciences would have long ere this breathed their last. The poor sociologist, perhaps more than his psychological brother, is constantly being told that he is a sick man. Critics like Mr. Guédalla or Mr. Mencken essay the diagnosis and find that the patient exhibits marked symptoms of elephantiasis in the region of his generalizations. Sometimes it is one of the elder historians who gravely shakes his head over a clinical picture of delusions of grandeur. Or perhaps some economist, dusting off an old gibe at metaphysics, will vouchsafe the "common sense opinion" that the sociologist is now the "blind man in a dark cellar searching for a black cat that is not there."

In the face of the dicta of the learned doctors, the science of sociology not only maintains its hold on life, but continues to thrive and develop with every manifestation of hardy well-being. No one could sit through the crowded three day program of the Christmas meeting of the American Sociological Society without a growing conviction that there is a cat of a more or less delineable character actually existent in the cellar.

A rough classification of the forty papers presented at the Nineteenth Annual Meeting of the American Sociological Society, reveals the following topical distribution: Social

Psychology 13; Statistical Studies in Sociology 8; Rural Sociology 7; Biological Factors in Social Causation 5; Teaching of Social Science in the Schools 2; Sociology and Social Work 2; Methods of Social Research 2; Educational Sociology 1. This classification is in the nature of the case imperfect and impressionistic, and has no very close correspondence to the announced subject matter of the sections in which the papers were read. However, one can be safe in assuming that a significant number of those who were on the program were mainly interested in social psychology.

The veering of the intellectual weathercock of the sociologists in the direction of social psychology is not the result of a sudden wind storm. The barometer has been steadily dropping in this region ever since the sociologists and the psychologists attempted any really critical use of McDougall's theories in the scientific analysis of specific social problems. The vacuum in the scientific atmosphere which was the net result of these efforts operated, by virtue of a well known meteorological law, to produce an inrush of new doctrinal winds.

Professors Goldenweiser, Park, Faris and Bernard composed the quartette which sang more or less harmoniously the new canticle of social psychology. The theme of this song was in two parts. First came the requiescat in pace of the old instinctivistic psychology and the requiem mass for one of its bastard brood "the kind, long-headed Nordics . . . who never paid their bordics." The second theme was the in excelsis of the new psycho-social approach.

On the constructive and positive side of their social psychology the sociologists do not present a unified front.

The stand taken by Professor Faris, for example, is, perhaps, more radical than that which might be assumed by Professors Park, Goldenweiser, and Bernard, and is in marked antithesis to the whole "conditioned-reflex" theory represented by Allport. However, the point of view of the Chicago School (as interpreted by Dr. Faris), by reason of its thorough-going repudiation of much of the orthodox theory, may serve the purpose of throwing into relief one of the prominent tendencies in the latter day social-psychological emphasis.

The argument runs in this fashion: the sociologist must rid himself of the impedimenta of conjectures taken over from the biologists and the old line psychologists. Sociology must abandon the neurological and the physiological approach along with the anecdotes and analogies drawn from animal psychology and the study of the behavior of human infants. All this is essentially inadequate and misleading in the analysis of problems which are preëminently problems of culture. The way out of the old dilemma of heredity vs. environment is to realize that these are not forces which operate on passive individuals; but that "heredity" and "environment" are concepts which the scientist has created for his own convenience in the task of investigating a highly complex problem. The hypostatization of either one or both of these concepts can only result in the tail wagging the dog. The contribution of the sociologist to the scientific explanation of human behavior will vary with the measure in which he attempts to state his problems in terms of the actual experience of persons in groups—in terms of the attitude of the individual on the one hand, and the culture of the group on the other.

That this program does not represent solely "the substance of things hoped for" was demonstrated in the section on Biological and Racial Factors in charge of Professor Hankins. The papers read by Professors Dunn, Reuter, Linton and Handman were concrete exhibits of the type of results obtainable when the sociologist checks his work against the growing fund of anthropological and ethnological fact.

Closely allied to the interest displayed by the sociological fraternity in the point of view and discipline of social psychology was the marked insistence on the necessity for more painstaking social research. This research animus was evident in the opening of the Christmas meeting with a special section on Social Research in charge of Professor Ogburn of Columbia. At this meeting, eleven reports were made covering the wide range of specific projects in which the various speakers were engaged. The importance and the significance of the papers read in this section are heightened in view of the fact that the selection was made from a list of over 250 projects which were submitted to the program committee for consideration.

There is also another and more significant tendency toward the refinement of research methods, a tendency implicit in the increasing sectionalization of the yearly program. For example, this year two new sections were inaugurated—the sections on Religious Sociology and on The Family. The admission of these new divisions, when considered together with the other sections which form a regular part of the program of the society (namely, those on Statistical Sociology, Educational Sociology, Methods of Social Research, International Relations, Social Psychology, and Biological Factors in Social Causation) indicates quite clearly a definite tendency to break up the problems, and to specialize the areas of research activity. The accumulation

of data, the sharpening of scientific insight, and the refining of methodology, with the attendant particularization of spheres of interest, is the familiar run of events in the growth of every science. However, it must not be assumed that this stress on research represents an entirely novel development, or that the accepted canons of scientific procedure have been alien to the sociologists in the past—Mr Guedalla and all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. The development of the research emphasis in sociology has been cumulative and persistent. Gradually, the essential futility of the grand manner and the sweeping gestures with which the Balboas of pioneer sociology discovered the Pacific, have been borne in upon the latter day membership of the craft. Philosophies of history, theories of social progress, panaceas and elaborate schemes for the salvaging of civilization are now being rated at their true value. The members of the younger generation of sociologists are exhibiting a refreshing ambition to stay in their own back yard, leaving the historians, the philosophers, and the reformers to play in theirs.

Dean Small is fond of describing the advance of American sociology as a "drive toward objectivity." There is a deal of truth in his statement. It cannot be denied that the sociologists, qua sociologists, have lost the messianic delusion of their early scientific adolescence. It cannot be denied that there has been a marked decline in hortatory zeal, reformatory animus; an increasing tendency to relegate to the last chapter of their text books much of the sacerdotal verbiage of an earlier day.

And yet, when one stands off in the corner and surveys the sociological scene, one begins to wonder—especially if one happens to be a little young and impressionable . . . Where in this heterogeneous group, composed, for the most part, of renegade historians, apostate economists, damaged social workers . . . where, in such a company, is one to find that unity of intellectual interest, that uniformity of cultural back-ground, that harmony and concord in intention, that "like-mindedness," if you please, which one would like to think is characteristic of a scientific group?

And then one wandered over to the meeting of the American Economic Association held, appropriately enough, in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel. Here there are no social workers, no trousers baggy at the knees, no diffusion of intellectual energies. Cigars—good, expensive, masculine-smelling cigars—are much in evidence; well groomed men stand around having their pictures taken for the trade journals and repeating to each other the lines from *The Beggar on Horseback*: "overhead, turnover, . . . turnover, overhead." The young sociologist takes heart and returns to his own fold. Oh bitter truth!—not even the economist lambs can lie down with the big business lions and escape bringing home the smell of the jungle.

The sociologists have a long, weary road yet to travel before they achieve their goal of scientific objectivity. Presidents of the American Sociological Society still deliver sermons on Intolerance, instead of contributing to a much-needed unification of sociological method and outlook. The ranks of the sociologists are still recruited from intellectual nebulae so diverse as to threaten to postpone almost indefinitely the creation of a common universe of discourse and a common scientific discipline.

And yet, I repeat there is a cat—"a proud mysterious cat." Patience. The sociologists may yet become foot-loose and free.

EYLER NEWTON SIMPSON.

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The Great Learned Lobbies

CONGRESS HOTEL, Chicago, December 31, 1924.—Three days in and about the Gold Room. Mostly about, of course, rather than in. "Where is the Gold Room?" asked a seasoned economist when the meetings were half over. The rest of us had seen little more of the formal sessions. For in the Gold Room only one man may talk at a time, but in the lobby outside and up and down Peacock Alley there are talking-places for many groups of enthusiastic debaters. And apparently no lonely autocrat of a coal-mining valley, and no trapper musing in from the North to a Hudson Bay trading post, ever came to a long-deferred talk-fest with more eager tongues. Again and again, the buzz of their conversation surges into the Gold Room itself and threatens to silence the speakers. At home, no doubt, most of these men believe in education by lecture—for their students; here by the hundreds they show their belief—for themselves—in education by talk. The real convention, so every old-timer repeats to the newcomers, is what goes on in the lobbies. The Great Learned Lobbies!

The learning is of many sorts, to be sure. There by the door, for example, an economist and a sociologist stand in deep discussion. Splendid,—the harmony of rival disciplines. "The Finns," says one of them. Anthropology, no doubt—very basic. "The Finns," he continues, "*run on the balls of their feet*." That's how Nurmi—"And some of the conversation, on the other hand, is economic enough but much less spontaneous. Perhaps that youngster talking so rapidly to a graybeard is an earnest ten-minute-man seeking friendly counsel before he reads his manuscript. But more likely he is a job-hunter nervously spreading his intellectual wares on the bargain-counter. For The Lobbies are a trading-post in more than the figurative sense. They are the great academic slave market; behind the elaborate curtain of set speeches and of abstract discussions, goes on the serious business of the buying and selling of men. Few are neither shopping nor being shopped. But for all that, the flood of eager and disinterested economic talk keeps welling up. Most of us resist the fascinating subjects of the Olympics and the Big Ten and Rockne's Four Horsemen, just as most of us resist the dance music of Coon Sanders's Jazz Orchestra on the floor below. (Most, but not quite all. "Curious what some men will do for their rheumatism.") And many a job-seeker forgets why he is really here in excited talk with his fellows. Up and down the corridors it goes on,—subtle dialectic over a nice point of "theory," verbal sleight of hand juggling Laws of Population into Laws of Food and back again while plants and people alternately multiply at alarming rates, shrewd comment on debts and reparations and the follies of governments, the appeal to psychology and its denial.

But why do we value this active and agile talk? For the opportunity of meeting and understanding conflicting theories? So we might piously phrase it, and it would be partly true. The Gold Room programs themselves laid good preparation, and one or two of the round table discussions that for a single afternoon almost emptied the lobbies provided excellent battlegrounds. But this is not the whole story. Most of us, I felt, were eager for a warmth somewhat more genial than that which comes from the appreciation of opposing systems. Just what, I did not quite understand until a series of staccato cheers broke in last night upon the solemnity of the Gold Room,—the strayed

revelry of some banqueting Rotarians. A group of economists approached from the direction of the banquet. "What's all that noise you've been making out there?" "Oh, we've just been *cheering the quantity theory of money*." That made everything clear. Our main business had been just that,—the cheering of our own theories and the booing of our opponents'. One of the younger defenders of old-fashioned theory, for example, had ended a skilful paragraph by tracing the origin of a certain doctrine to "Ricardo himself." "Since when did Ricardo get to be Himself," muttered my neighbor. The dean of the heterodox had sent on a biting analysis of the peaceful penetration of economics by business. "Well, Veblen didn't bother us much," exulted the faithful in the lobbies, "All we did was laugh at him." And when a certain controversy began to crackle into heated discussion on the floor, one of the protagonists made public protest. "I didn't know this was meant to be a debate." Discussion with opponents is all very well, but it is more fun to discuss our opponents with our friends.

Probably this is inevitable. Most of us have at least reached the "years of waning flexibility," and the learning of a new point of view is a long-time process. We all know this in the classroom, whatever we may think when we sit down to convert our opponents by means of a ten-minute or a twenty-five minute paper. And so the set speeches themselves, like so much of the talk in the corridors, have the effect of the yells or war-cries of rival factions—challenge to the opposition and encouragement to the like-minded—rather than that of essays in persuasion. Very much of it, in fact, seems to sift out into two opposing chants, sung with many variations in the lobbies and more sonorously from the speakers' tables. That of the orthodox, chanted boldly by the younger old-masters and a little more cautiously by their elders, sounds something like this:—

There is a fun-
There is a fun-
There is a fun-
 damental law.
The law Ricar-
The law Ricar-
The law Ricar-
 do clearly saw.

And the rebel faction, as befits their fewer reverences, seem to be setting their battle-cry to the lilt of a certain lewder tune:—

Pro-
LIFerating, CUMulating,
DEATH-to-the-old-law CHANGE-oh!

Not the broadening conflict of opinions. That we can get at home, at least where a tolerant Head or a change of administration has mixed the factions. What we came here for was a "cult reunion" and the confirming and fructifying of our own theories in the fellowship of the like-minded. Above all, the convention has been a Confirmation Meeting. And so, cheering and being cheered, happy and a little hoarse, we leave the lobbies for the return to the outposts and the great silences.

CARTER GOODRICH.

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Psychology in America

PSYCHOLOGY is a very popular subject. The interest which actual psychologists naturally feel in the field of their endeavors is apparently shared by many others who are concerned with the results and applications of this research. Just how popular psychology is, the recent meeting of the American Psychological Association in Washington amply demonstrated. In practically every one of the specialized sessions into which the meeting was divided a large amount of room, even of standing room, was occupied by outsiders.

What American psychologists are interested in on their own account may be gathered from the great variety of the content of the papers presented at the various sessions. The scope of this interest ranges from theoretical questions, concerning the fundamental data and methods of psychology, through the mental influences upon radicalism and morals, how to tell when one is intoxicated, and the question whether chimpanzees have ideas, down to the method of employing clerks and rating them in their work. In general, interest in psychological problems is fairly divided between the various sorts of tests on one hand and experiments performed in the laboratory on the other. The laboratory work, in turn, is distributed over animal experimentation, especially upon rats, and the older and more firmly established work on comparatively elementary human activities, principally those of a sensory character. Experimental research on special forms of seeing, hearing, etc. is decidedly on the increase.

Another indication of the prevailing trends in psychology proper is the close alignment of the psychologists in terms of conventions and traditions of various sorts. The psychologists are pretty completely sorted out into hostile camps upon the basis both of fundamental problems and of special issues of fact. The differences upon fundamental problems put psychologists in sharp contrast with physicists, for example. There are several reasons for the existence of this situation. The assumption of the objective attitude is still very new in psychology. Established ideas, crystallized into fixed preconceptions, maintain a very strong hold still on the students of this science. Accordingly, we find schools of various shades bidding for adherents. At the Washington meeting, for example, much interest was manifested in a distinct, if not entirely new, movement originating in Germany called the Gestalt Psychologie. Few converts may be expected, however. Those psychologists who are not already enrolled under some banner seem inclined toward a greater objectivity than such a modification of spiritualist doctrine as the Gestaltists offer.

Two other circumstances make for a close adherence of psychologists to schools and traditions: the difficulty of the data which they examine and the nearness of the data to the investigator himself. In human psychology, of course, it is his own activities in which the psychologist is interested. Under the combined force of these circumstances the persistence of all sorts of prejudicial dogmas is inevitable. Thus, for example, the nervous system continues to maintain its place both as an important psychological fact and as a method of explanation despite the evidence which neurologists and physiologists are gradually building up to the effect that the nervous functions are quite other than the psychologists have traditionally conceived them.

The elementary experimental methods to which some

psychologists continue to adhere whether they apply to the facts or not constitute another such dogmatism. Every scientist must insist by all means upon the experimental verification of whatever hypothesis or bit of information he may develop. But to distort or reject facts in particular instances because one is employing a method that is applicable only in other situations is hardly a profitable procedure. For example, in the study of the psychological aspects of political activity can we expect much from a method which considers the situation as though the acts performed were simple physiological functions? In the scale of scientific values, what weight can the correlation of so-called radical and conservative political opinions with slowness or rapidity of simple acts of various sorts have as compared with the study of individual human beings reacting in an institutional setting with all its social, economic, and traditional complications? That is, experimentation is here in danger of becoming experimentalism. The very effort of the experimentalists, evidenced at this meeting, to divide themselves from the other members of the association and to form an inner circle of higher degree is evidence that this danger is none too remote.

The very commendable effort to keep psychology down on the level of hard facts is typical of the thought of American psychologists. Even the indiscriminate use of experimental methods, though it may have certain conventional and dogmatic implications, serves no doubt as a guarantee that the data of the science will be actual facts and not bare logical constructions or, even worse, day dreams. On the whole it is fair to say that American psychologists are much more interested in facts than they are in ideas. Thus the prospects for general progress in psychology are exceedingly favorable. Among the most hopeful developments of a newer sort is the work on children. A number of papers were presented dealing with child data which will lead to a fruitful increase of our knowledge concerning child development, and so by implication of our information concerning psychological phenomena in general.

Certainly attendants at the psychological sessions must have been gratified to observe the wholesome changes of attitude toward the intelligence tests. In the first place, clinical workers now seem inclined to lean toward the study of the development, training, and surroundings of children and away from an exclusive reliance upon intelligence test scores and I. Q's. No doubt this trend is fairly general, although the tradition still remains which stresses the cruder conceptions of intelligence and its measurements.

Indeed, it is probably safe to say of the general attitude of psychologists toward fundamental problems that the tendency to objectivity is growing. Five out of the six papers read at the general sessions in which fundamental attitudes were of chief importance, very decidedly stressed the necessity of objectivity in psychology and indicated an advance from the older introspectionistic, or subjective, point of view. But one need not consider this fact especially significant. Silence is eloquent, but not necessarily of consent. Those psychologists who cling to the spiritistic tradition do not indulge in the discussion of basic principles. Instead they confine themselves to laboratory studies of mental qualities conducted by the most rigid experimentation with instruments of precision.

J. R. KANTOR.

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Philosophy: And This Was All the Harvest

THE American Philosophical Association exists in name only. By a brave pretense the Eastern Division maintains the fiction of the "twenty-fourth meeting." Really, however, the American Association came to an end five years ago. The fact is significant. The professors of the middle western group had for some time been meeting on their own account, usually in the spring. They found it troublesome to attend the meetings of the national body, most often in an eastern university, and therefore proposed a regional division. The proposal was adopted. Two months ago the cleavage was made more emphatic by the organization of a Pacific division. The professors of philosophy still meet. But they meet at home.

Even so, the members do not attend. The Eastern Division includes Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Princeton and Cornell, and two or three score colleges. The meetings of the Division on December 29 and 30 were held in a small class room. The presidential address was delivered in the parlor of a fraternity chapter house.

At these meetings the members of the Division smoked. This was the first occasion in the history of this association upon which tobacco has spiced philosophy. Naturally the phenomenon became the subject of desultory conversation on the walks to and from the dining hall. By general agreement, this was the effect of a Quaker atmosphere. The program bore the following ill-advised announcement: "According to a long established custom of the College, there is no smoking in the main building; but this does not apply elsewhere." A clear invitation. But this is only an efficient cause. The final cause was implicit in the program.

The two morning sessions were devoted to papers on various philosophical subjects. None of these presumed to offer anything in the way of a discovery or even a fresh synthesis of fundamental philosophical conceptions, neither did any single one overtly raise the issues upon which the philosophers are divided into schools.

Discussion was desultory. Readers were asked what they meant by a given word and informed that the questioner does not use it in that sense. After Professor Morris Cohen's paper, *The Romantic Element in Kant's Philosophy*, in which he pointed out in his usually brilliant and witty fashion that Kant was not wholly a formalist, some one protested that he did not consider Kant a romantic, to which Mr. Cohen replied that he should hope not; he had intended to refer only to a certain element. The most constructive paper on the program, read by a young German scholar, Dr. Edgar Wind, who is not a member of the Association, dealt with the basis of æsthetic judgment. Discussion was prevented by the necessity of finishing in time to catch an early train.

The afternoon session was devoted to the memory of Professor James E. Creighton, one of the founders of the Association, who died last October. The tone of the papers was extraordinarily defensive, so that the net effect was one of severe criticism skilfully warded off. In his conduct of the *Philosophical Review*, it appeared, Professor Creighton had been suspiciously favorable to papers of his own way of thinking; but this was due to a fine contempt for superficiality, and flippancy. In his writing, he might have seemed to be meticulous and dull, so great was his abhorrence of cheap originality and devotion to careful scholarship in the

service of established truth. He often deplored, one of his colleagues said, a certain disposition in students not to oppose him in argument. He loved real intellectual clash, he used to say, when scholars marshalled their full resources against each other. But if there was one thing he could not tolerate it was prejudiced opinion and mere shirking insubordination. Upon that he had no mercy.

The passing of Professor Creighton is very significant. It represents the passing of the last phase of the transcendental tradition, run out into a mildly ecclesiastical negation. The Philosophical Association was founded in the heyday of this school. Its weakness is due to the fact that the philosophy of the founders has withered but has not yet been ploughed under. Nearly fifteen years ago a new sect arose, the New Realists. For a time their shock troops made the meetings lively. They have become more numerous. They have even subdivided. But they have also, apparently, grown apathetic. The most vigorous tradition is of course the one represented by Professor Dewey. It could probably capture the programs of the Association. But pragmatism is sceptical of metaphysics and indifferent to the Association. It prefers to express itself before a wider public.

In his presidential address Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn called upon the philosophers to save the world from confusion and apathy. No one laughed.

C. E. A.

GERALD L. WENDT, dean of the School of Chemistry and Physics of Pennsylvania State College, is widely known for his researches upon atomic composition and energy.

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A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

SECRETARY WILBUR has broken loose again —this time with an effort to reassure the populace about "the next war." Alarming tales about the horrors of aerial warfare, the use of poison gas bombs, and attacks on the civilian population of large cities may be discounted, the Secretary asserts. He declares that "the next war is going on now," in China, and that it is of the old-fashioned archaic variety. It is impossible, he asserts, for airplanes to carry enough poison gas to kill all the inhabitants of a city. Moreover, treaties have been signed which need ratification by only one more great power, forbidding the use of poison gas. "To have a war," Mr. Wilbur magnificently explains, "one must have a defense. . . . If poison gas can be used on one side, it can be used also on the other. . . . It is certainly wrong to publish and proclaim these extravagant predictions as to the possible effect of future war. We have seen enough of wars. . . . The chances are that the judgment of mankind will oppose any war which has for its purpose the extermination or annihilation of nations or peoples."

EVERYONE is entitled to his opinion, including Secretary Wilbur. But it is regrettable, to say the

least, that a man holding high public office should put the weight of his official position behind statements of this character, which are designed to lull the public into a false security, and are at best only half true. Secretary Wilbur is right when he says it is impracticable at present to carry enough poison gas in an airplane to kill off all the inhabitants of a great city. But it is entirely practicable, as one aviation expert after another has testified, to drop enough poison gas, incendiary and explosive bombs in a few hours' time to make a city virtually uninhabitable; to kill or cripple a large minority of the inhabitants; to start huge conflagrations which would take the lives of many more; and to terrorize those who remained alive to an extent which would render them helpless. The most sober, scientific survey of the facts shows that this is already possible. And in the meantime, the march of invention goes forward. No one knows what additional devices may be brought forward next week or next month. Nothing sillier was ever said than the Secretary's statement that "to have a war one must have a defense," and that "if poison gas can be used on one side, it can be used also on the other." To have a war, you need only a casus belli. No enemy has ever been known to withhold his arm because his opponent was ill equipped to defend himself. And while it is true that the new devices can be used by both belligerents, it is small comfort to those killed or maimed by them on one side of a frontier to know that similar suffering is taking place across the boundary.

EQUALLY unsound is Mr. Wilbur's contention that there is no need to fear "the next war" because it is already going on, in China and elsewhere, and is not so very bad. It is true that the new technique is not universally applied at present. This is partly because of the conservatism of the military mind, partly because some of the important secrets are still the exclusive property of the great western powers, and partly because in the type of guerilla warfare which has been seen since 1918, the leaders have hesitated both to bring down reprisals upon themselves and to alienate the local civilian population. But all these restrictions would quickly disappear with the beginning of another great war like that of 1914-18. Secretary Wilbur cannot be fool-

ish enough to suppose that a nation which feels it is fighting for life will live up to an agreement against poison gas—if such an agreement ever comes into effect. It will be violated, just as all the other rules of war were violated under the spur of necessity. We should like to believe that “the judgment of mankind will oppose any war” which means the annihilation of a people; but such pious hope is a foundation too unstable to be relied upon. That is the sort of thing we used to hear before 1914. We have learned since then that the passions unchained by war conducted on the modern scale go beyond all reason. It is perfectly possible that not only one country but a civilization may commit suicide because it has started a war which it cannot stop. That danger is not made any the less by utterances so ill considered and unrealistic as that of Secretary Wilbur.

HENRY FORD, once an advocate of private operation of Muscle Shoals with himself as operator is now listed among those who believe the huge project should be conducted by the government in the general interest. If this is done, with special emphasis on the production of nitrates for fertilizer, he offers to turn over free of charge all the results achieved in three years' work by his own engineers on the fixation of nitrogen from the air, and to lend Uncle Sam the men “to help build up an efficient organization to run the Shoals.” He declares that developing and maintaining “a great public utility and defensive asset . . . cannot be done under the system of private profit only that now rules business. It is a mistake to say that the government cannot run the nitrate plant as well as any private party. This is the very kind of business the government ought to engage in.”

THIS new Ford offer is the severest blow which has yet been encountered by the Underwood bill, passed by the Senate, which would turn Muscle Shoals over to private exploitation on terms which, unless the Secretary of War could make a better bargain than the bill provides, would give away a hundred and thirty-five million dollar enterprise for an annual rental of less than \$2,000,000. We sincerely trust that Mr. Ford's extraordinary influence on public opinion and on Congress may sound the death knell of the Underwood measure. We agree with him that the government might well engage in nitrate production. It might equally well undertake the development of the vast hydro-electric potentialities of Muscle Shoals. The two projects are by no means incompatible. They can, and should, be operated side by side.

HONESTY, courage and fair play in daily journalism have rarely been more dramatically exhibited than in the case of Mr. Henry F. Pringle and the New York World. Mr. Pringle, a reporter of the World, last year took a trip through the states

to investigate the child labor question. His dispatches, he believes, made a good case for the federal Child Labor Amendment. Yet now he finds his paper editorially opposing the measure. Instead of changing his views with the changing winds, or keeping a convenient silence, he mustered up his courage and wrote a letter to his editors telling why he thinks they are wrong. His observation has convinced him that child labor is a serious evil, and that the states where it is worst will not, if left to themselves, eradicate it. And his letter ends with the challenge: “If this be treason—” But so far from treason does the World judge such honorable behavior that it printed his communication on the editorial page. While we agree with the reporter and not with his paper, we rather think that in the matter of candor the honors are even.

CHARLES R. FORBES, former head of the Veterans' Bureau, has been convicted in a Chicago court on the charge of conspiring to defraud the government in the matter of contracts for soldiers' hospitals. John W. Thompson, a St. Louis contractor and co-defendant, has also been convicted. The case will be appealed, however, and the defendants' counsel announce that it will be taken “to the Supreme Court, if necessary.” We doubt that this promise will be lived up to. Forbes was one of the most stupid and callous members of the “Ohio gang” which descended on Washington in 1921 with the pleasant and well justified belief that the lid was off and the sky the limit. Forbes not only cut a wide swath, but did it so publicly that his activities could not be ignored nor hushed up. His career, which has been described at length in our pages, was an even more shameful record of wanton waste than of dishonesty. In two years' time he spent nearly a billion dollars; and about one-half of this went in graft and waste. The heartbreaking aspect of the affair is that the money which was thus scattered so lavishly among Forbes's friends should have been spent in caring for disabled veterans, many of whom were suffering extraordinary hardships because the government was giving them inadequate care or none at all. On the whole, we should welcome a retrial of the Forbes case in the higher courts. For the more often it is tried, the more often will the shameful story be reported in the columns of the press. It cannot be told too frequently.

THE New York Division of the Labor Defense Council has been investigating the question of political prisoners throughout the world, and estimates that in Europe and Asia not less than 250,000 persons are now incarcerated because of their beliefs. The figures listed include 8,000 in Germany, 3,000 in Italy, 4,000 in Poland, 1,500 in Rumania, 1,700 in Esthonia, 2,000 in Spain, 25,000 in India, 5,000 in Java, and many more in Japan, China, Korea, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Greece, Finland, Lithuania, Belgium, France and Portugal. While we cannot

vouch for these figures, it is undoubtedly true that a situation exists which no one would have dreamed was possible before 1914. While the Labor Defense Council does not mention them, a very large number of persons are suffering what are reported to be particularly serious hardships in the prisons of Russia. Efforts are now under way in New York and London to bring the plight of the latter group to the attention of the world and provide some amelioration through contributions of clothing, medical supplies and books. With these efforts we have the heartiest sympathy. It is probably asking too much of human nature to expect that in time of war or acute internal strife, the party in power will refrain from shutting its opponents up. But nowhere in the world, so far as we can learn, do such conditions exist today. Whether the number of political prisoners is 250,000, or a tenth as many, justice and respect for the opinions of decent mankind demand their liberation.

A NEW copyright bill is now pending before Congress so much superior in every respect to the existing law that it unquestionably deserves to pass. It was drawn at the request of the Authors' League of America by Thorvald Solberg, the Register of Copyrights, who, out of his own broad experience and without consultation with anyone on any point, prepared what can fairly be regarded as an ideal copyright proposal. Under its terms all literary and artistic productions are protected, automatically, as soon as produced. Such protection continues through the lifetime of the author and an additional fifty years. A badly needed reform permits the author of any work to sell separately various rights in connection with it—the right of publication, that of performance, etc. The author would also control the right of reproduction over the radio, as he clearly should. Present restrictions on royalties paid to composers for phonograph records and player-piano rolls, limiting them to two cents each, would be abolished. The proposed law would work no hardship on publishers, or anyone else honestly engaged in exploiting the work of creative artists. Particularly important is the fact that it would permit the United States to join the International Copyright Union, of which we are not at present a member. In short, there is everything to be said in favor of the proposed bill, and little against it. If Congress acted solely on considerations of the public welfare, it would become a law in short order.

ANOTHER battle for genuine collective bargaining is now in progress on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The Order of Railroad Telegraphers having objected to the "employee representation" plan of the company, the Railroad Labor Board held an election to determine the wishes of the employees. Out of 4,826 Pennsylvania telegraphers voting, 4,258 favored the Order, 318 favored the road's repre-

sentation plan, and 250 cast scattering or invalid ballots. The Board therefore decided that the Order is the duly authorized representative. The company then summoned the local committeemen of the Order, all employes of the road, to the offices of the division superintendents, and interviewing them one by one demanded that they avow loyalty to the company's plan, which the telegraphers had just rejected by an overwhelming majority. On the refusal of the committeemen to sign on the dotted line, the company declared vacant their places as representatives, withdrew their passes and other privileges, and ordered a new election under its own plan on February 6. The members of the Order did not take part in this election, and trouble is brewing. Meanwhile Vice-President Atterbury has attempted to mislead the public as usual by declaring that the company insists on dealing with "its own employes" rather than with "absentee organizations" and by deploring efforts to "drive a wedge between railroad managements and railroad employes." Is it any wonder that railroad workers want a new law which will compel negotiation with the unions and acceptance of arbitral decisions? The policy of the Pennsylvania under the present law encourages not peace, but war.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK, recently appointed to the Interstate Commerce Commission, has been a financial writer for the Wall Street Journal and the New York Evening Sun, giving special attention to railroad matters. His economic views as shown in his writings are more flattering to the dominant financial interests than those held by any economic authority of note. On railroad problems he sees eye to eye with the big bankers, and this is particularly true of the two most important issues now before the Commission—valuation and consolidation. Though Commissioner Mark Potter, whom he succeeds, is also a conservative, Mr. Woodlock is markedly inferior to him in practical knowledge of operation. Mr. Potter was an able executive before his appointment to the Commission, and had a thorough understanding of labor relations, being an intelligent advocate of coöperation between unions and employers such as is now in force in the Baltimore and Ohio shops. Mr. Woodlock's view of the labor problem is distant and conventional. If the whole Commission were made up of Woodlocks, we should have, not regulation in the public interest, but a mere official rubber-stamp for the policies of the private groups who control the carriers.

THE million dollar memorial fund with which the Phi Beta Kappa society proposes to celebrate its hundred and fiftieth anniversary will be put to highly desirable uses. A memorial building will be constructed upon the campus of William and Mary College where the society was organized. There will be also a statue of John Marshall, the most

famous member of the original chapter. The remainder, no doubt a substantial residue, will go to the foundation of various scholarships, fellowships, and other devices for the encouragement of excellence in collegiate studies. To encourage students to distinguished work is excellent; but to spur them to the accretion of credits as the price of recognition, as Phi Beta Kappa has always done, is a little dubious. Part of the anniversary efforts of the society might well be used not simply in encouraging scholarship but in considering how scholarship is best encouraged.

Outlines of a Debt Policy

AS speeches on the French debt to the United States are hurled back and forth across the Atlantic, neither nation shows signs of following a policy that can bring any agreement nearer. We insist on payment, but not on full payment. France insists on reduction, but not on full cancellation. Yet there seem to be no accepted principles by which these two positions may be brought together in detail. Why should there be a reduction? What should determine its amount? Until these questions are answered, the debt discussion leads nowhere except to irritation.

It is certain that controversy over the moral obligation of the debt cannot answer either question. There is no measure by which comparative sacrifice and benefits in the War may be assessed. French lives against American lives, French security against American security, French annexation against American desire for world order—who can set up an account of such intangibles and come out with a balance which either excludes or includes the debt? If we forgive the French debt on such grounds we must also forgive the British and others. The burden of paying principal and interest on the ten and one-half billion dollars raised for the foreign War loans by American bond subscription must fall on American taxpayers, in so far as the Allied debtors do not pay it. If the Allies had asked us to appropriate this amount without hope of return during the heat of the War we might just possibly have done it. But to ask American taxpayers to assume this burden in their post-War disillusionment, merely as a sum morally due the Allies in addition to the precious lives and effort poured out during hostilities, is clearly hopeless.

A policy of debt settlement must look not to the past, but to the future. Its first essential is an admission that the debt is technically due. Once that is out of the way, we can go on to examine the realities of the situation. The first of these is France's capacity to pay. The second is the desirability of making the payments of which France may be capable. American taxpayers will assume the heavy burden of the foreign debt in so far as they are assured either that France, acting in good faith, can-

not pay, or that payments would cause injuries which would counterbalance the benefits.

The first proposal of a settlement on the basis of capacity to pay is the suggestion that payments should depend on France's reparation receipts from Germany. We shall probably be asked to limit our demands to a definite percentage of reparations under the Dawes plan. It is true that French capacity does depend partly on what she receives from Germany. But this is not the whole truth. All receipts of the French government, and all its expenditures, have a bearing on any surplus which may be developed for the debt service. To tie up our receipts to one item alone is to ignore many relevant factors in the situation. Perhaps France can pay more than she receives in reparations; perhaps she cannot pay anything, no matter how much Germany pays her. And there is a peculiar objection to tying the French debt mechanically to the German reparation payments. As a quasi-disinterested party we have assumed administrative responsibility in the operation of the Dawes plan, for the good of all concerned. We should not be placed in the situation of attempting to collect from Germany the debt due us from France, absolving France of any responsibility in the matter. And we ought not, in our capacity as administrator of the Dawes plan, to become one of the chief beneficiaries of any receipts derived.

If a commission of French economists should meet an American commission to discuss without reservations France's capacity to pay, certain questions would inevitably arise. What these questions are, the discussions preceding the Dawes plan indicate. The first has to do with the stability of French currency. The fall of the franc has been temporarily checked, but only by a loan from American bankers. If the same set of circumstances should occur again, more such loans would be necessary, diminishing France's capacity to pay existing debts. Furthermore, progressive depreciation of currency would so upset internal economy as eventually to disturb any possible economic arrangements. A prime essential is therefore that French authorities should face a question which they have hitherto dodged. Is the franc to be stabilized? If so, at what value? Is an attempt to be made to get back to pre-War gold parity? Or must the present level be accepted? Or must the franc go still lower? To accept the present or a lower level of the franc would involve internal embarrassments due to final depreciation of pre-War investments, but it is probably the only way out, and a decision is necessary to French economic stability.

A second question is interwoven with the first. Unless current receipts of the French government balance current expenditures, the franc cannot be stabilized. Neither will any surplus arise for service of the foreign debt. France must work out of the deceptive practice of "balancing" her budget by means of new internal loans or by increased advances from the Bank of France. Such loans

merely give rise to an additional burden of interest charges which makes necessary a more severe reckoning in the future.

An examination of current receipts and current expenditures of the government logically follows. Current receipts arise mainly from taxes, excise or tariff duties, payments to France on her foreign loans, reparations payments from Germany, any profits on government railroads or industrial monopolies, sales of any surplus war material. Current expenditures arise chiefly from military appropriations, pensions, appropriations for reconstruction, service of the internal debt, ordinary civilian duties, and any losses on government enterprises.

Two other large factors bear on the situation. In so far as France loans large sums to foreign governments on poor security she diminishes the capacity either of herself or of those governments to pay the United States. In so far as she or her citizens have good foreign investments, her capacity to pay is increased.

Apart from the question of the capacity to pay is the question of transferring outside the country any surplus arising in France. Too large payments may upset the exchanges. Payments cannot be made in any case, without dangerously depleting any gold reserve on which currency stability may rest, unless France has an export surplus of goods and services. Good foreign investments owned by French citizens facilitate payments.

Within the realm thus outlined policy could be defined. Of course it is inconceivable that the United States could assume direct responsibility for French government finance, as a receiver does for a bankrupt firm or as the Allies have done for Germany. Nevertheless these are the realities which must eventually determine the solution, and they ought to be considered both in negotiations and in public discussion. American policy should concern itself with the principles according to which French receipts and expenditures are to be determined. What results do we want to bring about? We want, of course, as much payment of the debt as possible. But if we are asked to remit any part of that payment, we want our remission to contribute to objects of which we approve. These are, obviously, an economically sound situation, political appeasement in Europe, and the least possible burden on the working classes or other parts of the population unable to endure further sacrifices.

Suppose, for instance, France pleads, "We cannot pay, because we have no surplus." We answer, "You might have a surplus if you stabilized your currency and balanced your budget." France objects, "We intend to balance our budget, but even then there can be no surplus." We reply, "That is a question dependent on what you receive and what you spend. Let us look over the items. How about your income and profits taxes? Are you taxing as much of the private surplus as you can afford to take, without placing undue burdens on the lower in-

come groups? And what is this item for Ruhr occupation? Do you need to spend as much on your army as you do? How about this loan to Rumania?" To which France may answer, "Our national interest does not permit us to change these policies." And we reply, "Our national interest does not permit us to remit any part of the debt in order to facilitate such policies." But if with these matters adjusted there still appeared no prospect of a surplus, and France said, "We cannot spend less on reconstruction, pensions are woefully small, we cannot make any profit on railroads without slashing wages, but we shall try to pay you by being more severe on Germany if you insist," we should reply, "We do not care to be paid at the cost of the sacrifices you point out. They will do more ultimate harm to all than good to us."

Or France might ask us a few pointed questions. "If we do what you ask, will sufficient private loans for working capital be forthcoming? What do you propose as positive measures of international appeasement and security in case we materially reduce our military appropriations? How do you expect us to develop an export surplus which will make possible the transfer of large funds as long as you maintain high protective tariffs against us?"

Naturally the negotiations would not be as simple as that. But the outlines of a policy do begin to appear when the problem is stated in such concrete terms. We should, before remitting any part of our claims, ask France to demonstrate whether or not she can really pay by stabilizing her currency, balancing her budget, maintaining adequate and properly apportioned taxation, evacuating the Ruhr, foregoing future military adventures either against Germany or elsewhere, reducing her army, and abstaining from political loans of doubtful security. We should make plain a willingness to remit, after such measures were adopted, any part of our claim or all of it, if it would necessitate undue pinching of expenses for reconstruction, pensions or civil obligations, or undue tax burdens bearing directly or indirectly on the workers. For our part we should be prepared to avoid an obvious error that mars the Dawes plan by fixing not only annual payments but a total sum of indebtedness, we should assure sufficient private loans to French industry and trade after a settlement, and we should in the meantime give earnest consideration to the problem of developing international security by other means than national armament.

Such a policy might mean a languishing of negotiations and a settlement indefinitely postponed. But if it were established and understood, it would exert strong pressure on France to move in the desired direction. The real obstacles to payment are also obstacles to the welfare of the French people. France can escape the consequences of failure to set her own house in order only by increased borrowing abroad, but such borrowing will be difficult until the War debt is funded. Thus the pressure gen-

erated by our refusal to settle the debt except on sound principles will reinforce the internal pressure to establish national solvency. When that is done, the basis will exist both for a debt settlement and for any desirable private credits.

The Living Lincoln

IF Abraham Lincoln were alive, what attitude would he take toward the questions which are confronting American statesmen of today? This is the question which Mr. Nathaniel Stephenson, the most recent and probably the most trustworthy biographer of Lincoln, asked himself in the *Woman's Home Companion* of February, 1924, and he has no doubts at all about the adequate answer. He knows just what Lincoln would have thought about the problem of contemporary statesmanship.

Lincoln would, for instance, not have been a follower of Lenin or Trotzky. "Of humble birth though he was, he saw that distinction is as real a necessity to public well-being as is liberty. . . [He had] no toleration in him for Bolshevism, whether of the genuine or of the parlor type." "He was—he would always have remained—the inveterate enemy of privilege in every form." "He was a steadfast believer in representative government of the old sort where the ruler once chosen ceases to be the puppet of his electorate, and becomes a genuine ruler." "His thinking is a bulwark against the present tendency to obliterate local government, to absorb all the functions of government into one great centralized unit." "He would reform the world as the day dispels the night by imperceptible change, not by sudden shock." "He is a stern warning to all those Americans who today are for amending the Constitution with each new veering of the political winds." Finally "if ever the signposts of a great man's thought pointed all one way, it is true that Lincoln's signposts—his internationalism, his belief in the greater community, his desire to secure the lesser communities their individual life, his wish to restrain majorities, to substitute gradual for violent reformation, to safeguard the reserved rights of the world—all point straight to the League of Nations."

Such is Mr. Stephenson's outline of what Mr. Lincoln's political program would be, if he were alive today, and it may be worth while to pause for a moment and contemplate the exhibit. During the current week millions of Americans will celebrate Lincoln's memory and reverentially listen to official interpretations of his character and career. These memorial exercises will have for their object the projection of a moving image of Lincoln into the hearts of his fellow countrymen. Many of the people who listen to these speeches will wish to know what they should believe and how they should behave in order to give immediate vitality to the influence of their national hero. Mr. Stephenson's

answer is that they ought to be intolerant of Bolshevism, in favor of the League of Nations, opposed to the amendment of the federal Constitution and so on. He is perfectly willing to proclaim in terms of these specific preferences what a resurrected Lincoln would stand for and what courses his fellow countrymen should follow in order to walk in Lincoln's footsteps.

He is adopting, we believe, a most questionable method of instructing his less informed readers as to what they should do to renew and perpetuate Mr. Lincoln's influence. Mr. Lincoln is alive today. His image lives more vividly in the consciousness of his fellow countrymen than that of any other modern political leader. But it lives, of course, a nebulous, intermittent and fluid life. It is born of social suggestion and depends for its direction and momentum in part on the interpretation which Mr. Lincoln's behavior and personality receives from the mouths of the official panegyrists. If, as is often the case, these expositors have axes of their own to grind, they more or less speciously attribute to Lincoln the particular causes and traits which they themselves are promoting. They try to guide his influence into the specific channels which they have dug for the drainage of their own lives. By so doing they falsify Mr. Lincoln's personality and sterilize the ferment which a better understanding of his life and thought might start going in the minds of his fellow countrymen. Mr. Stephenson, we are sorry to say, follows this vulgar and all too common example. He identifies the resurrected Lincoln with a few arbitrary specific or general attitudes towards current problems. His guesses are plausible. They may be correct. Nobody has any right to say. But a Lincoln who is presented to the imaginations of his fellow countrymen chiefly as an anti-Bolshevist, or a man who would be opposed to constitutional amendments, or who would be in favor of the League of Nations is not a living but a dead and buried Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln did not bequeath to his fellow countrymen a Farewell Address; and no biographer or public commentator is entitled to supply the deficiency. His method of communication to the people of his own time was the spoken rather than the written word; and the spoken word belongs to the moment and to the occasion and to the speaker. His priceless legacy to his fellow countrymen does not consist of warnings, advice, rules of behavior or fingers pointing in the direction of particular goals. It consists of the revelation of a better way of life for political leaders in a democracy. There have been many political leaders who cherished grandiose visions of what the state can accomplish for the welfare of mankind, but extremely few who have not cheapened their personalities by their efforts to obtain and keep the power which they needed in order to put their vision into effect. Lincoln is supreme as a spiritual magnet. The popular appreciation of Lincoln discerns the presence

in him of this magnetic quality. It recognizes vaguely that he lives, not because his biographers can formulate his probable responses to contemporary needs, but because somehow he escapes formulation and yet remains an irresistible and imperative individual figure. The contemplation of his personality as a whole renders the attempt to hitch him to any particular post, or to a succession of posts on any particular street, second-rate and irrelevant.

Lincoln was, we believe, the first statesman in history who contrived to deal as a leader with the confusion, the conflicts, the recriminations and the treacheries of a bloody and prolonged Civil War in a disinterested and magnanimous spirit which added steadily to his own eminence as a man. He was a Cromwell who by his own efforts managed at the same time to become a Falkland. No man is born great as Lincoln was great. He was not a political genius in the sense that Alexander Hamilton and the second Pitt were political geniuses. The greatness which his career exhibited he gradually created by laborious self-discipline. He grew up among a people who were inconsiderate, headstrong, self-assertive, ambitious, impatient, quarrelsome, self-involved, easy going and undisciplined. He lived in their midst and was superficially indistinguishable from them. He loved, trusted and understood them. But in essentials he was not one of them. He was always in certain respects a lonely man, and his loneliness was the inevitable result of the differences between himself and his fellows which he recognized but at the same time overcame. It was his own disposition, as contrasted with theirs, to behave patiently, considerately, warily, disinterestedly and with his eye fastened on both the end and the means. Their comparative externality, worldliness and automatism threw him back on the resources of his own mind. In the circumstances he could not make a life for himself without conscious self-discipline. Yet this self-discipline, divorced as it was from any sense of grievance or of personal superiority, never transformed loneliness into isolation and alienation.

His very freedom from the interests, the obsessions and the self-satisfied aggressiveness of his own people formed an essential condition of his success in understanding their outlook and needs, and winning their confidence. He acquired the habit of combining participation in social and political activities with detachment from them. When he assumed the duties of President, he was prepared to consider the work of that office in the same spirit that he later recommended his countrymen to consider the "incidents" of the Civil War rather as "philosophy to learn wisdom from" than as provocations to personal approval or disapproval. There have been many saints who have acquired wisdom and fortitude by a life of self-denial and contemplation in some favorable retreat. Lincoln acquired it by his conduct of one of the most anxious, complicated, exasperating jobs in the records of politi-

cal leadership. His magnanimity was born of a self-imposed unity of personality—of a marriage between a firm will, quick and deep sympathies, and a clairvoyant intelligence. It is this highly charged personal integrity which accounts for the wide distribution and the steady increase of his posthumous influence. He cannot continue to live his own life in any other incarnation. Those who try to keep his influence alive in the trivial image of an anti-Bolshevist or a pro-Leaguer are proposing to sacrifice his life after death on the altar of the great god of today which is Propaganda.

Babylonian Revels

THIS is the open season for freshmen. There comes a tide in the affairs of men when laws lose their force and the grip of righteousness is relaxed. For undergraduates that tide is now at the flood. From mid-winter to the first balmy days of outdoor baseball practice, but particularly during the semester examinations and the brief recess that follows while the faculty is reading the blue books, the curve of undergraduate wickedness mounts, and unhappy deans go wan and haggard about their constabulary tasks, chapter houses foam, and dormitories rock on their ivy-grown foundations. Every breeze brings fresh rumors of orgiastic revels. Freshmen, in an access of drunken frenzy, arrogate to themselves the privilege of sitting on the sophomore bench. Seniors grown desperate from all night gambling vociferously "call" their professors. All the world's records (indoor) for long distance "necking" are repeatedly improved.

Various theories have been advanced to account for this phenomenon. There is, of course, original sin: the undergraduate has an instinct for wickedness, a racial inheritance of loose living. But this does not account for the seasonal character of his outbreaks. According to the economic interpretation, these fluctuations should bear some relation to the business cycle, or the regular variations of a seasonal industry. The deflation of the football schedule ends in a period of emotional panic. Or the seasonal recurrence of examinations brings on a night shift, which passes from the regular overtime of cramming to the sweating operations of all night poker. The geographers offer also the inevitable climatic theory. In the intemperate zone, where most of our educational institutions are located, the winter is severest during January and February. During these months outdoor sports are impossible, except for the teams. The regular undergraduates are therefore thrown back upon indoor sports. That these are of a generally riotous nature is an accident of culture. A certain Wisconsin judge has discovered a condition in the chapter houses of the state university which, with a fine historical perspective, he has identified as "Babylonian revels." A clear case of culture diffusion. The climatic theory goes further. This is the season of congealed precipi-

tation: therefore, of snowballs. Professor Huntington, of Yale University, the leading American climatist, has no doubt already composed a monograph explaining the recent affair in which the Yale freshmen broke all the windows in all the dormitories—the most wantonly destructive act, we are told, since the seniors stole the fence. There is also temperature. It is cold. Woman is always most susceptible to extremes of temperature. Therefore the co-eds smoke. At Vassar, 433 of them.

Unfortunately these data are unreliable. Various special interests combine to distort the perspective. Like other primitive races, college students are not disposed to minimize their exploits in the telling. Nor are their elders more objective. Parents and professors are the most impressionable people, while the inhabitants of college towns seem inspired by the perverse mania of the undertaker's widow for every nasty detail of undergraduate delinquency. The story is told of a college president in a sweet little New England town whose citizens came to his office so constantly as self-deputed detectives to report the misdeeds of the students, that he invented the following stock reply. "Mr. President, there are boys in this college who gamble. Yes, sir, gamble." "Sir, there are men in this town who look in windows." Meanwhile, the newspapers, on half-rations as to collegiate sporting news, very naturally go hungering and thirsting after unrighteousness. And as they are avid, so is the student lurid.

No doubt each of these theories contains a certain amount of truth. College students are more or less naughty. They have a good deal of experimenting to do. Furthermore, they do love to shock their elders, and to figure richly in the popular imagination. Especially in the winter time, when there is nothing else to do. But behind all the trumpery of operatic wickedness there is another and totally different phenomenon, the tragic misunderstanding between age and youth. This is serious. The cigarette smoking illustrates it. The father thunders at his son, "Young man, do you smoke cigarettes? Because if you do, your allowance stops today." What should the answer be? The boy does smoke. He smokes cigarettes which he knows to be cleanly made, by the most reputable firms, of high grade tobacco and nothing else. He smokes under properly accredited auspices, in the college commons, in his chapter house, in the homes of his professors. Moreover he knows that when his father asks the question he is remembering that famous day and year ("Ask dad; he knows") when but one brand circulated and that in the worst society, when whispers went round of arsenic in the paper and cocaine in the stock, when lecturers described to awe-struck audiences how cigarettes were manufactured from cigar butts raked from the gutter by the trembling claws of opium fiends. When the father asks the question he is not raising a

simple issue of fact. He means, are you a frequenter of pool rooms and saloons? Are you a loiterer in shady alleys? Are you an incipient dope habitué?

If it be a daughter, the issue is still sharper. In spite of the statistics of travel, it is still possible for a parent never to have witnessed undoubted ladies smoking cigarettes. Such a parent may be sincerely unaware of the tremendous spread of smoking among "upperclass" women. Smoking, to him, is the prerogative of the prostitute. When he discovers that his daughter has been smoking he treats her frankly as a lost woman. He takes her to a doctor to have her blood tested by the Wasserman reaction. Preposterous, you say. But it has happened. It is a possibility in thousands of families of high ideals and limited perspective. It is the crux of student wickedness. The wickedness of college students is very largely sheer misconstruction.

Very largely, but not wholly. Under these circumstances the undergraduate must misbehave. It is a moral necessity, an unavoidable responsibility for the education of the old—the heaviest responsibility children are ever called upon to bear. When adults make asses of themselves, when they show themselves incapable of perceiving the realities in the characters of their own children but insist on going on in vague formulas and antediluvian cant, then for the children to back down, for them to say, "Yes, I am all that you say. But I repent. I will stop," etc., etc., is sheer moral bankruptcy. No man, or boy, of any spunk will do it. There comes a point in the life of every youngster when the issue is presented to him whether he will follow the evidence of his own eyes and his own mind or the prejudices of his elders. When that point is reached he may seem to those elders to be bent on nothing but his own destruction, and to himself to be fighting the battle of his life for his inalienable birthright of independent judgment. Children are naughty because adults are stupid. Even college children. It is important to remember this during the "breaking months," when the Babylonian revels are going on.

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What Ails American Youth?

AMONG the many discussions during the past few years of the behavior of American youth of today, a little book entitled *What Ails Our Youth?** by Mr. George Coe of Teachers College, Columbia University, can fairly claim to be the most illuminating. He does not devote much space to drawing up the indictment or proving its assertions. He briefly summarizes the faults of the young people as a "craze for excitement, immersion in the external and superficial, lack of reverence and respect, disregard for reasonable restraints in conduct and for reasonable reticence in speech, conformity to mass sentiment, lack of individuality, living merely in the present and general purposelessness." Other observers would doubtless differ from him as to the precise terms of the indictment, but that there is something of this kind to be indicted none will deny. The differences will arise as soon as the censors seek to fix the responsibility for the prevailing faults and to propose means of correction.

Included in the indictment, as specified by Mr. Coe, there is one count which, in so far as it is true, increases the difficulty of applying a remedy. He charges American youth with a lack of reverence, meaning thereby a want of respect for the counsel of their elders and their teachers—the traditional social authorities. No doubt irreverence is an extremely serious fault in people who are supposed to receive salutary guidance from their elders; but there is worse to come. According to Mr. Coe their irreverence is justified. Their elders are the people who really require correction. It is not so much the youth who are ailing as the society into which the youth are born. Their faults are traceable less to relaxation of the old discipline than to the inadequacy and illusoriness of the discipline itself. The occupations and standards of adults and the meanings for life that flow therefrom are chiefly responsible for the aberrations of American youth. Fathers and mothers are losing authority over their children because the traditional instruments of authority no longer dominate their own imaginations or satisfy their needs. The education which they receive at home and in the school does not "deal directly, analytically and inspiringly with modern opportunities for a reasonable life and modern hindrances thereto."

The momentous aspect of contemporary life is, according to Mr. Coe, that it forces on the people of today not merely new facts but new choices; and for new choices they are morally unprepared. The education which Americans, both parents and children in and out of school, are receiving does not equip them to base their choices on an actually

achieved knowledge of themselves or of the world. The development by education of the ability in the pupils to choose their route by virtue of authentic spiritual guidance is hindered by the still prevalent view that teaching is something done by the teacher to the student. Whenever activity by the pupil happens to be stressed in the secondary school or college, the emphasis merely calls for active attention to prescribed material. The teacher determines what the salient subject matter is in the particular region to which he is introducing his students. Not being himself aroused to understand how far the acquirement of trustworthy knowledge depends upon the opening up of new routes, he satisfies himself with calling attention to the old landmarks and with indicating their situation on the old maps. He is the willing servant of purposes imposed upon him by the dominant social traditions and tendencies. "He teaches what has been, or he demonstrates how this or that occurs; or he shows the way to this or that skill." "How different the teacher would be and how different would be the place of both student and teacher in the social structure if teaching were understood to be, first and foremost, the stimulation of students to a critical examination of the values of our civilization." But when American youth are educated on the assumption that education is a discipline imposed upon them by others for the realization of conventional ends, it is no wonder they are purposeless, unstable and vainly and trivially occupied.

Clearly from this introduction Mr. Coe cherishes an ideal of education which departs in one essential respect from the prevailing teaching in high schools and colleges. This teaching implies a body of knowledge and a social order which does not need to be watched and reexamined by the student. It assumes the existence of an ascertained body of facts and principles, underlying the constitution of the world, the nature of man, the order of society and the conduct of life. The essential business of education is to impart to the students the facts and the principles and to convince them of the truth of what they learn. They are not trained primarily to search, to choose and to evaluate but to remember and to believe. Educators like Mr. Coe are no longer satisfied with such a conception of the subject matter and the process of education. They consider the body of facts and meanings which we inherit from the past as indications of a truth which is unfolding in human practice and consciousness and which would not continue to unfold unless each succeeding generation and each successfully educated individual were prepared to reexamine its foundations and were disposed to doubt its conclusions. Education cultivates human beings who are capable of contributing to this unfolding body of facts and

* *What Ails Our Youth?* by George Coe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

meanings. Unless the students are able to criticize existing social and moral values as a part of the process of studying them and as a preparation for choosing their own goal and their route to it, they will from Mr. Coe's point of view remain uneducated. He condemns as fatally deficient any technical or occupational training which is limited to the achievement of uncriticized ends.

Education which does not prepare young people to choose for themselves becomes a serious obstacle to the salutary mobility and versatility of human life. Mr. Coe seeks to place the energy of youth behind social progress, and to that end he wishes education to release the latent variability of human nature and particularly of the young. He does not believe that the "good" child or youth is the child or youth which obeys and imitates its elders with docility. He much prefers insubordinate young people who set up in life for themselves. It is they chiefly who introduce the novelty into living which, if it is absent, condemns to a sterilizing sham the pretence to moral individuality. Unless education can succeed in cultivating variability, it will be impossible in his opinion for modern civilization to adapt its institutions and traditions to the needs and unfolding of human life.

Mr. Coe attributes the present indisposition to cultivate the variability of youth quite as much, if not more, to the defects of religious as to the defects of secular education. It is, of course, the religion of any society which chiefly determines the behavior to which its members attach ultimate values. The Christian religion, as it is now taught, is in his opinion communicating to the young a stupefying toxin rather than a stimulating leaven. Christian teachers have not modified their instruction to meet the changes which the increasing fascination and success of secular occupations have introduced into the life of the Christian community. While they continued in their minds' eye scrupulously and loyally to preserve by education a faith once and for all revealed to the Saints, their religion in its actual application to life was being insensibly but radically modified by its necessary adjustment to an industrialized economy and a nationalized politics. Modern industry and the modern state have revolutionized the demands which aspiring human beings of today necessarily make upon Christian education, but hitherto only a few Christian educators have understood the need of developing the resources of Christianity in order to satisfy the demand.

Mr. Coe's discussion of what ails our youth culminates in a brief account of what ails our civilization. The values which modern civilization achieves are, as he sees it, narrowly distributed, the bases not being humanity, but race, class or sheer economic power. The youth of today are prevented from obtaining real freedom by limitations of opportunity, by defective education, by economic pressure and by governmental action. "When we think we are following principles, we have drifted into servi-

tude to the machinery that we have created." "Religion itself has become institutionalized, unprophetic and self-deceived." "Education, as it is generally administered, gives insufficient encouragement to individuality, initiative, real thinking and judgment, and creativeness." Failing to assimilate the implications of freedom, it prepares the young to endure rather than correct the blunders of their leaders and elders. It is impotent to lead modern society out of partisanship, propaganda, class divisions and provincialism and self-satisfaction into a more humane, objective and invigorating moral and intellectual atmosphere. Its very dogmas and assumptions are no longer innocent in their complacency. The deepest scepticism of our own time is that which is embedded in the implications of prevailing conventions, customs and institutions. "It is the scepticism of maturity, not of youth."

Mr. Coe has no confidence in the correctives which age with its present equipment can apply to youth. On the contrary he asks their elders to welcome demonstrations of independence on the part of the young, particularly when accompanied by a disposition to criticize. The old have at least as much to learn from the variability of youth as the young have from the conventions of age. "Youth overvalues its raw power; age overvalues its own habits. The corrective for both is objectivity which is possible only through the policy of ever-renewed free criticism carried on coöperatively." "Such a discipline would demand of the mature as the very essence of a liberated maturity the practice by them of a neglected virtue—the virtue of confession and repentance." They cannot attain objectivity in relation to their own personal welfare and the welfare of their society unless they incorporate a persistently repentant disposition into their conduct of life. In no other way can they prepare themselves for what Mr. Coe takes to be the one trustworthy corrective for the ailments of modern youth—"conscious participation with God and their fellow men in the creation of a new order of society."

Throughout this argument Mr. Coe attaches a function to criticism which it will be difficult for many people to understand. Criticism is usually considered equivalent to dissent. It is taken to be the opposite of positive belief. It is the enemy of constructive human activity and the father of dissension, irresponsibility and inertia. Mr. Coe places a wholly different valuation on criticism. According to him it is the uncritical assertion of beliefs or ends which provokes dissension, irresponsibility and inertia rather than their critical assertion. To be tentative and relative belongs to the nature of specific beliefs and purposes. If we accept them uncritically, we compromise their fruitful relation to life. Beliefs are not oracles or commands; they are merely one of the necessary means of communication with other people. Their function is to open up the doors and windows from one structure of human behavior to another. By keeping them con-

stantly exposed to criticism, we act as if human beings possessed undeveloped possibilities which we were not justified in subordinating to existing patterns and formulas. Criticism in this sense is the conscience of the human soul. It should accompany all the operations of mind as a benignant detective. Unless we assign to it the task of shadowing searchingly our traditions and ideas, life will always be struggling to escape from what we understand by truth, and truth will justify the attempt of life to escape by constantly threatening to confine life in a prison.

In fact we may, I believe, safely and usefully attach an even more constructive function to criticism, considered in its most essential aspect, than does Mr. Coe. Criticism, as he conceives it, helps to bring about social progress by persistently associating social activity and conviction with conscious inspection and revaluation. He expects, by the practice of inveterate criticism to release the young people of America from subservience to a discipline which hinders them in coöperating with their fellows for the cause of social reconstruction. But if criticism in the sense of the inveterate conscious searching of our social behavior is as constructive as Mr. Coe claims, may we not, by setting up benignant detectives to search every process of individual behavior, accomplish for individual development a result analogous to that which Mr. Coe hopes to accomplish for society? Indeed, if the object of education is to prepare human beings to choose for themselves among several possible alternatives instead of disposing them to repeat preëxisting choices, do not the pupils need emancipation just as much from subservience to their own personal habits as from the prescriptions of society? Consciousness is the only agency which human beings may invoke to prepare themselves for novel specific responses to the demands of specific situations. May not education by cultivating the will and the ability to accompany individual as well as social behavior by disinterested, persistent and searching scrutiny

enable its beneficiaries, both adult and adolescent, to *see through* their existing patterns of behavior and call to their assistance those possibilities in their physical inheritance which their actual experience has left undeveloped?

It would be foolhardy to answer these questions confidently and authoritatively on the basis of existing knowledge and experience. Only recently has education been conceived as a means of unfolding the undeveloped possibilities of individual and social life, and only very recently have educators begun to understand that the systematic critical re-examination of social institutions and patterns, instead of infecting social activities with awkward and apprehensive self-consciousness or paralyzing doubt, may be indispensable to the very survival of a progressive society. But if criticism, erected into a systematic discipline, seems to be an available method of objectifying the latent values of social life, it is certainly pertinent to inquire whether disinterested critical scrutiny, elaborated into a method for the conduct of individual life, may not perform an analogous service for individual development. Mr. Coe apparently expects to objectify the latent values of individual life as a by-product of social education, but a disinterested critical consciousness, as we know it, has no residence outside of individual minds. If it is capable of the constructive social transformation attributed to it by Mr. Coe, it surely must also be capable of increasing the significance and the range of those choices which give ultimate value to individual life. The question which I am asking is this: Is it possible to augment the objectivity and the versatility of the response of the individual mind to life by cultivating the range, the plasticity, the inveteracy and the intensity of the consciousness which the individual fastens on his own behavior? If it is possible, is it not of the utmost importance for educational research to consider the means whereby such intensification of consciousness can be brought about?

H. C.

Federalism as a Method

CONTROVERSY over the Child Labor Amendment appears to be developing into a general debate between those who oppose extensions of federal power on the one hand and those who favor such extensions on the other. This debate, reviving historic issues, may be prolonged and may have a decisive influence on national policy. It is of the utmost importance that it be conducted as fruitfully as possible; yet its present tendency is to lay undue stress on abstract principles and precedents, while the objects in view and the best means of attaining them are in danger of becoming fogbound in the confusions of the argument. It may be of advantage at the beginning to

attempt to clear some of these confusions out of the way, in the light of economic realities.

One frequent confusion is that which mixes the argument for or against action by government with the argument for state as opposed to federal legislation. There are good reasons for believing that certain kinds of conduct cannot effectively be regulated by law. There are good reasons for favoring the regulation of certain kinds of conduct by social standards, by economic pressures, or by autonomous group action, rather than by political government. But such considerations are irrelevant to the question whether, if political regulation is desirable, it shall be applied by the state alone or by the federal

government as well. For instance, one may believe that prohibition is a dangerous policy, because it places upon government a task which it cannot execute. But that is no argument for state rather than federal legislation. In order to establish a case in favor of state as opposed to national prohibition one would, after conceding a general desirability of the measure, have to establish the dubious proposition that the individual states could cope with the task of eliminating widespread private habits and extinguishing a highly profitable industry better than could the federal government, or a combination of the two. And because federal prohibition of alcohol may be unpopular or impractical is no reason for opposing, say, federal prohibition of counterfeiting.

This confusion may be illustrated again by a contention of some intelligent opponents of the Child Labor Amendment to the effect that the best argument against child labor is that it is inconsistent with efficiency. This may be true; if true and generally believed by employers it might eliminate the need for legislation, either state or federal. But if an employer of child labor has, or is generally believed to have, a real competitive advantage, legislation of some sort would appear to be necessary. Whether it ought to be exclusively state or federal and state would depend in part on other economic factors such as the margin of the advantage and the extent of the competitive markets. According to the census of 1920, there were 39,000 children between ten and sixteen in textile mills, 12,000 in clothing manufacture, 13,000 in iron and steel mills, 10,000 in lumber and furniture factories, 7,000 in shoe factories and 6,000 in coal mines. Do these children cost more to their employers than would adults in the same operations? Perhaps, but it is hard to prove, and is not generally believed. Are the industries in which they work competitive across state borders? Apparently; unless opponents of federal legislation can prove the contrary they have a poor case.

General arguments against centralized social or economic control also do not necessarily imply a preference for state legislation. There is a widespread disposition to favor autonomy of social groups, the development of a limited or functional type of administration which is compatible with diverse needs, closeness to the problem in hand, popular education, economic power, effective responsibility. There is much to be said for this tendency. But it cannot be identified with a support of "local self-government" except in so far as the composition and interest of the groups in question are geographical, are limited to the several localities and can be sufficiently affected by local legislation. Even a brief glance at the important social-economic problems of modern society will show, I believe, that many of them concern groups which are primarily occupational rather than geographical in nature, and extend far beyond the boundaries of single states. Autonomy and self-government do not im-

ply government solely by local geographical units. If, for instance, it were found desirable to prevent too much centralization of power by the bankers, and to distribute such power to other groups such as farmers or laborers, the chances are that federal legislation would be of more aid in the transfer than state.

A second type of confusion is that which arises from the assumption that there are two mutually exclusive principles—centralization and decentralization—only one of which can be generally applied. This confusion has roots in our political history, but it has little relevance to the present economic order. There are, for instance, distinctions which arise in business administration between what can best be done locally or by a limited group and what can best be done by centralized action. But the problem of drawing such distinctions is not solved by adopting an absolute principle of centralization on the one hand or of localization on the other, or even by favoring either tendency on general grounds. It is a problem of technique, which is solved by analyzing the purpose in view and relating the means to the end. Big business has encountered and decided this problem many times, as have other national units of economic administration such as trade unions and farmers' coöperatives. Economy of production is served by enlarging the unit of manufacture up to the point of maximum efficiency, and then establishing new units. Sales management or market policies may be more highly centralized than production. Financing may be more centralized than either. There has recently been published an extremely intelligent article by an executive of a national manufacturing corporation owning many plants, in which he shows how the policy control of the parent company is devised to fit the necessity of local decisions. This corporation manufactures hundreds of articles for competitive markets on which prices must be changed frequently in accordance with business conditions and sales requirements. To regulate such decisions wisely is a task vastly more complex than any which has been set for political government. It cannot be done solely either by central control or by local autonomy. Yet business has not given up the task, but has succeeded in establishing a national policy, related to its own major objective, which combines in a salutary way centralization with decentralization. If we should stop talking of centralization versus decentralization as principles, and instead consider how both as methods might best be combined to produce the results we want, we should make more progress in the science of political administration than we do.

A third confusion is that which fails to distinguish between the relative capacity of federal and state governments in administrative work and the necessary scope of effective political action in economic matters. It is sometimes said that the federal government is becoming topheavy because it is en-

trusted with so many tasks and that it is not fitted to undertake more responsibilities. It is said that state governments may be more effective because closer to the problems and persons concerned. But that, if true, does not alter many economic situations which, if they are to be politically controlled, must be controlled on a national scale. We have realized that railroads, whose physical plant and operations cross state borders, must be regulated nationally. But many other important industries are as genuinely incapable of salutary regulation solely by state governments. Any industry buying or selling mainly in national markets cannot be well regulated in any way which materially affects costs or prices without the aid of the federal government. If the industry is competitive, the regulated competitors may suffer; if it is monopolized, it may escape regulation by moving its plants. If the plants are permanently localized, regulation in the interest of one state may seriously affect consumers in other states. In any case a reliance solely on state action brings about the illogical situation of political forces working on a different scale from economic ones, and perhaps at cross purposes with each other.

This is by no means an academic observation. Large-scale production and distribution of electric power, now coming to be of first importance, is interstate in nature. Either it will be developed in a disorderly way, or it will be controlled by private economic forces in their own interest, or it will be controlled at least in part by the federal government. The separate state governments are inadequate instruments of super-power regulation. Likewise it is impossible to conceive wise economic regulation of coal by the separate states, and coal is a notoriously sick industry which ought in some way to be regulated. Most of the basic industries are just as truly interstate as these, and if at any time political action concerning them should become desirable, federal action will be necessary. In addition to such admittedly national industries, there are rapidly growing national combinations of units, each of which serves a locality and is ordinarily conceived as a distinctly local concern. Chain stores furnish one example; the baking "trust" is another; even milk distribution is undergoing national consolidation. In such cases local regulation for some purpose may be effective, but even here difficulties arise because of the inferior power of the local political unit in comparison with the immense resources pitted against it. The experience of local communities in attempting to regulate public utilities which are controlled by large holding companies is a case in point. If it should be desired to regulate national policies of these concerns, such as decisions having to do with the allocation of capital, or with "vertical" combinations which go back from distribution to manufacture and raw materials, local action alone would be ineffective indeed. It may be good policy not to attempt much political regulation

of industry. But if regulation is desirable, objections having to do with inefficiency of federal administration do not necessarily indicate that exclusive state regulation is better, because state regulation may in the nature of the case be insufficient. The necessary task may be rather to improve federal administration.

What I have tried to indicate is merely that dogmas in this field of discussion are as likely to be obstructive to accomplishment as they are in any other human activity. One might, admitting all that has been said, still make a case either for or against any specific extension of federal activity—though it would be a different sort of case from those usually put forward. But one would be wary of a generalized opposition to or support of such extensions. At present I believe there is far more danger from dogmatic opposition to the use of federal power than from dogmatic support of it. This arises from two considerations—the probable necessity of increasing economic control in the future, and the irrelevant obstacles of law, tradition and interest which make such extension extremely difficult. If we are to have political aid in the ordering of superpower, coal, distribution of commodities, and in other basic economic activities which are rapidly becoming more rather than less centralized, if we are to have a national system of employment exchanges, governmental unemployment insurance or other social legislation of national importance, if political instruments are to assist in the control of the economic surplus and the allocation of capital investments in such a way as to avoid waste and raise standards of living, we shall need the privilege of utilizing the federal government whenever and wherever its use will be of real help in such projects. One does not have to prejudge the desirability of this type of activity or to be a dogmatic adherent of centralization in order to see the importance of keeping the way open for possible use of federal power. And the difficulty of bringing about extensions of that power seems already too great without additional negative pressure from conscientious liberals, when we consider the disposition of the courts, the cumbersome process of constitutional amendment, the tradition of states' rights and the immense resources of the interests which oppose federal control, not because they want state control but because they want control by themselves. It is no accident that sincere liberals who oppose any specific extension of federal activity find themselves nine times out of ten on the same side with private interests and political machines which entertain totally different social purposes. This does not of itself invalidate the position of these liberal opponents, but it does place them under a special obligation to avoid generalizations of their attitude which are unwarranted by their aims or by the facts.

GEORGE SOULE.

Women and War

IN a basement in Washington not long ago five hundred ladies sat for a week and considered war, its causes and cures. Then they arose and went their several ways, to report what they had thought and heard to 5,000,000 other ladies whose representatives they were.

Anyone who wished to see that interesting specimen, the American clubwoman, at her best, could not have done better than to drop in at one of the sessions of this conference. These were officially selected delegates from nine important, national organizations* who had come together from all over the United States, paying their expenses out of their own handbags, because they believed that war is an undesirable institution and that intelligent study might well be applied to its origins and possible remedies. Most of them were middle aged and well gowned, the sort of person who is accustomed to being addressed as "Madam Chairman" in her own right, for all they sat so meekly now under other gavels. A few were very young and even better gowned—examples of that interesting species which the Y. W. C. A.'s and women's colleges are turning out in these equal-suffrage times, who cut their teeth on Robert's Rules, and lose their inhibitions before their pigtails.

Presiding over the five hundred were some of the notable figures in the contemporaneous history of women's affairs: Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, veteran of forty battlefields for equal rights, looking forward to forty more struggles for causes not less worthy, a woman with a mind like a nickel-plated dynamo, and a personality which, if you insist on interpretation in masculine terms, is a combination of Gladstone and Savonarola, with a dash of Disraeli; Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, past president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, a job which requires twice the diplomacy of a Talleyrand, and eighteen times the integrity; Mrs. Percy Pennybacker, another past president of the G. F. W. C., the true Peter Pan of club presidents, who conducts a meeting as Mengelberg does an orchestra, with the wrists, and gets equally admirable results; Miss Belle Sherwin of the National League of Women Voters, with an intellect so cool and crystal clear that in its presence fuzzy-minded male "statesmen" shrivel up to nothing, like salted slugs; and many others who have been similarly schooled with nearly or quite similar results.

Chief of these results is efficiency without cynic-

* These were the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National League of Women Voters, the National Women's Trade Union League, the American Association of University Women, the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, the National Council of Jewish Women, the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Council of Women for Home Missions, and the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions of North America.

ism; this reporter, who has been attending public meetings of various sorts for a fifth of a century, wishes to make deposition that no group of men whom he ever saw or heard of can assemble and conduct affairs so competently and yet spiritedly as these ladies. It isn't merely that the meetings began and ended on time, or that thirty minute speakers spoke for thirty minutes; but that the participating audience also played its part incredibly well. Questions from the floor were really questions, not minority reports; and they showed that the preceding speeches had been listened to and understood, a phenomenon incomparable.

The convention, furthermore, was honest in its agenda. Some of the causes of war are considered proper themes for parlor orators, and some are not; and the ladies heard both sorts discussed. They heard, that is, about the threat of overpopulation as well as the threat of military mindedness; about immigration laws as well as the machinations of munitioneers; about not only the desirability of arbitration, but the menace of economic rivalry. And despite the fact that this conference was in no sense a "radical" one, that participation was carefully confined to organizations which are not, so to speak, professionally devoted to the cause of peace, that its speakers were nearly all the scientific-minded, expert variety,* the general tenor of the discussion, and the conclusions arrived at were about the same which would have been reached by a conference far less conservative in color.

It was interesting to note, for instance, that the representatives of these nine national organizations with their combined membership of 5,000,000 were overwhelmingly, almost unanimously, in favor of America's participating in the Permanent Court of International Justice. Though for sound diplomatic reasons they did not give official endorsement, they were almost or quite as unanimous in favoring America's joining the League. They gave every evidence, official and unofficial, of approving the Protocol of Geneva—by all odds the most radical plan ever considered by the great powers.

It was also interesting to observe that practically every one of the speakers shared these views. In the case of a few, of course, like Messrs. Hudson,

* The list included President Coolidge, Judge Florence Allen, Prof. James T. Shotwell, David Hunter Miller, George W. Wickersham, Prof. J. W. Garner, Brigadier-General Lord Thomson, Major-General John F. O'Ryan, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Pierrepoint Noyes, General Henry T. Allen, Prof. Edward M. Earle, James G. Macdonald, John Foster Dulles, Bruce Bliven, William S. Culbertson, Dr. Beatrice Hinkle, Sir Wilfrid Dickinson, Dr. Manley O. Hudson, Raymond Fosdick, Miss Grace Abbott, Prof. Herbert Feis, Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, Dr. Julius Klein, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Dr. Mary E. Woolley, Mrs. Thomas Nicholson, Dr. Alfred E. Zimmern, Allen Wardwell, Prof. Pittman Potter, Prof. Donald Taft, Samuel G. Inman, Dr. Frank J. Goodnow and Prof. Warren Thompson.

What Hiram really lacks is urbanity. If he did not get so mad about things, things might come his way more often.

The Madden-Longworth fight over the Speakership is getting bitter. Before it is finally settled it will be more so. Once Mr. Madden finds himself beaten, he is fairly apt to let out a bellow. He is not the type to take his licking meekly. Some time ago, in this place, I expressed the belief that the odds strongly favored Mr. Longworth's selection, regardless of the apparent closeness of the struggle. The appointment of Congressman Sanders as Secretary to the President, tends to strengthen it. Sanders is a friend of Longworth. As a member of the Committee on Rules he was closely associated with him, and had come to be regarded in the White House as his right-hand man. There is not the slightest doubt that the administration prefers Longworth to Madden, but it is anxious to have him win without the necessity of taking a definite and open stand.

As a matter of fact, the degree to which the Speaker has been shorn of power makes the question who succeeds Gillett a relatively unimportant one to the President, so far as practical results are concerned. In these days, the floor leadership, or the Chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations is much more vital.

As was forecast here some weeks ago, there will be no farm relief legislation at this session. The Senate Steering Committee has made it abundantly plain that neither the recommendations of the President's Agricultural Commission nor anything else along the agricultural line will be taken up. With characteristic adroitness, Mr. Coolidge sidesteps responsibility by putting the burden on Congress, urging that body to act, but declining to lead the fight.

Consequently, there will be no action. As time goes on, it will be revealed that this is the characteristic Coolidge way of dealing with campaign promises and public questions. It keeps his skirts clean and his press support pleased, but it gets no results.

T. R. B.

Washington.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Future of Yugoslavia

SIR: I have read with considerable interest the article by Mr. David Mitrany in the January 28th number of the New Republic entitled *The Unmaking of Yugoslavia*, which he seems to foresee as the result of the present political situation in that kingdom.

In my opinion, however, there is nothing in the present situation to justify such a point of view. At the present moment there is no party in Yugoslavia, not even the Croatian Peasant party led by Mr. Radich, which desires to secede from the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Six years ago, the various sections of the Serbo-Croat race, after passing through the fiery furnace of war, came together to form a new and homogeneous state, the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

When it became a question of crystallizing the new-found liberty and independence into a constitution, everyone was not of the same opinion as to the form this should take. Some were in favor of a centralized form of government, on much the same lines as that of the French Republic. Others favored a federated state, in which the various provinces composing it should be given a large measure of autonomy and self-government.

The arguments of the partisans of a centralized state were that by abolishing the former provincial boundaries and adopting a simple and unique administration, it would be possible to get rid more quickly of the existing differences in the political point of view of the Serbs of the former kingdom of Serbia and the Serbo-Croats formerly under the domination of the Emperor of Austria.

The partisans of a federal constitution argued that its existence would prevent any section of the population of the new kingdom trying to dominate any other. Both points of view are susceptible of justification and this discussion, during the past five years, has provoked the present crisis.

But in all this discussion there has been, on neither side, the slightest suggestion of any desire to break up the union. On the contrary, the very vigor with which the discussion has been conducted is the best proof of the desire of all sections to maintain the unity of the new state. The subjects of King Alexander desire to set their political house in order by their own efforts.

History shows us that all countries which have for any length of time been broken up by foreign conquest, have always domestic difficulties when it comes to piecing together again the various fragments. The unity of Italy and the creation of the German empire were attended by much more serious internal convulsions than have yet been seen in Yugoslavia. The Vidovdan Constitution, voted five years ago, may not be a perfect document, but it provides machinery for its revision, the moment such revision is the national will.

That the methods employed by the various political parties in the struggle for the realizations of their aims, will be universally approved, is not to be expected. But the great fact remains that both Centralists and Federalists place in the forefront of their political programs the maintenance of the national unity. It is within this framework that each desires to work out its political salvation. When, then, Mr. Mitrany regards the present political struggle as *The Unmaking of Yugoslavia* he is, in my opinion, in error. Faults of tactics and policy may have been made on both sides, but the broad fact remains that both parties recognize national unity as the absolute foundation of the new state.

G. GORDON-SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

Canada's Railway Finance

SIR: State-Owned Rails, Not Paying Profit to Canada—Bankruptcy Threatened—Not Earning Fixed Charges—these headlines and sub-heads appeared in the Herald-Tribune's account of the address of Sir Henry Thornton, President of the Canadian National Railway, at the Canadian Club's luncheon at the Belmont Hotel a few weeks ago.

Most people merely scan the headlines of the news in which they have no special interest. This fact enables some newspapers to give a false aspect to the news by manipulating the wording of the headlines.

A half truth is worse than a whole lie. It is true that state-owned rails are not paying a profit to Canada. But that is *not* due to their being state-owned, as Hugh L. Keenleyside showed in his excellent article in the November 19 issue of the New Republic.

It is the result of private ownership and operation; and under the administration of Sir Henry Thornton the annual deficit has been reduced from about \$70,000,000 to about \$30,000,000. In a recent editorial on the subject the Christian Science Monitor said:

It is not unduly optimistic to look for the total elimination of the deficit before many years. The nationally owned system in Canada is not the best example for opponents to select in arguing against public ownership. It is rather an example of failure under private railway promoting, being converted into gradual success under nationalization.

So vicious and malicious has been the propaganda to discredit government operation that Sir Henry Thornton issued the following statement to the press a few months ago (see New York Times, April 30, 1924):

There are those abroad in the land who adopt a policy of assassination of character; character in so far as the company is concerned, character in so far as its officers are concerned. They whisper maliciously and say, "Well, after all, this net showing you have was merely faked; we must not pay much attention to that, it is merely bookkeeping." That is one of the things they started, in an effort to detract from what had been done. I say we are going to challenge statements of that kind. We are going to protect both the company and the officers from slanderous and libelous gossip in no uncertain fashion.

We have much to learn in the matter of government from our northern neighbor.

PHILIP MANSON.

New York, N. Y.

Our Changling Monogamy

EVERY now and then you come across some earnest soul whose passion in life is documentary evidence. Upon the walls of his front parlor he has hung all his certificates of enrollment and all his diplomas of graduation, like the display of parchment in a dentist's outer office, or the solemn asseverations of the licensed victualer. In this portentous array, the wedding certificate always assumes the place of honor. If he is, as Sue put it to Jude the Obscure, "licensed to be loved on the premises by you," having complied with all the laws which regulate these matters, he would give the last, confirmatory evidence of his good faith as an employer of female or minor laborers by exposing this certificate at all times in a conspicuously public place.

I have always felt a great deal of sympathy with this state of mind. Few disillusionments in life are more severe than the discovery of the young bridegroom that no one cares to scrutinize his documents. He has been at great pains to satisfy every requirement of the community, and when all is over, and the last paper signed and sealed and carefully filed away in a large envelope embossed in tiny bells swinging from sprigs of orange blossoms, there is no single, solitary consul or customs house official for whom all his seals and signatures have the slightest official interest. As a ticket of leave, the wedding certificate is outranked by his automobile driver's license. One can get a check cashed in a strange town on a driver's license. Whoever loaned a man carfare home on a marriage license! The very idea is absurd. It is, perhaps, the most commonly perjured, the most indefinitely interchangeable of all state papers. No employer, no renting agent, not the pastor of one's new church home nor the austere maiden lady across the way, not even the hotel Cerberus himself, who assays one's baggage and second best cravat with such a coldly practiced air, ever demands to see the one authentic guarantee of moral integrity. It is, indeed, depressing.

There is a moral in all this of course which we may take to our hearts and learn to live by. Clearly people call me "Doctor," with no more interest in my qualifications than in those of the new chiropractor, Dr. Cheatem (recently of Biam and Cheatem, Realtors). The moral is that if the famous Dr. Cook, instead of claiming to have done something, had claimed instead to have been something, say, the Grand Duke of Polariawski, he would have had no difficulty in finding a Monday Opera Club ready and eager to bestow golden kisses upon his pallid hand. But unfortunately, few of us are born P. T. Barnums. We attain our wisdom only by experience, to find, like the heroes of *Ten Nights in a Bar Room*, that it is too late, too late. Now, indeed, we know that we might have saved the fee of the registration clerk, but we have found that out only by feeling him in vain.

This is, perhaps, too pessimistic a view of the situation. It leaves human nature out of account. After all, the real consumers of the marriage certificate are the happy pair themselves. That is why it is gotten up rather more like a first mortgage bond than a passport or a chauffeur's license, with goggled-eyed photographs and palsied signatures to make it binding. It is not the preoccupation of the hotel clerk nor the censorious spinster. Their interest is our ostensible gentility. If our public appearances are satisfactory, if we patronize each other in the approved

suburban manner, they will beam upon us for purposes of their own. The problem is our own technique. This is, we may as well admit it quite frankly to ourselves, a manner that is particularly difficult for us. We are not used to taking the standard conjugal liberties. At first we correct each other with irrepressible diffidence. We even experience a guilty feeling upon signing our names for the first time on any register; JONOTHAN BIGFELLOW and wife. With all the apprenticeship of a long engagement we still bestow the parting kiss with an indecorous and tell-tale zeal.

Here is the secret of matrimony. Its illogically elaborate mummeries are an all too inadequate apprenticeship. By dint of the intricate and subtle commitments of honorable intentions we become gradually involved in a rearrangement of our lives that would almost certainly have been too much for our somewhat feeble resolution. Small wonder we bridle at free love! That would be the certain disappearance of all our civilization, yea, of the race itself. What one of us could ever have achieved matrimony in the state of nature, unaided by eager parents-in-law to be, un reassured by the blessings of the church, and undirected by the condescending snobberies of the spinster lady across the street, the only true compass of marital propriety!

How infinite is the wisdom of propriety! Without it, whatever those shallow minds may think whose flippant hymn is

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinkin',
What a nice world this would be,
If taboos were all transported
Far beyond the northern sea

we know that human nature is quite helpless. The constraints of civilization are very terrible. The imagination leaps at the thought of their relaxation. But what to do next? Released from the daily delivery route and the galling feed bag should we snort and frolic and curvet, or should we pathetically wither in unrequited docility by the barnyard gate? Mrs. Grundy knows. Fortunately for our illusions we are never put to the test. The apocalyptic emancipation just around the corner of our changing morality never actually arrives. Instead we plod discretely along the familiar route. Then, occasionally, the route mysteriously changes. A change of customers, perhaps: the economic leit-motiv. At last, we think, we are becoming free. O frabjous day! Caloo, calay! We chortle in our joy, overlooking that little matter of the probable continuity of the newly established route.

When Me ye fly, I am the wings!

The New Order? Or the model of 1925? Monogamy is a subtle changling. She has been done over too often for anyone to be quite sure of her really, truly complexion. All that is certain is the asses' ears on our own heads. "Man was born free and is everywhere in chains," we bray, and then, with ears a-flutter, "Hail to thee, blithe Reno!" But the lady we meet in Reno is the same wench who knew our crusading ancestors in Palestine. We suspect she is not precisely Nordic. By the unearned increment of an industrial revolution and a biological discovery we have achieved petit monogamy. Thank heaven, we say, surveying our neatly telescoped three room apartment with emergency quarters for the unexpected guest concealed beneath the cushions of the sofa, we are not like those brutes, the Puritans. Fancy two dozen children here!

But then, neither were they.

C. E. A.

Shotwell and Wickersham, this was well known in advance; but in the case of others, as Mrs. Catt was careful to point out, the speaker's attitude was not ascertained. He was asked to come because he was a recognized authority on some problem within the scope of the conference. The unanimity of these men in supporting America's participation in the existing League and the existing Court (some of them, of course, wanted reservations) was impressive if not surprising.

Another aspect which had both these qualities was the hostility displayed toward Congress, and particularly the Senate, and especially the attitude of the irreconcilables on foreign affairs. It appeared less in what the speakers said—though it was there—than in the applause they evoked. There is food for thought in the fact that five hundred such women hold the opinion they evidently do hold of the intelligence and honesty of a fairly large group of members of the Upper House.

Not the least striking aspect of the conference, and a refutation of the charge that women do not know how to conduct their business in a businesslike way, was the efficiency with which the facts presented before it were written into conclusions, and the groundwork laid for continuing action—action both in the detailed study of war's causes and cures, and in educating the general population as to what should, can and must be done if war is to be abolished.* The members of the conference were urged to seek the creation of local associations in their own communities composed of existing organizations of men and women, to work for peace. Also, each of the nine coöperating organizations will hold a special meeting in every state, at which the delegates who were present will make a full report on what they learned at Washington. The persons present at each of these 432 state conferences will in turn carry the news to their own cities and towns. The ladies mean business.

* The report declared that "the basis of peace is an intellectual and spiritual problem" and called upon the people of the United States "to unite to break down national and racial prejudices and fears, and to build up a spirit of friendship and trust among the peoples of the world." It said that "the cure of war requires a permanent international organization as its instrument" and "while realizing that the final cure of war lies within the spiritual healing of the nations," recognized "the necessity for ameliorating agencies and activities of immediate service."

Several specific measures were advocated:

Work for the outlawry of war, including (1) enactment through an adequate agency of an international law declaring that war is a crime in which aggressor nations should be dealt with as criminal; (2) the use of international machinery through which such a law can become operative among all nations. "This involves and actually compels permanent world organization which shall be continuously operative."

The United States' adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice.

The codification of international law.

The restoration in the Department of State of the United States of the office of Under Secretary of State for Peace.

Multiplying of such arbitration treaties as contribute to international conciliation.

The initiation or sharing by the United States in movements looking toward reduction of armaments.

It is well, of course, to keep a sense of proportion in recording these activities. Wars are not abolished by ladies passing resolutions in the basement of a Washington hotel. The conference produced no monumental discoveries about the causes of war; and obviously, the study which lay behind the final report was superficial and hasty. It is gravely to be doubted whether anybody's mind was changed by sitting through the eighteen sessions. As usual, the preachers addressed their admonitions to the saved. The damned stayed away.

(In fact, some unrepentant pro-war professional patriots held a meeting of their own, after the conference had closed, in which they denounced what one of them, Captain Harold Spencer, gallantly called "the Catt Convention." Such serious and important allegations were made as that "the speakers before the conference with only two exceptions are present or past officials of the League, or would like to be"; and that "Mrs. Raymond Robbins, one of the persons present, once carried a red flag in Chicago." Mrs. Haviland H. Lund, who introduced the latter weighty news, promptly withdrew it on being assured from the floor that it was false.)

While we must not overrate the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, neither must we under-rate it. For it remains true that war will be abolished, if it ever is, by concerted action of governments; that governments will be no better than they are prodded into being by the citizenry behind them; that the citizenry will only bring pressure to bear when they know what is the matter and what needs to be done; and that no meeting to consider these latter points, in any country at any time, has brought into play greater intellectual and spiritual forces than were mustered for the Washington conference of 1925.

B. B.

While the conference did not advocate America's joining the League of Nations, it did "recognize the immense service rendered by the League to the ideals that are dominant in the United States," and added that since "it is the only functioning world organization providing for the realization of those ideals," our government "should enlarge our responsibilities in League plans and coöperate in its activities." And particularly, "inasmuch as the Protocol of Geneva is the most advanced proposal ever made for the outlawry of war," the United States should "hold itself ready to take sympathetic and coöperative action in the furtherance of the success of the Protocol."

In regard to economic causes of war the conference recommended international coöperation to the following ends:

General access to natural resources.

Development of international channels of distribution and agencies of communication.

Establishment of an industrial code between nations to set up minimum standards for conditions of employment, prevent the exploitation of labor of children and remove industrial injustices between competing nations.

To bring this about, it advocated international conferences on world resources, the distribution of raw materials, and the establishment of commercial and industrial codes. It suggested utilizing existing agencies, such as the economic section of the League of Nations and the International Labor Office.

The conference recommended work toward educating the public on behalf of peace, through the press, motion pictures and in particular, through the text-books used by school children.

The Last Phase of Anatole France

ALREADY, since the death of Anatole France, two important books of memoirs have appeared. One of these, *Anatole France en Pantoufles*, is by M. Jean-Jacques Brousson, France's secretary during the preparation of the *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc* (1908); the other, *Anatole France à la Béchellerie*, deals with the last ten years of his life when he had retired from Paris to the country. These two books produce a rather different impression from the *Propos d'Anatole France* published three years before France's death by Paul Gsell. M. Gsell, with his antique phrases and his eighteenth century colophons, built up a full-dress effigy of the more popular side of France's literary personality. It is all "M. Bergeret," "M. l'abbé Coignard," "notre bon maître." The great humanist, on his days of reception, in his ornamental dressing-gown and skull-cap, is shown gracefully making game of stupidity and tranquilly vindicating truth. His large house in the Villa Saïd, with its elaborate furnishings and its museum of antiques, is described as "la chaumière du sage."

MM. Brousson and Le Goff, on the other hand, present more candid and more interesting portraits. Though the two books deal in general with quite different phases of France's activity—Le Goff reporting almost nothing but political conversations, whereas Brousson shows France chiefly preoccupied with women and objets d'art—they are in agreement in emphasizing certain phases of France's character which do not appear in Gsell. With much appreciation of France's brilliance and charm, which are preserved most vividly in both accounts, both writers are not unwilling to let one feel that, under his legendary attitude of tolerance and benevolence, they suspected the old man of insincerity, selfishness and even coldness. M. Brousson represents him as receiving his friends with warm embraces and effusions of enthusiasm and then ridiculing them in the most ruthless manner behind their backs. M. Le Goff taxes him with inconsistency in his political position: he cannot understand why France should have continued to profess Socialism when he had no longer any faith in the Socialists, why he should publicly have approved a communist revolution which would, in M. Le Goff's opinion, have proved fatal to everything which in private France most applauded and enjoyed, nor why, since he had been at pains to profess radical views in time of peace, he should have been so cautious about criticizing French policy during the War when criticism was most needed: when Le Goff spoke one day of France's collection of patriotic articles, *Sur la Voie Glorieuse*, France replied: "Yes, I have written and talked like my congerie. I'm ashamed of it, but it was necessary." So strongly does the conception of France as fun-

damentally self-centered and indifferent seem to have impressed itself upon M. Le Goff that even when he finds the old man in tears over the sudden death of his daughter, he cannot bring himself to believe in his sincerity but suspects him of having arranged a scene and reports a week afterwards with something like satisfaction that France's spirits are as good as ever.

France's death was the provocation for another document which presents a still more unconventional view of him. The former Dadaists, now for some time disbanded but called together again by this common cause, published on the day of France's funeral a leaflet entitled *Un Cadavre*. In this manifesto, the former standard-bearers of the slogan "Dada crache tout" charge France in the most insulting possible terms with a sterile and inhuman scepticism and characterize him as a cynic and a "sinistre bonhomme," at the same time that they try to turn him to ridicule by dwelling ghoulishly on the details of his illness and death. Having deliberately assumed the rôle of hyenas, they are pleased to reproach France for heartlessness. "Without God, without touching love!" declaims Pierre Drieu la Rochelle, as if with tears in his eyes, "without insupportable despair, without magnificent anger, without definitive defeats, without complete victories!" "That sceptic, that amiable sceptic leaves me cold," protests Joseph Delteil. "It is for passion that I become impassioned. It is optimism, faith, ardor and blood which arouse me!" They accuse him also of cowardice, of compromise, of traditionalism, of patriotism, of realism, of betraying the French Revolution in *Les Dieux ont Soif*, and of displaying an insufficient interest in the activities of the younger generation.

One asks oneself what reality may have lain behind all this. Why do Brousson and Le Goff both produce the impression that there was somehow something wrong with France's later years and why do the young French writers, even apart from the Dadaists, tend to throw him overboard altogether? The attitude of his biographers may be partially explained by the satisfaction which ordinary people feel in observing the infirmities of great men: Brousson, who is reported to have quarrelled with France, indeed carries his insistence on France's malice so far that we suspect him of having profited in this respect by the lesson of the Master; and M. Le Goff, who cannot understand that a man may remain loyal to a party yet at the same time be sceptical of all parties, is without doubt a case of a simple intelligence trying to grasp a complex one. In the case of the young writers, every literary generation begins by repudiating the last, and the generation which have survived the War in France have no doubt special reasons for impatience with the

traditional French suavity, irony, moderation and devotion to the past which distinguish the insincerities of French official speeches and the banalities of the Academicians as well as the art of an Anatole France. Besides, even in the eighties, when it was new, France was not especially sympathetic with Symbolism; and they are all Symbolists now.

Yet France's later work, if one considers it apart from the rest, produces an impression which is not inconsistent with that conveyed by these biographers and critics. It is customary, in writing of France, to divide his career into two periods: before the Dreyfus case and after. In the first period, he is a kindly sceptic and fastidious connoisseur of ideas in imitation of his master Renan, whose attitude toward the origins of Christianity he dramatizes in *Les Noces Corinthiennes*, whose adventures in Sicily are said to have furnished the basis of *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard* and who finally supplies France (in the preface to *Drames Philosophiques*) with the celebrated phrase about viewing human life with irony and pity which France is usually credited with having invented himself. With the Dreyfus case, his social conscience is aroused and he begins to interest himself in contemporary life: all his political pamphleteering and almost all his novels which deal directly with the contemporary world are included in the period between *Le Lys Rouge* and *Crainquebille*. Here—in *Histoire Contemporaine* especially—he strikes what is perhaps his most satisfactory vein: the indulgent smile of Sylvestre Bonnard has been rescued from sentimentality by the awakening of more vivid and personal feelings and the irony has not yet arrived at a pitch where it makes the pity sound insincere.

But about 1908, with the publication of *Jeanne d'Arc*, he seems to enter upon a new phase. In the preface to this history, after a discussion of patriotism and a prediction of the European war distinguished by a political acumen of which M. Le Goff reports many striking examples, France concludes as follows: "I have not been able to refrain from expressing on these important matters the truth as it appears to me; it is a great satisfaction to say what one believes useful and just." Can one help feeling that this note of complacent candor has already begun to ring false? There follows the elaborate history of *Jeanne d'Arc* with its realistic dryness and its relentless anti-clericalism—reworked, on France's own admission to Brousson, from an earlier version "written for the sanctimonious" and full of literary "pâtisserie." From now on France produces a series of books of extreme harshness and pessimism: *L'Île des Pingouins*, *Les Sept Femmes de la Barbe-Bleue*, *Les Dieux ont Soif*, *La Révolte des Anges*—these strike a vein quite distinct from any of his previous ones. Here his ridicule becomes for the first time really ferocious. In these latter books there is not only much sensuality and little love but not even, what is surprising in France, much charming sensuality. Two of these, *La*

Révolte des Anges and *Les Dieux ont Soif*, demonstrate the ultimate futility of such a revolution as France has in his public character been advocating by showing that it must eventually give rise to a tyranny as oppressive as the one it has displaced. And another, *L'Île des Pingouins*, predicts the complete destruction of society by industrialism and the reversion of mankind again to the primitive life of the fields and forests with the whole miscarriage of civilization to be gone through with again. Even the *Contes de Jacques Tournebroke*—so dry and with so little real gaiety—are singularly unsatisfactory in a genre in which France has formerly been peculiarly happy. This is recognizably the man who is reported by M. Le Goff to have replied in answer to a question about the future: "The future? But, my poor friend, there is no future—there is nothing. Everything will begin the same again—people will build things and then tear them down and so on for ever. So long as men are unable to get outside themselves or to free themselves from their passions, nothing will ever change. There will be some periods which will be more peaceful and others which will be more troubled; men will continue to kill each other and afterwards they will go back to business again."

During the years of the War and after, France returned to the memories of his boyhood, which he had already made the subject of two earlier books. He is merely distracting himself, he explains, from the sad realities which surround him, and one feels throughout *Le Petit Pierre* and *La Vie en Fleur* an artificiality and a self-consciousness from which *Le Livre de Mon Ami* was free. What was once fresh and spontaneous is here repeated mechanically. Aside from a few fine pages in *Le Petit Pierre* the deliberate attempt to make a refuge from reality produces a rather irritating impression: France's youth has become so charming, so literary, that we no longer believe he is telling the truth about it. After *Les Sept Femmes de la Barbe-Bleue*, his naïveté has become fatally suspect. We know now from his conversations with Brousson the ugly and distressing realities of boyhood which he suppressed from this unctuous record. "L'on m'assure," he writes in the preface to *La Vie en Fleur*, "que ces bagatelles, sorties d'un cœur vrai, peuvent plaire." Here, even more sharply than in that other passage I have quoted from the preface to *Jeanne d'Arc*, we are shocked that the cynical and very subtle-minded old man should still attempt to pass himself off as a simple-hearted sage.

For it is not at the end of his career but at the beginning that France is most like Sylvestre Bonnard. He begins with a quite successful impersonation of Renan in his old age, but he ends both savage and despairing. His epicureanism, his humanitarianism, do not save him from profound chagrins—so profound that they have the effect of making both humanitarianism and epicureanism sound hollow. "If you could read in my soul," he tells Brousson,

son one day, "you would be horrified." "He took my hands in his own, feverish and trembling. He looked in my eyes and I saw that his own were full of tears. His face was all ravaged. He sighed: 'There is not an unhappier creature than I in the whole universe. People think me happy. I have never been happy—not an hour, not a day!'" The effect of both these books of memoirs, for all their intellectual richness and their humor, is distinctly a depressing one. One can almost sympathize with the younger men in their outcry against France: "Too many books! Too much old furniture! Too much self-indulgent epicureanism and imitation Socialism! Too much Pierre Nozière! 'Maigre, maigre philosophie!' Rimbaud, who refused these compromises and laughed at these consolations, is a nobler hero and a safer guide than this miserable old man!"

Yet these writers misunderstand France and fail to do him justice. France had spoken, as few great writers do, for a whole civilization, which he interpreted as well as led. The Dadaists accuse him of writing for the bourgeoisie and we find France precisely explaining to Brousson: "We are working for a bourgeois clientèle. That is the only one which reads. Do not snatch the veil from the temple with a brutal hand. Pluck it away a little at a time. Riddle it with sly little holes. Under the pretext of mending it, cut away here and there a few shreds to make dolls with. Leave to your reader the easy victory of seeing further than you. . . . They take me for an entertainer, a jongleur, a sophist. I have spent my whole life twisting dynamite into ornamental curl-papers." France is a perfect representative of nineteenth century France: with the logic and irony of the eighteenth century he combined a romantic sensibility which opened to him worlds of experience completely unknown to Voltaire. His love of beauty and his love of humanity, as he understood them and at least in middle life had felt them with passion, as well as his scientific scepticism, are so bound up with the life of his century that his critics, in writing about him, find themselves announcing the end of a period; books, politeness, objets d'art are all so much a part of the world in which he lived and which had nourished his genius, that his enemies, in dressing themselves against him, find themselves attacking a whole culture. Meagre philosophy, perhaps—but he had at least a philosophy. His successors have none. He had even in disillusion this great strength—the antithesis of Rimbaud's but no less quaint—of striking his roots into a people and an age. And his most destructive phase has surely less of indifference in it than of indignation: if he becomes malicious about life, it is because he has actually loved it. One feels that there has been a more generous warmth disappointed to produce the coldness of *L'Île des Pingouins* than his critics have been able to muster in their most impassioned affirmations.

EDMUND WILSON.

Washington Notes

IT is certainly true that, among diplomats here, there is infinitely keener interest in prospective changes in the Coolidge attitude toward Russia than in war debts, or even reparations. I have recently been given considerable evidence that those in ambassadorial circles who see farthest into things are entirely convinced a change will come, once Mr. Hughes is out of the Cabinet.

They do not, of course, expect the President to flop over night, but they do believe his opposition to recognition of the Russian government will gradually soften until it finally disappears. The basis for this belief is easy to see. No one disputes that our inflexibility toward recognition was almost entirely due to Mr. Hughes. It may be polite to pretend that Mr. Coolidge made his own foreign policy and did not get his views from his bewhiskered Secretary of State, but it is also wholly untrue. No candid and informed person is under any delusion about the paucity of Mr. Coolidge's views on these subjects. They do not interest him like economy, domestic politics and patronage. It is pleasant and, perhaps, profitable for Republican organs and Mayflower newswriters to attribute this or that policy to the President. It may be that some of them believe that to continue the fiction that the President evolves these policies himself is giving to the office the "respect to which it is entitled." Be that as it may, there is not one among them with intelligence grading higher than a field mouse who does not know that, in the last eighteen months, every word and thought concerning foreign affairs uttered or entertained by Mr. Coolidge that did not come from Mr. Hughes, did come from Mr. Hoover. There is neither bias nor exaggeration in that statement. It is the plain truth—and those who dispute it are either very ignorant or very partisan, or very both.

Now, then, when Hughes, the hardened and unyielding opponent of Russian recognition, goes out, he will be succeeded by the elderly and nervous Kellogg, who will not impose his views very indelibly upon anyone. If he does anything other than hesitate and stutter about, waiting for guidance and avoiding friction, he will greatly surprise everyone here. The man from whom the President is much more likely to get his views on foreign policy is Senator Borah. Mr. Hoover is going to be far too busy running his two departments—Agriculture and Commerce—and there isn't anyone else. The power passes naturally from one strong man to the other. Borah, always a Russian recognitionist, has not been lacking in either the strength of his convictions or the power to express them. What he has not had was the prestige and position to make them effective. He is now not only supplied with both by virtue of the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, but the departure of the inflexible Mr. Hughes removes a Secretary of State both able and willing to give him battle.

Combine his strong official position with the pleasant personal relations maintained by Senator Borah at the White House, and it will be surprising, indeed, if he does not make real progress in the next four years toward the Russian recognition he has so much at heart and deems so vital. It will be interesting to watch Mr. Coolidge under the new tutelage.

While I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the informa-

tion, I am told that the real influence that brought about the appointment of Thomas M. Woodlock, of New York, as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, was none other than our old friend Frank A. Munsey. Mr. Woodlock has for some time been employed as a writer for Mr. Munsey's New York Sun, and the two are friends. This fact has nothing to do with Mr. Woodlock's qualifications. If it is true, however, it is interesting, for two reasons, one, because it shows who are the people who have influence with Mr. Coolidge, and the other, because it indicates a determination upon the part of Mr. Munsey not to permit the owners of the other faithful organs of the Republican party to monopolize things around the White House.

As to Mr. Woodlock, the outstanding feature of his selection is that Mr. Coolidge did the unprecedented thing of going straight to Wall Street to pick a Commissioner. As a former editor of the Wall Street Journal, Mr. Woodlock specialized in railroad analysis, and is regarded as an authority. The appointment, judging from the protests, is popular neither with the Democrats, to whose party Mr. Woodlock is supposed to belong, nor to the farmers in the West, who hope for a reduction in freight rates through the Commission. In reply to these protests, however, it seems pertinent to ask, what they expect of Mr. Coolidge anyhow? It also might be asked what difference it makes how Democrats and western farmers feel about it?

The administration leaders, from the President down, will breathe a soulful sigh of relief when finally Attorney-General Stone leaves the Department of Justice and takes his seat on the Supreme Bench. It is not that anyone doubts either Mr. Stone's rigid personal integrity or his profound legal attainments, but his absence of political flair or instinct is so complete as to be embarrassing to his best friends. The contrast between him and Daugherty is curiously striking. No one with any sense thinks there was anything sinister or dark or political in Mr. Stone's procedure in Washington against Senator Wheeler, just at the time the Senate was considering the confirmation of his appointment to the Supreme Court. It may or may not have been the right thing to do, but certainly Mr. Stone thought it right and thought it his duty to proceed. There is no question that he made a good impression upon the Senate committee before which he appeared and which subjected him to a right rigid cross-examination. But, politically, it was a silly thing to do. It certainly deepens the impression that Senator Wheeler is being persecuted not prosecuted. The bad smell of the first indictment in Montana procured under the Daugherty régime, made it perfectly natural for the Senate to suspect a similar revengeful purpose back of the new procedure. Mr. Stone may be personally acquitted of any such motive, but this move at this time, combined with other instances of political ineptitude and ignorance, certainly placed him well up in the front of any competition for the honor of being the world's worst politician. Upon good authority, I am told that even the pious Mr. Butler found Mr. Stone adamant to some of his suggestions as to changes in the Department, and, much to his annoyance, was unable to get the Attorney-General to "let up" on a meritorious Massachusetts friend of the President. There is no doubt that Mr. Coolidge has quietly but keenly suffered as a result of the inability of his Attorney-General to recognize that there are a lot of legitimate political tricks that have

to be turned in his Department, and that they can be done without in the least departing from the highest moral standards. "He may be a great lawyer," said one friend of the President the other day, "but he is certainly a damned dummy politically."

I am told that, so far from being discouraged over what happened to the Democratic party in November, B. M. Baruch, who stopped in Washington a few days ago on the way home from his plantation in South Carolina, and conferred with a number of Democratic leaders here of the "Joe" Robinson and "Pat" Harrison type, is quite convinced that the Democrats, in the 1926 elections, not only can, but will, control the House and capture the Senate. This is not the view Mr. Baruch holds merely for publication purposes, but the one he actually entertains. He is, those who talked with him say, convinced that the inevitable swing of the pendulum back, is alone enough to insure a Democratic congressional victory. He sees a reaction against Mr. Coolidge, beginning about the first of 1926, and increasing as the session of Congress gets under way.

The interesting thing about the Baruch talk to the politicians is the indication that he may be expected to continue his pleasant habit of privately and confidentially contributing large sums to help out his friends in various states. So long as Mr. Baruch holds this habit, his popularity with Democratic leaders will not wane. I am also told that he denied vigorously and with considerable heat that his friend McAdoo is, as has been reported, already at work organizing McAdoo clubs for a renewal of his fight for the nomination in 1928. The further information is given that Baruch still adheres to the belief that unless "Al" Smith removes himself from the field, there is no Democratic hope at all in 1928. It would be interesting to hear "Al" on the subject of Baruch.

✓ The farther the Republican leaders in Congress go with the "expulsion" of the LaFollette following from their party, and depriving them of their committee places, the clearer it is that, in the long run, the men most damaged will not be those "expelled" but those responsible for the "expulsion."

It is openly admitted now that it was a mistake to start, but, having done so, they must go to the finish. The thing that is happening is that Senate and House leaders are being placed in a position of such conspicuous and inexcusable inconsistency that they are dreadfully uncomfortable. Could there, for instance, have been a more embarrassing question than the one shot at Nicholas Longworth the other day in the House, when Congressman Frear asked whether he would have voted to "expel" his father-in-law, the late Theodore Roosevelt, who did exactly the same thing in 1912 that LaFollette did in 1924, and who took with him many of the men who now, under pressure from the administration, are engaged in throwing the LaFollette followers out. Mr. Longworth was utterly unable to reply. In fact, there is no reply. To say that, if Roosevelt were alive, he would admit that the Bull Moose movement was the "biggest mistake of his life," is too absurd to discuss seriously. Longworth did not say that. It was said for him, and the fact that that was the only attempt to answer the Frear question, is an indication of the weakness of the Republican position and the growing unhappiness of those forced to maintain it.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Protocol and the Status Quo

SIR: In his characteristically suggestive article on Europe and the Protocol Prof. Alfred Zimmermann attributes to the Geneva Protocol this "bold extension of the realm of law: the acceptance by the great powers in the League of *all* disputes, whether justiciable or non-justiciable. . . ." (italics mine). I submit that Professor Zimmermann has overlooked a vital qualification to the scope of "law" provided for by the Protocol. The drastic exception to the acceptance by the great powers in the League of the Protocol's legal machinery for the settlement of disputes was thus expressed with commendable but ominous candor in the report of M. Politis in submitting the Protocol last summer to the Assembly of the League:

There is a third class of disputes to which the new system of pacific settlement can also not be applied. These are disputes which aim at revising treaties and international acts in force, or which seek to jeopardize the existing territorial integrity of signatory States. The proposal was made to include these exceptions in the Protocol, but the two committees were unanimous in considering that both from the legal and political point of view, the impossibility of applying compulsory arbitration to such cases was so obvious that it was quite superfluous to make them the subject of a special provision.

This means, I take it, that the system established by the body of treaties which issued from the Paris Peace Conference cannot be called into question by any of its victims, but that, on the contrary, any resistance may make a victim State the "aggressor" and obligate the great powers "to cooperate loyally and effectively" to put down such resistance. Plainly this involves a most serious danger, to say the least, that the Protocol in its present form may become an instrument for stereotyping the post-War European settlements. It may well be argued that such an era of "peace" is worth the price to be paid for it. On the other hand, the dangers of the Protocol serve to explain the opposition of English liberals, as represented by the Nation, as well as of the British delegation to the recent meeting of the Executive of the Second International at Brussels. In any event, it will not do to say that by the Protocol the great powers have accepted "the peaceful settlement of all disputes." I venture to express the hope that Professor Zimmermann will advert to this phase of the problem in a future number of the New Republic.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

Cambridge, Mass.

Women and Progressivism

SIR: May I correct an impression which has prevailed in some quarters, and finds expression in an editorial paragraph in the New Republic of December 31, concerning the conference of women held in Washington on December 11 in conjunction with the meeting of the National Committee of the Conference for Progressive Political Action?

You state that "Among the problems particularly discussed at Washington was the future policy of progressive women. Should they form a completely independent organization of their own? Or should they remain inside the general group, insisting on complete equality with men?—something which they feel they by no means had during the campaign just closed. Both these points of view were strongly represented at the Washington gathering. Our own opinion is heartily in favor of the second course. . . Indeed equal participation and responsibility by men and women ought to be one of the principles of the Progressive party, if and when formed." This is incorrect and misleading.

An independent national organization of Progressive women already exists, having been formed last March, but it has never been proposed by anyone, much less "strongly represented" at the meeting, as an alternative to the work of women within the movement side by side with men. The only question raised in Washington was whether such a supplementary organization is still needed as a "feeder" to the general movement. Though the question did not come to a vote, the consensus of opinion was in favor of maintaining it because of its demonstrated value to the movement. The following outline shows the service that it has already rendered, and indicates its future place in the movement: The Woman's Committee for Political Action was organized last March with the avowed object of "stimulating women to political activity in

the liberal movement." It immediately affiliated with the Conference for Progressive Political Action, thus becoming the *first* and *only* woman's organization represented in this federation of organization. Its secretary became the first woman member of the National Committee of the C. P. P. A. and twenty more women have since been appointed, most of them members of the Woman's Committee.

In April, May and June it extended its membership into forty-two states and had branches formed or organizers working in twenty-five states. As a result the committee was able to send thirty-six accredited women delegates representing seventeen states to the July 4 convention.

During the campaign the Woman's Committee became an integral part of the official "Women's Division." Its office was used as District La Follette-Wheeler Headquarters; its secretary served as secretary of the National Women's Division; and its state branches, where organized, were the basis of the Women's State Campaign organizations.

All through the campaign its members urged the equal representation of men and women on National and State committees, and a larger use of women speakers. Though the official recommendation of the Women's Division that the National Campaign Committee be enlarged to give equal representation to women, together with the names of the twelve women nominated to serve on the committee, received a "pocket veto," the principle of equal representation has at last been established.

At the conference of women held in Washington, December 12, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "Resolved, that this conference recommend that whatever form of Progressive organization may be adopted, a cardinal principle of such organization shall be the equal representation of men and women who shall share equally in appointive and elective organization positions." At the meeting of the National Committee of the C. P. P. A. the day following, when the resolution was presented, it was voted that the committee urge "equal representation of men and women from the State Campaign Committee" at the convention in Chicago.

As evidence that the principle has really been accepted, Mrs. Mabel Costigan, chairman of the National Women's Division during the campaign, has been appointed acting joint director of Progressive Headquarters, and similarly it is hoped that in all the smaller units of the movement women will be chosen as joint directors.

The campaign over and this fundamental principle established, the Women's Committee for Political Action is again preparing to send delegates to the Progressive Convention, to be held in Chicago, February 21, and to its own Second Annual Conference which will meet there at the same time. At this conference the proposal to change the name of the committee to the National League of Progressive Women will be discussed. The main work of the meeting, however, will be to outline and launch an intensive educational program because the committee believes that upon organization and education will rest the success of the Progressive movement.

Does not such a record and such a program more than justify the maintenance of an independent organization of Progressive women, not as an alternative to the equal participation of men and women in the general movement, *for which first of all we stand* but as a "feeder" and auxiliary educational organization?

ISABELLE KENDIG,

Executive Secretary, Woman's Committee for Political Action,
Washington, D. C.

Fire at Fairhope

SIR: The Arts and Crafts Building of the Fairhope School of Organic Education was burned at midnight January 11, and its valuable collections and study material lost; among them the chemical laboratory—the largest and best equipped in the state.

The Arts and Crafts Department of the school has been the one that has attracted the most interest among visitors to the school. The loss of the collection of pottery work, basketry, etc., that has been made during many years by teachers and pupils is irreparable.

The Executive Board of the Fairhope School Community is making plans to raise a fund of \$10,000 for the erection of a new fire-proof building and to replace the equipment of the Arts and Crafts and the Science rooms. Friends of the school who wish to aid it should send their contributions to the undersigned.

A. G. T. JOSEPHSEN,

Chairman, Finance Committee, Fairhope School Community,
Fairhope, Ala.

Essentialism

IN its progress toward light and knowledge the human mind is handicapped by an eternal thirst for simplicity. The history of intelligence seems one long battle between the immortal, but feeble tendency to recognize that every new fact adds to the complexity of the world, and an equally immortal, unquenchable, but much stronger tendency to force order upon a complicated chaos. The inclination toward simplicity is almost irresistible, and few minds, once started down that incline, do not end at the bottom in a heap of beautiful theories, explanations, arrangements, disastrous cosmic blueprints. Many of our best intelligences are occupied solely in bending universal chaos to their private will for order. Life without explanations is unbearable, and so nearly everything is somehow explained. The explanations have gradually become more and more complicated, but most of them still represent a victory of the instinct for simplifying over the truth.

Therefore a delight in the richness of chaos, the possibilities of variety, the solidity of the inexplicable, is rare. This applies particularly to any sort of writing about people. The average biographer feels most successful when he has most "explained" his victim; the usual novelist creates a little ordered cosmos of his own filled with people about whom he knows everything; the nine-out-of-everyten playwright moves his pawns about on a simple childish chessboard. All three know why their characters did everything they do, of what they are made, and their blood's color and their souls' temperature. The novel and the play have changed over and over again in their forms, but with great exceptions they have remained at core the same in the author's omniscience about his people, his imprisoning of them in a scheme of things always simpler than life really is. Every once in a while the younger crowd, in revolt at threadbare forms, storm and destroy these prisons, only to build upon the site of the burned Bastille new simplifications, orders, theories of their own which in turn become prisons too.

The Bastille is burning again today. The revolutionaries may conveniently be called Expressionists, and their creed would run something like this:

"We are tired to death of the old realistic theatre. We are sick of photography, of mechanisms, of the well-made play, of plausible entrances and exits, of the small paraphernalia of everyday existence, of slices of life, of distracting furniture, mental and material, of a trivial panorama of externals, of the accurate presentation of things as they seem, of all that is shallow, entertaining, faithful, unexploring. We want to reach the core of reality, the warm invisible heart behind the feeble surface pulse; we want to feel life like an onion of all superficial shells until we reach the ultimate secret. There is something behind the mere outward behavior and idiosyncrasies of human beings which it is our mission to reach. Since the surface lies, our duty is to translate the essential into dramatic terms. In our new theatre everything must mean something, and the meaning must be profound and important."

To this creed might be applied the name of Essentialism, or Heart-of-Onionism. As a belief, there is something to be said for it; as a producer of theatrical creations there is still something to be said for it, though rather less. It has given us several startling and stimulating plays, and others which are merely peculiar. Most of them, good or bad, end in the same general direction. They rob us of indi-

viduals, and lean to substituting for them depths of human nature. They show us people growing upon the tree of generalization, and are more concerned with the vague tree than its multi-colored fruit. Their characters seem to be automatons, a new kind of automatons perhaps not so much in the grip of despotic craftsmen as in the clutches of Truths, Revelations, Life Forces which their creators have discovered, delved for, seized upon. Depersonalization, abstraction of characters mark the playwright as a tyrant whether his method be Essentialism or good old realism. Instead of the old formula of three acts, entrances and exits, actual dialogue, accurate furniture, we have a new formula of The Inner Truth. Instead of the old simple pattern of externals, we have a new simple pattern of internals. In either case the undying hunger for some kind of blueprint explaining, arranging, simplifying the world has won its usual victory over confused, uncertain, miscellaneous, inexplicable, gorgeous reality, and with that has succeeded in one more evasion of the fascinating problem, How to translate individual characters, real people, into something that shall also have real life as theatre. Both the Essentialists and the old realistic fogies they despise are victims of the same passion for simplification; both, by entirely different roads, have arrived at the same destination.

The Provincetown group have just treated us, it is hard to see why, to an intolerably ponderous and stupid example of what the urge to strip things to their innermost core can do when it really gets loose. The Provincetown has produced a number of brave or interesting experiments, but *Beyond* is not one of them. The author, Hasenclever, one of the wildest, by all accounts, of the young German innovators, has stripped his twenty-two scenes and two actors of all that we had believed went to make a play, in a merciless striving to reach intense essentials, and has substituted nothing but rarefied dialogue with occasional lapses into thick slices of ham theatricals. The opening scenes are arresting, almost entirely thanks to the beauty and strangeness of the lighting and setting. Those little squares of picture, brief flashes of simple unworldly color, seem to be taking place many miles above the murky familiarity of this earth. A woman stands looking at blue emptiness through a window with shutters but no walls, a man stands upon a roof silhouetted against stars and sky. So far so good. But when they speak, that is, as soon as Hasenclever gets to work again, the ghost of speech falls from their lips, and with the white-sheeted disembodied language numbness invades us. Heavy, monotonous, dreary words. . . "What is reality? . . . We are spirits . . . I must leave you," pouring on and on, an unearthly, meaningless, etherealized interchange in which the occasional mention of such material things as "rats," "tea," "wagons," sounds shockingly gross. The two actors, Helen Gahagan and Walter Abel struggle faithfully with this profound rubbish. Mr. Abel, rather monotonous and lifeless, seems more in the spirit of *Beyond* than Miss Gahagan, who gives us flashes of beauty and emotional depth too human for Hasenclever's intention.

Before the end of the twenty-two scenes the play-goer, rather excited at the very beginning, is as completely sunk as if he had sat through an extra inning game in which all the players fouled out in succession.

Hasenclever, burrowing down to essentials, has achieved the simplicity of a fog, and most of a fog's other effects upon the human system.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Constitutional Metaphors

The Constitution of the United States, by James M. Beck. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$3.

EVEN before the Eighteenth Amendment books about the United States Constitution were apt to be pretty dry. They usually tell what the Supreme Court says in a lot of cases and try to show how what it says in one case will jibe all right with what it says in the other cases. After the writers tell what happens in each case, then they try to forget it and to put all the cases together and make up a set of rules to show what the Supreme Court has been up to and what it is going to do next. This is a very hard thing to do and it is very hard to read after it has been done. You have to think very hard all the time and even then you get all mixed up. This kind of book makes you tired because you have to try so hard to think, and so you usually stop trying to read it.

The new book which Mr. Beck has written about the Constitution is a very different kind of book. You can read it without thinking. If you have got tired trying to read the other kind of books, you will be glad of the nice restful book that Mr. Beck has written. It runs along like a story in a very interesting way. Most of the story is about how the Constitution got made. This is really history, but it is written in a very lively way like a novel, with a great many characters, almost all male, and plenty of conversation and a very exciting plot. Many of the chapters have names like those in a novel, such as *The Opening of the Battle*, *The Crisis*, *The Dawn*, *Nearing the End*, *The Curtain Falls*, and others. Besides the story there are many quotations from Shakespeare, Beethoven, Horace, Isaiah, Euripides, Beard and other famous men. Many of these quotations are quite old, but some of them seem fairly new. They help to make the book a really high class book. There is not much more to say about the part of the book that tells how the Constitution got made, except that it is fun and easy to read and seems pretty true to life.

The rest of the book is about what a good Constitution it is and how bad it is to make changes in it. The main reason why it is so good is because it was made by such good men. Mr. Beck says very nice things about them. He calls them "a group of gentlemen of substance and honor" and he thinks that "all apparently were inspired by a fine spirit of self-effacement." They kept their ears a good ways from the ground as gentlemen of substance and honor should, for Mr. Beck says that "they represented the spirit of representative government at its best in avoiding the cowardice of time-servers and the low cunning of demagogues." This means that they were the kind of men who would do what they thought was best for all the people without trying to find out what the people thought was best for themselves. Some of the people in those days who were not gentlemen of substance and honor had been trying to do very foolish things and it was partly to stop such foolishness that these good men came together to make the Constitution.

It was this foolishness of the men who didn't make the Constitution that made the men who made it make it such a good Constitution. This was the second main reason why it is so good. It is what Mr. Beck has in his mind when he speaks of "the anterior necessity of those who had property interests to protect themselves against that spirit of social revolt which we today call 'bolshivism.'" If

these men who made the Constitution had not been so full of their "fine spirit of self-effacement," they might not have seen so clearly what was the best thing to do. But they did. Mr. Beck says that it was because of the hard times that we got such a good Constitution. This was the third main reason. Of course the hard times couldn't give us a good Constitution all by themselves, but you can see how much they helped when you read Mr. Beck's book where it says:

It is therefore true that the Constitution was born of an economic travail, and that its merits were largely determined by the commercial necessities of the American people. It was largely the work of men of affairs; for most of the members of the Convention were influential, and, for the times, well-to-do professional and business men, who felt that, if their property interests were to be safeguarded and prosperity were to return after the panic of 1785, there must be, not merely freer commercial intercourse between the States, but also greater security to the rights of property against the disintegrating social tendencies, due to the distress among the masses, which, then as now, inevitably follows a depreciated currency.

I never knew what the Constitution really is until I read Mr. Beck's book. He says that "it is something more than a written formula of government—it is a great spirit. It is a high and noble assertion, and, indeed, vindication, of the morality of government." It is splendid to have a Constitution like that and to know, as Mr. Beck tells us, that "to the succeeding ages, the Constitution will be a flaming beacon." This is not all that it is, for Mr. Beck says also:

I have elsewhere likened the Constitution to a Gothic cathedral, like that of Rheims. Its foundations seem secure, even though some of its buttresses may be weakened and its statuary mutilated. Nevertheless it remains a noble and serviceable temple of Liberty and Justice. Let us hope that, with the present indifference of the masses to the Constitution and the spirit of innovation of this restless and impatient age, that the time will not come that the Constitution will be as the Cathedral of Rheims when the author saw it in the summer of 1916. Rheims was a noble but pitiful ruin. Its high altar had been overthrown, and its glorious rose windows hopelessly shattered.

The high altar of the Constitution is the self-strait which the American people of 1787 were wise enough to impose upon themselves, and their posterity, and the rose windows are those great traditions of Liberty which we have gained at an infinite sacrifice of treasure and life from our English-speaking ancestry.

It helps us to know what the Constitution is if we know what it is not. It is a beacon and a Gothic cathedral, but it is not a rock and it is not a beach. Instead of these things it is a floating dock. Mr. Beck puts it very beautifully when he says:

The Constitution is neither, on the one hand, a Gibraltar rock, which wholly resists the ceaseless washing of time and circumstance, nor is it, on the other hand, a sandy beach, which is slowly destroyed by the erosion of the waves. It is rather to be likened to a floating dock, which, while firmly attached to its moor

ings, and not therefore at the caprice of the waves, yet rises and falls with the tide of time and circumstance.

You might think that a Constitution which is all these wonderful things would be sure to last forever without any help from anything else. But this is not so. Mr. Beck says that it would not have lasted so long as it has if it had not been for the Supreme Court which he says is "the balance wheel of the Constitution." He has a whole chapter which he calls *The Balance Wheel* and this chapter ends up by saying:

But always the Supreme Court stands as a great lighthouse, and even when the waves beat upon it with terrific violence (as in the Civil War, when it was shaken to its very foundation), yet after they have spent their fury, the great lamp of the Constitution—as that of another Pharos—illuminates the troubled face of the waters with the benignant rays of those immutable principles of liberty and justice, which alone can make a nation free as well as strong.

It makes you see how marvelous the Supreme Court really is when it can be a balance wheel at the beginning of a chapter and a lighthouse at the end.

Even if you are not interested in the Constitution for its own sake, you will like to read what Mr. Beck says about it because he is such a lovely writer. He is the kind of writer who likes to write just for the sake of writing. He shows how he loves his work. He is not one of those writers who have to stop in their writing while they are making up their minds what to say. You can read him right along because he is so simple in his thoughts. He does not get you all mixed up the way so many writers do, but he brings up in your mind beautiful pictures of the Constitution as a temple and a beacon and a floating dock and he lets you see the Supreme Court shining and balancing in a very wonderful way. I have read a great many books about the Constitution, but there is no other book that has given me just the same kind of pleasure that this one has.

You will have a very happy feeling while you are reading Mr. Beck's book, until you come to the last three chapters. Then you will begin to feel sad. The ending is not a happy ending. It tells of dangers that will hurt our country if we do not look out. It is not enough to have a Gothic cathedral with a balance wheel. We must all be wise and good men who will not make changes. This is like so many books that have a moral lesson at the end. On his very last page Mr. Beck tells us what we should do. He says that when the Constitution came out of the safe in the State Department a few years ago, "the ink, in which it had been engrossed nearly one hundred and thirty-seven years ago, was found to have faded." He hopes that this is not a bad sign. This is what he means when he says that "all who believe in constitutional government must hope that this is not a portentous symbol." Just hoping will not help any, and it would not do any good to put fresh ink on top of the ink that is fading. We must do something different from that. Mr. Beck tells us very plainly what we should do when he says that "the American people must write the compact, not with ink upon a parchment, but with 'letters of living light'—to use Webster's phrase—upon their hearts." That must be a very hard way to write, and I should think it would be a good thing

to write the ink letters as well as the light letters, because the light might go out before the ink had all faded.

THOMAS REED POWELL.

Restoration Comedy

The Life of William Congreve, by Edmund Gosse. Revised and Enlarged Edition. London: Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Restoration Comedy, 1660-1720, by Bonamy Dobrée. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 6s.

OF Mr. Gosse's book, now enlarged, revised, and containing one poem not yet printed in Congreve's works, one may say what one may generally say of Mr. Gosse's books; that it is competent, well informed, and discreet; full of demure fun, pleasant phrases ("he passed through the literary life of his time as if in felt slippers"), and good sense. The standard, of course, is not the highest. He does not create a character when he writes a biography; he does not penetrate to the depths when he writes a criticism. But his pages are completely free from the extravagance of the creative, or the turbidity of the profound. He enjoys to the full "the charming pleasure of easy composition"; and Congreve, of whom little is known, and that mostly to his credit, is a subject well suited to his urbane and skilful pen.

Mr. Dobrée has attempted with marked success a more difficult task. He has tried to give us a general view of comedy in the period from Etherege to Farquhar, and has succeeded in putting forward a variety of suggestive and interesting ideas from which we may proceed to further discovery on our own account. Chief among them are that Restoration comedy expressed "not licentiousness, but a deep curiosity, and a desire to try new ways of living"; and that it was "of English growth and would have existed substantially the same had Molière never lived"—both sayings which lead us to put our Wycherley and our Congreve to the test of reading afresh. Licentiousness is, of course, a chameleon quality which changes from age to age. Not so very long ago London playgoers had a chance of analyzing their own attitude in the matter when *The County Wife* was performed. Of that twentieth-century audience few were shocked, but it is safe to say that some were bored. It became plain indeed, as the favorite topic was harped upon in scene after scene, joke after joke, that indecency loses its savor sooner, is less fertile and profound, than more normal topics once the shock of novelty has worn off. Yet it was obvious, too, that indecency was as essential a part of Wycherley's genius as the crust is of the loaf; nor can we agree with Mr. Dobrée in making "a deep curiosity and a desire to try new ways of living" the begetter of that peculiarly irresponsible and very English love of bawdry. We doubt, indeed, whether in the matter of indecency there is much to choose between the Elizabethan and Restoration comedy; save that Elizabethan indecency is put away from us and disguised by the poetry, and Restoration indecency brought home and laid bare by the prose.

But the change of subject in Restoration comedy is, of course, undeniable. And here Mr. Dobrée makes a subtle distinction. The "atmosphere" remained English; but the "life" owed much to the French. The French civility had penetrated into the English drawing-room; the language was more expressive and the manners more refined. But the genius which gave color and tone to the whole re-

mained English, and far more closely related to the Elizabethan than to the French. No one, indeed, who compares *The Plain Dealer* with *Le Misanthrope* can fail to be aware of some of the fundamental differences which separate the two races. Where the French suggest, the English explain; where the French generalize, the English particularize; where the French give us in *Alceste* a type of man's disillusionment and the vanity of society, the English give us a burly sea captain who is far better fitted to polish off a Dutchman with his own fists than to stand apart and meditate the worthlessness of mankind.

Etherege, Wycherley, Dryden, Shadwell, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar are all dealt with in Mr. Dobrée's book with a brevity which is full of point, though some contortions of wit are needed to keep the matter within the space, and we confess to thinking that those antiquated weapons—rapier, singlestick, and bludgeon—as articles of comparison have served their day. But the book has the prime merit of lighting up a corner of the library which had grown, not altogether owing to our fault, a little dim.

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

Psychology Comes of Age

Psychology. Lectures-in-Print, by Everett Dean Martin. New York: The People's Institute. \$3.

MODERN Psychology has been developed by graft. This proposition holds for both figures. Practically all that bears the marks either of science or of modernity in psychology has come to it from other growths and been grafted onto the ancient and wholly run-down stock of the study of the soul. Indeed, a contemplation of the gnarled, misshapen trunk leads one to suspect that we give the ancients too much credit. It is one thing to honor them for the undoubted insights that were theirs. It is another to realize that the sciences we have developed most rapidly are those they hardly touched, whereas our most backward and delinquent charges are those we inherited fully formed from them. We have pruned and fertilized and grafted, and still the old sap sours our contemporary apples. Psychology is still struggling, in this day of electrons and gravitationally warped geometry, with the roots of that same animism from which, if we may believe Frazer, (though anthropologists do not!) the primeval mythologies originally sprang. It is not surprising, therefore, that psychologists have practiced wholesale graft, lifting the property of other scientists right and left without due process of law.

The result, very naturally, is confusion. When one opens a book about psychology one can never be sure whether it is going to be a redressing of primeval animism or a barefaced misappropriation of zoölogy or neurology or psychiatry or an intemperate entanglement of all of them. Nor is the confusion alleviated by the recognition that it is inevitable. There is a quip, current among biologists, that any student who is majoring in psychology ought to major in neurology. By this method, agreeable enough to neurologists, psychology would nevertheless be lost. The anatomy and physiology of the nervous system is not a substitute for a theory of human character and human behavior. To this extent the conservatives who cling to the ancient descriptions of the soul (alias mind, alias consciousness) are quite justified. These

moss-grown, still symbolize human nature as a whole, the whole man coming into being, developing his temperamental peculiarities and working out his destiny in his native habitat of social institutions. Psychology can never find itself by trading this birth-right for a mess of neurones.

But the neurones, also, are indispensable. Unfortunately, psychology cannot find its way by denying that it is lost. Sooner or later it has got to accept all the implications of modern science. The foremost of these is, of course, that man is an animal species. In dealing with him no mysterious principles or unique inward processes can be allowed. If the special sciences do not suffice, neither can they be denied. The neurones demand their toll.

The joy that hails the discovery of such a book as Mr. Martin's is a reaction from this confusion. At last, apparently, psychology is coming of age. Here is a writer who has been able to achieve the apparently impossible; he has been able to respect psychology without denying science, to follow science without forsaking psychology. There is no major problem which he has not faced. At the very outset of his course he faces, and vanquishes, the two-headed monster of psycho-physical parallelism. Psychology, he says, is wholly dependent upon physiology. Yet psychology must deal with processes that are beyond the reach of haemostat and scalpel, not because they are mysterious or occult or "interior" in any "spiritual" sense, but simply because they are of a different order of magnitude. The data of physiologists and psychologists are, Mr. Martin says, "two views of the activity of the same being," both equally objective. Suppose an automobile is passing. There is the mechanic's view. The click is wrist pin; the knock, carbonized combustion chambers. There is also the traffic officer's view. The car is speeding. But it is a doctor's car, and he is heading toward the hospital. Here is a parallelism. But is it a parallelism of unassimilable axioms? I do not think so.

Proceeding in this fashion, Mr. Martin is able to give "consciousness" its due without succumbing to the lure of the inexplicable. Consciousness as "soul," as a unique principle distinct from all creation, is insupportable and must be exorcised. Consciousness as the integrated individual behaving as a human being is the indispensable basis of all psychological theory. There are some psychologists who would doubt the wisdom of retaining even the word, so soiled is it by its service with tawdry theology. But that is merely a matter of taste. The essential point is that a basis has been found for the study of the integrated personality to which the most rigorously scientific behaviorism can be readily assimilated. The author accordingly moves straight on to these contemporary problems. Behaviorism has no terrors for a mature psychology. Neither has psycho-analysis. Neither have instincts and habits. Most of the instinct literature is perversely wrong because it has represented instinct as the open sesame of behavior. Nevertheless, instincts or not, all human activity is built upon various basic reactions and behavior patterns. Psycho-analysis has indulged in strange excesses, yet it has done distinguished service in calling attention to the subtlety and complexity of the adjustment of human temperament. Behaviorism has been rash in many of its presumptions, but the realization of its program of a completely objective, biological account of all bodily activity must be welcome to every psychologist.

At this point, perhaps, the limitations of medium are most troublesome. These are lectures-in-print, composed

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on the lecture platform, recorded by stenographers, and afterwards revised by the author and published as a series of pamphlets. Altogether, presented in a neat cardboard box, they make a very decent book of nearly two hundred and fifty pages of actual text. Yet they are not really a continuous narrative or argument. Between lectures the audience is dismissed. With each chapter the author makes a fresh start. The result is after all a collection rather than a book. The method and point of view are quite continuous, but the chapters do not coalesce. Compared with another still more recent expedition in the same direction, Professor Kantor's *Principles of Psychology*, the first volume of which has just come from the press of Alfred Knopf, Mr. Martin's lectures are a series of inspired hints. Where the *Principles of Psychology* builds up a compact body of theory, rivetting each part securely into place, so that each theoretical strut supports and depends upon the rest, these lectures give rather the effect of scaffolding. Occasionally a plank swings loose. Thus it is with the treatment of behaviorism. With all his receptivity to the scientific method Mr. Martin still inclines to strain at the rejection of "images." But that is absolutely quintessential for behaviorism. "Images," the little pictures of the "mind," are traffic with the soul.

But it is hardly fair to apply to a series of introductory lectures the razor edge of criticism which the treatise challenges. The lectures-in-print are not the careful elaboration of a post-Watsonian psychology. For that the reader must go to Mr. Kantor. But they are an extraordinarily readable prospectus, a significantly inclusive survey of the promised land of the psychologist.

C. E. AYRES.

The Shirt of Flame

The Shirt of Flame, by Halidé Edib. New York: Duffield and Company. \$2.50.

THERE are some books which are important despite themselves. *The Shirt of Flame* is one of those. As a novel it aborts, but as a work from the pen of Halidé Edib Hanum on the struggle into being of the new Turkey, its significance cannot possibly be denied. Turkey has no better book to offer, and no more devoted or celebrated spokesman, to pierce the mistrustful inattention of the West.

Halidé Edib Hanum was the first Turkish graduate of Constantinople College. To carry the radical ideas which seethed in her head she wrote the first novels ever written in Turkish, and became famous, not to say notorious, for her opinions about women, her intrepid appearances in public, her alliance with the liberal party in politics. During the War she worked in the Red Crescent, and, after the Greek invasion, in Anatolia with the forces of the Angora government. Here she did service of every description, from carrying messages to soldiers' wives to founding orphanages, and from the things she witnessed on the "Smyrna road" she derived her idea for the present novel. She is now acclaimed a national heroine by everyone in Turkey, from peasants to cabinet ministers, a prophet with honor in her own country and that alone invests her writing with a certain importance.

The Shirt of Flame, symbolic of willing martyrdom, is meant to interpret to the Turks themselves their national ordeal of the Angora revolution, the Greek invasion, and the battle of Sakaria. As a result, so much background of Turkish national pride and passion is taken for granted

that it is hard always to follow the sympathies of the story, or to be moved at the proper spots by its somewhat erratic intensities. The American, to be quite blunt, does not get it, not as a story. But he does get a very decided secondary impression that there is something there. Devotion to country, pity, sacrifice, heroism—these things he understands and recognizes here. There is very little difference in romantic appeal between this national struggle and the glorious revolution of the Greeks, or the Risorgimento, or our own cherished revolt. The idealism and the courage are all there. If the Turks have drawn no Byrons or Brownings from the West it is because the West has refused to see anything in their recent history but impertinence and deceit; yet the future they have managed to lay for themselves on the bare hills of Anatolia deserves the enthusiasm of nations which call themselves civilized. What the Turks have won, against their own weakness and the strength of their enemies, what they have suffered and felt and hoped to win, deserves at least to be understood. The infidel Turk has remained an unquestioned iniquity for a good long time. *The Shirt of Flame*, poor or not as a novel, offers a chance to break through that fiction to the flesh and blood of modern Turkey.

E. V.

Little Novels of Nowadays

Little Novels of Nowadays, by Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS continues to preach the Gospel of Liberalism in this collection of short stories, written to depict the social and spiritual conditions prevalent in all quarters of Europe since the war. We wish Sir Philip would recognize the power and excellence of his "reporting" and stop cherishing an inferiority complex on the subject of "journalism." Our own theory as to why his short stories are so much less convincing than his observations and comments is that he exaggerates the power of fictional presentation, and is timid before a strange technique. These stories recall how thrilling their author's "propaganda" can be when he forgets to humble himself before literary conventions and fires to his revelation of political truth.

D. B. W.

Errata: In an editorial entitled *Doing Something for the Farmer* published in our issue of December 31 the percentage of decrease in the world wheat production for 1924 as compared with 1923 was put at 1 percent. The correct figure is 10 percent.

F. Stringfellow Barr is assistant professor of history at the University of Virginia, not professor of history, as stated in Part II of our issue of February 4.

Contributors

EDMUND WILSON, who was formerly managing editor of *Vanity Fair*, collaborated with John Peale Bishop in writing *The Undertaker's Garland*. His play, *The Crime in the Whistler Room*, was produced by the Provincetown Players this year.

THOMAS REED POWELL was formerly managing editor of *The Political Science Quarterly*. He is the Ruggles professor of constitutional law at Columbia University and was visiting professor of constitutional law at the University of California, 1923-24.

VIRGINIA WOOLF, daughter of the late Sir Leslie Stephen, is a contributor to English literary journals. She is the author of *The Voyage Out*, *Jacob's Room*, and other novels.

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The Week

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL, Assistant Chief of the United States Air Service, is an honest man; he has told the Select Committee of the House of Representatives the exact truth as he sees it about the condition of the national air force. He is a courageous man; he has done this at the risk of his reputation, and with the virtual certainty that he will be punished for his candor, either by reduction of his rank, or otherwise. Whether he is right in his contentions is a question on which civilians are not competent to pass; but if one-half of what he says is true, then the country has the right to be profoundly disturbed over the condition of our national defense. The character of the replies to his assertions made by the army and navy strongly sustain the theory that he is correct. These replies have ranged from patent attempts to frighten him into silence, and assaults upon his intelligence, to the supreme absurdity of

Secretary Weeks's flag-waving statement that any criticism of the War Department is a criticism of those gallant heroes, headed by Pershing, who won the World War. If Secretary Weeks really expects the public to accept such nonsense as this as an adequate answer to Mitchell, his opinion of the general intelligence must be extraordinarily low.

GENERAL MITCHELL thinks that all aviation activities on sea and land ought to be combined under a common direction, instead of being divided between the Army and the Navy as is now the case. He declares that the men now in control refuse to recognize the importance of the airplane in present-day warfare, and that through this fact the efficiency of our fighting units is terribly curtailed. The United States is now the fifth nation in aerial equipment, according to General Mitchell, being exceeded by England, Japan, France and Italy. He states that it would take two years to produce sufficient planes for war purposes. In his opinion, the battleship is obsolete as a military weapon. The eighteen heavy vessels allowed us under the terms of the Washington Conference are costing as much as would 72,000 fighting airplanes. Actually, not more than 4,000 planes are needed in peacetime as the basis of our fighting force. Therefore, about seventeen-eightieths of our annual expenditure on dreadnaughts is a needless waste of money. So, in General Mitchell's opinion, is our billion-dollar investment in navy yards.

STILL more serious are the charges made by General Mitchell against naval officers in connection with the experimental bombing of discarded battleships from airplanes. Every Army air officer who participated in the trials off the Virginia Capes is of the opinion, he says, that the Navy men deliberately attempted to conduct the trials in such a way as to make sure that the battleships would not be sunk. In 1923, for example, when the New Jersey and the Virginia were bombed, orders were suddenly given only four days in advance that the bombing must be done from a height of not less than 10,000 feet. No bombing plane existed with such a "ceiling" nor had experiments ever been conducted at such a height. Nevertheless, the orders were carried out, at the great risk of the lives of the flyers involved. Though

every military purpose would have been answered by having the ships lie fairly close inshore, they were placed one hundred miles out at sea. The bombing planes had to fly a total of three hundred miles over the water, with the greatest danger to their crews.

PLENTY of persons will come forward to reply to the Mitchell criticism; but it is as well to recognize frankly that most of the attacks will come from sources so prejudiced as to make their testimony highly unreliable. This is true, to begin with, of Secretary Wilbur. No one can deny that the Secretary is an honorable man. But it is only a few months since he was a member of the Supreme Court bench of the State of California. What he has learned about the navy since then he has learned from naval officers of high rank who may or may not know what they are talking about. Someone has told him that "it is ridiculous and untenable" to say that a 2,000 pound bomb dropped from an airplane would dislodge a battleship's turrets; whereas the testimony of experts is fairly unanimous that such a bomb would do the greatest damage. It is a pathetic fact, but one which should be faced honestly, that no old line naval officer is an impartial judge of the merits of the controversy between the battleship and the airplane and submarine. The battleship is the naval officer's home. His normal life is on board, and a very comfortable life it is, all things considered. Life on a submarine, on the other hand, is hideously uncomfortable, and gives the officers claustrophobia. There is no such thing as living on an airplane. Under the circumstances, Brigadier-General Mitchell is perfectly right when he says naval officers have "a vested interest" in the continuance of the battleship. If he is a strongly prejudiced partisan, as he probably is, his opponents are not less biased.

THE withdrawal of the American delegation from the Opium Conference at Geneva is keenly to be regretted, however great the provocation which Representative Porter may have felt he possessed. The action was not unexpected. It has been foreshadowed a dozen times in the past two months; following an historic example from 1919, Mr. Porter weeks ago reserved his passage back to America on the George Washington. But while the difference between the American attitude and that of Great Britain, France and the Netherlands was wide, it seemed reasonable to hope that some sort of compromise was possible. The Americans wanted all non-medical, non-scientific use of opium and cocaine declared illegitimate. They wished the production of habit-forming drugs to be restricted, beginning immediately and continuing so that in ten years' time (or fifteen, as was subsequently conceded) world production would be restricted to world needs for medical and scientific purposes. The opposition to this viewpoint came from all the

other participants except Japan and China. Its spokesman was Viscount Cecil, fresh from his triumphant American visit as recipient of the \$25,000 Wilson Foundation prize.

THE Europeans argued that it is hopeless to restrict the production of opium in India and other countries while China is producing in enormous quantities, and cannot, because of the lack of a powerful central government, be compelled to halt. They proposed that the gradual reduction of the crop shall not begin until China's illegal production has stopped. They also brought forward the well-worn argument that the eating of raw opium by the natives of India is a different matter from the smoking of prepared opium, much less serious, and is entitled to special consideration. Particular stress was laid on the argument that to pass laws which cannot be enforced does more harm than good, and that world public opinion, while it is admittedly moving toward restriction of the drug traffic, has not yet reached the place where the American program is practicable. Though some of these arguments have cogency, they ignore the two fundamental factors in the situation. The clash between Representative Porter and Viscount Cecil was the clash between two opposing schools of philosophy: between the resolute, uncompromising idealist and the opportunist who is willing to make progress so slowly that sometimes he seems to be standing still. The other vital fact is that with the exceptions already noted, America, Japan and China, none of the important delegations present had any real interest in suppressing the drug trade in the Orient. They came prepared to give way to the smallest degree possible; and they are angry at the action of the Americans in withdrawing because it has suddenly revealed their obstructionist tactics to the world.

A particularly regrettable aspect of the matter is the amount of ill will engendered between British and Americans. If the latter have failed to take into sufficient account the problems of the Empire, the former have also been guilty of equivocation and misstatement. We regret to find in so intelligent and honorable a journal as the *New Statesman* (London) such observations as these:

In Persia, Turkestan, Arabia and India opium is eaten—as a stimulant, a febrifuge, a narcotic, the most universal and well-understood of medicines. In these countries it is very rarely, if ever, abused, and the almost universal verdict of expert opinion is that it does far more good than harm. . . . What right in any case has America or even Great Britain to attempt to interfere with the ancient habits of countries like Persia and India? Even the more vicious use of opium which obtains in China is a Chinese not an Anglo-Saxon affair.

. . . In America the use of morphia and heroin has increased of late rapidly and dangerously; and it is easy to understand why American public opinion should desire sweeping measures of world-wide scope

not merely to prevent the manufacture and sale of these dangerous drugs, but even to prohibit the cultivation of the opium poppy from which they are obtained.

With no desire to fan a flame already too hot, we submit that there is no scientific basis for these observations. The best opinion of British medical men who have studied the subject in the field is that the use of opium in any form whatever is invariably harmful; that it is not a food, and that its effects of stilling the pangs of hunger and relieving such conditions as dysentery are only temporary and illusory. The latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, in its excellent article on opium, says flatly that eating the drug "is much more deleterious than smoking," and that "to break off the habit of eating opium is exceedingly difficult." Because of its effect on the spinal cord in infants it should never be given to young children "under any circumstances, in any dose"; yet it is constantly fed to babies throughout the countries mentioned by the New Statesman, to keep them quiet.

THE other statements quoted above are equally incorrect. In view of the fact that the East India Company virtually created opium addiction in China, that Great Britain fought a war with China (ending in 1842) to compel her to import Indian opium, and that the trade was developed for many years thereafter with the help of the Indian government, the observation that Chinese addiction "is a Chinese, not an Anglo-Saxon affair," seems about as cynical as could well be offered. Finally, the statement about the growth of the habit in the United States is far too strong. It is based, no doubt, on a wild misstatement which appeared several years ago in an annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury which declared that there are a million drug-addicts in the United States, and that their number is increasing rapidly. Similar statements have often been made by yellow journalists, and one and all are without scientific verification. There are no reliable statistics of drug addiction; the Secretary of the Treasury was just guessing. While the traffic is a very serious problem, those who know most about the matter believe his guess was a great deal larger than the reality. It is altogether likely that drug addiction in this country is diminishing, and has been for a long time. The Americans in their attitude at Geneva may have proved themselves impractical idealists; they may by rejecting half a loaf have brought the conference to a result of no bread; but it is absurd to argue that their self-interest lay at the bottom of endeavors.

SENATOR BORAH'S bill to restore to Germans their property in the United States which was sequestered during the war is a tribute to "national honor" in the best sense. Both a treaty with Prussia and the precedents of international law require

that the property of alien citizens in a belligerent state, while it may be administered by the government during hostilities, must be returned to the owners after the conclusion of peace. We have not followed this course, but have sold valuable German patents, plants, ships and other sequestered property to American citizens, in many cases for a small part of their value, and have not remitted even the proceeds to the original owners. It is argued that treaty provisions and practices subsequent to the outbreak of hostilities cancelled the old obligation, but Senator Borah's point, that such revision was not foreseen by the investors when they acquired their property here, seems well taken. It is particularly illogical for us to demand settlement of the claims of our nationals against Germany, without according just treatment to German investors here. To say that the German investors may secure recompense from their own government is to dodge the issue, since the German government will, under the Dawes plan, have no funds with which to pay them until all Allied and American claims are discharged, governmental as well as private—and that will probably be never.

AS a matter of fact, the interests of American claimants against Germany will be better served by restoring the German property to its rightful owners than by not doing so. As things now stand, a large part of this property is benefitting, not those citizens who have claims against Germany, nor even our government and population as a whole, but the private interests which bought it at a sacrifice and are making money out of it. The Chemical Foundation, for instance, started by the du Ponts, bought from the government 4,767 German patents (including many besides chemical ones) valued as high as \$10,000,000, for \$250,000. Three years ago it had collected in royalties and license fees nearly twice as much as it paid for these patents. Meanwhile the American claimants against Germany are awaiting the precarious payments under the Dawes plan. If German investments in this country were turned back to the original owners it would be that much easier for the German government to pay reparations, and the American claimants would have a better chance of recovery than at present.

AN innocent New York Times dispatch sheds a new light on the workings of French militarism. Marshall Lyantey wanted 5,000,000 francs of additional credits to strengthen the forces in Morocco, as a precaution against the spread of disorder from the Spanish zone. Here, as everyone must know, is a large cache of dynamite. Every move of the French near the Riff is calculated to disturb the English, who would feel their whole Mediterranean position menaced if the French were drawn into the Spanish zone. It might therefore have been embarrassing to debate the question of Moroccan reinforcement before a Chamber which wants to save

money and does not want to borrow international trouble. This embarrassment was avoided by a fortunate "windfall." The Government of Syria "offered" France the 5,000,000 francs voted for the support of French troops in Syria, and offered the troops too. France will transfer the troops to Morocco and maintain them at Syria's expense. The principle is one which the British have made much use of. Make one colony or protectorate foot the bills for an imperialistic advance in some other quarter. Thus an empire grows without too strict supervision by parliament, which is apt to be negligent about enterprises that do not involve it in the necessity of finding revenues.

THE cables of the week report a row connected with the visit of the joint commissioners to Mosul to settle the boundary line between Turkey and the Mesopotamian region under the British mandate. This particular dispute will probably be easily settled, but it calls attention to the boundary dispute which involves one of the most inflammable questions of European politics today. When Mosul is said, "oil" occurs to most persons. But the thing to bear in mind is Kurdistan, not oil. The Kurds run over into Persia in the east and extend westward like a wedge into Asiatic Turkey about four hundred miles. The Kurds are Moslems and the only non-Turkish population remaining in the new Turkey. The territory they inhabit is much more important, because much easier to defend, from a military point of view, than the Mosul basin. The loss of Kurdistan would be an almost fatal blow to Turkey. What of it, since it is not Kurdistan which is in dispute? This much: The Kurds might be roused to a nationalistic movement for self-determination if events were propitious and if there were a neighbor interested in "accelerating" their desire for independence.

THE Turks, therefore, want as much of Mosul as they can get, to keep the British as far away from Kurdistan as possible, believing that it is the fixed policy of the British foreign office to erect Kurdistan into another buffer state on the route to India. To those who regard their fears as wholly fanciful, recalling a few historic facts may be enlightening. The secret treaty of London, of April 26, 1915, gave Kurdistan as well as Armenia to Russia. When the treaty of Sèvres, which parcelled out Turkey among the Allies, was signed in August, 1920, Russia, happily for Great Britain, was out of the game. Although there was no agitation in Kurdistan for independence, the treaty nevertheless carved it out of the Turkish empire as an autonomous state. The Angora Turks, victorious in their war of independence, tore up the treaty made by the ignominious Constantinople government. But they do not believe the English have given up their scheme. They would probably fight to retain Kurdistan, and they might even fight the English if they decided

that the Commission acting under the League had failed to recognize their just claims in Mosul. For this reason more hangs upon the work of the Commission than upon most disputes as to just where a boundary line shall be drawn.

AUTOCRATIC misuse of their power by the courts is of course nothing new. It is at least as old as the courts themselves. Nevertheless, as we have pointed out on several occasions, the American courts in recent years have shown a dangerously increasing tendency to regard the person of a judge as sacred, and his actions as beyond all criticism no matter how completely such criticism may be in the public good. New York City has just seen a flagrant example of what we can only regard as misuse of judicial authority. Captain Harry Allen Ely, 71 years old, leader of the Federation of Tenants' Associations of Greater New York and editor of a magazine called the *Tenant*, criticized in his paper a New York City judge named Coffrey, describing him as a nincompoop. Whether the epithet was deserved, we have no notion; but another New York City judge, one Mancuso, decided that the appellation smacked of *lèse majesté*, and sent the old gentleman to prison for six months to three years, following a jury trial in which, so counsel for the defendant charge, grave irregularities took place. Certainly the punishment seems out of all proportion to the apparent nature of the offence; and the whole episode is clearly another case of punishing a man, not because his criticism of a judge was ill founded, but because he had the temerity to criticize at all.

NOT in many years have the columns of the daily press been so crowded with what are known as "human interest" stories as in the past week or two. In ice-bound Alaska a dog team and driver made a dramatic dash through the wilderness bringing diphtheria anti-toxin to stricken Nome. In Kentucky, rescuers have fought day and night for ten days to save an adventurer trapped in a narrow crevice far underground. At East Patchogue, Long Island, a fanatical believer in the second coming of Christ, having set the end of the world for February 6, persuaded several disciples to follow his example and dispose of all their goods before doomsday came upon them. In Morocco, the famous old bandit Raisuli is being carried across the mountains to die in prison. Sound journalist instinct prompted the newspapers to devote dozens of columns of space to these incidents. People read them eagerly because in each case they could dramatize the episode in terms of a suffering human being like themselves. These same millions of readers to be sure are perfectly capable of noting quite indifferently the story of a Chinese flood which has taken ten thousand lives; or they may go to the ballot box and vote against a constitutional amendment restricting the labor of child toilers whom they have never seen.

Despite all the mechanized character of the present age it is still the personal touch that counts.

THE exhibition of paintings by young American artists recently announced by R. H. Macy and Company, a low-priced department store of New York City, is an interesting departure. So far as we know this is the first time a great department store which deliberately caters to a very large and therefore not very expert public undertakes the sale of original paintings at prices within the reach of the ordinary shopper. Various possibilities for good and evil are opened up forthwith. The regular galleries, serving the usual patrons of the arts, find it necessary to get high prices for their pictures and a slow turn-over sets sharp limits to the number exhibited. Macy's, however, intends to sell more paintings at lower prices. In the opening show the limit is a hundred dollars. In this fashion the department store may be able to bring together the buyer who wants something real but cannot afford a Zuloaga and the young painter who needs to sell some pictures now even at very moderate prices in order to paint better ones later. The danger is that the store may dominate the art. Canny salesmanship argues against "freakishness" in the canvasses to be hung. If a nice balance can be maintained between the æsthetic radicals and conservatives the Macy gallery will no doubt exert a strong educational influence. But the artists are always ahead of their public. If the show takes its cue from the public it is likely to succeed and become banal; if it is dominated by the artists it will maintain its character and fail. This paradox is the nemesis of art merchandising. If Macy's can cut through it both artists and public will be greatly benefitted.

MANY superfine patrons of the less lively arts must have been shocked by Mordkin's call to the musicians to compose for him a jazz ballet in the American manner. Folk music is always scorned by the elegants of the community in which it flourishes. Yet, as many musicians recognize, jazz has developed a peculiar idiom, a unique flavor, that is capable of more extensive and even dignified treatment than it has yet received. Very often the jazz vernacular has been used lazily as a vehicle for ideas stolen from "classical" music. Mr. Mordkin wants an original ballet, not a Berlin plagiarism nor a Whiteman adaptation. Foretastes of what this ballet might be are John Alden Carpenter's jazz pantomime, Krazy Kat and Gershwin's Blue concerto.

In and Out of Europe

AFTER all it was a false alarm. The English newspapers proclaimed, when the American government signed the agreement about the allocation of the payments under the Dawes plan, that the United States had reëntered the anti-German alli-

ance. Inasmuch as it had accepted a share in the receipts of the reparations agreement with Germany, it was bound to assume full responsibility for collecting from Germany in event of default. Secretary Hughes has put an end to such inferences. The agreement with the other creditors of Germany deals with the method of dividing up the German payments and not at all with the method of coercing or releasing or governing a defaulting Germany. If Germany does default, the American government is still free either to participate in the measures which Germany's creditors subsequently take or to pursue its own policy. Those measures will almost certainly involve the future security of the French and German nations and the future balance of power in Europe. The American government has not promised to involve the American people in the struggle among European nations for preponderance of power merely because it has agreed to accept a share in the German payments amounting at most to a few million dollars a year.

The course which Mr. Hughes has pursued in this matter has been sound and as candid as the circumstances warranted. If he had declared, as apparently his critics in this country and abroad wished him to declare, that he had reversed previous American policy and in substance had written the signature of the American government to the reparations clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, he would not only have asserted what was not true, but he would by his own confession have betrayed the confidence of his party. He would, moreover, by falsifying the meaning of the Paris agreement and by alarming the isolationists, have retarded the steady increase in coöperation between America and Europe for the accomplishment of desirable specific purposes. As it is, not even Senator Johnson can take any serious exception to Mr. Hughes's diplomacy in this instance. The Senator has, of course, his fears for the future. He is afraid that because of the agreement which Mr. Hughes has signed some subsequent President or Secretary of State may involve the United States too deeply in Europe. For that reason he would like to have somebody do something which would commit the United States to abstention from Europe in all conditions and for all purposes just as so many of Mr. Wilson's followers would like the United States to assume a liability for the political welfare of Europe commensurate with that of the larger European powers. But a wise American statesmanship will continue to behave as Mr. Hughes has behaved recently. It will, if desirable, negotiate with the European powers agreements for the coöperative attainment of limited purposes. But it will sign these agreements with the explicit understanding that its liabilities are limited. It reserves the right, if the game is not worth the candle, to sell its share in the enterprise and to withdraw.

The ability of the American government to represent the collective interests of its citizens and to

do what it can for the political welfare of Europe depends, not upon always going in or always staying out, but on maintaining a semi-detached attitude and on being willing and ready to go in or stay out as the circumstances depend. If it should agree in advance to accept an unlimited partnership in carrying on the business of European politics, it would falsify the facts of American relationship to Europe and throw away its strongest card in any subsequent negotiations with the European powers. Those powers are serving to promote many difficult national policies, some of which are adjusted to the interests of their neighbors and some are not. Whether a particular policy shall prevail, such for instance as the French policy toward Germany, depends on the support which France can obtain from the other European powers and the United States. But it is almost impossible for the other European governments to deal with the question disinterestedly and on its merits. Their own security and their primary interests are involved. As long as France disposes of the strongest army on the continent and they have to reach an agreement with her, they are obliged to yield much which they would prefer to protest. The United States occupies a less equivocal position. The security of the American people is only remotely affected. The American government can deal with such questions on their merits and it does not suffer under any compulsion to join in an agreement. Temporary isolation is not for the United States a source of danger and a proof of weakness as it would be in the case of a European war.

The recognition in advance of an unlimited or even a major obligation to coöperate assumes the existence among the proposed partners of fundamentally common objects and interests, and the willingness to subordinate the separate objects of one partner to the ultimate necessity of reaching and maintaining a common policy among the members of the firm. Mr. Wilson found himself entangled in such a partnership during the Paris negotiations in the winter and spring of 1919. In the course of the negotiation he threatened at least once to withdraw, but the threat could not have been really serious. By withdrawing he would have confessed to the failure of his whole war policy and he would have placed in the hands of his enemies in this country a terrible weapon. His associates in Paris fully understood the weakness of his position. He was so situated that he had to sign any agreement which apparently saved his face, and that was the kind of agreement which they presented to him. In the end he agreed to pledge the United States to an indefinite military responsibility for the security of European states which themselves undertook no pledges to respect the security of their neighbors. The American nation should not repeat Mr. Wilson's mistake. The real value of the United States in the counsels of Europe depends upon the comparative disinterestedness of its objects and the second-

ary character of its European interests. It should participate in European politics, if at all, without the complete sacrifice of this independence and with the declared intention of limiting its engagements. If the European powers do not wish to pay for its assistance by the modification of their policies, they are not obliged to do so. It is they who are clamoring for American aid and comfort from America, not America which is forcing intervention on them.

The present policy of the United States with respect to Europe is analogous to that of Great Britain towards the continent previous to her participation in the Entente. Sir William Vernon Harcourt characterized the British policy in 1897 in the following words: "I desire no splendid isolation for England any more than I should desire splendid isolation for any friend of mine. But I am equally opposed to all engagements which bind England to dangerous obligations to great military powers whose interests are not ours, whose objects are not ours, whose sympathies and whose convictions are not ours. It has kept a free hand, as England always ought to keep a free hand, for a free people." Later England abandoned her free hand and connived at Russian imperialism in Persia and French imperialism in Africa for the benefit of the supposed security of British imperialism. By joining the Entente as a full partner she surrendered the independence which Sir William Harcourt celebrated in this passage and disqualified herself from acting as an effective moderating influence upon either her associates or their opponents. She may or may not have been justified in entering upon these engagements, but the policy of the Foreign Office from 1905 to 1914 certainly made the British government responsible for the consequences of the policy of allies over which it had no sufficient control. This responsibility has continued almost unabated since the end of the War. Many British statesmen would only be too glad to regain for their country the conditional isolation and the limitation of liability which they reproach the United States for preserving.

The political condition of Europe at the present time is profoundly and essentially unstable. No intervention by the United States will stabilize it unless the European governments are willing to go much further than they are now in removing existing causes of unrest and in curing grievances. This instability will precipitate in future years a succession of crises on different parts of the continent, each one of which will threaten the peace of Europe and all of which together may fatally retard the economic recovery and injure its social welfare. When these crises occur, one or more of the parties to them will seek to treat them, not as an attempt to escape from grievances or wrongs, but as a threat to public order which must above all be discouraged and suppressed; and in one way or another they will ask the United States to join them in suppressing the disorder and in saving the same old civilization. If the United States were committed to a policy of

unqualified coöperation, it would almost certainly intervene on the side of law and order which in the case of Europe is laid down in the Treaty of Versailles. For that reason an indisposition to intervene except under unusually satisfactory conditions is a wise precaution for American public opinion to adopt. The welfare of Europe depends upon the gradual but inevitable supersession of that Treaty; and any temporary unrest and commotions which will tend to produce this result are necessary evils. Whether in any particular crisis American intervention may contribute to permanent pacification and what form it should take is a matter for future decision. But the wise American attitude should be one of sympathetic and alert scepticism. If Europe really needs saving and is capable of being saved, the European people will have to save themselves. America can help only in so far as the European governments are already on the road to soothing their own animosities and dissensions. A renewal of the merely partisan coöperation which the United States gave during the War would intensify and prolong Europe's domestic conflicts.

Gas 50c?

WHEN the chalk figures on the gasoline station blackboards begin to climb, the car owner grumbles, but he is in the grip of forces so large and vague that he feels no more able to cope with them than the savage caught in a thunder storm. He passes it off with incoherent phrases about "supply and demand" or the "oil trust," and hopes for a turn of better luck. But there is a still harder doom approaching him, which he hardly suspects, and which he might do something to avert. Gas may in the course of a few years keep on going up to 25, to 30, to 40, to 50—heaven knows where. Its volatility may keep on dropping so that he cannot use it without a new type of engine. In fact, he may have to discard the present design of car altogether, and buy a lighter one or one equipped with a motor for alcohol or something else. That might save the automobile manufacturing industry from the crash which will arrive when its market is saturated, but it would be uncomfortable for the joy-riding public.

Geologists agree that American oil deposits are being rapidly exhausted. Nobody can tell when the end will come, but few predictions, based on current rates of consumption, allow us a margin of over twenty years. The crisis, however, will not be postponed until the moment when the last drop is used. It will begin the moment when the new wells annually driven cannot produce enough oil to make up for those which go out of production, and also furnish a surplus to keep pace with the soaring demand. Of the seven great fields in the United States, three are already in a hopeless decline, the two greatest are just passing their peak, one is largely an unknown

quantity, and only one—the Rocky Mountain—is certainly on the up-grade. Almost any month the supply curve may begin to lag behind the demand. That means the beginning of permanently higher prices. As prices rise, other sources will be tapped at various price levels to retard their ascent. There are the undeveloped fields abroad. There are the vast deposits of shale. But, so far as we know, every one of these sources is more costly than our present ones, and all together they can never restore the heyday of cheap gas.

It is about time, therefore, for the man with his foot on the accelerator to pay attention to the well authenticated fact that untold quantities of oil are lost beyond hope of recovery by present methods of extraction, that over one-half the available oil is left underground when fields are abandoned, that not more than 25 percent of the oil in the earth ever reaches the pipe line. In addition there are losses in storage estimated at 200,000 gallons a day or nearly 75,000,000 a year, and further losses in antiquated refining processes. And, to round out this list merely of the biggest oil wastes, the ordinary American automobile engine is not more than 15 percent efficient, while about 30 percent of the heat of the gasoline escapes through the exhaust because of poorly adjusted carburetors and too rich mixtures. If the Oil Conservation Board, recently set up in Washington at the instance of Secretary Hoover, leads the industry and the consumers to do a good job of saving, the marketable oil supply might easily become twice as large as it is. Any one who does not want 50 cent gas too soon will do well to watch this board like a hawk.

The job ahead of it isn't easy, because it has to conquer not technical difficulties, which are already surmounted in theory, but human habits—individual and social. To secure and use oil with a minimum of waste would be a simple process if it were done intelligently and according to plan. Oil lies in large pools underground. Geologists can predict where in about 85 percent of the cases. To drive wells in the best location and of the proper depth, to guard against seepage of oil out or water in, to take advantage of the natural gas for forcing the deposits of oil to the surface, to have precautions against the escape of this gas and for the storage of oil from "gushers," to guard against evaporation in storage, etc., etc.—these are techniques known but rarely practiced.

For man has at present some queer habits which prevent him from acting intelligently. He is mad for money gain and likes to gamble; therefore he sinks thousands of "wildcat" wells without geologic advice. And he cuts the earth up into little blocks of private property without regard to the size of the oil pools. You and your neighbors all tap the same pool. Oil brought up out of one pool through your neighbor's little square of land belongs to him, through your square it belongs to you. Therefore when he drives a well near your border you have

to drive a well opposite it. Two wells close together are worse than one, because they may waste gas pressure, and one of them may be so poorly located as to spoil the whole pool through seepage. Never mind—competition is the life of trade! And there is extravagant need for haste. You don't get the proper location and the proper depth, you drive too many wells, you fail to take necessary precautions at the surface—all because of the need of haste. Never mind—there is a fortune in a lucky strike; what do you care about the waste? While you are eliminating the waste your neighbor may make the haste and the fortune.

It is the same in storage—improperly insulated tanks allow evaporation of about 20 percent of the gas; too rapid exploitation leads to unnecessary storage capacity. It is the same in refining—gasoline is in demand; therefore in a rich, new field, many refineries merely skim off the gasoline and leave quantities of valuable lubricants and by-products in the crude which is sold for fuel or for some other use in which it would be as good if these products had been extracted. There are many intermediate refineries which do a better job, but not a complete one. And even the best refineries have an excess capacity of some 30 percent, which is a financial burden on the consumer.

There are in existence excellent studies of oil waste—Pogue and Stocking alone could supply the Oil Conservation Board with ample materials for a report on the subject. What is needed is a method of social control, and popular acceptance of that method. Is it public ownership? Is it competition regulated by government licensing? Is it private monopoly, regulated as to price and efficiency like a public utility? If the car owners of America would rise and ask the Board to tell them, and if, having been told, they would demand appropriate action, much might be done to postpone the crisis and make the eventual readjustment easier by beginning it sooner. So far they have not risen or demanded, because they have never heard of the waste. They have never heard of it because news editors believe they are more interested in murder trials and men buried in caves than in the news of engineering discoveries. And perhaps they are.

If you put a family of fruit flies in a glass bottle with a piece of banana, they multiply and die off according to a mathematical law dependent on their fecundity and the endurance of the banana. Man is slightly more intelligent than the fruit fly because of his improved mechanical devices, but his social devices lag so far behind his mechanical ones that the result threatens to be much the same. The fruit fly type of man, when confronted with the oil situation, either does not see it or prates of private enterprise and the dangers of governmental meddling. The behavior of man with oil will furnish an interesting test of his capacity to adapt his social structure in time to affect his welfare, if not his survival. It will be worth watching.

Remaking Farm Life

IN this issue we publish an article on Community Farming by Dr. Elwood Mead, chief of the Federal Reclamation Service and one of the foremost authorities on farm economics and farm life. We recommend a careful perusal of Dr. Mead's article to every one who has reflected at all upon the problem of rural decay and its meaning for the nation. For we are actually facing a problem of decay. Our farms do indeed produce their billions' worth of products. They still provide us with more than we can consume at home and more than we can easily sell in the present condition of the world market. For all this, our agriculture partakes too generally of the nature of exploitation. It is mining out the fertility of the soil, and, what is more serious, it is mining out the zest and vigor of the rural population. In far too many districts the young men have departed for city employments, leaving the middle-aged and the old to present a fallacious appearance of sustained agriculture. In an immensely greater number of districts the healthy system of ownership has given way to absenteeism and tenantry, with visible deterioration in everything that makes country life worth while.

As Dr. Mead makes clear, rural reconstruction is a problem which transcends the powers of the individual farm family. A farmer may be competent and industrious; he may keep his own acres perfectly tilled and his buildings in perfect repair; he may maintain his family in health and comfort, but he can not thereby insure a good life for himself, his wife and children. If the neighboring farms are occupied by shiftless ne'er-do-wells, his isolation becomes almost insupportable. The associations his children form in school or social gathering are a grave concern to him. Given an opportunity he sells out and moves to town, where selection of associates is practicable.

This aspect of the rural problem was fully taken into account by the early settlers of New England. They set out deliberately to plant communities, not individual homesteads. Weeden, quoted by Lewis Mumford, points out that they "laid out the village in the best order to attain two objects: first, the tilage and culture of the soil; second, the maintenance of a civil and religious society." The inhabitants of the village, Mr. Mumford says, were co-partners in a corporation. They admitted only such members as they could assimilate; they restricted the right of transferring land. No members of the community could through free sale plant in its midst a family regarded by the rest of the community as undesirable. Anyone who studies these communities through the generations of their vigor will be forced to the conclusion that rural life found in them a finer expression than it has ever attained in the richer lands beyond the mountains.

It was the race for new lands that broke up the wholesome system of settlement by organic com-

munities. For generations the expectation of unearned increment has served to hold the better rural stocks to the soil in spite of the deterioration of social life. But the epoch of free land has passed, leaving as its legacy a speculative bent that bids farm prices up to a level beyond the reach of the farmer's son who starts without capital. He has his choice between prolonged or even permanent tenancy, and joining the masses who are overcrowding our cities.

For this situation the Single Tax offers a simple remedy. Tax the unimproved value out of the land: it will then cease to be a speculative investment and the man who wishes to live on it and work it will find its price within his reach. There are several major difficulties with this remedy. It is politically impracticable, and the confiscation of existing land values would dissolve the bonds that hold much of our best farming population to the soil. Furthermore, it does not in itself establish the necessary condition of a healthy rural life, organic community development.

Dr. Mead indicates a way by which the main object may be secured without disturbing the existing scheme of values and setting up a serious clash of interests. Let the state acquire the lands necessary for a whole farm community, drain the mosquito-breeding swamps, clear away rubbish and superfluous fences, lay out the land in farms each carefully calculated to maintain its man, and then sell the farms on easy terms of interest and payment to carefully selected farmers. Under Dr. Mead's supervision California has established such a community at Durham and has proved that the plan actually works. It could be made to work in any state of the Union.

Hardly anyone realizes that from New Jersey south to Florida there are millions upon millions of acres of land once tilled but now abandoned to scrub and bramble, which could be restored to productivity at far less cost than is involved in putting water on the land in the arid West. These soils are thin and sandy, to be sure, but they are quite as good as those which sustain the flourishing agriculture of North Germany and Denmark. Such a plan as Dr. Mead proposes would redeem them and add to our nation's assets tens of thousands of independent farm homes.

The New England rural community found its natural centre in the church. Religious homogeneity can no longer be counted on in the farm community, nor is it so necessary in a time when the automobile makes possible the assemblage of widely scattered congregations. In the community of today the co-operative association and the social centre can be made to serve the purpose of drawing the several households into a compact organization.

Dr. Mead has marked out the goal toward which our agricultural system must move if wholesome conditions of country living are to be preserved. The process of creating such communities is, how-

ever, a slow one. In the meantime the remorseless fluctuations of prices are working havoc with the farm population from which the personnel for community reconstruction must be drawn. Prices of staple products rise, land values follow promptly, with great activity in sales; prices slump and hosts of new buyers are bankrupted. Another contingent of beaten men is driven out of the fields and into city employment, to swell the overhead of our national production.

Whatever may be said for laissez faire in commerce and industry, it is not a régime under which agriculture thrives. There is no possibility of proportioning the output of agriculture definitely to the demand, since there is no forecasting the season. The farmer cannot establish stable prices by any effort of organization. Neither is there any relief to be expected from the conventional tariff policy. If through diversification of crops the production of staples were reduced to the average requirements of domestic consumption the fluctuations in prices would become even more extreme than they are at present. Our prices fluctuate now with world conditions, which are much more stable than those of any single country. Farming is a gamble today and if let alone will be more of a gamble tomorrow.

What we need is a combination of state and federal policies; state policies looking to the creation of healthy rural communities, federal policies looking to the stabilization of prices, for the benefit of both the community settler and the man who follows the path of pioneer individualism. Both policies involve a departure from the old idea of the state which limits its functions to police regulation. The state would have to employ its credit extensively in community building, the federal government in impounding staples when prices are too low and restoring them to the market when prices rise inordinately.

Such policies look difficult of administration. They would no doubt prove difficult. We shall, however, have more difficult problems to surmount if we leave agriculture, the basis of our economic life, to the mercies of speculation, landlordism, waste of soil and waste of men.

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Community Farming

IN my boyhood I knew a country school district which enjoyed a high reputation in the surrounding country. It was a fertile farming section. The farms were all about the same size and the owners took great pride in their cultivation. A weedy field or a neglected fence was a common reproach. The farmers had overcome the discomforts of mud roads in the winter by gravelling the highway through their district.

These farmers or their parents had moved West from New England and New York. They were devout religious people and deeply interested in good government. None were rich, but all had comfortable homes; all dressed well according to country standards, and each family had a carriage or carryall for Sunday and holiday use. In this and other ways they showed their keen civic pride in the way they lived and in the progress and reputation of their neighborhood.

The ownership of farms by their cultivators made each family feel it was a permanent and respected part of the community, and there was no tenant farmer to hold an inferior place. Inherited ideas and traditions caused them to agree as to what they ought to do and what their community ought to be.

This civic pride was shared by the children. It was their boast that every home in their district was surrounded with a white fence; that every house had running water in the kitchen. Other things contributed to the high repute of this district. Special attention was given to the selection of teachers for the school, and both parents and children took an active part in the Sunday school, which was a great prize winner at picnics for the excellence of its marching, a feature of summer gatherings in those days. It was an organized community, not a group of isolated units, in which the people worked together to maintain the reputation of their agriculture, the excellence of their schools, and keep alive those things which ministered to the higher life of the community.

A Year's Changes

All these desirable conditions were lost within a year. The well-tilled fields, the fertile soil, and the evidence of thrift and prosperity were noted by a city banker who had long planned to have a blooded-stock farm, not to make money but as a diversion. This seemed the place. He bought several of these farms. Some of his city associates decided to join in becoming gentlemen farmers. They did not concern themselves with prices paid for land because recreation was their motive. Those who sold declared that what they received made it unprofitable for a real farmer to own land.

The purchasers of these farms did not live on them; they made only occasional visits. Hired la-

borers or tenants were installed in the homes of the former cultivators. Most of these tenants were recent arrivals from Europe. Several could not speak English. None of them knew much about the ideas and traditions of American life which made the district so attractive. When their children went to school they did not look like the children of the old American families, did not dress like them, and there was a racial aloofness on both sides. None of the newcomers, parents or children, attended the Sunday school.

Three Social Layers

There was an immediate and disastrous slump in the social and recreational activities of the district. It was no longer a democracy. Instead, there were three clearly-defined social layers. At the top were the rich city landowners who took little or no interest in community affairs. What remained of the original families felt keenly their changed social position. The new tenants and laborers did not care about their social status and were equally indifferent about what happened to the community. They were as a rule good farmers, but as active agents for maintaining a high rural civilization they did not know what the words meant.

The children of the original settlers who remained were unhappy and restless. They wanted to get away. Letters from the children of the families who had gone made them long for the attractions of the outside world which these letters described. A considerable number had joined the colony of retired farmers in southern California. Whenever there was a chance to sell, another American family moved away. The place was bought usually by a nonresident, so that in a short time tenancy was universal and the school was filled with the children of half a dozen nationalities. The Sunday school ceased to exist.

There was little falling off in population at first, but this also came later. Several of the owners of stock farms died; their heirs did not desire to continue; the fine stock was sold; the farms given over to growing grain, which was cultivated and harvested by machinery which required less labor. This kind of cultivation, however, exhausted the stored-up fertility of the soil and in time made it a neglected, run-down district, which it is today.

While it can not be said that this change is typical of what has taken place in rural life in the Middle West in the last forty years, there are large areas of which it is true. In many of the farming sections of the Middle West, ownership has given way to tenancy, with a loss to agriculture and a serious lowering of moral and social standards. With this has gone an exodus from the farm of the kind of people who are sorely needed there.

Two years ago I talked with a farmer from a Middle West tenant county who had sold out and was on his way to California. He was a graduate of the state agricultural college. He inherited a farm and when he married he took up its cultivation. His mind was filled with ideas of community coöperation and betterment, as well as the use of modern methods on his own farm. But coöperation has never thrived in a tenant district, and this was not to be an exception. He was the only resident in his school district who wanted a better schoolhouse with more blackboards, or trees planted in the school grounds. He was the only one who worked for the buying of pure-bred sires and for improving their farm animals. Discouraged or indifferent tenants, land owners who feared the expense, made him work alone. When his children reached school age he had become convinced that it was a wrong environment for them to grow up in. For that reason rather than because California was a better farming state he was leaving to get a farm in one of the California state settlements, where the land tenure requires the owner to live on his farm and where communities are organized to do things that can be done better in that way than by individuals.

The Thirst for Education

Later on I met a Portuguese farmer also heading for California. He said: "I want my children to be educate. I no educate, but my children, I want them to be. I go to California because they have good schools in the country."

This movement to California by people who love the open country does not extend to the whole state but only to certain centres. Rural California has some of the most backward communities in the United States and some of the best. There are localities with great estates where the land is treated as a factory to grow crops. Tenants who will pay the highest rent or laborers who will work for the lowest wages are the kind desired. Where they come from, what their ideas or habits, and what their influence on rural civilization is likely to be are ignored. This has built up neighborhoods which are country slums and other neighborhoods where the people retain their racial antagonisms, so they create here little Balkan states. As helps to good government, these tenants or laborers are of no more value than the mules they drive. From such communities the American tenant and farm laborer have disappeared or are leaving, not because they dislike farm work but because they have no social status and they and their families have to live in a way that affronts their pride and self-respect.

The other type of rural community has as one of its oldest examples Anaheim, a coöperative colony near Los Angeles. It was founded by a group of workers who had the same social ideals and moral standards as the Pilgrim Fathers. Today, more than half a century later, it maintains its high ideals. Dotted over the state are other communities,

planned with an eye to human welfare, as well as to utilize the resources with which the state is so richly endowed.

The latest example of planned community development is the state land settlement at Durham, California, where several thousand acres of land were bought by the state on the advice of soil experts of the State University, the purchase price of the land being fixed by Dean Hunt of the State Agricultural College. The next step was to visualize the community that was to be, and lay the foundation on which to rear its economic structure. The location was freed from malaria by creating a mosquito-abatement district. A soil survey determined what should be the size of farms and the prices for land to be paid by settlers. Agricultural experts worked out farm programs. The farms were sold on long-time amortized payments, which gave to the aspiring tenant farmer a lifetime in which to become a farm owner. This scheme also included homes for farm laborers, which is something needed in every country district, as there are many farm laborers' families who need a house, and a little patch of land for a garden where there can be fruit and flowers and chickens, and which they can feel is their own.

By mobilizing the expert knowledge of the state in the planning of this settlement, by taking advantage of the experience of other countries in working out the interest rate and the length of time given for payment, by helping the settlers to coöperate in business and social affairs, the hundred farms and the forty farm laborers' homes at Durham have become a landmark in rural progress that has attracted experts from more than thirty widely-separated countries. After a lapse of five years it is a firmly-established going concern. The farmers are meeting their payments on land and the advances made to enable them to live in comfortable houses, own good stock, and work with good tools. The comfort and convenience of the farm laborers' homes and the willingness of their owners to do all kinds of farm work have been a revelation to those who thought the American farm worker had degenerated.

A Demonstrated Success

These farm laborers take part in all the coöperative activities of the settlement; their families share in the social life on an equality with the farm owners' families. Many of them will be farm owners in the future. The Durham colony is very like the American school district of my boyhood. There is the same civic pride in the community; the same interest in education and community affairs. It has, however, a better land tenure and better organized community activities. These cannot be broken up by the purchase of farms by nonresidents. Until the farms are paid for only people who live on them are permitted to become owners. If speculation had not been thus eliminated half of these farms

would be owned today by merchants and capitalists of the Sacramento valley.

California and the two Carolinas are among the agricultural states that have begun constructive measures to help men become farm owners. In North Carolina 22,000,000 of the state's 31,000,000 acres are unimproved. Only 8,000,000 are cultivated, and among the cultivators are 117,000 landless farmers. These tenants and croppers follow a primitive and destructive kind of cultivation. They take everything out of the soil and put little or nothing back. This has brought low yields which, joined to a drab, monotonous life, are causing a wholesale exodus of both white and black farmers. The drift is in the wrong direction and needs to be changed. If the state could bring its good land under cultivation it would add \$400,000,000 to the yearly value of farm products. But such results will come only through constructive action based on the idea that land settlement is a public question.

Where the Colonizer Fails

In order to bring back these departed families rural life must be made socially attractive. The easiest way to do this is to create communities where the people will be helped to act together in business and social affairs. The restoration of these idle and neglected fields requires group settlement, each farmer owning his land but touching elbows with his neighbors in many helpful ways.

The lure of farm ownership must be also held out. Money must be provided to help settlers buy and improve their patches of land and equip them so they can be properly cultivated. That needs the best kind of oversight and far more money than private colonizers are willing to furnish. That has been proved in North Carolina by the failure of many colonies where the land buyer was left to hoe his own row. The colonizer usually is a land salesman only. His interest ceases when the purchaser signs on the dotted line. The sale of the land must be the beginning of responsible oversight in the colony of the future.

There is, however, one colonizer in North Carolina who has the true conception. This is Hugh McRea of Wilmington. His colonies have been outstanding successes because they were organized like industrial enterprises. Before he bought the land he had worked out the farm program, the acres the settler and his family could cultivate, what it would cost to improve and equip the farm, and how much money the settler should have. What the settler did not have he was prepared to furnish. In one colony he had an architect design all the houses. These colonies have been an agricultural and economic revelation in the region where they are located, and if there were enough Hugh McReas in North Carolina, land settlement would not be a problem in his state. But with only one, and his interest centred in one locality, the legislature

in 1923 made it a state matter. It created a state committee on land settlement, which was to make investigations and recommend "practical and feasible plans for aiding the landless tenants of North Carolina to better their condition."

It specifically required this committee to investigate:

1. Plans for group or community farm settlements with the farms owned by their cultivators.
2. The results of state aid in helping landless tenants or croppers to become farm owners.

This committee combined political and economic experience. The chairman was State Senator D. F. Giles. The secretary, R. M. Cox, was a member of the lower house. Other members were Frank Porter, state statistician; General E. F. Glenn, and Prof. S. H. Hobbs, of the State Agricultural College. The committee visited all the states where land settlement has been recognized as a subject of importance, and has submitted a very able report, which includes the following recommendations:

1. That a state agency be created to establish two community settlements which shall serve as public demonstrations of agricultural efficiency and social betterment.
2. That a revolving loan fund, properly safeguarded, be created to assist landless men to become farm owners.

Out of the 19,500,000 acres in South Carolina only 5,000,000 acres or a little more than a fourth, were cultivated in 1923. The tenant cultivators number 124,231, of whom 38,000 are white, and who are living on the land with no permanent tie to any locality. Between 1918 and 1922 the cotton crop decreased nearly a million acres. Nine thousand white families moved into the cotton-mill towns and lumber camps in two years. A larger number of Negroes went North. The poor farmer was being starved out. The good one did not like to stay in a country of empty houses and with fields being taken over by weeds and brush.

Private Effort not Enough

In 1923 the legislature of South Carolina also created a land-settlement commission, of which ex-Governor Manning was made chairman. It visited twenty states, saw the California settlements, went to Wisconsin and saw what a combination of state and private enterprise was doing. The conclusion of the commission is stated on the cover page of its interesting report: "*If South Carolina is to prosper as it should we must have a home-owning population.*" All were agreed that leaving settlement to unorganized private effort would not bring this result. Great estates would have to be subdivided; the briars and brush of neglected farms cleared away. There must be houses and livestock and farm animals; and above all, groups of families with enough members to have good schools, to be able to organize for marketing their products, and have a social and economic life of their own.

Students of this subject and practical experience have fixed one hundred as the minimum number of farms for such a settlement. This commission believes the state should make a trial. Its report recommends:

1. That the legislature enact a statute modeled after the California land-settlement act.
2. That a land-settlement board with five directors be created.
3. That the state loan this board \$300,000 at 4½ percent interest, to be used to purchase land for an initial colony.

There are other important recommendations for later action, but these show how the commission believes reconstruction of farm life should begin.

Where the Government Stops

While the problem of how John and Mary can be helped to get married and settle down on a farm of their own, with plenty of time in which to pay for it, is concerning communities and states, the U. S. Reclamation Bureau is considering this question as a fundamental feature of reclamation.

For more than twenty years this important bureau of the government has been engaged in building canals and reservoirs to make waste land fit for human habitation. Many of its structures are great engineering achievements, but settlement of the land and the creation of prosperous homes under these works, without delay and waste of effort, have not yet been solved; yet conditions created by the Great War have made this a fundamental problem of reclamation.

At the last session of Congress the Secretary of the Interior recommended the construction of works to reclaim six new areas.

Five of these proposed projects are in the states of Washington, Oregon and Nevada, and they will be the ones to determine the methods which future settlement and agricultural development should follow.

The first step to be taken was an economic study of each of these areas. Engineering estimates had been made of the cost of the works but nothing had been done to determine who owned the land, what was asked for that held in private ownership, or the other vital things that the man who brings his family and undertakes to make a home on any of these lands ought to know.

Whoever was to make these studies should have a knowledge of local conditions as well as expert knowledge of soils, crops and marketing. The only place where investigators having this combination of scientific training and familiarity with the country could be found was in the agricultural colleges of the states interested, and an appeal was made to those colleges for the coöperation of the professors who had made a special study of these problems. The response was most generous. Experts from the universities of California, Nevada, and Idaho and from the agricultural colleges of

Utah, Oregon, and Washington became members of these committees. They were aided by soil and engineering experts from the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the U. S. Reclamation Bureau.

Each area was assigned to a group, who were asked to complete their investigations and make a report which would be ready for Congress when it assembled in December. They were asked to make soil and economic studies; to determine whether the land was fit for intense cultivation, and if so what crops would be suited to the locality; what the acre-value of the crops would be, and what it would cost to improve and equip a farm.

Having gathered these facts the committees were asked to outline what they believed should be the plan of settlement and development for the areas they were investigating. They were especially asked to give their views as to the selection of settlers and what qualifications should be required in order that they might have a fair chance to succeed and be worthy members of their communities. If settlers were not required to have all the money needed to make a farm a growing concern without borrowing, the committees were asked to outline a credit system by which the additional money could be provided.

After these committees had prepared their reports they were to submit them to a local committee of business men on each project, for such comment and suggestions as might seem desirable.

The areas of these five projects varied from 27,000 acres at Baker to 80,000 acres at Owyhee. In all, the five projects have 250,000 acres, of which 200,000 acres are now privately owned. The holdings at present are altogether too large for successful cultivation by an individual or family. The largest single holding is 10,000 acres; many range from 640 to over 1,000 acres. These areas will have to be subdivided and settlers found.

How Big Should a Farm Be?

This brought up the question of what should be the proper size of the farm and how much money would be needed to change a tract of sagebrush land of this size into an irrigated farm equipped with the improvements and implements needed for its cultivation. The committees used a good many lead pencils in working this out. The result was a revelation of the influence of high prices on farm development. On farms varying in size from 50 to 160 acres it was found that the money needed for development would range from \$6,000 to \$12,000. It was not believed that a settler without capital could undertake such development, even if able to borrow all the money, and these committees found that on the different projects settlers should have of their own from \$1,500 to \$7,500 and must have some assured fund from which the remainder could be secured on a long-time loan. It was evident that the local rates of interest, which vary from 7 to 10 percent, on the short-time loans which commercial

banks have to make would be no financial basis on which a settler could be advised to risk the hard-earned money he brought to the enterprise.

All the committees agreed therefore that some fund should be provided from which loans on terms suited to the profits of agriculture could be made and that the time of the loan should be long enough to enable the settler to earn the money out of crops. That meant a rate of from 4 to 5 percent and the period of payment from 20 to 40 years.

Advice for the Tenderfoot

It was realized also that many of the people who would come to these projects would be from the East and that all the conditions of aridity would be strange and new. They would have no knowledge of when and how to plant or how to use the implements required in the preparation of land or the distribution of water. To save these people from disastrous delays and the wrong use of money and effort, four out of the five committees recommended that advice and direction be made a feature of the development of each project and that this advice and direction should include economics and business as well as cultivation: in other words, that these people should be helped to organize for whatever work, in business and other things, a community could do better than the individual.

The probable income from these farms was found to vary from \$30 to \$50 an acre, and this estimate was based on statistics gathered from other irrigated farms near by. Under the old-time settlement the land salesman would have fixed that income at not less than \$200 an acre and produce returns from citrus farms in California to prove that it was possible. An income of this kind will not provide much money to meet payments on construction cost of irrigation works which vary on these projects from \$125 to \$148 an acre, nor to pay \$100 to \$187 an acre needed to improve and equip the farm.

The government has provided most generous terms for the repayment of construction costs on the works. Only the principal of the money advanced for works has to be repaid; no interest whatever is charged, and in the bill recently enacted by Congress it is provided that the construction costs shall be repaid by an annual contribution of 5 percent out of the gross crop income. On the estimated value of crops this would make the repayment period on four of these projects vary from 67 to over 100 years. These are not unlike the repayment conditions on farms in Europe, which run from 68 years in Ireland to 90 years in Denmark. But money borrowed for improvements would have to pay interest, and it was the opinion of all the committees that the feasibility of these projects depends upon a credit fund being provided, from which advances for improvement of farms could be made.

This brought up the question: Is there sufficient inducement to attract men to these unimproved

areas, where an immense amount of very hard, disagreeable and unproductive work will have to be done? Post holes will have to be dug for fences; sagebrush cleared off. There is no harder work than handling a buckscraper, but it will be needed to prepare the land so that water will flow over the ground and irrigate the crops uniformly. The answer to this question is that there are people who like pioneering; who would prefer to create a farm according to their desire rather than to buy one prepared by some one else.

It was the conclusion of all these committees that the provisions of the Reclamation Act governing settlement should be re-written; that settlers must be selected—they cannot be selected now where land is thrown open under the Homestead Act; that there be more liberal conditions of payment than are now given by any private landowner. The time has come when we must follow European practice, which gives from forty to ninety years in which to pay for a farm, or the Australian system which gives thirty-six years; the time has come when we must consider the rate of interest which the farmer can afford to pay, rather than the commercial rate of interest in the locality.

Some of the committees recommended that the improvement of farms be made a part of construction and the cost of this added to the cost of canals and reservoirs. It is held correctly that the preparation of land for irrigation is not agriculture but engineering, and that if the inclusion of this cost by the government makes the work too expensive and hazardous, then that hazard and expense should not be loaded on the settler and the works should not be built. Part of the cost of such improvements should be paid when the farm is taken over, 25 to 40 percent as a cash payment on such costs being recommended.

Supervised Expenditures.

If any credit scheme is adopted the money cannot be provided by a bank or handed out to settlers as a loan. Too many of these settlers lack a knowledge of local conditions; too many will come to this undertaking without ever having had any experience in this kind of development. If they were given money to spend and left to decide what improvements should be made, some houses would be too expensive and some too cheap. The improvement of these farms, where public money is provided, must be dealt with as a service. Some competent authority connected with the project must determine what kind of improvements will have a value to his successor if the present settler fails, and so safeguard development costs that the farm can be made a going concern at a reasonable expense. That is the system followed in all countries which have had long experience in aid and direction in land settlement, and it will doubtless be adopted if a demonstration in planned development becomes a feature of these projects.

Whoever determines what advances should be made, gives advice to settlers, and helps to shape community organization holds an important place in this development. On his common sense, knowledge of agriculture, and personal influence will depend in large measure the rate of development, the contentment of the people and repayments to the credit fund. He will do much to bring into these new communities, in their pregnant years when institutions are forming, those things which rural life needs and which other industries have adopted.

A bill (S. 4151) has been introduced in the Senate by Senator Kendrick of Wyoming, and a similar bill (H. R. 11171) in the House of Representatives by Representative Winter of Wyoming, providing for aided and directed settlement of government land in irrigation projects. This bill has been unanimously and favorably reported to the Senate by the Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation.

As pointed out in the Senate report on the bill, the purpose of the measure is to change the plan under which settlers are accepted and under which they undertake their obligations. By doing away with the evils of the lottery system in obtaining settlers, they will be selected on a basis of known qualifications for the work of developing these raw lands into homes, and must bring to this joint venture between the government and themselves a reasonable amount of farm experience and a limited amount of capital.

In order to secure coöperation and teamwork among the new settlers, the bill provides for placing

on each settlement an adviser who is qualified to instruct the beginners in irrigation agriculture to whom the problems of reclamation are new; and to initiate and foster coöperative buying and selling organizations among the settlers.

Government loans are provided for the advancement of permanent improvements and for the purchase of livestock, as the new plan contemplates not only the success and welfare of the settler in becoming a land owner who actually lives on his land, but the protection of the government's investment, recognizing the fact that by increasing the opportunities for successful development of the projects, prompt repaying by the settler of his obligations to the government is being insured.

In the words of this unanimous report, "it is believed to be a conservative, economical, and common-sense plan for meeting a problem which confronts reclamation and will create promptly prosperous farming communities where, without it, there would be delay, uncertainty, and loss to many settlers and the government."

This means blazing a new trail and a radical departure from the ideas and practices which have prevailed from the time the wave of western settlement crossed the Alleghenies. We live, however, in a different time and only by changing our methods to meet these new conditions can a solvent development of the unusual resources of land and water in the arid region be achieved.

ELWOOD MEAD.

The League and the Danger Spots

WHETHER the United States needs membership in the League of Nations, is a question on which European observers perhaps are not competent to pass. But that the League needs America, that it will never assume its proper and final character until it is a worldwide organization, including not only the United States, but Germany, Russia and Turkey, is a truth which is, and long has been, painfully apparent. In its present form, the League is far too much a combination of victors to enforce its own interpretation of the peace terms.

We have known that the League is half a league—but we have hoped that it may be half a league onward. Yet it is impossible at this late day not to doubt the efficacy of an international body that is not truly worldwide and cannot arrange for the freest and fullest thrashing out of supposed grievances. The members of the League themselves have not yet a real conception of its ultimate true character. When, for instance, at the last meeting of the Assembly the representative of Hungary made a perfectly proper though outspoken speech suggesting that if his country has been disarmed by

the Treaty of Trianon it was surely never intended that disarmament should permanently be unilateral, that there was an implied promise that the neighbors of Hungary would voluntarily do for themselves what Hungary had been obliged to do, it might have been supposed that there would be a satisfactory answer forthcoming from the representatives of the Little Entente. They could at least have expressed themselves in sympathy with the principle of general disarmament. They could have repudiated the policy of holding down Hungary and making for a conquered state rules which they do not mean to adopt for themselves. They could have done this without committing themselves in present circumstances too deeply to the practice of a peaceful doctrine. They chose, on the contrary, to treat the Hungarian intervention with scorn. The past of the Hungarian representative, they said, put him out of court. They would behave as they pleased and would not even enter into any discussion. But surely the purpose of the League Assembly is precisely to furnish an international platform on which discussions, even of the most delicate kind, can take place between men of

good will in the friendliest spirit and without the smallest loss of temper. If the Assembly is not such a platform it is nothing and worse than nothing.

I write as one of the earliest exponents of the League idea, as one who believes in the future of the League and can therefore permit himself to utter criticism. It is indeed the duty of those who believe in the League to point out all its defects and to attempt to get them removed. One of the greatest defects of the League, as it is now constituted—and this was the most conspicuous feature of the Geneva meeting last autumn—is the tendency to regard itself as an alliance of victorious peoples who must maintain the spoils of victory at all costs against the defeated peoples, and while admitting these defeated peoples into their midst, do so on the understanding that there shall be no revision of treaties, that what has been acquired, rightly or wrongly, must not be disturbed. One thing that has been acquired which must not be disturbed is the superior prestige of the victorious peoples, and it must not be challenged by any defeated nation impudently asking for equality of treatment.

Such is the attitude towards those nations which have been admitted to the League. It is the attitude taken up towards those nations (with the exception of America) which at some later date, as it is hoped, will come into the League. In the case of Germany it is now the general view that the presence of the Reich at Geneva is indispensable. Is it not somewhat absurd to pretend to settle all the troubles of Europe without the willing consent of Germany after the most complete and unrestrained discussions in which Germany shall have participated? Nobody is so blind as not to see that Germany must be included in the League. But the vision is confused and it is regarded as a preliminary condition of Germany's admission that Germany shall subscribe to the apostolic creed of the superior morality of the victorious Allies, shall refrain from upsetting the sacrosanct theory that Germany alone was to blame for the multitudinous slaughter of the mad years. That question must be definitely put away in the category of unalterable historical opinions. Germany must consent to brand herself, as in the Versailles treaty, the unique and monstrous culprit. So shall she be forever diminished in the councils of the nations and the Allies be the eternal and magnanimous moral superiors of Germany.

Moreover, the French still fear that in spite of the clear clauses of the Treaty and indeed of the Covenant, Germany will, when once inside the League, probably with a seat on the Council, begin to use the machinery of the League itself for the revision of the Treaty. They are still clinging pathetically to the belief that no matter what provisions of a treaty, signed in no matter what circum-

stances, it must be respected, and that peace must be based upon the existing state of things. M. Herriot would not have fashioned the same peace as M. Clemenceau. M. Briand prides himself upon holding different views from those of M. Poincaré. The Radical Party would have made other arrangements than those of the Bloc National had it been in power. But everybody in France agrees that peace having been made, whether it is a bad or a good peace, whether it is just or iniquitous, whether its foundations are rotten or solid, it shall be regarded from henceforward as sacred. This is strange reasoning, but it is still the reasoning of France, and even England a little while ago was unspeakably distressed at the notion of a revision of the treaties.

Let there be no mistake about it: whatever may be the nominal conditions on which Germany enters the League, if indeed she enters, it is towards a revision of the treaties that we are marching. It may come in one of two ways. The League may be the instrument of a pacific revision or if it seeks only to resist such revision and to build on unstable foundations, both the edifice of the peace and the edifice of the League will come toppling down. There is therefore a good deal that is unreal about the assumptions of the 1924 Assembly. There are many danger spots in Europe which it is folly to ignore. With or without the permission of the League, inside or outside the League, to the credit or to the discredit of the League, there is a whole host of questions which must be settled, which are not settled because they have been provisionally regulated by treaty. One need only mention the Polish corridor to Danzig which cuts Germany in two, the frontiers of Upper Silesia, the arrangements in connection with the Saar, and the foreign occupation of the Rhineland which, it is argued, may be continued in certain conditions in perpetuity.

As for Russia, who is no party to the peace proposals of Geneva, it is sufficient to remark that she can take Bessarabia from Rumania whenever she pleases, that she too has a quarrel with Poland, that she may yet find herself in collision with Turkey, that further East she is likely to have a perpetually increasing influence which may precipitate wars, and that with all this Russia stands outside the League—an outlaw with an outlaw's mentality.

In so far as the League has sought to foster the spirit of peace it is certainly to be commended, but it would be wrong to cherish illusions. Much of its work is vitiated by such separate pacts as those on which the French and the Central European states rely to preserve the territorial arrangements of 1919. This inconsistent desire to construct Franco-Polish pacts, Franco-Czecho-Slovakian pacts, Rumanian-Czecho-Slovakian pacts, and the rest, against Germany, against Russia, against Hungary, and so forth, entirely militates against the system of negotiations and of arbitration. When all possible

precautions to defend the status quo are taken, when all possible subjects of negotiation are ruled out, then only will the victorious Allies negotiate on what remains. When arbitration must be governed by existing documents which are the whole cause of the prospective disputes, then the victorious Allies will arbitrate, for they can have nothing to lose. Unless there is a vivid appreciation of these central criticisms we shall not reach the heart of the European problem, which is precisely the need for some adjustment of the provocative and perhaps disastrous legal documents established in circumstances which are rapidly changing.

And outside Europe there are danger-spots everywhere—in the coveted and troubled Spanish Morocco, in Mesopotamia, in Syria, in the Sudan, in Georgia and other border states of Russia, in

Afghanistan, in restless India, in disrupted China, and above all in the waters of the Pacific to which the Geneva Assembly, from which America was absent, but at which Japan was present, has pointed a warning finger. The League has much work to do and it may yet rise to the height of its opportunity, but only on condition that its members cultivate much more the international mind and do not continue to represent nations and groups of nations but mankind universally. Also, it is imperative that the League shall cease to be a partial, unfinished League, out of which are left those nations which must be the corner-stones and the buttresses of any durable international institution.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

Paris.

Who is Governor of Texas?

THE women of Texas have a grievance—against the newspapers and magazines of the North and East; nor do they hold the women of those sections entirely blameless. These Texas women claim that they have been grossly misrepresented to the rest of the world in recent months. They say they have been represented as enthusiastic supporters of "Ma" Ferguson for governor of their state; that, as feminists, they have been rejoicing in the prospect that Texas was to have the first woman governor; and that they were not a little peeved when fate took matters in hand and gave that honor first to Wyoming, after Texas had it surely clinched.

Against all these representations, and others of the same sort, the women of Texas enter a general and sweeping denial. They never were, they say, for Mrs. Ferguson for governor or anything else; they did not vote for her; she does not represent anything that any woman of intelligence in Texas wanted, or now wants; and the efforts of certain eastern feminists to make Mrs. Ferguson's election "a great victory for the women of America" leaves the women of Texas cold. They want the wide world to know that they—the women of Texas—take no pride in any of the political developments in their state in the past year.

What are the facts in the case? Well, Texas is a big state, and the currents of opinion run in a myriad directions outward from any given point. Hence, anyone who would attempt to give the "facts" is sure to miss some of them, to get others wrong and to mix in some debatable items. But as nearly as can be ascertained, these are the salient particulars needed for an understanding of the peculiar political set-up which now exists in the Lone Star empire.

Jim Ferguson, a banker of Temple, and a farmer on the side, ran for governor in 1914. He

was an able man, something of a student, and a convincing stump speaker. His theme was the wrongs of the tenant farmers of Texas. He knew what he was talking about, and he won the election quite handsomely. Incidentally, he built up what has since been called the "Ferguson bloc" in the electorate of the state. He was supported by the tenant farmers, by the big brewing interests of the state, and by all that rabble which is convinced by the fluent orator. His first term was noteworthy for the number of pardons granted by the executive to convicts in the prisons of the state. There are those who say that these pardons did not always represent mere "executive clemency."

He was reelected in 1916, and took this as a mandate from the people to "clean things up." Of course, that is a phrase susceptible of many interpretations, some of them not quite reputable. Early in 1917 he began to "clean up" the state university. Curiously enough, this was on the prohibition issue. Five members of the faculty of that institution had made themselves non grata to the brewing interests of the state. Governor Jim ordered the board of regents to remove these five men. The board was obedient. They were removed in July—their terms to end on August 31.

The friends of the university were aroused. Ugly rumors had long been circulating to the effect that the governor's administration of the state's finances was not above reproach. His own bank at Temple was thought to be involved in some sort of mal-administration of state money. Proof was slowly accumulated; and in August the legislature was convened for the purpose of investigating the situation. Formal charges of mal-administration were made; the Senate organized itself as a high court of impeachment; the charges were thoroughly aired and investigated; and the sentence of the court was "Guilty as charged."

Thus ended the first chapter in the Ferguson career. The lieutenant-governor succeeded him; the five members of the university faculty were restored to their positions by September 15, the state's finances were readjusted; and most of the people of the state hoped that the whole unsavory episode could be forgotten.

But not Jim Ferguson. He was far from having finished his political career. True, his impeachment had seemed to carry with it complete disbarment from the enjoyment of any office of profit or trust under the constitution of the state of Texas, forever. But the office of United States Senator from Texas is not a state office; and he could aspire to that. He tried in that field, but was not successful; and, anyhow, he didn't want that kind of an office—then. He wanted to be governor again for the sake of "vindication"—with the perquisites thereunto appertaining.

Accordingly, in the spring of 1924 he announced himself as a candidate for governor. His opponents brought suit to enjoin the state board of elections from placing his name on the ballot, on the ground that his impeachment had actually stripped him of all his civic rights. The highest court of the state held with his opponents. His name could not go on the ticket.

He was hurt, but not discouraged. "These people who talk so much about the Constitution," he said, "have just as much real use for the Constitution as a Tom-cat has for a marriage license. I'll show them." He did. The next day, his wife announced herself as a candidate for governor. This announcement was first regarded as a joke; but it was very far from a joke. The "Ferguson bloc" put her into the running in the first primary; and fear of the Ku Klux Klan made her the nominee of the Democratic party in the "run off"—the second primary.

Who voted for her? In the first primary, held in July, 1924, she got only the votes of the original "Ferguson bloc." In the second primary, in August, she got those same votes, and the votes of all who preferred even a Ferguson and a woman to an avowed Klan candidate. So far, so good. But what of the final election in November?

That's a strange question to ask about a Texas election! Well, not so strange. The anti-Ferguson Democrats were not yet defeated. They looked about for an opposing candidate—in spite of the fact that by voting in the Democratic primaries they had pledged themselves to vote for the successful candidate of those primaries. They found one in a professor of political science at the university. This man was a Republican, which both clarified and complicated the situation. It was thought he would command the Republican vote—always small, of course, but important now; it was assumed that the Negroes would vote for him; and the anti-Ferguson Democrats were given two months in which to argue themselves into voting for a Republican.

The outlook for an anti-Ferguson governor was not hopeless.

But Texas was in a turmoil. The Republican candidate could not rid himself of the support of the Klan. The Klan members had no place else to go; so they threw themselves into his arms. He repudiated them, but their love overcame all his protestations. The results were disastrous. It is computed that the Republican voters were disgruntled and refused to support him. The Negroes were scared and left him flat. He was defeated—on the face of the returns. He got 300,000 votes to Mrs. Ferguson's 400,000. None the less, there are those who claim that if the votes had been counted honestly, he would have been returned the victor.

Mrs. Ferguson was elected. She was supported, not by the women of Texas, but by the original "Ferguson bloc," by those members of the Democratic party—both men and women—who could not bring themselves to vote for a Republican and by those others, Democrats, Republicans and Negroes, who would not vote for anyone for whom the Klan was voting. Mrs. Ferguson's election had in it no element of triumph for women.

Moreover, "now it can be told" that Mrs. Ferguson is not to be the real governor of Texas. Since the election in November she has taken little, if any, part in those deliberations by which the state's new program has been mapped out. At practically all such gatherings, large or small, she has been "represented" by her husband, who has, usually, reported that "Ma" had the hay fever and could not be present. To be sure, "Ma" is the only legal governor, now that she has been "inaugurated." But there are few Texans who think of her as governor; almost none who speak of her as "Governor"; and none at all, it is generally reported, who take the trouble to confer with her as to programs, problems or prospects. Jim is once more referred to as "Governor Ferguson"; Jim is consulted about everything. Jim moved to Austin from his home in Temple long before the time for the new administration to come. He needed to be "on the spot" for the consideration of important state policies. Although disbarred from holding any office of profit or trust under the constitution of the state, he is governor by proxy—the real governor. This of course on the fundamental matrimonial principle that "What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own."

Jim has been more than "vindicated." He has been put into a position such as probably no other American has ever enjoyed. With all of the powers, privileges and perquisites of public office, he has none of the responsibilities. Jim is to be "unofficial adviser to the governor of Texas." That's all. Well, no: he's also to be unofficial adviser to all the executive departments. There's a State Highway Department for example with \$30,000,000 to spend on roads in the next few years. Jim will advise the department how to spend this money. But

remember—he is a private citizen, without official standing, and without salary.

Texas still belongs to the old South. The political orator still quotes from the classic poets and ends his eulogium with a stirring peroration. Hence, Texas is still a land of chivalry. The men of Texas are under obligation to treat "Ma" as a woman should be treated. She must be protected from the rough ways of the world. It is only proper that her husband should serve as liaison officer between her and the crude world of politicians who know what they want. Jim can be "cussed out" even by the very ones who most admire him for the way in which he has "come back" and "put the enemy to route." But, according to code, the men of Texas must take off their hats in the presence of "Ma."

Not so, however, the women. They do not care for the notoriety their state has achieved in these matters; they are not impressed by the fact that their governor is a woman; they realize the sideplays by which the actualities are covered up; and they are ready to speak out in meeting if they get the chance.

Before the inauguration of Mrs. Ferguson, they had no illusions about the future. They expected the bootleggers to get by with greater ease; they assumed that the old extension of the pardoning power, in the former Ferguson administration, would be renewed; they looked forward to more

trouble for the progressive members of the university faculty; and they expected Jim to be the real power behind the throne in all financial affairs. They did not hesitate to say so.

The inauguration has taken place, and "Ma" is now the ostensible governor of the state. What is happening?

It is still too early to tell. But in her inaugural address, "Ma" intimated that the efforts of the preceding administration to enforce the prohibition laws would not be stringently followed; that there were a good many cases in which executive clemency might well be extended to inmates of the state's prisons; and that her hope was to make her administration a success by coöperating with those who were interested in such things as rural schools and tenant farmers' conditions.

"What's yours is mine"; but can the state stand such a doctrine?

The women of Texas want it distinctly understood that they did not desire any such development in the political life of their state; they did not vote for it; they expect nothing constructive to come of it; their only hope is that the whole business will go on without too much sickening experience for the next two years; and that in 1926 the people will have intelligence enough to rescue themselves from the impossible situation in which they now find themselves.

JOSEPH K. HART.

Lincoln

THE mists that have been closing between us and the figure of the real Washington ever since Gilbert Stuart decided that the left side of his face best represented the Father of a Country, and turned out some thirty-odd copies and variations of his portrait of it, have not yet closed over Lincoln. If Stuart had thought better of his illuminating version of the long, shrewd, unsensitive and incorruptible right side of that grand old physiognomy, and not so well of a prim, powdered and immortal sphinx, we might have been spared something of the strained legend that runs from Cherry Tree to a frozen finality on the two-cent stamp. Fortunately, Lincoln is still fairly visible. Yet a legend will inevitably grow up about him too, and the nobly twisted oak will be hidden under a parasitic vine of idealization, ignorance, and apotheosis. Lincoln was great—nobody disputes that. But we want to believe that he was always great; we rebel at the thought that he might never have become great, or even less than that, a chance interesting head above the surface. We shrink at the idea that he carried within himself the seeds of uncertainty, despair, mediocrity. We explain away these burdens as flaws sometimes attractive, always pardonable, in a man unaccountably, but indisputably,

chosen by destiny for a great place. We are more inclined to think him great in spite of his handicaps than because he lived with them and outgrew them. He was "great"; once that has been admitted, we can safely give him a great man's allowance of peculiarity. And once we have allowed him a few negative traits we can forget them, and confine ourselves to his greatness, which we make less great by this forgetfulness. Here is the beginning of legend.

At its simplest, the legend is something like this: Abraham Lincoln was a poor rail-splitter and country lawyer who rose to be president of the United States, almost miraculously, just as the country needed a man who was wise, brave, and forgiving. He saved the Union, he freed the slaves, he wrote the Gettysburg address, the Second Inaugural, and a letter to Mrs. Bixby. He was cruelly murdered by Booth in Ford's Theatre. Booth tripped and broke his leg, crying "Sic Semper Tyrannis." Of all our many great presidents Lincoln was perhaps the greatest except Washington and either Roosevelt or Wilson, but not both.

Intelligent Americans who have about as much as that in mind—and they are many, may have added another dimension to their conception of Lincoln by knowledge of his treatment of Chase, or a third

dimension through accidental reading of his letter to General Hooker. But on the whole even intelligent Americans are ready for a legend. How ready we learned a few years ago when George Gray Barnard's statue was furiously assailed as a hideous scarecrow. Our idea of Lincoln was that of Saint-Gaudens, or something even more (in Stanton's phrase) the property of the ages. We were already part of those ages ourselves, so Lincoln's nobility, perhaps more than his humanity, was our unassailable property too. The quarrel went deeper than a mere opposition between the partisans of a faithfulness of the body and the partisans of a faithfulness to the soul. It was more than a disagreement between some who were sure that the statesman could not possibly have been as ugly as Barnard's rail-splitter and others equally sure that the rail-splitter could not possibly have looked as statesman-like as Saint-Gaudens made him out. It was essentially a fight between two extremes of the legend already growing up, between the wing which saw in the poor awkward laborer's rise a vindication of democracy and the wing which saw in the fortunate miracle of a great man's guidance during civil war a vindication of belief in destiny's watchfulness over America. Either view provided more guilt for a legend. Those who sought to avoid legends were tempted to prefer neither one statue to the other, but both at once, seeing in the pair, one awkward, the other noble, something symbolic of immortal qualities gradually self-hammered into perfection, slowly, almost reluctantly brought out from their hiding place within the possibility of failure, blight, mediocrity. The Lincolns suggested by the two statues are not in contrast, they are inseparable if we are considering the span of his whole life.

On the whole, Lincoln has been well served by his biographers, and no legend can survive an intelligent reading of them. Yet how much better those books would have been, and how much more remarkable a Lincoln would have sprung from them, could they have been written free from the shadow of his accepted greatness. Since the fact of his moral and intellectual eminence rises plainly from the barest recital of his acts and words, it is a pity that his biographers so humanly succumbed to a preoccupation with that fact and with its proof. The invaluable Nicolay and Hay are ponderously official, in twelve volumes, and obsessed with their chronicle as history. Their Lincoln is so much the President who happens to be a man and so little a man who happens to be the President. Herndon, with his flashes of revelation, his chasms of fatuity, his sense of his old law partner's immortal fame struggling with an anecdotal, human, humorous past. Then the able compiler, Charnwood, whose sifting of the original sources remains the best life of them all. And lately, a stimulating, at times very moving, but opinionated study by Professor Nathaniel W. Stephenson, often nearer to his subject than Charnwood, but less well-balanced, and far too

tempted by speculations, some of which are illuminating, others quite groundless.*

Over all of them hangs the shadow of Lincoln's greatness. At times this knowledge prompts the biographer to deeper scrutiny, profounder writing than might have been occasioned by the same acts of an admittedly lesser man. At other times this knowledge leads them into deprecating morasses of soft-footed conjecture about why Lincoln did certain things he ought not to have done, or equally conscious ratiocinations about the reasons for something he did extremely well. And all of them tarnish and dilute his greatness by the admixture of their own moral judgments. Read them for instance on the subject of Lincoln's written promise to a man from Kansas, who thought he could swing the state's delegation to Lincoln in 1860, of "one hundred dollars to bear the expenses of the trip." By even our standards in this Year of Oil, 1925, a bribe. Quite excusable, all things considered, particularly the political atmosphere of those days, and not important, yet none of them, in the several pages of motive-weighting and character analysis devoted to the incident, call it by its right name. It may have been characteristic of Lincoln at that time, almost certainly it was not, and it has no connection with what Lincoln showed himself to be as President. Why excuse or blame? There it is, and possibly the best explanation is no explanation at all.

We would give a good deal for that impossible thing, a good account of Lincoln's life up to 1860 (or even the first half of 1862), and written by someone whose knowledge of him ceased with that year. Could such a biographer have predicted the kind of man who was to emerge from the war? Barring the debates with Douglas, and a few other speeches, there was very little on which one might build hopes for what was actually to come. The ungainly, slow-moving figure, awkward almost to ugliness, unnaturally tall when he was standing, the height of other men when he was sitting down, who went to Niagara and only "wondered where all that water came from," who loved to stop people on the street with a new story, often very coarse; whose body and mind "worked slowly, as if they needed oiling"; who read hardly any law, and was likely to win a case only if his sympathies were completely enlisted, and after long preparation; who spent hours locked in his office in gloomy contemplation; who did practically nothing as a congressman in Washington; whose friends more than once feared for his mind, and who was frequently sunk deep in the blackest, most unproductive, morbid depression. Great gifts one might have seen lurking in him, flashes of mind, and a good heart, but one might as easily have felt them foredoomed to wither in luckless, self-mistrustful soil.

It is clear now by what a narrow margin Lincoln

* Lincoln, by Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. Indianapolis and New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.

Miss Lowell's Keats

John Keats, by Amy Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Two vols. \$10.

IT is a curious fact that Keats, who of all things most feared oblivion, and who wrote as his epitaph "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," should be of English poets the one whose life has been scrutinized most thoroughly, almost from moment to moment, and recovered in most complete detail. Of no other man of letters of the nineteenth century do we know so many or such intimate things. Undoubtedly Keats's own fears appealed to his friends as a challenge. Believing in him as they did, recognizing him as the victim of partisan malice, they devoted themselves with a sort of chivalry to preserving the memory of him, to recording the minutiae of their association with him, copying his letters and poems. And as Keats had many friends, the amount of manuscript material in regard to him, in first draft or in copy is enormous, in view of the tragic brevity of his life. A considerable portion of this material found its way to the United States partly in consequence of George Keats's migration to this country, partly by virtue of the enterprise of American collectors. This material was not available to Sir Sidney Colvin when he wrote his life of Keats in 1917. Sir Sidney explains that he sought to obtain permission to use documents in the collections of Mr. Louis Holman and Mr. F. H. Day of Boston, but was discouraged by the condition which they imposed of "featuring" their contributions in an edition de luxe. He seems not to have known of the much more important collection of Miss Lowell, and though she tried to furnish him with copies of important papers they reached him too late to be included. He made little use of the Morgan collection with the extraordinarily important volume in which Richard Woodhouse kept copies of letters and early drafts of poems. Other material in America includes such an accidental discovery as that of Professor Rusk of a letter from George Keats in the Louisville Western Messenger, for 1826, containing a letter from John Keats to his brother Tom, with an account of his walking tour in Scotland in 1818, and such a scholarly dissertation as that of Dr. Claude L. Finney on Keats and Shakespeare, an unpublished thesis in the Widener Library at Harvard. Altogether Miss Lowell in her voluminous answer to the question why there should be another life of Keats is amply justified by her new or unused material.

That she is justified for a second reason which she urges, the need of a fresh interpretation of him, her readers will be even more ready to grant. As she points out, "Keats was an almost completely modern man. . . . I do not mean for a moment that he wrote as modern poets do, but that he thought as they do and as his contemporaries did not." Sir Sidney Colvin naturally writes as a Victorian. He sees Keats as Tennyson, Palgrave and Matthew Arnold saw him. Miss Lowell sees Keats as the twentieth century sees him. She brings his poetry to the test of appreciation in the light of modern practice of verse, and his experience of exultant joy and bitter sorrow, of ambition and frustration, of passion and disease and death to the enlightened understanding of a modern mind.

Miss Lowell writes biography *con amore*. She has scrutinized and weighed every particle of evidence concerning Keats's doings and writings from the time when he was taken as a small boy to Mr. Clarke's school at Enfield,

through his apprenticeship to Mr. Hammond, and his course at Grey's hospital, his association with his early friends of Leigh Hunt's circle, his awakening to poetry, his writing of the early poems and *Endymion*, his loss of his brothers by George's emigration and Tom's death, his defeat by the reviewers of *Blackwood's* and the *Quarterly*, his magnificent return in the poems of his last volume, *Isabella*, *Lamia*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, *Hyperion*, and the *Odes*, his illness, his love for Fanny Brawne, his journey to Italy and death. Her ideal would seem to be to give us a complete record of his doings from hour to hour, to date each poem to the day, and to trace each line to the source of its suggestion in his experience or reading. Her satisfaction is complete when she can tell us: "On Sunday then, Keats breakfasted with Woodhouse and stayed with him all the morning, he even accompanied him to the Swan with Two Necks Inn in Lad Lane and saw him off in the Accommodation Post Coach for Weymouth at three. After this, he dined with Mrs. Wylie in Henrietta Street. And so passed Sunday,"—from the biographer's point of view a perfect day. With equal though somewhat different pleasures she savors the speculation whether Keats took his brother Tom to Margate with him in 1816. There is a list in Tom's writing. "It is: '2 shirts, 4 cravats, 2 pair socks, 1 P. N. H. Hank, 1 Flannel Waist.' Is this a washing list? Possibly, but for whom? It also may be a memorandum of things to put into a valise." But let it be added that this performance is carried off with such gusto that we are infected with her enthusiasm. We share her triumph in the discovery of a letter which enables her to dispose of the legend that Keats's black eye of Friday, March 19, 1819, was due to his fight with the butcher who was tormenting a kitten and attribute that disaster to its true cause, a cricket ball. We ponder with her the evidence which would dismiss Sir Sidney Colvin's suggestion that the *Bright Star* sonnet with its "mask of snow" was written on February 24, because there was a snow flurry on that day, and carry it forward to mid-April. All this is illustration of the relentlessness with which the biographer's game is played in the case of Keats, and of Miss Lowell's sportsmanship in playing it with all her cards on the table. She differs with her predecessors in regard to the dating of many poems, the most important case being her contention that the *Vision of Hyperion* was an earlier draft of *Hyperion*, not a revision of it, to which position the reader of the poems will gladly incline on the strength of internal evidence.

With equal zest Miss Lowell traces the sources of Keats's inspiration to his sensations and perceptions as recorded in his letters, and to his reading. He was a born poet, but it was Spenser "who started Keats going," and his short career is measured by successive waves of influence from the Elizabethans, especially Drayton and Chapman, and from Chatterton, Dryden, Milton. Accordingly he offers us extraordinary a field for the source hunter as for the secular biographer. Here Miss Lowell has the advantage of Dr. Finney's exhaustive study of Keats's relations to the Elizabethans, and of Professor Lowes's acumen, to which is due the establishment of the connection between the *Hymn to Bacchus* in *Endymion* and *Diodorus Siculus*. She herself adds the very pretty discovery of the fact that one of the two existing copies of Drayton's *Endymion* and *Phoebe* was in the library of Westminster where Keats might easily have seen it, and drawn material from it for *Endymion*.

Miss Lowell's criticism of Keats's poetry is interesting

because of her point of view as a poet of today. She is naturally impressed by his realism—"his constantly recurring delight in words which convey a tactile, aural, or visual sensation." She recognizes, however, that "Poetry to Keats was a thing of zest and glamor. Realist though he was, his realism confined itself to detail; it was realism vitalizing romance, for Keats is one of the great romantics of literature." She appreciates to the full Keats's structural quality. The hymn to Pan in *Endymion* is "a perfect example of variation within a pattern." In *The Eve of St. Agnes* "the effect is not single and melodic, but massed and contrapuntal." With admirable insight she draws attention to the distinction between two types of beauty which Keats knew. "If the Grecian Urn is a practically flawless example of clear, unvexed, wide-eyed beauty, the Ode to a Nightingale is a no less perfect presentation of absolute magic, a magic shimmering over profound depths of meaning and sensation." It is Miss Lowell's special bias which speaks in her comment on

The lance points startlingly
Athwart the morning air:

"This is as vivid and reticent as a Japanese print." Doubtless it is, but when she remarks that the little town whose "streets forever more will silent be," in the Ode on a Grecian Urn, is not so much Greek as Japanese, we can only reply that it was the Greece of Keats's imagination. Here again Miss Lowell plays the critic as frankly and honestly as the biographer, extenuating nothing. Quoting the line,

While I kiss to the melody, aching all through

she says: "To the people who object to this side of Keats we can only say: 'Love me, love my dog': it is a part of him and cannot be ignored."

In this spirit of candor and with a sympathy born of greater insight into human nature than her predecessors possessed, Miss Lowell appraises Keats as a personality. She notes that from the time when as a little boy he crawled beneath the master's desk at Enfield to hide his overwhelming sorrow at his mother's death, the prime need of his nature was an understanding and protecting love. It was this fact which drew him close to his brothers and friends; it was this which explains his relation to Fanny Brawne; and in this lay the tragedy of his exile, with his unsatisfied desire and disappointed ambition, to die among strangers. Miss Lowell thinks that Fanny Brawne failed to understand or respond to this need. She could be the mistress or the wife—not the mother. However this may be, Miss Lowell is perfectly fair to the Brawnes. Keats's friends and biographers have invariably blamed Fanny Brawne for letting Keats fall in love with her, for not marrying him and supporting him, for allowing his letters to her to be published. Miss Lowell alone appreciates the difficulties of temperament and circumstance which the love of Keats involved, the bravery and sweetness with which she met them, her suffering during the last months when without one word from her lover she awaited the end. With the fine candor which distinguishes her Miss Lowell gives her verdict in favor of Fanny. "Looking at their relations without bias, thrusting our minds away from the conventional interpretation, I think we must admit that he wronged her far more than she wronged him. Her patience with him was unbounded; his with her was no bigger than a millet seed." Even the publication of the letters which moved Matthew Arnold to hysteria, Miss Lowell confronts as a modern scholar and woman of the world:

Far from condemning the suggestion which induced her children, years after her death, to permit the publication of these same letters, we should esteem it the crowning act of love that with the contemplation of years had become heroic.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

One Union's History

The Women's Garment Workers, by Louis Levine.
New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$5.

IT is of interest that a prominent union was so concerned with the larger aspects of its function that it engaged a competent economist to write its history, giving him plenty of time and resources for the task. It is of still more interest that it exercised no censorship over his work, but asked him to interpret plainly as he saw them all the significant facts, indulging in no undue celebration of achievements, publicity for personages, or advocacy of official policies. Such a history, written of a union which could understand the need for it, must be of high value.

The interest and value of this book, however, are even broader than those implied in its origin. Most of us have been enchanted by the spell of such books as Wells's *Outline of History*, which attempts to tell the story of all mankind from its remotest origins. There is a similar fascination about this history of a limited social group over half a century, because it shows intensively much the same processes which the broad histories have sketched extensively. The women's garment workers struggling to master their industry are a sample and a symbol of mankind in his universe.

Here are a puny body of human beings confronted by an oppressive and shifting environment. They experience hardships and discomfort. The first crude attempts at adjustment are unplanned revolts, passing away without accomplishment. Strikes grow and fade, ideas ferment in small cliques, conflicts arise and disappear, both within the group and between the group and others with which it comes in contact. Improvised dogmatisms struggle against circumstances and each other, but do not succeed in modifying the surroundings. Interwoven with the social processes are the mêlée of personal ambitions and political cross-currents which in detail seem irrelevant to the whole pattern. If a dispassionate observer, interested in the creation of an intelligent social order, were to be debarred from any knowledge of the history of the garment workers after 1900, but were to look solely at the preceding thirty years, seeing the seasonal and cyclical rise and fall of organization, the fewness of those exercising any continuity of policy or even being touched by a long vision, the inadequacy of policies themselves, and the seeming inability of those concerned to avoid disputes which dissipated what little force they had to deal with their real problems, he would probably be completely hopeless of the capacity of the workers to exercise any control over their industry and their lives. He would be tempted to call such an effort impractical, and to turn instead either to despair, to a blind trust in *laissez-faire* or to a hope of benevolent autocracy.

Yet somehow social experience was hammered out of confusion. The mass eventually became capable of holding the vision which at first animated the few, and of making it in part a reality by submitting to the necessary social discipline. The few eventually became capable of subordi-

escaped eclipse at the hands of his own uncertainty and lack of ambition, and by what happy accidents he slipped into a position where the best in him could be forged on the anvil of events. Had he chosen to go West as governor of the territory of Oregon, would he be anything more than an obscure name to us today? And he became President almost by accident too. Seward was the obvious choice, and since the Democratic split made a Republican victory practically certain, it was perhaps not indispensable to have a candidate from the West for the sake of the western vote. We still do not know just what wires the Lincoln managers pulled at the convention, but the appointment of Cameron as Secretary of War raises more than a suspicion that the convention's decision was as much the result of intrigue as of reason. To those men Lincoln seemed a good candidate; some of them may have felt he was a great man as well, but he was chosen because he was a good candidate, and one from the western state of Illinois. By accident, their satisfactory candidate turned out to be the greatest of Presidents, or perhaps of all Americans.

He did not turn out so to be at once. For months after his inauguration there was vacillation, uncertainty, mistake after mistake, particularly in the judgment of individual men. At times Lincoln's humility, which he never lost and which later became one of the cornerstones of his greatness, was pathetic, as on that occasion when McClellan, at whose house Lincoln used to call instead of summoning him, came in while the President was waiting, only to send down word that he was tired and had gone to bed. "Did Stanton say I was a damned fool?"

Lincoln remarked, "then probably I am, because Stanton is usually right." And we find him requiring one general to consult the judgment of another "with my own poor mite added." This humility never disappeared. But side by side with it there grew a power to take counsel in the gravest matters of all with himself alone, to make momentous decisions with a finality all the more majestic for having been acquired slowly, at the price of infinite solitary thought.

Under the fire of tragedy and effort, indecision melted away, and aimless depression was refined into the clarity of unplumbable sadness. No one will ever know what alchemy was taking place, in the darkest days of the war, when those about him were profoundly moved by his spirit's infinite misery, when he walked the lonely streets with one companion, on those nights of more than human melancholy when "the long legs were always cold." Out of such torture he rose to new heights, calm, tired but indefatigable, to words spoken that we can never forget, not only prose as fine as any, but a true mirror of the man who uttered it. One feels most respect for him when that respect is mingled with affection. But affection, reverence, respect are worn and feeble words to express our feelings for a man who shows us what powers for growth and triumph lie within the human spirit.

Most men never truly feel the weight of life, or else flatten under the load. Some achieve the useful hardness of coal, while a few, a very few, under terrible pressure bring forth the brilliant and immortal diamonds of the soul.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Those Naval Manoeuvres

RELATIONS between the United States and Japan could hardly be worse. Scarcely a day passes but Secretary Hughes exclaims in a loud voice on the cordial atmosphere which exists between Tokyo and Washington; barely a week but Kato makes some pleasant aside to the effect that Japan has forgotten all about the Immigration law and never really cared much about it anyhow. The man in the street fairly writhes with alarm at such disquieting symptoms; for when husband and wife go around in public telling the world of the precise warmth of their mutual devotion, the world expects and generally is treated to a snappy little divorce. And when nations exchange fulsome and persistent compliments out of a clear sky, the stock-market trembles and editors grow grey hairs. Unless this exchange of amenities is stopped, war is only a matter of months.

Now as to our navy: every man not paid by British gold, not a mushy-brained pacifist, nor a mere T. R.'ian mollicoddle, knows that our navy is no longer 5-5-3, or even 5-4-3. Mr. Shearer proved

it was 5-3-1, but he was probably optimistic. It is well known that any naval inferiority, plausible though it may be in time of peace, equals zero in time of war. The stronger takes the seas and holds them; the weaker talks grandly of attrition and hugs its harbors. Our navy is deplorable. Cannot the British post-Jutland Incollapsible elevate her guns to an angle of 45 degrees? Cannot the Incontrovertible* do twice that? And our most modern ships must content themselves with a beggarly 44.5 degrees. (Note: The figures are given in Fahrenheit throughout.) Has not our Naval Intelligence confessed that it knows practically nothing of the most recent performances of the Japanese Geisha class? Our naval attaché at Tokyo was ordered to inspect the Geisha, but was forced to leave at the end of the second act because his wife was a Methodist and he had growing children at home. What of the Japanese secret bases? How many are there? Where are they? We don't know.

* Now under construction to replace the retired Unsociable, as provided by the annex to the Washington Treaty.

They are secret. And what of the British government's refusal to permit us to change the name of the Arkansas to something more suitable, unless England were allowed to launch ten more battle-cruisers? These matters have been debated in Congress, and our doubts finally confirmed by Secretary Wilbur's announcement that everything in the navy was all right and that he didn't wish to answer any more questions.

Here we are then, on the point of war with Japan, with a navy that is merely a collection of targets, without the British hauteur of the Incollapsible or the blisters on the bottom of the Geisha. Yet where do our naval pundits propose to hold our next naval manœuvres? In the Gulf of Mexico or in New York harbor? No. They propose to hold those manœuvres near Hawaii. They propose to defend those islands against a hypothetical foe, Korea perhaps? or Siam? Hah?*

Could anything be more tactless or better calculated to increase the difficulties of the editors of the rotogravure sections of our great daily papers?

We can readily see why our navy made the choice. Simple boredom. They are tired of the Atlantic. They have already proved everything they can prove in the Atlantic, some of it several times over. They have shown that New York can be taken by sea, that the Panama Canal can and should be destroyed, that our navy is antiquated and powerless to defend our lives, our fortunes, our sacred honor, our sugar plantations in Cuba and the National City Bank. Now they want to prove that the Japanese navy can pick up Hawaii any time she wants more volcanoes, lepers or ukaleles. That demonstrated, the navy would devote the next few seasons—until actually attacked by the Japanese fleet—to showing that Guam might just as well be given away while it is still ours to give, that the Philippine Islands are as accessible as a federal prohibition agent on Broadway; and that Alaska would last just about as long as a snowball in the Senate.

Nothing could be more provocative, and there is no sense in it anyhow, as we know exactly what these manœuvres will prove: e. g., that Hawaii can be taken by the Japanese fleet, that our navy is not up to the 5-5-3 ratio, and that every good little Congressman should vote for all the items in the next Navy Appropriation bill without asking any questions.

These things are self-evident, but unfortunately other matters are equally self-evident, and need to be set down from time to time, lest we forget the meaning of the commonplace.

A fleet of battleships is an offensive weapon. Naval strategy is a game that goes on, peacetime and wartime, a game of disposing one's weapons where they may serve us best. The disposition of a fleet is an offensive act in itself. We could not hold fleet manœuvres off the west coast of Ireland or

the Straits of Gibraltar without arousing a certain amount of alarm in Great Britain; and the British government does not consider sending the Grand Fleet to demonstrate off Halifax or Bermuda. Each power might be well within its legal rights, but London and New York would feel legitimate alarm, much as an ordinary man does when a friend points a loaded pistol at his heart.

Where, then, shall we hold these manœuvres? For we must hold them. They are the only means yet devised for keeping admirals away from Williamstown. As we have seen, the capture of New York, the destruction of the Panama Canal and the Guantanamo playground are vieux jeux. We can't manœuvre in the South Atlantic without making the Monroe Doctrine tremble in every limb. In the North Atlantic we would be offensive to Great Britain, France, or both. The Mediterranean would infuriate our two political pterodactyls, hurt the feelings of Greece, and annoy what was left of Albania beside bringing us into war with Italy. The Baltic would affront Finland, the Black Sea offend Russia, the Caspian is too far from home and the Antarctic too cold.

There remain then only purely American waters. The Great Lakes are an obvious choice, but here again diplomatic considerations must prevail. To mass our fleet even in Lake Michigan would certainly be construed as a threat to Canada, and we don't want to threaten Canada until we see how she is going to act on the wood-pulp question. There remains but one place, then, where our manœuvres can properly be held, the Great Salt Lake of Utah.

Diplomatic considerations are almost nil. We need only conciliate Senator Smoot and the elders of the Mormon Church. As against the fact that our fleet would cause the waters of the lake to rise and wash the feet of the Saints, we could mention the large amount of money the sailors could spend in the tenderloin of Salt Lake City.

The next point to be considered is invulnerability. Our out-ranged, out-blistered, out-speeded ships would be perfectly secure against surprises. The Japanese navy would have to cross the Sierras to get at them. We could hold manœuvres to our heart's content, secure from all possible foes, confident that no nation was affronted by our presence in those waters. There would be no need for Hughes and Kato to exchange those ominous courtesies, so dolefully reminiscent of the formalities which encrust the code of the duello.

Again, the navy could be tested as in no other way. Salt Lake City could be defended, attacked, captured, surrendered and held for ransom, and the fleets could get the best of all target practice. For, owing to the great density of the water of the lake, they would float so high that a shot below the waterline would pass harmlessly under the keel. Like needles on a pool of quicksilver, they could not be sunk at all. The Red fleet could hammer the Blue fleet and the Blue fleet torpedo the Red, planes

* This "Hah" should be pronounced sneeringly.

could drop huge bombs impartially on everyone and the Los Angeles and Shenandoah could use up the year's supply of helium in trying to see which fleet was which. Valuable data could be obtained on density, elasticity, penetrability, impenetrability and atrabiliarity.

And then, with the lessons thus learned, carefully guarded and given out only to the instructors of the Naval War College, the Naval General Staff, the clerks in the Navy Department, and Congressional Committees, we might set about the construction of a fleet before which the Incollapsibles would be as pricked bladders and the Geishas retire in confusion to their secret bases.

Or we might not.

JOHN CARTER.

Whale

*Rain, with a silver flail;
Sun, with a golden ball;
Ocean, wherein the whale
Swims minnow-small;*

*I heard the whale rejoice
And cynic sharks attend;
He cried with a purple voice,
"The Lord is my Friend!"*

*"With flanged and battering tail,
With huge and dark baleen,
He said, 'let there be Whale
In the Gold and Green!"*

*"He gave me a water spout,
A side like a harbor wall;
The Lord from cloud looked out
And planned it all.*

*"With glittering crown atilt
He leaned on a glittering rail;
He said, 'Where Sky is spilt,
Let there be Whale.'*

*"Tier upon tier of wings
Blushed and blanched and bowed;
Phalanxed fiery things
Cried in the cloud;*

*"Million-eyed was the mirk
At the plan not understood;
But the Lord looked on his work
And saw it was good.*

*"He gave me marvelous girth
For the curve of back and breast,
And a tiny eye of mirth
To hide His jest.*

*"He made me a floating hill,
A plunging deep-sea mine.
This was the Lord's will;
The Lord is Divine.*

*"I magnify his name
In earthquake and eclipse,
In weltering molten flame
And wrecks of ships,*

*"In waves that lick the moon;
I, the plough of the sea!
I am the Lord's boon,
The Lord made me!"*

*The sharks barked from beneath,
As the whale rollicked and roared,
"Yes, and our grinning teeth,
Was it not the Lord?"*

*Then question pattered like hail
From fishes large and small.
"The Lord is mighty," said Whale,
"The Lord made all!"*

*"His is a mammoth jest
Life may never betray;
He has laid it up in His breast
Till Judgment Day;*

*"But high when combers foam
And tower their last of all,
My power shall haul you home
Through Heaven wall.*

*"A trumpet then in the gates,
To the ramps of a thundering drum,
I shall lead you where He waits
For His Whale to come.*

*"Where His cloudy seat is placed
On high in an empty dome,
I shall trail the Ocean abased
In chains of foam,*

*"Unwieldly, squatting dread;
Where the blazing cohorts stand
At last I shall lift my head
As it feels His hand.*

*"Then wings with a million eyes
Before mine eyes shall quail:
'Look you, all Paradise,
I was His Whale!"*

*I heard the Whale rejoice,
As he splayed the waves to a fan;
"And the Lord shall say with His Voice,
'Leviathan!"*

*"The Lord shall say with His Tongue,
'Now let all Heaven give hail
To my Jest when I was young,
To my very Whale!"*

*Then the Whale careered in the Sea,
He floundered with flailing tail;
Flourished and rollicked he,
"Aha! Mine Empery!
For the Lord said, 'Let Whale Be!
And there Was Whale!"*

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Washington Notes

IF you want the key to this administration just keep your eye on those three key boards—Interstate Commerce, Federal Trade and Tariff. Even the most superficial knowledge of the way the government functions is enough to compel appreciation of the great power and vital nature of these commissions. They are semi-judicial, fact-finding, policy-framing. The theory is that they are bi-partisan or non-partisan and non-political. It has not always worked out that way. From the way they change as vacancies occur, the real character of an administration can best be judged, and the real purpose of the Executive more clearly revealed than in any other way. They flavor the whole governmental dish.

What is happening now, as a deliberate White House plan, is the slow but steady conservatizing of these boards. The mind and the hand of Mr. Coolidge are plainly shown in the two appointments he has already made. It is his obvious purpose to bring them, so far as he can, into line with his own arid brand of New England conservatism, which, as is concluded on all sides, is the very last word in conservatism, the extreme outer edge, as it were.

When, under the law, the President has to fill a vacancy on one of these key commissions with a Democrat, he instinctively looks for a Democrat whose views do not materially differ from his own in such matters as the protective tariff, the railroads, and the right of the great business and financial factions in the country to special consideration. One of the easiest things in the world is to find Democrats of that type. The woods are literally full of them. One of the reasons why the fortunes of the Democratic party are at such a low ebb, and its candidates are so frightfully and frequently beaten, is the large number of just this sort of "leaders" with whom it is infested. Last week I commented, in this column, on the naming of Mr. Woodlock, formerly editor of the Wall Street Journal, as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It seemed easy enough to make the logical deduction from that appointment. It is even easier in the case of W. E. Humphries of Washington, who has been placed on the Federal Trade Commission. I am told by those who know him well that Mr. Humphries is the sort of reactionary who makes "Uncle Joe" Cannon look like a radical. But the plainest indication of the presidential purpose to conservatize the boards is his conceded determination not to reappoint David J. Lewis, the lone Democrat with progressive tendencies and a liberal mind on the Tariff Commission.

The fact is—and it may as well be understood—that progressives are to be supplanted by conservatives in this administration whenever and wherever possible. That is natural and to be expected of Mr. Coolidge. It ought to please the twelve million who voted for him. On the other hand, it certainly ought not to discourage the Progressives. The more completely reactionary the government is made, and the sooner, the more surely will the pendulum swing in the other direction at the end of four years.

One real service Mr. Slemp performed just before he left the White House for Florida was to shoot full of holes the ridiculous and widely held idea that the President of the United States is a dreadfully overworked man, that the burden is almost too great for a human to bear, shattering to the health of the most hardy.

After the death of Mr. Harding the most absurd lot of slush about the terrific strain under which the Chief Executive was forced to labor was printed all over the country. Hundreds of editorials and articles about the "man-killing" character of the work were written. Mr. Slemp, in his little speech to the White House correspondents, maintained that, while the responsibilities of the office are, of course, great, the amount of leisure and the opportunities for rest had by the President are far greater than those of the average business or professional man. In the case of Mr. Coolidge, all of his work is prior to one o'clock in the afternoon. No engagements are made for him in the afternoon or evening, except those of his own seeking. He regularly takes a nap after lunch and goes to bed promptly at ten o'clock. Mr. Slemp pointed out that the President had gained eight pounds since he entered the White House, and indicated his belief that the job was a soft one. The truth is, the idea of the enormous physical burden of the office is one of those White House fictions that have for years been accepted as facts. Slemp did a good thing when he told the truth about it.

One interesting phase of the selection of Mr. Sanders, of Indiana, as the new Secretary to the President is the mental anguish the appointment has caused the Honorable "Jim" Watson, sole Republican senator from Indiana.

From "Jim's" angle, it is bad enough to have an Indiana man put in so important a position, not only without his recommendation or approval, but without even letting him know what was happening. That is bad enough, but it is infinitely worse to start a lot of reports around Washington, which get sent back to Indiana, that it is Mr. Sanders's purpose to run in the Republican senatorial primaries in 1926, against Watson, and that he fully expects to have Mr. Coolidge's cordial support at that time.

Those best posted tell me that Mr. Sanders has really no such intention, and hopes to spend four peaceful years in his present job. That has not prevented "Jim's" enemies, however, from giving the reports the widest possible circulation and building up a circumstantial case strong enough to scare "Jim" rather badly.

To the Sanders selection and subsequent reports are ascribed recent efforts of the redoubtable "Jim" to show his friendliness to the administration. He is a transparent scul.

As I listened the other day to Hiram Johnson speak in the Senate on the general subject of our reëtrance into European affairs, I could not help but be struck with the intense earnestness of the man. Disagree with him as completely as you will, and, conceding everything that can be said about his bad temper and wrong-headedness, it must still be admitted that there are not, today, two men in the Senate who make as really stirring a speech as he, and none who can express himself more forcefully. It is a pity about Hiram. He does, of course, dramatize himself rather needlessly when he speaks, but he undoubtedly has qualities. In capacity, courage and energy he is in the first rank in the Senate. Yet he is singularly ineffective.

Strong and vibrant speaker as he is, he carries no conviction, even on this subject of European entanglements about which he so deeply and without question sincerely feels. His star as a public man ought to be rising instead of waning. It would have been, had he played his cards differently. That is one of those silly things that are easy to say about a man, after he has fought and lost.

nating their special theories—their individualism, their anarchism, their socialism, their pure-and-simple trade-unionism—to coordinate projects for dealing with actual situations, in which all could join. Strikes grew larger, and approached more nearly to achievements that could be retained. The reefer-makers' strike of 1907 was followed by the revolt of the waist-makers in 1909, and that by the great cloak-makers' strike of 1910, each better organized and more intelligently led than the last. And the conflict of the workers with the employers in turn became powerful and significant enough to bring about the creation of projects calculated to deal with the whole industry—with the economic environment which limited the action of all, including the employers and the public.

The noted Protocol of Peace, under which the union and the employers attempted to regulate their affairs from 1910 to 1916 was a device to organize collective control of the industry, just as unionism itself was a device to organize such control of the action of the workers. Like all social inventions, it demanded new adjustments and new disciplines, it gave rise to new complexities and conflicts, and it had to be modified by experience. Though its specific machinery was in the end abandoned, it built up institutions of control which survived it, it developed the union as an administrative organism, and it began to concentrate attention on problems of technique whose solution is necessary to intelligent regulation of the industry—such as reconciling the protection of the worker's job with the executive functions of the employer, the scientific setting of rates, and sanitation.

When the industrial depression and open-shop reaction of 1921 arrived, there was present to meet it, not the scattered locals and the puny international of earlier decades, which had to borrow \$100 from the American Federation of Labor for organizing expenses, but the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, with an experienced staff of permanent officials, 100,000 members, and annual revenues of nearly a million dollars—not counting the reserves in local treasuries. Naturally a much larger area of former gains was retained than in previous set-backs. And the union was not prevented from further extension of activities—such as experiment with unemployment insurance in Cleveland, the broadening of its highly important educational work, the erection of a new building to house its offices, the establishment of a bank.

The task of the garment workers is not yet completed—in fact it may not be half done. Internal dissensions due to political dogmatism and personal ambition have not disappeared; the struggle between "rights" and "lefts" which seems to be a cyclical phenomenon has as usual been a handicap to growth; many branches of the trade are as yet without permanent organization; the project of controlling a highly competitive industry subject to periodic dispersal into small contractors' and manufacturers' shops is still in its infancy. The members who were educated to sacrifice and coöperation through the inspiration of early struggles are gradually being replaced by younger workers who, without such historical moulding, are coming into an established concern. But discouragement at present obstacles should be reduced, and understanding of the way of fruitful action should be enhanced, if this effort to make conscious the historical experience of the group is taken to heart by the membership. It is in places thrilling, touching, or amusing; it will convey many of the precious human values cast up in past turmoil. Its objective review of events and discerning

critical interpretation indicate the order which emerges from the confusion of detail. These qualities recommend it not merely to the garment workers themselves, but to any one who is puzzled or fascinated by the slow struggle of man to master himself and his world.

GEORGE SOULE.

Contemporary French Literature

Contemporary French Literature, by René Lalou. Translated by William Aspenwall Bradley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

THE course of French literature—so far back as present-day observation need go—shows us the group, the school, the private "academy," the café, the cénacle. A new band comes, displaces the one currently regnant, triumphs for a little time, and then goes down before the next. Such coöperative endeavors require a head—that "chef d'école" who leads, controls, and helps the new recruits to understand more clearly where they are and what they are about. And as with literature, so with painting, and so with music. Under such an arrangement talents swarm, but one wonders if the French are not too highly socialized to produce geniuses. Mutual scrutiny and mutual criticism seem almost the essence of the life artistic as led in France; conscious, even self-conscious, conformity becomes the rule; every artist feels more secure and comfortable under some label, and almost all artistic activity is undertaken on the basis of declared theory. Indeed, the unticketed artist is a sort of maverick, toward whom the public feels some degree of doubt, and for whom no great measure of official recognition and reward can be expected.

If Rimbaud is to be accounted a genius, note that he passed several of his young productive years in the provinces, before he ever saw Paris at all. Gauguin bolted France altogether, and Cézanne buried himself in the depths of the country. Massenet shows what an elegant and ever-vigilant capital can do for the composer. When Romain Rolland wishes to study genius he goes beyond the boundaries of his own land—he goes to the land of Beethoven, of Michael Angelo, of Tolstoi. If Hugo was a genius—his country thought so, and he himself was even surer—his was a genius of black and white, rather than in the colors of the spectrum. The same, with qualifications, may be said of Balzac. When Jean Moréas blew into Paris from Athens, he was greeted by Remy de Gourmont as "a bold young stranger little acquainted with our literary prejudices." "Our coöperative beliefs, principles and practices"—such might seem the fair inference. And Oscar Wilde's *Salome* (given mention because written in French) seems to Professor Lalou to be "seasoned with the excesses of a foreigner"—so completely are the native excesses tending toward standardization.

Thus the author's view of recent French letters, involving the days since 1870 and writers to the number of six hundred, becomes largely a record of successive groups. If the Parnassians were carvers of cameos, the Symbolists were players of music. Paul Valéry, early friend of Mallarmé, expressly declares the desire and determination of the Symbolists to get back from music what belonged to them. As for Dada, one member of that interesting fraternity pronounces the disorder of the mind to be "sacred"; to another

of them the human mind seems so made as to be incapable of coherency. The great thermometer of the movement, registering sensitively the slightest variations among the painters and musicians of the advance-guard, is Jean Cocteau, to whom "the great literary masterpiece is never anything but a dictionary in disorder." Dada, therefore, it may be said, rests on rocking negation and turns its face toward chaos; and in so far as concerns literature alone seems bent on breaking down—or breaking up—the French language. It is a relief to turn from the fussy, febrile, introverted activities of these small *cénacles* to the stern, free independence of a Verhaeren standing, a little aside, in Belgium.

Unanisme represents the group idea in excelsis. The Unanistes, under the leadership of Jules Romains, collected themselves into an "Abbaye," where they tried to achieve the "supreme unity—one god in seven persons." They would organize all people into groups: "If you see a group forming in a city street, walk up to it and give it your body. . . . Say the words which will incite it to live." Think the group—"think it to the point of defying it. . . ." Away, then, with solitary genius, realizing itself amid the great silences. Only the metropolis can mould you.

In view of all such considerations, idols who have stood more or less alone and have raised themselves to be seen from afar, receive rather rough treatment. How fares Rostand? "A deplorable lack of taste made him mistake his puerile prattle for the abundance of genius, his painful ingenuity for profound symbolism and his rhymed acrobatics for lyric poetry." How goes it with Maeterlinck? His plays have aged considerably. There are too many old towers and too many puerilities. Objection is raised to stammering dialogue and to maxims of mystic philosophy, "where barbarousness adorns itself with painfully ingenuous euphuisms." It will thus be seen that while M. Lalou has produced what is really a professorial handbook (and best to be used as such), he can rise to heights of sharp personal expression when he feels that the occasion requires it. The book in its essence is, of course, the history of the reaction against Romanticism. The *Jeunes* of 1870, who started up the movement, were most influenced by Leconte de Lisle and Baudelaire in poetry, by Stendhal and Flaubert in the novel, and by Taine and Renan in philosophy. Under such auspices was made the appeal of objective reality—which, in turn, fades and crumbles (with plenty of sanction from general French procedure) before the assaults of the young lions of our own unruly and exasperated day; they can overlook Taine and they begin to treat Flaubert with disrespect. Thus things ebb and flow, and ebb again; and M. Lalou, in the course of some few hundred faithful pages, gives us all the ups and intimates some of the downs. No one has done the thing better. It may be said, indeed, that no one else has quite done it at all.

The volume embracing all this matter is a large and complicated affair and it has its blemishes. Mr. Bradley is a known translator, and his work must be pronounced, in general, satisfactory; yet it is unpleasant to feel obliged to recast some of the passages one has desired to quote. Errors typographical are not really numerous, yet they occur in such numbers as to have justified a memorandum, started at the beginning, for the benefit of the publisher, could one have realized how many slips were to develop. Least satisfactory of all are the pages on Marcel Proust, who seems to have infected commentator and translator alike.

HENRY B. FULLER.

A Frenchman on England

L'Angleterre d'Aujourd'hui, by André Siegfried. Paris Editions G. Grès et Cie.

PROFESSOR SIEGFRIED'S excellent work, at once learned and entertaining, *L'Angleterre d'Aujourd'hui* (which since its first appearance in the spring of 1924 has been translated) confirms an old opinion that the most illuminating studies of national life are to be produced by foreigners. The surprising vagaries of English policy have, not unnaturally, puzzled French observers. What does it all mean? Why does the animal which trotted not unamiably in double harness over some rather rough ground proceed, when the worst is over, to gib, shy, and make alternately the gestures of a horse about to run away and of a donkey about to lie down? It is vicious, cry the uninstructed. Not at all, replies Professor Siegfried, who has studied it in its haunts, it is merely without certain faculties which belong to the continental species. Grasp that, and you will cease to be surprised, for you will moderate your expectations.

It is, of course, incurably egoist, not through malice but through want of intelligence. It will not notice you are there, unless you tell it you are. It does not easily follow a complicated train of argument. It acts by instinct, not reason, and is therefore subject to sudden caprices. It does not believe in science, but in luck and (*étonnante expression*) "muddling through." But these, after all, are defects rather than vices. What is wrong with the creature is not a calculated and deliberate perversity, but a singular incapacity for any kind of deliberation. The Englishman is the public schoolboy of the Universe—simple, naïf, and at once rather tiresome and rather bewildering to older people, who take things seriously, and who consider the future. "C'est en somme un ingénu beaucoup plus qu'un perfide."

The verdict is that of Professor Siegfried's last chapter—*L'Opinion Anglaise et la France*. It is not unlike that implied in the entertaining works of M. Maurois. Whether one regards it as an insult or a compliment depends, I suppose, on one's view of human nature in general. I, at any rate, am not disposed to quarrel with it; though I cannot help wondering whether some of my ingenious fellow countrymen, with a discreetly suppressed wink, did not a little play up to M. Siegfried, and determine that if he were looking for a typical Englishman, by Jove he should find him. Englishmen are too fond of flattering themselves with precisely the kind of self-deprecatory remarks which M. Siegfried advances by way of gentle criticisms; only they, alas! regard them as compliments, conveying the sort of impression intended by the author who talked of the British Empire being built up in "a fit of absence of mind." Unfortunately they are not all the simple, easy-going schoolboys they seem. M. Siegfried is, I'm afraid, a little too indulgent.

This is not meant as a criticism, for his book is quite first rate—by far the best study of the economic and political life of England within moderate compass that has appeared for many years. He has a grasp of economic, political and even social conditions which, in a foreigner, is quite extraordinary. His study of the more technical questions, monetary and tariff policy and unemployment, shows that he is an accomplished economist. And, unlike many observers, he has an eye for the salient facts and large problems, and when he gives detail gives it in a setting of

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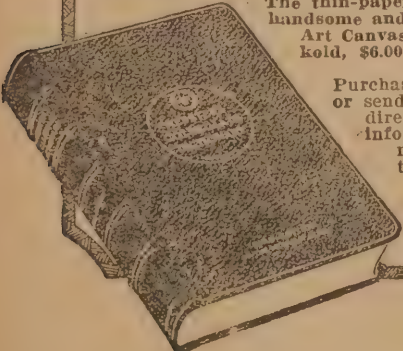
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arguments which makes it living and significant. The big questions which occupy him are those of commercial and financial policy since the War, of the effect of the War and other changes on the position of Great Britain in the argument of political forces since 1918. On all, his information is extraordinarily accurate and his judgment always sure. His remarks on the effect of England's peculiar economic organization upon the public attitude to questions of foreign policy is just and to the point. If it were more generally understood, French opinion would have been less indignant at what seemed to it a volte-face after the War, and English opinion would have been less disposed to take credit for being humane when in reality it was merely being businesslike: "Les conditions mêmes de son existence la condamnent à une mentalité internaliste." His account of the present position of the forces marshalled for and against Protection is also excellent.

There are one or two points where a difference of opinion may be permitted. His estimate of the probable economic future of England (as distinct from the immediate crisis) seems to me somewhat unnecessarily charged with gloom. Her fate, he thinks, may be that of Vienna, a capital stripped of its economic empire, whose population is doomed to a falling standard of life accompanied by increasing emigration. This view seems to assume that population will continue to increase in the future at the same rate as in the past and that no means of increasing economic efficiency and wealth per head are available. There is little foundation for either view. Professor Bowley has shown that, given the continuance of present rates of births, deaths and emigration, population is likely to be stationary after about 1945, and few would contend that in certain fundamental industries (e. g. coal and power) there are not large economies which could be introduced. Whether his opinion of the political significance of the House of Lords is just or not time will show, but I doubt it: inertia may in certain circumstances be a very formidable political weapon. His account of the Labor party is good, but he seems to me somewhat to overestimate the sharpness of the lines between different groups in it, and to underestimate the degree to which a doctrineless Socialism has become the practical creed even of the most conservative trade unionists. But these are obviously matters where no precise conclusion is possible, and Professor Siegfried may quite possibly be right. In any case he has written a brilliant book, which will be instructive to all, and not least to English, readers.

R. H. TAWNEY.

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Paris, though I had expected more than any one has a right to expect from any place, did not for one moment disappoint me. Over it all is an air so crystal clear, so sparkingly brilliant that one's spirits rise at once and one breathes in happiness and delight with every breath. I stood beside the Seine, leaning against the stone embankment, the trees behind me flecking the quiet waters with their wavering green shadows and gazed across at the old bookstalls on the opposite bank. Soon, I was sure, I would be over there myself, happily browsing among the dusty volumes heaped on the curious old stalls that line the Quai, sure in my heart that I would find some treasure among those old tomes, but so happy in the search that it made little difference after all whether I did or not. Down the river the waters part about the island on which stands the magnificent pile of Notre Dame where but yesterday I stood under the great dome and felt the spell of its beauty. Perhaps I would saunter again along the Quai to that wonderful church, Sainte Chapelle, with its marvels of old glass, like nothing I had ever seen or dreamed of before. It is as if centuries of the color and radiance of the sunshine that makes Paris so lovely today, had been caught and held in that rich, warm glass, and now the same sunshine, pouring through the beautiful windows, saturates the air with glowing light and stains the floor with pools of liquid color. It is unbelievably lovely. . . . Then, of course, there are the shops, too enticing by far, and the tea-tables set along the sidewalk where we sipped our tea and munched delicious little cakes, too happy for words. We had one day at Versailles and one at Fontainebleau; two unforgettable days. All in all it was a very marvelous week for me—that week in Paris.

Holland was immensely interesting. The Hague with its beautiful woods and its many canals; Amsterdam with its interesting galleries. We spent one day on the Zuyder Zee, going to the Island of Marken where the people wear the most amazing costumes (boys, girls, men and women, every one), and where the cows are housed in such luxury. This is the home of the Edam cheese.

Tomorrow we go by the Hook of Holland to London. Will London be as marvelous as Paris, I wonder. I shall soon know.—(To be continued)

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